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AND

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AND

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WITH A PORTRAIT OF MISS FRANCES HARRIET KELLY,

Of the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden

Painted from the Life, expressly for this Work.

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EDITOR'S NOTICE.

WE are sorry to be obliged to inform our Readers, that, on account of the severity of the cold during the past month, our Engraver has been unable to finish the Engraving of the SLEEPING INFANTS, by F. CHANTRY, Esq. in a manner suitable to the delicacy and fine expression of the original. We hope, therefore, our Readers will have the goodness to excuse this unavoidable omission of our FRONTISPIECE, which shall certainly appear in our next Number.



J. H. Kelly. —

THE
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AND
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JANUARY 1823.

MEMOIR
OF
MISS F. H. KELLY,

OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

With a Portrait painted from the Life expressly for this Work.

FROM the retirement of Miss O'Neil the metropolitan stage was destitute of every actress, who could do honour to the tragic muse, until the *début* of the subject of our present memoir. As Miss Kelly's extraordinary talents will not only ensure to her a splendid portion of contemporaneous celebrity, but will transmit her name to posterity among the brightest ornaments of the stage, we have selected her, as a benign and guardian herald, to proclaim the commencement of our periodical labours for the New Year.

The stage, apparently, presents a very short road to fame and opulence, when it is considered that an actress, only seventeen years of age, can arrive at the highest pitch of theatrical eminence. In all other professions a similar degree of excellence cannot be attained without the labour of many years; and a permanent fame is scarcely possible to be acquired until approaching old age has blunted the keener feelings of enjoyment, and prompts the melancholy reflection, that all human fame and consequence are seldom worth the time and labour consumed in acquiring them. At the early age of seventeen, the aspiring children of genius can in no other profession obtain the universal applause of their contemporaries.

Every art or science has its discrepant dogmas, and able advocates to defend them, however futile; and more knowledge at this premature age is to be unlearned, than can be afterwards acquired in the short space of human existence: for, before the regions of philosophy can be entered, it is necessary to pass the almost invincible barriers of prejudice and error.

Hic labor, hoc opus est.

But the tragic muse is a far more generous maid than her sisters; she is less reserved, has neither prudery nor coquetry; and, when she bestows her smiles on her most favoured worshippers, she requires less labour and less waste of years in sacrifice, than any of her pierian sisters; her

"Bounty is as boundless as the sea,"

her throne is the human heart; and in all the variety of sorrowful and tender emotion she delights most to pour the current of her woes. Her treasures are in the deepest recesses of feeling; and she produces them with the unerring hand of nature.

The best tragedian has little to do with art; for which reason extraordinary proficiency may be at-

tained at comparatively a very early age; and it is more to be wondered at that perfection can be attained after, than before the age of twenty, by persons who have been early initiated in the business of the stage. After that period, art alone will improve the performer; and art is but a miserable substitute for nature. It sets bad examples to junior candidates, corrupts the national taste, and prepares the public mind for pantomime and gorgeous pageantry, instead of leading it to the admiration of chaste exhibitions of the legitimate drama. Pantomimic representations and displays of tinsel magnificence will never take a firm hold of public approbation, while good tragedies and comedies are supported by performers of adequate abilities; which lose their influence on the national taste only when they are badly represented. A good play badly acted, is far worse than a pantomime or "*Alexander the Great*," well performed; which they may easily be by very indifferent performers. But it is at any time more agreeable to see a pantomime well performed, than to witness the murder of a good tragedy.

For such reasons as these we always receive with pleasure the announcement of a youthful *débütante*, and we candidly confess that, in every enterprize that honours human nature, we expect more *natural* talent from youth than from age. But any further disquisition on this subject would lead us far beyond our limits; and, with cheerfulness and entire devotion, we hasten to pay our homage to the first female tragedian of the English stage.

MISS FRANCES HARRIET KELLY was born on the 30th of June, 1805, in South Audley Street, Grosvenor Square, London. She is of middle stature, extremely well formed, and her features are intelligent and feminine. Her father, Captain Kelly, is a gentleman of a very old and respectable family in the West of Ireland. He joined the 96th regiment during the American war, and was an intimate friend of the late Earl of Guildford; by whose lamented death he sustained an irreparable loss. Miss Kelly has a mother living, who invariably ac-

companies her in her theatrical pursuits. She is an only daughter, and has five brothers, one of whom is two years older than herself; the others are all very young. From her earliest age she evinced a strong predilection for the stage, even before she saw a theatre or a performer. Her father disliking the profession resisted her inclination, considering it childish and romantic; but, finding her immoveably attached to the pursuit, he procured through the kind offices of Lady C. Lindsay an introduction to Mr. George Colman, and Mr. Harris: who, after hearing her read (being only thirteen years of age) a portion of the character of *Belvidera*, pronounced her to possess a powerful, clear, and melodious voice, with many other requisites for eminence in the profession. Miss Kelly received the principal part of her education at Mrs. Philips's school Tenterden Street, Hanover Square. After her appearance on the stage at Cheltenham and Brighton, and previous to her going to Dublin, she received some professional instruction from Mr. Macready, and since her return he has been kind enough to give her much useful information. In the month of June, 1819, she made her first appearance at Cheltenham, under the protection of Lady Faulkner, and performed the characters of *Amelia Wildenheim*; *Amanthis*, in the *Child of Nature*; *Belvidera*, &c. After playing for six nights there she was sent to Paris, under the protection of an old and intimate friend of her father, who superintended her education with parental kindness, and afforded her every opportunity of mixing in the first circles of that gay city. Shortly after her return from France, in May the following year, she visited Cheltenham for six nights, playing *Portia*, *Belvidera*, and *Ellen Rosenberg*. From this place she went to Brighton, at her own expense, where she remained for four months playing *Juliet*, *Belvidera*, *Evadne*, *Alicia*, and the range of first characters. On the 18th of January, 1821, she appeared on the Dublin stage, where she was highly appreciated, and became a great favourite in the character of *Juliet*; and afterwards performed *Belvidera*,

Jane Shore, Desdemona, Monimia, Isidora in Miranda (with Mr. Young), *Portia, Mrs. Haller, Mrs. Beverley, Mrs. Oakley, &c. &c.*

She returned to England in June, and played for a month at Birmingham, Nottingham, and Derby; after which, in March, 1822, Mr. Harris again engaged her for the Dublin stage, to support Mr. Young; where, in addition to her former characters, she performed *Alexina, Calanthe, Any Robsart* (in a drama entitled *Kenilworth*), fourteen successive nights to crowded houses, *Bertha* in the *Point of Honour*, *Imoinda* in *Oroonoko*, and *Minna* in the *Pirate*. She continued there until the Theatre closed in June; when she visited Drogheda, Limerick, Galway, Ennis, and Cork; a theatrical tour that occupied her for four months; and, before she left the last-mentioned place she was engaged for Covent Garden. In Ireland Miss Kelly was patronized by the principal families, and it does not appear to be true, as invidiously stated in the London Papers, that her great talents were either coldly received or unappreciated by our more *mercurial* neighbours. It is no part of their character to be cold in their admiration, avaricious of their applause, or impervious to the charms of female excellence—let us be at least as generous as they and impute just motives; it was owing to the distresses of that ill-fated Island, and the consequent want of ability, that the Irish resigned to this more favoured metropolis the glorious and delightful task of duly rewarding TRANSCENDANT MERIT.

On the 14th of November last, Miss Kelly made her successful *début* in the character of *Juliet*, at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden, and was received with the most enthusiastic applause; she continues occasionally to repeat this fascinating character, and always with the same success. On a subsequent night she appeared as *Margaret*, in Mr. Shiel's new tragedy of the *Huguenot*, but the character is far too monotonous for a full display of her abilities; she, however, made the most of it, and was warmly applauded. On the 31st ult. she represented *Rutland*, in the *Earl of Essex*, a tragedy which nothing but such performers as Miss Kelly and Mr. Macready could have rendered tolerable. As these are the

only characters she has performed since her appearance in the metropolis, our observations will be necessarily limited; and the more so, as we intend to confine them to her representation of the character of *Juliet*, with which all our readers must be familiar.

From the moment of Miss Kelly's first appearance at Covent Garden Theatre, in the character of *Juliet*, she has been acknowledged the very first of our dramatic heroines. Her extreme youth—her previous obscurity—the declining state of the concern, which she was designed to recover and exalt—have all conspired with her professional powers to create an interest in her behalf, sufficient to sustain a successful competition against all the established performers and glittering appendages of the rival theatre. Although Miss O'Neil may be thought to have been more successful in the declamatory passages, yet in those, where the feeling is subdued, the passion quick and vehement, the transition abrupt, or the situation overwhelming—in short where nature had more to do than art, Miss Kelly is her superior, and possesses head, and heart, and voice, to answer the full demands of the tragic muse.

In the balcony scene, where *Romeo* first sees *Juliet* in private, we discover in this accomplished actress a total abandonment of heart and soul to the tender passion with which she is absorbed, and a modesty alike unrestrained by artful coquetry, or the wily heartlessness of prudery. Her words never precede the emotions of her heart; they are, as they should be, the consequence and not the precursor of her emotion. The exquisite variety of her voice and motion at once evinces her profound knowledge of her immortal author, and her capability of personifying the variations of conflicting, or rapidly succeeding feelings. She seems to be no imitator of the unhappy fair—she is *Juliet* herself—she appears the sad victim of the passion she represents. When *Romeo* says

—Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye;

Than twenty of their swords.

The wistful gaze of undissembled passion seems to arrest all her faculties. Her eyes, which in the latter

scenes seem to wander with a heavenly distraction, and seem to be every where and no where, are now immoveably fixed on those of *Romeo*, and drink the delicious poison of love. They seem not to rest upon, but to devour their object. The following passage always excites the most rapturous applause:

Dost thou love me? *I know thou wilt say—Ay;*

And I will take thy word!

The rapid manner in which she utters the words "*I know thou wilt say—Ay,*" implying a certainty of an affirmative answer, mingled with a half suspicion of its sincerity, is irresistible. It is what, in inferior performers, would be called a *hit*,—but in her it is an ebullition of the purest and deepest nature. In the following passage she exhibits the purest taste:—

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon,
I vow,—

Jul. O swear not by the moon,

Before *Romeo* has finished his sentence, the moment he has uttered the word "moon," her tenderness takes instant alarm, she waits not to hear the words "I vow," her sensibility and ardent passion prove them to be redundant; she exclaims "O swear not by the moon" with hurried speech and a tremulous feeling, that prove her knowledge that nature needs no oaths to bind her, and, when they are thought necessary, they are as easily broken as made. When *Juliet* utters—

"Do not swear at all;"

she falls on the balcony, and is absorbed in that fulness of affliction, that denotes her heart to be entirely *Romeo's*, without requiring a pledge in return, relying on her own innocent and ample love to detain, as well as to win, his affections. This passage is always received with unanimous and reiterated applause. Indeed the whole of the balcony scene is an example of the most finished acting; so much so, that it is more easy to imagine her really in love, than to believe any actress could so naturally affect a passion which she does not feel, and which she never perhaps has felt.

When she pronounces the words

"Well do not swear."

her eyes, her countenance, her every feature, seem to claim forgiveness

for having required of him to swear to the fidelity of his attachment; while she seems, at the same time, to inhale the soft and enchanting intoxication of love. Her "sweet love adieu," and her "good night, good night," were still more enchanting, more enthusiastic, more lovely, more infatuating. In pronouncing these syren exclamations, her very soul almost appeared in view. It seemed to come forward and converse in her countenance; and so it did, so far as feeling can embody the invisible, and inconceivable nature of the mind.

Her interview with the Nurse in the second act is exquisitely performed, and the mere reader of the play can have but a very inadequate idea of the beauty of this scene—her eagerness to meet the Nurse, whom she fondly hails as the harbinger of joyful news, and her exclamation

"O heaven! she comes."

fills every heart with participating expectation; while joy, mingled with fear and apprehension, is strongly portrayed in her countenance. Though joy would seem to be predominant, yet she dreads to become acquainted with the fearful tidings. In the third act, where the Nurse returns and leads her to suppose that *Romeo* has been slain, we never saw, indeed we never conceived even in idea, so exquisite an image of enraged innocence; when she cries out—

"What devil art thou that dost torment me thus."

The furies seemed seated on her brow; every feature was pregnant with rage, but yet it was rage without a sting. She soon expiated, however, the crime of becoming an infuriate; and presented us with the finest picture of repentance and self-reproach that imagination can conceive.

After having bewailed the death of *Tybal*, the banishment of *Romeo*, and inveighed with severity against her lover, she answers her Nurse's invectives against *Romeo* with the most impassioned energy. The passage commences

Blistered be thy tongue,

Her transition from the highest eulogy on her lover to a just and tender recollection, how ill that eulogy agreed with her previous upbraidings, is exquisitely natural;

she is overwhelmed with the mingled emotions of tenderness, of love, and of self-condemnation. The line,

Oh! what a wretch was I to chide
him so.

is the most excellent and most applauded passage of her whole performance.

In the garden scene in the third act, where she endeavours to convince *Romeo* that it is not yet day, in order to detain him, she surpasses all her predecessors. He who could hear her without emotion repeat the following words, when *Romeo* is in the very act of parting from her, must have drank the milk of tigers in his infancy.

O heaven! I have an ill-divining soul:
Methinks I see thee, now thou'rt
parting from me,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb;
Either my eye-sight fails; or thou
look'st pale.

We have no space to do justice to this exquisite tragedian; her whole performance of *Juliet* is excellent. The swallowing of the draught is in the first style of acting; and the terror of the catastrophe is exhibited in all its plenitude.

Miss Kelly's chief excellence evidently consists in the delineation of the deeper and intenser passions. If we mistake not, however, her natural manners are of a more gay and playful character than those of Miss O'Neil, and consequently we think her more likely to succeed in comedy than her predecessor. Her action is natural and unembarrassed; every movement seems to arise from the impulse of the moment, though her attitude is not perhaps always so imposing as Miss O'Neil's. The cause seems to be, that Miss O'Neil threw more of her own mind and intellectual conception of character into her action, and consequently was partly guided by her feelings, and partly by her reason; but Miss Kelly seems not to reason at all. She is the mere creature of the influences by which she is acted upon. She would seem never to have considered how she ought to act in any particular situation; but permits herself to be carried away instinctively by the influence, which the situation exerts over her at the moment. What she loses, therefore, in dignity she gains

in sweetness, artlessness, and nature. There is no influence lost upon her for she responds to the lightest impulse; the highest excellence in dramatic representation. — Art and study only serve to counteract or suppress the divine enthusiasm of nature: the eyes no longer speak the eloquent language of love, no longer brighten with hope, or languish with despair. Every moment is marked with affectation, and every attitude is constrained and unnatural. The truth of these observations never, perhaps, has been more triumphantly illustrated than in the fair subject of the present memoir. We never saw the secret workings of indomitable love more powerfully displayed, or more ably sustained throughout. Her characteristic excellence seems to consist in giving expression to the different emotions, which naturally arise at the same instant from the opposite influences by which she is acted upon. A secret foreboding of her unhappy fate throws a browner shade over her happiest and most animated moments, so that even her joy seems mingled with melancholy musings. This is an excellence of difficult attainment, and Miss Kelly seems to have made it her particular study. She has studied it, however, only from her own feelings, or in real life: whenever human nature is acted upon by different influences, they excite that tumultuous crowd of emotions, which confine themselves not to the heart, but manifest their existence in the expression and agitation of the countenance. This strong tide of mingled emotions is not merely to be found in the action and expression of this lovely actress; she seems to have the same command over her voice that she has over her passions, affections, and sympathies.

In fine, what has been said of the character of *Juliet*, by an able modern critic, may be justly applied to Miss Kelly's performance. "It is, indeed, one of perfect truth and sweetness. It has nothing forward, nothing coy, nothing affected or coquettish about it;—it is a pure effusion of nature. It is as frank as it is modest. Its delicacy does not consist in coldness and reserve, but in combining warmth of imagination and tenderness of heart with the most voluptuous sensibility."

LINES

*To the Memory of Captain Burgess, who was killed on board the Ardent,
On the 11th of August, 1797.*

Whene'er we view the generous and the brave,
Sink to the dreary mansions of the grave,
Remembrance drops the sympathetic tear,
And with unfading laurels strews their bier:
Shall then the soft compassionating muse
To pay her grateful tribute here refuse?
Nor mourn another gallant spirit fled,
Another hero mingled with the dead?
Ah, no! for *Burgess* now she heaves the sigh;
His fate with pity claims her melting eye,
That fate she weeps with his lamenting crew,
Who priz'd his worth and all his virtues knew:
Firm to his duty 'till his latest breath,
He led them on to conquest or to death.
Within yon awful dome* recording fame
Bids future ages hail the hero's name;
But still a nobler monument we find
Erected in a grateful people's mind.
Their sorrow for his loss a tribute pays,
How far beyond the breath of public praise:
No empty form, no pompous boast it knows,
But warm in every feeling bosom glows.
Nor can the muse with cold indifference tell,
In freedom's cause how many *heroes* fell;
Now England's Navies are her noblest boast;
She mourns one English sailor should be lost
In fancy too she hears the widow's cry,
She sees to Heaven the tear uplifted eye;
What hand she cries can minister relief?
What power can sooth the wretched orphan's grief?
If to their sorrows wealth could give repose
A generous nation had relieved their woes.
But *He* alone, who bids the tempest cease,
And to the murmuring billows whispers peace,
Can to affliction's wounds a balm impart,
To heal the anguish of a breaking heart.

Tho' conquest still Britannia's thunder guides,
And on the English banner proudly rides;
Yet must the victor midst his glory own,
Not without thorns he wears the laurel crown.
Ev'n for her foes old England's heroes feel;
For English bosoms have not hearts of steel.
Still more they mourn, when by stern fate decreed
Her bravest, noblest sons are doom'd to bleed.
Burgess they own, that conquest bought too dear,
That bids them shed for thee the bitter tear.
The woes, that wait on war's destroying hand,
Avert kind Heaven from this still favour'd land;
Oh! bid the raging storm of battle cease,
And to her fertile plains give lasting peace.

S. B. R

* In allusion to the monument in St. Paul's.

SKETCHES OF PUBLIC CHARACTERS IN IRELAND.

No. I.

MR. O'CONNELL.

It is strange, when we remember the close and intimate union that has existed between England and Ireland for ages, how little we are yet acquainted with the real character and manners of the inhabitants of the latter country. Long accustomed to regard that fine and fertile island in the light of a subjugated province, and its peasantry as semi-barbarous, prejudice has usurped the place of investigation, and enquiry has been superseded by cold indifference or contempt. We can ourselves almost recollect the time, when a journey to the interior of Ireland was considered seriously hazardous, and its people mentioned as the "Wild Irish," just as we now speak of the predatory Arabs of Bidulgered, or the Great Desert. The accounts that have been given us of Ireland have, in general, been prejudiced or superficial. With the exception of Arthur Young, Mr. Wakefield, and one or two other writers, those, who published their flying tours through that island, knew nothing whatever of the country or its inhabitants. Their anecdotes were collected from the worst and lowest sources, and their bills and jokes from some vulgar worn-out jest-book. Time, the great enlightener, has gradually been working a most important change. As the intercourse between the two countries has become more frequent, the asperities of prejudice every day disappear. The people of Ireland are at length somewhat better known; their virtues are credited to them as their own, and their failings (which cannot be disguised) are charged to the long account of oppression and suffering, which, like a pestilence, has smote the land. Centuries of blood and conquest rolled over that hapless country, during which the chariot wheels of the victor seldom were staid, and the hand of misgovernment never ceased to be busy. The tempest of woe and destruction, that swept over Europe, seemed to have rolled back on the billows of the Atlantic, and to have settled in one

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dense cloud of misery over that fair but unhappy land with every cabability of human happiness, she has long been a waste of human misery; with the richest and most productive soil, her population have been starving in thousands; with as fine a peasantry as any in Europe, the nakedness of poverty is every where visible; in place of her people being happy and united, she has been a dreary scene of civil proscription, and a bloody theatre for contending factions. Yet, through all this gloom and moral darkness, she has at intervals been illuminated by gleams of the finest genius. The greatest of her orators sleeps within the mausoleum of departed glory, but her poet yet lives who has clothed her sufferings in immortal song. A better day has at length, we trust, dawned over her. The frown of a gracious monarch has denounced the bands of faction, and proclaimed equal justice and protection to all his Irish subjects. Her distresses have been met by the warmest sympathy in English bosoms, and the stores of their munificence poured out for her relief; calm and tranquillity appear again to have resumed their sway; but there is yet a great deal to be done, and more to be undone in Ireland. Her inhabitants have much to learn and much which the rising generation must endeavour to forget. The blessings of extended education, united with good government, can alone banish ignorance and crime, and lead to patient industry, and permanent peace and quiet. The introduction of manufactures, particularly the great staple one of the north, the linen trade, into the southern and western parts of Ireland would bring with it incalculable benefits. Much of the deplorable misery now prevailing is owing to the facility with which the potatoe is procured, and the excess of population that swarms over the land. Famine has been unable to subdue it, and emigration amid so many millions is scarcely felt or perceived. The early and unprovided marriages

B

of the Irish peasantry are attended with the most melancholy results. They ought to be discouraged by their clergy as much as possible, by every influence and representation. The price of labour is much too low in Ireland; it will not purchase a single comfort of life, and scarcely a necessary of existence; it is apportioned to the cost of rearing that vegetable which is the peasant's sole support. English enterprise and capital once introduced would do much to remedy that evil. The more the people of England become acquainted with Ireland and its inhabitants the better, industry, cleanliness, and comfort will gradually follow. The situation and the wants of Ireland, the character and conduct of its leading personages, possessing power or influence, cannot be too generally made known, or too publicly canvassed. In England, all that is marked by genius or acquirements, that is elevated or remarkable, finds instant record and publicity through the mighty medium of its press. In Ireland its influence is local and little diffused beyond its immediate shores. Under such circumstances, we felt considerable gratification on reading, in a distinguished miscellany, sketches by a masterly hand of two of the first and ablest of the bar in Ireland. We were glad to see portraits of those distinguished individuals, whose names and characters gradually become a part of the history of their country. The talents of such men are in themselves an imperishable distinction; they draw nothing from official rank or judicial elevation. Indebted for their fame to no fortuitous concurrence of time or circumstances, they would do honour to the best and brightest days of Ireland's independence, and still shed a lustre on its darkness and depression. All that was once great and illustrious in that land has almost passed away; but men still point to a Plunkett and a Bushe, as examples of that eloquence, which thundered in her senate for liberty, or roused her patriot citizens to her defence. The period of her triumphs was short and fleeting, but presenting in its duration a constellation of talent which rivalled the proudest exertions of

England, and was surpassed by nothing in Greek or Roman story. The names of Grattan, of Flood, of Burgh, of Curran, now only live in the annals of their country; they are gone with the freedom of that land over which they mourned. Rome, in her decline, was disturbed by the contests of sectaries, or the disputes of sophists, when the vigour of her legions was no more, and the tumult of arms no longer brought her triumphs. In Ireland the debates of her senate are now supplied by aggregate meetings or corporation balls. The decking out a statute, or the concession of a veto, are the subjects of that discussion, which forty years since produced a free trade, and roused a population to arms. Party divisions and religious strifes are the themes for her present eloquence. The ephemeral popularity of a mob has succeeded to the applauses of a nation; men of different mould have appeared, fit for those lesser combats, who are content with the oaken wreath, when the olive crown is no longer attainable. Each age and its occurrences possess their hero; and we now give the character of a gentleman, who, though not distinguished by the splendour of talent and high attainments of a Bushe, or a Plunkett, has yet shewn great versatility of powers, and considerable energy; and, borne on the turpid wave of popular discontent, has risen almost suddenly into marked notice; and long filled, if not an elevated, at least a most conspicuous station in the eyes of Ireland.

Daniel O'Connell, esq. the subject of this memoir, was born we believe at Derrynagh, in the county of Kerry, in Ireland, in or about the year 1773. His father, Morgau O'Connell, esq. was a Catholic gentleman, of ancient family, and considerable fortune; known for his hospitality, and much respected in the county where he lived. The penal code was then in full proscriptive force in Ireland; and the national university was closed against Catholics, who were excluded from the whole range of the liberal professions; these desolating enactments had exiled numbers of the Irish youth to foreign countries,

at once for education and employment, and Mr. O'Connell was early sent to be educated in France. He had an uncle, General Count O'Connell, high in the French service, during the ancient Regime, and another near relative then also on the continent; and now a Chamberlain at the Court of Vienna. We have heard he was at first intended for the Catholic priesthood. The habits of his later life, of strict devotion to the ceremonies of that church, give a strong colouring to the report; and had he assumed the sacred garb, there can be little doubt that his talents would have secured him high elevation within the pale; bringing as he would to its service, either in the pulpit or for the mission, the same bold eloquence, and fearless intrepidity, which have distinguished him in a different profession in subsequent life. The beneficence of the Monarch and the wisdom of the British Legislature had, however, soon after abated much of the severity of that frightful code which carried proscription through Ireland, among other concessions, the doors of admission to the liberal professions were again thrown open; and whether from feelings of youthful ambition, or dislike to the austerities of a foreign cloister, Mr. O'Connell rejected the tonsure, and its denials, and determined to devote his talents, not to the studies of Aquinas or Augustine, but to the more mundane though not less subtle disquisitions of Bracton and Coke. He was entered, accordingly, at Lincoln's Inn; and, after keeping the usual terms there, and in Ireland, was called to the bar of that country about the year 1800. This was an agitating period in that Island; men's minds were roused to the highest pitch of anxiety and alarm. The dreadful insurrection of 1798 had only just passed away; the stains of blood were not yet washed out, or the smouldering fires of ruin extinguished, when the question of a legislative union between the two countries was again renewed. It had already once failed; though (supported by the whole influence of the British minister) it had passed the *English* Parliament, it was rejected by a majority in Ireland;

but that majority was so small, that the then Irish Secretary (Lord Castlereagh) determined, with his wonted perseverance, to propose it again. Every artifice of influence in the internal was used to gain proselytes to that destructive measure. Rewards, titles, promises, pensions, were unsparingly lavished for the purpose. The great patriot of 1782, (Mr. Grattan) attacked it when brought forward, with the whole force of his oratory; though feeble with illness, he entered the house, to the dismay of ministers, soon after midnight; and from his place, seated, and unable to stand, pointed the thunders of his eloquence against that motion, which went to destroy for ever the independence he had achieved for Ireland: his invectives against the ministerial benches were terrible and overpowering. He depicted in dark colours the corruption which was every where around him; and its followers succumbed beneath his voice and eye. Never was he greater in his spring-time of youth and glory; though his summer strength had passed away he seemed, amid illness and debility, gradually to struggle with, and at length shake off his mortal coil, and to exist on the imperishable energies of his spirit alone. He closed by a reply to the coarse attack of the Irish Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Isaac Corry, which was only inferior to his celebrated philippic against the great Flood. It produced an instant duel between the parties, fought in the twilight of morning: both left the house immediately: Mr. Grattan with a conviction, as he said, that the castle and its adherents, unable to subdue him in any other way, had determined if possible to pistol him off. The meeting between the great patriot and Mrs. Grattan was a more than Roman one. He tore himself from her arms, prepared to die. Fortunately he survived the determined combat, as he did the independence of Ireland, which fell soon after. He lived to prove to a British Parliament, what the eloquence of that country was in her best days. At this period the press was inundated with pamphlets. Politics were the avenues by which distinction or preferment were

opened to the Irish bar. Though Mr. O'Connell has been fond of writing in latter days, we do not find that he employed his pen on this occasion. He was, we know, a determined opponent of the union, but had, we believe, then sedulously devoted himself to study; and was employed in acquiring that knowledge of his profession which led to his early advancement, and subsequently procured for him so much emolument and reputation. The bar has proved an up-hill and disheartening pursuit to many, subsequently distinguished by splendid ability, and ranking high in the annals of legal fame. Mr. O'Connell was more fortunate; his endeavours proved early successful; he rose rapidly in his profession, and the interval of only a few years elapsed between his being called, and his business producing him at least two thousand pounds annually; his professional income at present is probably double that amount. He is not considered a profound lawyer; nor is his manner either captivating or impressive. He is distinguished in the court more by his energy and shrewdness, than by any higher qualities of research or eloquence. His industry is greater than his ability, and he owes much to his firmness and self-possession, which never desert him; his accent is bad, and his language in general common-place and inelegant; his pronunciation is markedly vicious, a compound of Irish and Gallic badly associated, which the late witty Mr. Keller used to call "his Glaneragh English." He has a manner of extending his mouth, when he wishes to be impressive, which is any thing but graceful; and a habit of flying from one observation to another, both in his addresses to juries and his arguments before the judges, leaving his best points undefended, and his illustrations incomplete; but he is generally effective, and always useful. Subtle in the examination of a hostile witness, and gifted with great powers of discernment and penetration; his knowledge of the manners, the customs, and the failings of the Irish peasantry is complete; and he is able with such a witness, to unravel the most perplexing web of fraud

and falsehood, and to search every winding of the heart. His figure is manly and imposing, and his voice powerful in its compass and distinct in its intonations. The contour of his countenance is peculiarly Irish; perhaps there is little else remarkable in his features, either singly or as a whole; his eyes are grey, and small, presenting nothing that interest when in a state of repose, but bright and animated when lit up by exertion. Mr. O'Connell is considered one of the best motion-lawyers in the courts; quick in arraying his own strongest points, and equally acute in seizing and exposing the least weakness of his adversary. He is in full business; the Munster circuit producing him probably more money than any gentleman of that bar. He has, from his ability, a monopoly of what is called the *Dock*, in Ireland, that is, the criminal business of the circuit, which is a source of great emolument. With his briefs on these occasions, he will not take less than a fee of three guineas, and constantly receives infinitely more. He is, besides, retained in every civil case of any importance. His proscription as a Catholic, has deprived him of that official rank as a King's Counsel, which would add to his importance, even though it reduced his emoluments; he has seen in the course of his practice a silk gown given to many of his associates of inferior talents, that precedence and distinction to which his standing and abilities had unquestionably entitled him. It is but natural he should feel deeply on such occasions. One of the failings of Mr. O'Connell's character is a strong tinge of vanity and egotism, which colours all his actions, and those feelings of disappointment he has accordingly constantly and publicly avowed. He made, however, an effort in 1820, soon after the late Queen's return to England, which, had he succeeded, would have more than supplied the rank he had so long regretted. He applied, through Alderman Wood, for the situation of her Majesty's Attorney General for Ireland; and for some time entertained the strongest hopes of success. Every disposition was shewn by the Queen's official advisers to

make the grant, if consistent with former usage. His own anticipation spoke of the appointment as certain; he had even selected his associate as Solicitor General in the person of Mr. Bennett. It would have been to Mr. O'Connell an acquisition of first rate importance; giving him the full precedence of a King's Counsel without affecting the considerable emoluments derived from his lesser practice in criminal business. The prints of Ireland at the period were full of his elevation; the coat of office was bespoke by him, and even worn. It was remarked he did not appear at home in the official garb, that

"New honours come upon him
Like our strange garments, cleave
not to their mould
But with the aid of use."

But Mr. O'Connell had in this instance of his individual promotion, as he has too often done in public life, suffered his wishes and feelings to outrun his calmer judgment. He had made no search, or ascertained whether, at any previous period, any of the Queen's Consorts of England had exercised such a right as that of which he sought the advantage. In seizing the *idea*, his usual shrewdness and quickness were displayed, for it was not included in the penal code, as one of the offices denied to Catholics: but her Majesty's advisers in England were much too wise and prudent to recommend any hasty appointment affecting her rights, which could not subsequently stand the full test of scrutiny and contest. On investigation it was found that no record existed of such an appointment in Ireland, except in one weak instance, which could not possibly be erected into a precedent; they were, therefore, obliged reluctantly to pause in the nomination; and under the circumstances of her Majesty's demise soon after, and the loss of situation (if granted) which must have followed, it was, perhaps, preferable for Mr. O'Connell to have endured a temporary disappointment, rather than have experienced the humiliation, a return to the back bar, and the reassumption of a stuff gown, must infallibly have brought with them. But it is not

to his career as a lawyer, however successful, that Mr. O'Connell owes the distinction, or at least the publicity, which he has long attained and enjoyed; we say *enjoyed*; for, with him, to be talked of is to be every thing—to be "broad and general as the easing air" is the summit of happiness and ambition. Non-publicity would be non-existence. He lives but on the sound of the public voice; and exists but on the notice of the public eye. Many men who make more money than Mr. O'Connell, and in a higher walk of the profession, are comparatively unknown, even in Ireland, and never heard of here. But his voice has been for years the loud bell that tolled an alarm to the castle. He is the warder on the tower of Catholic orthodoxy; he rings the annual peal which is to rouse the disheartened population again to the task of petition. He comes forward, unsolicited, as their champion clad in his spiritual panoply as in armour proof, and surrounded by countless legends of holy anchorets and fathers. He talks to them of the sacrifices he has himself made, and the endless losses he has endured in their cause. He has but just returned from the defence of a burglar, or a horse-stealer; and he assures them "they are the finest and the bravest people on the face of the earth." He dwells on the beauty of the "white-bosomed daughters of Erin," and their misfortunes on being the wives and mothers of slaves; his auditors drink in his accents, and become happy in their bondage; some favorite orator follows, and resolutions are proposed worthy of the days of Chalcedon or Constance. Anathemas are showered upon every thing, vetoistical or heterodox; and the apotheosis of their leader is determined and pronounced by a thousand exulting and applauding voices at once. It was in the year 1809, as well as we remember, that Mr. O'Connell made his first appearance in public life at an aggregate meeting in Dublin. It was assembled to petition for the repeal of the grievances still affecting the Catholic body, and the then Lord French presided in the chair. His speech on that occasion possessed all the

general merits of his oratory, but was weakened by its numerous vices too. It was bold and animated, but coarse and vituperative, with some ardent declamation, but much uncalled for personal allusion. As usual, it contained some jokes; and these, as all his attempts at wit invariably are, were dull and bad; there was even in this first address, an effort of apparent ambition; a determination, thinly veiled, at once to be, if possible the leader of a party. The venerable John Keogh, to whom the Catholics owed so much, was in the room; coming, in the decline of life, once more to offer his counsels in that cause which he had so often advocated. He was received, as he deserved, with the deepest respect; but, amid all the deference of Mr. O'Connell, the ill-constrained feelings of rivalry were but too strongly visible; there was no man within the reach of memory to whom the Catholics were more deeply indebted than to Keogh. He was ardent and fearless in their service when to be so was hazardous and full of danger. His eloquence, bold and masculine, was often exerted to rouse the apathy of his countrymen, or subdue the bigotry of their opponents. He had raised himself to ample independence by the honourable endeavours of years of industry; and his private life was as respectable as his public was independent and useful. All that the Catholics possessed most valuable in latter days they owed to his enterprize and devotion. He had fearlessly sought an interview with the minister of England; and convinced him, that to preserve Ireland, her people must be conciliated. The last repeal was the result of his endeavours; every thing about him was manly and open; the ultimate success of his efforts, and the benefit it would bring to his country, were what he considered, and not the purchase of a false and fleeting popularity. He would not, to gratify power, resign an atom of what he conceived to be principle; or, to gain the people, support a position which his good sense told him must weaken, that cause to which his heart was devoted. We remember him well; his fine and

once agile form, though then bent and enfeebled by age; his proud and speaking eye, which yet retained all its early fire; his voice, though broken by illness and suffering, still possessing much of that force and harmony which, in other days, gave him such command in a popular assembly. Such was the man, and such the rival with whom Mr. O'Connell, then in the maturity of manhood, entered the list of competition; and before whom, ten years before, he would have reeled and sunk in the dust in the very first encounter. Mr. Keogh soon after died; he went down to his grave in the maturity of years, and Mr. O'Connell has kept the field, but with other arms and a different impress in his shield from that so long borne by the venerable champion. His career has since been perilous and troubled; often dangerous to himself without any possibility of benefit to those whose quarrel he professed to espouse. It is a question with us, whether the Catholic cause has not suffered less from the opposition of its enemies, than from the injudicious advocacy of its kindred friends. Nothing could be less calculated to conciliate or disarm hostility, than the intemperate addresses, and more intemperate allusions of Mr. O'Connell. His personal attacks were coarse and offensive; those on Mr. Wellesley Pole, and Mr. Peel were peculiarly virulent and uncalled for; his latter reflections on Mr. Plunkett have been in the same style. Yet such intemperance and such illusions should not remain a charge on the Catholic body generally; they are quite foreign to the feelings of the respectable portion of it, with whom Mr. O'Connell has no connection whatsoever. If he be, as he would assume, the leader of any part of the population, it can be only of the most uneducated and unreflecting division of it; and even with them he has now fortunately lost much of his influence. Judgment, indeed, never has been a quality for which Mr. O'Connell has been very remarkable; his want of it has been strongly exemplified on many occasions of his public life. His defence of the late Mr. John Magee, the proprietor of the *Dublin Evening Post*,

(the leading public journal in Ireland) was a strong and lamentable instance. Mr. Magee, then quite a young man, and in extreme ill health, was prosecuted by the Irish Attorney General, "*ex officio*," for a libel reflecting on the Government of that country. Party was then at its height between the Castle and the Catholics, the bigotry of Mr. Saurin on one hand, and the violence of Mr. O'Connell and a few followers on the other, had opened and inflamed all the causes of quarrel, but no feelings of public or private hostility would have induced a prudent and reflecting advocate to compromise the safety of his client, or make him the devoted Curtius to fill the political gulph; his speech to the jury, on this occasion, was most ill-judged and violent; he stood before them a living volcano, from whence the lava of fury and intemperance flowed for hours; his address was an invective, solely from beginning to end, against the Irish administration and its adherents; it was a collection and epitome of all the speeches he had ever made at Catholic Boards or Catholic Meetings; with Orange Lodges, and Bible Societies; all heaped and mingled together in the storm of his indignation: it has been urged as his plea, that Mr. Magee must at any rate have been convicted, and that no defence, however moderate, could have brought him an acquittal. But it was not considered that such a defence must have had the certain effect of entailing on his hapless client the unmitigated vengeance of the Crown prosecutor, and the heaviest retribution from the Bench. Mr. Magee was too young to think prudently for himself, but Mr. O'Connell was sufficiently old, and sufficiently experienced both to think and act more calmly. The unfortunate defendant was convicted of course, and subsequently sentenced to a long and dreary imprisonment, where he lay unfriended by those to whom he was devoted—and without solicitude from the party by whom he was sacrificed. On his being brought up for judgment, Mr. O'Connell then appeared in his best garb; the speech of the Attorney General was rancorous, bigotted and vindictive;

he was cheered by a servile bar, and actually applauded from the galleries of a Court of Justice by some of the worthy Aldermen of Dublin. Mr. O'Connell rose in reply; he seemed roused by the solitude of his situation, and the dangers of his client, to ten-fold energy and exertion. He spoke ably, powerfully, and most eloquently; he withstood the bench, silenced the surrounding bar, and the crown accuser shrunk, dismayed and defeated, before him. His duel with Mr. D'Esterre soon after followed, proving fatal to that unfortunate gentleman. Mr. O'Connell had in one of his numerous speeches made some contemptuous allusion to the Corporation of Dublin, and it was caught at by Mr. D'Esterre as the Quixote of that body. The worthy corporators of that capital had been so long suffered to rule on the sage principle of "*Divide et Impera*," they were so much used to see their sapient and liberal harangues lauded, or at least unquestioned, that they hated Mr. O'Connell because he dared to question their supremacy, and had often ridiculed and even reviled them. He was fond of a jest, and he talked "of the classic name of Abraham Bradley King;" and his followers at a Mansion-house procession, or a Mansion-house feast, were indignant as a Mussulman who heard the mission of his prophet impeached. Mr. O'Connell had just before had some temporary difference with a respectable brother barrister in circuit, which the praiseworthy exertions of the gentlemen of the bar had settled, when the parties (both husbands and fathers) were on the ground, and their pistols levelled in their hands. The Government prints sneered at Mr. O'Connell, and the magnanimous corporation imagined they might beard him, because he had preferred an honourable accommodation to the probable spilling of blood, but they were egregiously mistaken in their man: Mr. O'Connell at once cut short the correspondence of Mr. D'Esterre, by declining to receive any communication but a final one; a challenge was the unprepared result; the parties met some miles from Dublin; Mr. D'Esterre, almost solitary, and unattended from that

body who had cheered him to the contest, Mr. O'Connell followed by anxious thousands; they agreed to fire deliberately; and, after some pistol play, both levelled together. Mr. D'Esterre received the ball of his antagonist, and fell; the wound proved mortal—a vital artery was cut—an hemorrhage ensued—and the unfortunate D'Esterre in a few hours expired in the arms of a young and beautiful wife whom he had only married a short time before, and then left destitute and almost despairing!

The warfare of the castle and of Mr. O'Connell and his party was closed by the extinction of the Catholic Board, *this* was the scene where the Irish *Cato* disowned by all beside, was wont to give his little senate laws; never was there a more heterogeneous compound than the members and motions of this strange assembly; chaos was order to the confusion that prevailed. Motions on Irish costume one day, and on Irish vetoism the next. An embassy to his holiness the Pope, and a mission to their *exzellenza's* the Spanish Cortez. An address to a victorious General in heroic prose, and to a patriotic Bricklayer, in corresponding measure. A hymn to the Virgin, and a hymn to Liberty. The Canonization of the orthodox Dr. Drangoole, and the reception of his Holy Oriflamme at one sitting, and a disavowal of the infallibility of the Doctor, at the very next meeting, and a rejection of him and his standard too; this by the way was hard usage of the pious Doctor, who had hoisted his banner of exclusive salvation, high in the front of battle, and who, had he lived in other days, must have rivalled the intrepidity of the stubborn Athanasius, exceeded the cenobitic piety of the unwearied St. Francis, or equalled the indefatigable castigations of Dominic the Cuirassier himself. Nothing was too various or dissimilar for the attention and oratory of this indescribable convention; their projects extended from Dublin to Rome; from Rome to Cadiz; and, for ought we remember to the contrary, to Jerusalem itself.

“Omnibus in terris quae sunt a Gadi-
bus usque

Auroram et Gangem pauci dignoscere
possunt,
Vera bona et quae illis multum diversa
remotâ
Erroris nebulâ.”

A Government proclamation extinguished it just when its last light was weakly flickering—it was an unnecessary measure—for its final moments were rapidly approaching, and it long had all the elements of dissolution in itself. It had ceased to be remembered by almost its nearest friends, and most kindred acquaintance; and the state physician went out of his way, to administer an expiring draught to a hectic patient, then in the last stage of a galloping consumption! At this period, Mr. O'Connell seems to have attained the summit of his popularity, and the utmost height of public notice, to which his ambition could reach, in the sister Island: there has been since little remarkable in his career, except his quarrel and prevented duel with the present Home Secretary, Mr. Peel. Not satisfied with impugning principles, Mr. O'Connell, as we before mentioned, was too much in the habit of personal allusion, and it involved him in more contests than one. He had declaimed at one of those eternal meetings, which he was ever either raising or assisting at, either in theatres or Catholic chapels, of the Irish Secretary having attacked him in the House of Commons in his absence, in a way he would not have ventured to do, were he, Mr. O'Connell, present; the report of this assertion, in an Irish paper, met the eye of Mr. Peel on his return to Ireland, and was followed with more courage than prudence by an immediate demand of explanation; on this being declined, a hostile message from Mr. Peel was the instant result; the quarrel becoming public, the Irish Minister and Mr. O'Connell were both arrested late at night by the Sheriffs of Dublin, and bound, before the competent authorities against any breach of the peace in Ireland: an intimation was, however, given by Mr. Peel, with the same fearless spirit that marked his entrance into quarrel, that he was ready to adjourn its termination on

any other field. It was, in consequence, arranged that they should meet in France. Somehow or other, Sir Charles Saxton and Mr. Lidwell, the mutual friends of the parties, had also differed seriously, and at length engaged to terminate their dispute on the same ground, and in the same way; what their cause of combat was, we now forget, unless as Sir Lucius O'Trigger says, "they care to do a kind office first for their friends, and then proceed to business on their own account." Mr. Peel left Ireland at once, and Mr. O'Connell, with his "*coutege*," after some preparation, soon after. Fortunately, his movements, and those of his followers, were so minutely detailed, day after day, in the orthodox journals of the period, with all the accompaniments of Homer's heroes, high courage and heroic daring beaming on his brow, that there was little danger of any sanguinary rencontre occurring, and, on his arriving in London, he was easily traced by the police; and the parental anxieties of Sir Robert Peel the worthy father of his high spirited antagonist, fully satisfied. Mr. O'Connell was arrested at his hotel, and taken before Lord Ellenborough, the then chief justice, and obliged to enter into recognizances to keep the King's peace, which were afterwards occasionally respited, until all possibility and almost memory of quarrel died away. Mr. Peel was in France, awaiting his antagonist; and Sir Charles Saxton and Mr. Lidwell also contrived to meet and fight, but bloodlessly, and thus ended Mr. O'Connell's expedition against the modern Orlando, whose high and chivalrous bearing certainly took nothing from his reputation in the land of the shamrock. On the King's visit to Ireland, Mr. O'Connell so far from being found "*un mauvais sujet*," was one of the first and loudest in offering the testimonies of his homage to the gracious monarch; his speeches were full of loyalty and gratulation; he appeared at the Irish court, and his house was remarkable for the brilliancy of its illumination. Some inconsistency, it is true, was noticed in those same windows blazing so soon for the King, which but a few weeks before had been lit up for the tri-

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umph of the hapless Queen; and the transition, it was observed, was rather rapid to a court suit, and a crowded levée, from the garb so recently worn of her Majesty's official adviser in Ireland (and that while her cold remains were journeying to their final resting-place in the tomb of her brave ancestors); but the smile of Royalty, like the Pope's dispensation, can remove all scruples; and Mr. O'Connell, accordingly, was every where seen full of delight and joy. Soberer and more phlegmatic Englishmen beheld such transitions and demonstrations of rejoicing with surprise; their colder feelings were at a loss to discover by what the universal pageant was occasioned; but it is the felicitous disposition of Irishmen to think more gaily. It was quite sufficient for them, that their monarch had come among them, in all the fullness of confidence; and they were determined they would be happy; let the sum of human misery, accordingly, have been what it may, during the sovereign's stay, it never appeared; the sigh of wretchedness was suppressed, and the moan of famine and anguish never rose above the gratulations of the thronging crowds. We do not seek to impeach the ardency of attachment, which was shewn to the King during his residence in Ireland. We are sure the monarch came with the kindest and most benevolent intentions to that country; seeking, by his great influence, to amalgamate all parties, and heal the wounds of religious discord and strife. His parental endeavours were directed to that great purpose while he stayed, and his parting admonition was in the same feeling; urging all to social concord, and breathing the spirit of beneficence and peace. We have heard that Mr. O'Connell contemplates the arrival of Catholic emancipation as the patent of his admission into the House of Commons. From what we know, we do not believe, that, if that great and necessary measure passed to-morrow, there would be the smallest likelihood of his return to parliament; but if there were, it is a sphere to which, in our humble opinion, he is wholly unsuited. His reading and information are not equal to great ques-

tions of national policy. His accent, as we before remarked, is bad; and his style of oratory, never eloquent or polished, has become deeply debased from his constant intercourse with Irish mobs. He is, beside, much too advanced in life, to acquire that taste and manner fitted to an English House of Commons, which is, after all, the first and most enlightened assembly in the world. Mr. O'Connell, though bold and fluent, has been too much in the habit of indulging in the coarse luxury of popular applause, to succeed in calmer and more influential discussion. In all his orations, he seems rather to canvass the passing shouts of an inconsiderate multitude, than the ultimate success of the measure he is engaged in. In his numberless addresses to the thousands, who have attended him, he never yet sought to correct their prejudices, or amend their habits; on the contrary, he cherishes their worst bigotry by inflaming it, and slurs over their vices by imputing all that they suffer to oppression, and nothing whatever to themselves. He talks to them in mournful accents of "the five hundred years, a starless night of desolation that has passed since the green banner of Ireland was trampled to the earth by English force and numbers," but he never explains to his auditors what has raised England to her present un-

paralleled height of wealth and power; or the industry, patience, and perseverance which supplied her mighty resources, and so markedly distinguish her people. He neither writes nor speaks for futurity; a kind of passing publicity and pre-eminence seem all he looks for, and fully to content him, no matter how or where obtained. Amid his countless speeches we never remember a really wise and instructive sentence to have dropped from his lips, or fallen from his pen; the triumphs of his oratory have been solely confined to large popular congregations, that is, to mobs; for among the better order of his Catholic countrymen he seldom appeared, and never possessed any influence whatever. The best comparison that can be drawn between him and his distinguished predecessor, the venerable and lamented John Keogh, is the result attained by their contrasted exertions in the same cause. In times of peculiar difficulty and danger, Mr. Keogh steered his bark on a troubled ocean, free of all contests, and succeeded in obtaining for the Catholics of Ireland the most valuable privileges they now possess. Mr. O'Connell's career has been one of inconsistency, strife, and turmoil. He obtained for himself an accession of business and wealth, and for the Catholics at large—nothing.

LINES

TO THE CELEBRATED AND VENERABLE MR. DE LUC.

O, bless'd with science, whose resplendent ray
O'er all creation pours a flood of day,
Before whose beams the clouds of error fly,
And subtile sophists veil the dazzled eye;
Still be it thine, De Luc, with aim sublime,
To spread Religion o'er each age and clime;
To prove the *Works of God* (supremely bright):
Shed o'er the *Word reveal'd* encreasing light.
And to reward thy pious labours past,
When thy bright course of life shall set at last,
May'st thou to endless glory then arise,
And shine for ever in unclouded skies.

S. R.

MR. EDITOR,

EVER since I have been able to compare the strength of opposing evidence, and to enter into the probable motives of human actions, I have believed Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland, to be entirely innocent of the atrocious guilt of which she has been accused—adultery and murder. I have also believed, that the rancour of political zeal and religious bigotry in the Scotch Reformers, that the ambition of James Murray, her illegitimate brother, who hated Mary because she possessed over him the advantage of legitimate birth, and the envy and jealous fears of our Queen Elizabeth, were the causes of those calumnies and persecutions to which the Queen of Scotland ultimately fell a victim.

As I have a right to assume that the evidence and the reasoning, which have convinced me, are likely to convince others, I beg leave to refer your readers to "Tytler's Enquiry into the Authenticity of the Letters and Sonnets said to have been written by Mary to Bothwell," to "Whitaker's Vindication of Mary," and to the "Life of Mary Queen of Scots" by Mr. George Chalmers, F.R.S., the able *living* defender of that amiable and much injured woman, and who has also in a short work edited by him, "Churchyard's Chips," brought forward the evidences of her innocence in the most convincing manner.

AMELIA OPIE.

EPISTLES

Supposed to be addressed by Mary, Queen of Scots, to her Uncles the Duke de Guise and the Cardinal of Lorraine, and written soon after her arrival in Scotland.*

No. I.

Holyrood House, 1561.

FROM gloomy Holyrood's majestic towers,
Where lone dominion claims my joyless hours,
To you, my kinsmen, and my earliest friends,
This faithful breast a thousand greetings sends!
And fancy flies, from empire's heartless show,
To all thy pleasures, matchless Fontainebleau.

Can I forget the sad, unwelcome day,
Which bore me far from all I lov'd away,
When, anguish painted in my long last glance,
I left thy shore "dear pleasant land of France."†

What though my galley rose in royal pride
O'er the green bosom of the swelling tide,
While on the deck a downy couch was plac'd,
By art's gay hand with splendid colours grac'd,
Whose crimson canopy above my head
On my pale cheek a borrow'd beauty shed;
What though, while gazing on that less'ning shore,
Which something whispered I should see no more,
I heard attendant minstrels wake the lay
To sooth my sorrow's unresisted sway.

Still, splendour, music, flattery, all were vain
To wake my pride and mitigate my pain;
Can pride affection's bleeding bosom heal?
Can conscious grief the power of flattery feel?

* It is well known that Mary was in constant correspondence with her Uncles.

† Mary's own words.

In vain my Courtiers prais'd the smiling scene.
And dar'd resemble me to Egypt's Queen,
When her gilt vessel down the Cydnus mov'd,
And bore the Syren to the arms she lov'd;

Could I, in Mary, Cleopatra view?
My thoughts to meet no waiting lover flew:
She onward glided all she priz'd to find,
But Mary left whate'er she lov'd behind;
Living or dead, whate'er this heart adores
I left, for ever left on Gallia's shores.

And heard you not, to check my pride of state,
What fearful omens told my future fate?
Lo! scarce for sailing is the signal given,
When cross our track a sinking vessel's driven.
"Destruction seems, I cried, to mark its prey!
Death leads my van, death marshals me my way!"
While, dreadful thought! 'twas mine the pang to feel,
Of viewing misery which I could not heal;
'T'p hear the loud, but hopeless cry for aid;
To see despair in all its shapes display'd;
And, while in air the signals vainly stream'd,
While struggling still the sinking sailors scream'd.
'Twas mine to watch with short suspended breath
The last dread wave that brought resistless death.

And was not I advancing on to brave
A fate destructive as that whelming wave?
Yes, rebel hands the flag of greeting bore,
And secret traitors welcom'd me to shore!
While boding fancy mark'd, tho' flatterers smil'd.
The mother's fate preparing for her child.*
In vain with shouts my subjects hail'd their Queen,
No answering smiles on Mary's face were seen;
In vain the little Court, that with me sail'd,
With wondering eyes surrounding objects hail'd:
The verdant mountains towering to the sight,
The castle rising o'er the rocky height,
The tall grey city spreading far before,
Behind, the ocean and its sparkling shore.
"Mark! in this scene (they cried) what charms combine,
And joy to know so bright a realm is thine;
Rejoice so fair a kingdom to command,
And hail with grateful joy thy native land!"

But nought could rapture's glow to me impart,
The daughter's sorrows chill'd the sovereign's heart;
I only saw 'midst art's and nature's pride
The spot, lov'd kinsmen, where my mother died!
Where Scotland's Regent, less a Queen than slave,
In that proud castle found a *welcome grave*.

Oh! wretched lot! o'er this ferocious land
To wave the ensign of supreme command;
And cold, yet frantic heretics to sway,
Who to their God a heartless worship pay.

* Alluding to the fate of her mother Mary of Guise, who died in the Castle of Edinburgh.

What daring outrage mark'd the last dread night !
 Scarce had our Priests begun their sacred rites,
 When lawless heretics, with impious rage,
 Dar'd with my people rebel war to wage ;
 Dar'd with bold feet profane that holy dome
 Where true religion finds her only home.

How dull, how meagre is the unholy rite
 In which these Northern heretics delight !
 Within their temples, gloomy as their minds,
 Nor art, nor ornament an entrance finds ;
 No radiant lamps upon their altars shine,
 No sparkling gems a martyr'd God enshrine,
 No magic colours, on the canvass spread,
 Enchant the living while they paint the dead !
 No Saviour there, to death for us resign'd,
 To grateful love awakes the adorer's mind ;
 Nor dying martyrs their tormentors brave,
 While o'er their heads admiring angels wave ;
 No costly robes their sombre Priests enfold,
 No splended chalice in their hands they hold,
 Whence votive incense gracefully they pour,
 Whose circling clouds in fragrant columns tower.
 For them no organ sweetly pealing swells,
 On the rapt ear no lengthen'd chorns dwells ;
 No glowing Priest the Sacred Host uprears,
 While to faith's eye a present God appears,
 And thro' the frame awe's chilly tremors creep,
 Till downcast eyes in holy rapture weep ;
 But in one tuneless, tasteless, tedious chant
 Their long, unblest, unholy prayers they rant.
 Scorning all fuel to Devotion's flame,
 Our splendid rites Idolatry they name :
 And, while their Queen Idolater they call,
 Their words offend me and their looks appal :
 Those looks foretell to Mary's marking eye
 That insult, danger, death itself is nigh.
 I see fanatic hands the dirk unsheath,
 And give my youthful brow the martyr's wreath ;
 Nor think the woman's petty fears have part
 In the dark whispers of the Sovereign's heart ;
 Think not I wish the glorious fate to fly :
 In such a cause who would not joy to die ?
 But, (gentle friends, the seeming boast forgive,)
 Methinks for such a cause 'tis mine to live,
 Ordain'd the true religion to restore,
 In mitred majesty, to Scotland's shore.*

Meanwhile, conceal'd within this throbbing breast
 My secret hopes shall on your counsels rest ;
 Still shall those counsels Mary's conduct sway,
 Still shall her yielding youth your voice obey.

" Go, teach thy lips (ye cried) its sweetest smiles,
 Exert the magic power of woman's wiles ;
 On thy faith's friends with prudent coldness frown,
 But to its foes be winning favour shown.

* All historians agree, that this was Mary's first object and highest ambition . and this it was that made her so odious to the Reformers.

Then, while suspicious fears are laid aside,
 And secret agents spread thy empire wide,
 Throw off the mask, thy soul abhors to wear,
 And as thy church's open friend appear,
 By arts, by arms, its injuries redress,
 'Till mitred Priests a kneeling nation bless."
 Yes,—I will teach this faded lip to smile,
 And treacherous hearts with lawful art beguile ;
 Prepar'd against that *secret hate* to fight,
 Which vainly tries to shun my searching sight,
 Which now in Morton's artful smile appears,
 Now Ruthven's fierce and ruffian features wears ;
 Now haughty, frowning Lindsay's semblance takes,
 And now in Knox's form the pulpit shakes ;
 That fierce fanatic whom, worst foe of all,
 My smiles can't soften nor my frown appal ;
 Methinks I see him yet, while, breathing blood,
 Before my throne the frowning sectary stood,
 And, weakly fancying violence was truth,
 Denounc'd heaven's vengeance on my trembling youth.
 Then, while my eyes with tears of anguish stream'd,
 In his, ferocious triumph proudly beam'd.

But he shall live to rue that daring hour,
 When his proud soul withstood the frown of power ;
 Shall live to see my star triumphant shine,
 And all his glory set immerg'd in mine.
 Meanwhile I strive my sense of wrongs to cheat ;
 And friends and foes with festive welcomes meet ;
 That gloomy galleys, where the royal line
 Of Scotland's Kings in dark succession shine,
 Now echos blythely to the minstrel's lays,
 Who sweetly sings the songs of other days,
 And, wond'ring, finds its ancient walls repeat
 The sprightly sound of many twinkling feet ;
 There my lov'd friends and kinsmen, sons of France,
 Raise the gay chorus, weave the graceful dance,
 And kindly stay to cheer my mournful doom ;
 Like flowers, that lingering blow 'midst winter's gloom ;
 Or, like a rainbow thrown across the skies,
 When all around in deepest darkness lies ;
 While stern Reformers gaze with envious glare,
 And hate the gaiety they scorn to share.

But how I dread the time when this dear band,
 Which kindly follow'd me to Scotland's land,
 Will thence remove to hail a happier scene,
 And leave to heartless state her drooping Queen.

What joy on her can lonely pomp bestow,
 Who thinks all bliss must from the affections flow ?
 No light of love illumines my life's dark tide,
 And I the lustre scorn that's given by pride.

My smiles will sun-beams be that play on snow,
 The winter's brightness, not the summer's glow ;
 My mirth, a lamp that lights a darksome tomb ;
 Or paper rose, that lives not tho' it bloom.
 Lo ! where yon mountain, in its barren height,
 In lonely grandeur meets my tearful sight,
 And o'er surrounding objects proudly towers,
 By trees unshelter'd, and undeck'd by flowers :

While from the wintry winds that round it blow
 No friendly skreen protects its stately brow—
 Exalted thus, too soon will Mary be!
 Lone mountain!—soon shall I resemble thee!
 But, while I gaze on thee with anxious breast,
 This thought bids hope awake, and sorrow rest;
 That as the sun, while vapours chill thy brow,
 Bids the cold clouds with crimson radiance glow,
 Till all the misty darkness dies away
 Before the dazzling beams of rising day;
 So, while in chilling grandeur Mary towers,
 Perhaps the smile of heaven may cheer her hours,
 And, while the reins of empire fill my hand,
 Bid the true faith arise o'er Scotland's land,
 Bid error's mists before its light retire,
 And holy altars blaze with holy fire.

LINES ADDRESSED TO CLARA.

‘ L’objet enchanteur, dont je n’ose
 Tracer le portrait qu’en tremblant,
 Est une jeune et fraîche rose
 Au milieu du lis le plus blanc.”

DE SEGUR.

I thought, my Clara, that the hand of Fate
 Had render'd me for ever desolate;
 The brightest hues of pleasure's rainbow fled,
 My joys had vanish'd, and my hopes were dead:
 The forms my heart long cherish'd in its youth,
 With all the ardency of infant truth,
 Had then departed like a cloud of night,
 And left my mind in sorrow and in blight.
 Where'er I turn'd, I saw some broken tie,
 And as I gaz'd, have almost wish'd to die!
 Forgive the wish!—for then my bosom knew
 Nor hope, nor happiness, nor love, nor you!

Long had I been a wand'rer from the isle,
 Which first receiv'd my Clara's op'ning smile;
 I sought its shores, and Friendship took my hand,
 And gave me welcome to my native land:
 And O! I gaz'd on each remember'd place,
 As a fond father on his infant's face.

I left my country with a heart of grief,
 When winter's snows hung on the aloe's leaf;
 I sought my country in her loveliness,
 When flow'rets bloom'd in summer's soft caress:
 And there was one sweet flow'r, which seem'd to spring
 (As all unconscious of its blossoming)
 As fair a rose as ever blush'd between
 The earth and the high heaven—and yet serene
 As the reflection of the pale moon's beam,
 When it lies smiling on some noiseless stream.

Oh! I will act the tender guardian's part,
 And that lov'd flower shall be within my heart
 Deeply enshrin'd; and, till its pulses sever,
 There sweetly bloom for ever and for ever.

AZAR.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS IN LONDON AND PARIS.

LETTER IX.

From Sir Charles Darnley, to the Marquis de Vermont.

Paris.

MY DEAR MARQUIS,

In your last letter, you have criticized somewhat severely the dinner and quadrille parties of London, not to speak of your comments on the matrimonial speculations of our mammas and misses. I am about to make a generous return by giving you an account of an entertainment at Paris, of which I can only speak in terms of unqualified praise. You have no doubt heard, that *Bals Costumés* or in other words balls, at which the company appear in fancy dresses, though not in masks, have been much the fashion during the present winter in the French capital.

Mde. de ———, (who you know is celebrated for contriving new methods of enlivening her house), determined that the juvenile branches of her acquaintance should partake of a diversion, which appeared to be so popular among their elders. She accordingly issued cards for a "*Bal Costumé, donné aux enfans de ses amis.*" This lady, who, by similar attractions, has the talent of drawing into her circle the most distinguished inhabitants, as well as visitors of Paris, collected on this occasion, besides almost every French person and foreigner of renown, eighty of their children; and no expense had been spared, either in the dresses of these youthful exhibitors, or in the pleasures prepared for them. The whole entertainment was more novel, more gay, and more characteristic than any thing of the kind which I have yet witnessed. In a large and elegant saloon, brilliantly lighted and decked out on the occasion; with every possible additional ornament, accompanied by their respective parents (who were still in the full enjoyment of manly vigour, or the bloom of female beauty) appeared the destined representatives of some of your most illustrious houses, all of whom personated an assumed

character, and wore an appropriate garb. A lovely Duchess held in her arms a little girl, scarcely six months old, who was clad in the full attire of a superannuated lady of the last century, with a fly cap, long ruffles, stiff stays, and green spectacles. Besides an infant Hercules, a *baby* Alexander, and a pigmy Achilles, we had Presidents *au mortier* of the parliament of Paris, who (though the eldest was not more than eight years of age,) preserved the full appearance of a gravity so becoming the robes of magisterial office.

We had smart little *Abbés*, scarcely three feet high, who aped not unsuccessfully the effeminate manners and pert loquacity of those once well-known members of French society. We had Monks whose pillowed rotundity reminded us of the jolly friars of former days. We had miniature *dames présentées de l'ancien régime*, with trains two thirds longer than the persons of the wearers, high *toppies*, high feathers, long lappets, powdered heads, and brilliant jewels. We had also *Maréchaux de France*, both of the old and new school; Cardinals, Statesmen, Legislators, Financiers, Merchants, Peasants, Turks, Jews, running footmen, flower girls, *savants*, *et savantes*, all correctly dressed and correctly acted, though very few of the exhibitors had reached their tenth birth day. But the most striking feature of the whole evening was the performance of a *real quadrille*, (such as the courtiers of Louis XIV. were in the habit of dancing), by a party of youthful masqueraders, correctly dressed after the best pictures of that age.

Before they made their appearance, papers, of which the following is a literal copy, were distributed among the company, in order to prepare them for the coming sight.

Quadrille dansé, le 8 Avril, 1660.

à l'Hotel de Rambouillet.

Quatre pages.

Piquet.
Tartarin.

Poinsinet.
Ogier.

Seigneurs.

M. Le Duc de la Rochefoucauld.
M. Le Duc de Lauzun.
M. Le Marechal d'Hocquincourt.
M. Le Comte de Bussy Rabutin.

Dames.

Mde. La Duchesse de Longueville.
Mademoiselle de Montpensier.
Mde. La Duchesse de Monthazon.
Mde. La Marquise de Sevigné.

Maitre de Ballet.

Marcel.

Compositeurs de la Musique.

Lully, Rameau, etc.

While these bills were dispersing about the room, a well-chosen band of musicians (also dressed in character) struck up the tune of an ancient march, when, preceded by their pages, the four boys, who represented the four *Seigneurs*, made their appearance, accoutred in long and laced coats, black wigs, with long ringlets which fell down their shoulders; stockings with red clocks, which were tied above the knee, and hats à l'Henri IV. They moved forward from an adjoining room with becoming solemnity, each giving his hand to his allotted partner. The young ladies who played the parts of the celebrated women, already named, were no less appropriately dressed. They wore gowns with long waists, powdered hair, rouged cheeks, high heels, &c. Proceeding forward in measured time, the youthful dancers took their places in the centre of the saloon. The pages now with bended knee approached their respective lords, received their swords, and then after several bows retired. The *Seigneurs* began their task by making a profound reverence to the company assembled, and then repeated the same compliment to their partners individually.

The music now changed to the air appropriate to the quadrille, which was admirably executed, with its ancient figure and ancient steps; nor did the exhibitors lay aside for one minute the gravity which they had thought it right to assume.

While the performance was going
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forward I could not help casting an eye on the brilliant circle of spectators which was formed round the dancers; and in those, who composed it, I recognised more than one immediate descendant of those illustrious visitors to the Hotel de Rambouillet, whom we now saw before us as in miniature, and this circumstance added no trifling interest to the scene which was representing.

When the dance was finished the music changed to a march, the pages came forward and returned the swords, in a submissive attitude similar to that in which they had received them, to their respective *Seigneurs*; who, after renewing their bows to the company and their partners, gave the latter their hands, and conducted them out of the room with the same solemnity which they had observed on entering it.

I must now mention as a curious instance of national character early acquired, (for certainly you are the first actors in the world) that these young people on being called upon to repeat the whole of this exhibition, at the request of an illustrious stranger who came too late to see the first performance, achieved the second task required from them with equal propriety, and without losing for a moment that self-possession and command of countenance which had already excited so much applause.

I should mention, before I conclude this imperfect sketch of a most amusing evening, that at ten o'clock the eighty children, who had ap-

D

peared *en costume* adjourned to the eating-room where a splendid repast had been prepared for them.

I was very much pleased with the politeness of the little Frenchmen, who, instead of rushing forward as so many English boys would have done, selected their favourite belles, and led them to the supper table.

Nor did they forget to put their napkins through their button-holes, in doing which they reminded me of my friend, the *bon-vivant* at Beauvillier's, who never begins his meal till this ceremony is performed.

Here, however, their regard for good manners seemed to cease; for no *roturiers'* sons could have eaten more ravenously than did these children of *la haute Noblesse*. They were waited on by their *bonnes* (or nurses) who wore their provincial dresses, which added another curious feature to the scene. I smiled at remarking, that not a few Marshals of France, Cardinals, and Presidents of Parliament, received a friendly

hint from these good women, not to make themselves sick by eating too much; a piece of advice which, like most counsels, seemed to be but little attended to.

Among the many circumstances which threw a charm round this gala, I must add that the mothers of the juvenile exhibitors were still young themselves, and contained in their number some of the handsomest women at Paris. Their beauty, animated by viewing the performances and merry faces of their children, was seen to great advantage; but I must do them the justice to say, that I believe they were all too much occupied at this moment with the charms of their offspring to think of their own.

Altogether, few things I have seen in France have pleased me more than this little *fête*, for it displayed at once a union of innocence, gaiety, and maternal affection.

Farewell.

LETTER X.

From the Marquis de Vermont to Sir Charles Darnley, Bart.

London.

I FEAR, my dear Darnley, that you will think me very ill-natured, but, having promised to give my opinion candidly and without disguise, I must confess that I am, every day, more and more surprised at the contradictions which I discover in the character of your countrymen. They have the reputation of being fond of retirement, yet they are for ever in public;—they are said to be simple in their habits yet their establishments, their equipages, their tables, their plate, and their jewels, display the most ruinous contempt of prudential considerations. They boast of the advantages they enjoy of living under a government of law and liberty; yet, when a disposition is displayed by other countries to struggle for similar blessings, they support and justify their oppressors. They cultivate literature more than all the nations of Europe, and I believe the books published yearly in London greatly exceed

the aggregate number of those, which issue from the united presses of the rest of the civilized world; and, certainly, information is no where more generally diffused, yet science and letters are very rarely made the subjects of conversation. The English are the liberal patrons and professed admirers of musical talent, and, at an immense expense, tempt to their shores the most celebrated performers of Italy; yet neither at the Opera-House, nor at public or private concerts, is it possible to enforce that necessary silence, without which the charms of soft sounds cannot be enjoyed. Your ladies are said to be domestic; yet, as I have had occasion before to observe, they waste their mornings in the lounges of Hyde Park or Bond Street, and their nights in crowded assemblies, where the youngest and most beautiful of them, after exhibiting their only half-veiled persons to the gaze of five hundred spectators in the quadrille or less delicate walk, seem to feel no sense of impropriety in seating themselves with

partners in some distant corner of the room, far removed from the eye of their husbands or mothers, where, without a blush, they listen to all the silly nonsense which passion or folly whispers, and vanity and inexperience so greedily devour.

You are strict moralists, and severely condemn our Government for checking some of the evils of gaming, by taking it under its direction; and, as vice cannot be avoided in a great city, for making it at Paris available to beneficial purposes, in applying the profits of the *Salon* and other similar establishments to the support of our hospitals and houses of relief for suffering poverty. Yet your Parliament yearly sanctions the drawing of a Lottery—of all kinds of gaming decidedly the most pernicious, and one by which the lowest orders of society are lured to their ruin by an irresistible bait. In spite, too, of the pretended strictness of your manners, the most abandoned women are allowed to throng your streets, and to fill the lobbies and upper boxes of your national theatres.

You are a religious nation, and particularly rigid in the rules you lay down for the observance of the Sabbath. Indeed, I have often heard Englishmen complain of the little respect paid to that day at Paris, though the amusements which you condemn, and which we think innocent, are not suffered to commence till after the hour at which the churches are closed. Well—in spite of all the extreme severity of opinion, I remark many contradictions in your manner of “keeping holy the seventh day.” Your play-houses and shops are shut, but your eating-houses of all descriptions are thrown open. It is the day in the week chosen preferably to all others for country excursions; and those who remain in town loiter away several hours on foot, on horseback, or in carriages, while the evening service is still performing, at no great distance from the promenade in which they take their exercise—and while you hold it criminal to ask your friends to card parties or balls, Lords, Ministers, Judges, and Bishops, give dinners on Sundays; and at those dinners, I believe there is no less wine drunk by the gen-

tleman, and no less scandal spoken by the ladies.

But of all your contradictions, it appears to me, that the greatest is that deference (I am almost disposed to say *homage*), which is paid to *rank* in this country. The writers on the British Constitution boast, and boast with reason, that all Englishmen are equal in the eyes of the law, and that though your Peers have sundry privileges, these privileges are less beneficial to themselves than to the public; that *they*, constituting your only real nobility, are not a *caste* or exclusive order—marked and separated from the rest of the people by an insuperable barrier: that most of them before they became Peers were Commonsers, while their children remain such, during their life-time, and have no legal superiority over the rest of their fellow-subjects. Well, in spite of these assertions, which are certainly founded on truth, I know no country in which the hierarchy of rank is so rigidly observed.

I should, a few years since, have attributed this circumstance to the value set every where on that which is rare. But when we consider the vast number of Peers created by George the Third, and more particularly under the administration of Mr. Pitt—when we recollect the vast augmentation which the Order of the Bath lately received, and the countless Knights and Baronets whom the military and naval achievements of the last war have been the occasion of decorating with titles, it can no longer be said, that lofty names are scarce, even in England. Indeed, I never go into company without being jostled by numerous Englishmen, bearing some of these courtly denominations, or decked out in one or more of those badges of distinction, which mark the members of a chivalrous order. Besides these, also, there are abundance of foreign *noblesse*, who, in the respect paid them here, receive the full value of the exchange for their continental honours.

A propos.—When I first arrived in England, finding myself frequently placed by the lady of the house at the tables where I dined, I attributed this politeness to the

general urbanity of your countrymen towards strangers, and was far from suspecting what I have since discovered, that I owe all this distinction to the title which I happen to bear.

I believe you are sufficiently acquainted with our manners to know that a man's importance (even according to the etiquette of the old court) depends principally on the antiquity of his family, and that members of noble houses are indiscriminately called Marquises, Counts, Viscounts, Barons, or Chevaliers, without the difference of appellation producing any in their rank. It is, however, to the accidental circumstance of my possessing the first of these denominations that I am indebted for the precedence so undeservedly bestowed.

M. le Marquis is translated into the English *Lord Marquis*, and treated as such. I am given every where the *pas* after Dukes; and, indeed, I often blush at being received in this manner, while, perhaps, a countryman of mine, over whom I have no pretension to arrogate the slightest superiority, is placed at the bottom of the table, because his title of "Chevalier" is considered only tantamount to that of a simple Knight. Nothing has surprised me more altogether than observing in a country, celebrated for the liberality of its institutions, so servile an attention to distinctions of this kind. To collect together as many great people as possible seems the ambition of the donor of an entertainment, while little attention is paid to the moral character, talents, or acquirements of the company. I before told you how extraordinary it appeared to me, when I was first invited to an English table, to see the guests marshalled to their places according to the strictest etiquette of heraldic precedence; but, in my experience of your customs and usages, I find that the gratification of vanity, and not the enjoyment of society, is the business of all such meetings; and as at Paris we try to form a circle of friends or of persons of congenial habits; so in London your aim is, to give yourselves a borrowed importance by the stars and titles of your guests. Indeed, though well acquainted with your language, it was

long before I understood the jargon of fashionable life. When I was told that at a house at which I was about to visit, that I should find "a *delightful party*," I expected to meet ladies of graceful manners or extraordinary beauty, and men of sense, wit, and information. Think then of my disappointment, when, in going to one of these promised delightful parties, I found the following company. three or four Dowagers long past the meridian of life, and more remarkable for their contempt of all that is estimable in the female character, than for any of those qualities which throw a charm round the presence of truly amiable and truly agreeable women; half a dozen Lords, who could talk of nothing but their horses, their dogs, or their amours, except when the flavour of the wines, or the excellence of the sauces, claimed the admiration of their epicurean taste; an Earl's younger son, much taken notice of at *this time*, he having lately paid considerable damages for *crim. con.* with the wife of his most intimate friend; another "*Honorable*," who, after ruining a host of tradesmen (while he indulged in the most undue extravagances) had just been discharged from the King's Bench Prison under the Insolvent Debtor's Act, and a dashing Baronet lately deprived of his commission, for having deprived a brother officer of a considerable sum at the gaming table; and lastly, of a Comic Actor from one of the Theatres, who, knowing the price which he was expected to pay for his dinner, endeavoured by the grossest buffoonery to raise the drooping spirits of the high-titled, but very unprincipled, and very tiresome personages, who composed this "*delightful party*."

I make a similar remark respecting those motley crowds in which you pass your *nights*, rather than your evenings. When invited to one of these entertainments, after waiting a considerable time in approaching the door of the house in which the assembly is given, at no little risk to the safety of my carriage, and with some to that of my person, when I at last make my way into this much talked of gala, what do I find? A mob of six or seven hundred persons, all

complaining of the heat, and seeming no less anxious to get away than they were a few minutes before to arrive; yet I am assured that this is a particularly select and elegant party; and if I may venture to ask in what its merits consist, I am shewn two or three cabinet ministers, several members of the *corps diplomatique*, various Peers and Peeresses, and in their train some of the minor stars of the fashionable hemisphere, with the addition, perhaps, of a renowned English or foreign hero, an abdicated sovereign, an Otaheite chieftain, a Persian envoy, a Greek, celebrated for the tie of his turban, a learned lady, for the brilliancy of her wit, or a traveller, for his recent discoveries; in short of something extraordinary—of some object (no matter what) to which the eye of curiosity is at that moment directed; for rank has but one rival in England, and that is novelty; and the giver of a *fête* seems to think that but three things are necessary to ensure its success. I mean an ample supply of lords, ladies, and *lions*.

When, after having wasted a night at one of these parties, I read the description of it in the newspapers of the following morning, I smile at seeing it decked out in all the colours of high flown panegyric.

When I come, however, to examine the particulars of the narration, I find the editor of the Journal appears to think, with the donor of the establishment, that the charm of such a meeting consists in the titles of the company who compose it; for, after a few laudatory terms

about the taste of the lady, whose festivities he is recounting, and the *nouvel* style in which her house was decorated on the occasion (for some French word, however insignificant, must be used), the rest of his column is filled with a dull catalogue of exalted names, beginning with Royal personages, and descending through all the intermediate degrees to Knights and *Knightsesses*; to which is added a short, and only a *very short* list of simple *Mistess* and *Mistresses*. Indeed, the indecent custom of publishing an account of private assemblies seems to be one of the causes of the absurdity of which I complain; as, in order to supply materials for a pompous paragraph, every nerve is strained and every scruple of becoming pride is silenced—to congregate, no matter by what means, the greatest possible quantity of grandeur and notoriety.

In short, it appears to me that such is the reverence paid to rank, that those who possess that advantage, however deficient in mental or moral qualifications, are in little danger of being banished from the highest circles of London, unless the most egregious crimes are proved against them, on clear indisputable evidence; while persons not so distinguished, though eminent for virtue, talent, knowledge, and even ancient birth, may pass their time very dull in this gay city; particularly if too proud and too independent to propitiate, by presents and servile adulation, the very noble but very vicious leaders of the fashionable world.

Adieu,

DE VERMONT.

LINES

For the blank leaf in the beginning of a Pocket-Book.

YEAR rolls on year, like wave on wave,
Each wafts us nearer to the grave;
(Grateful for what the past has given,
The future we should leave to Heaven;
And learn from yonder passing bell,
To use the *present moments* well.

S. R.

SKETCHES OF POPULAR PREACHERS.

(Continued from page 530)

THE VERY REV. ROBERT STEVENS, DEAN OF ROCHESTER.

DR. STEVENS possesses a voice of very great compass, it is more distinguished for this than for sweetness and variety, as its faintest tones could be distinctly heard at the farthest extremity of the church of St. Margaret, Westminster (where he was some years lecturer), one of the largest, I believe, in the Metropolis; and, I should imagine from its construction, peculiarly ill calculated for the conveyance of sound.

His voice, however, is not of that harsher kind which is characterized by nothing but strength, and is incapable of expressing any but the more violent emotions; on the contrary, persuasion, pathos, indignation, devotion, have each a corresponding tone; and, though the variations are slight, they are sufficiently perceptible.

His deportment throughout the whole period of the service is perfectly unexceptionable, calm, dignified, and pious, without languor, haughtiness, or ostentation.

Dr. Stevens's unaffected earnestness of manner induces the conclusion, that he is actuated by a sincere desire to strengthen the faith, and improve the morality of his hearers; and that, experimentally sensible himself of the benefits which accrue from religion, he is deeply anxious that others should participate in its blessings.

Considered as an orator, he has many deficiencies. His language is unmarked by that felicitous luxuriance, which astonishes by its copiousness, and clothes every idea in the most appropriate dress; it likewise frequently wants the polish and elegance which evince the presence of a correct and cultivated taste.

The graces of action he either despises or neglects. His irony is not sufficiently pointed, while his arguments are sometimes defective in strength, and consequently enfeeble instead of supporting his positions.

I now turn to the more grateful task of describing those qualifications, which procured for Dr. Stevens

the large share of popularity he enjoyed in the Metropolis. As a practical preacher he certainly has no superior; his sermons have invariably one great end in view, that of remedying the morbid morality of his congregation. The subjects upon which he peculiarly excels are various. In his endeavours to expose and confute the Unitarian infidelities, he exhibits acuteness and ingenuity, an ardent desire to preserve unimpaired the purity of our faith, and, above all, moderation and candour, while employed in unravelling what he considers to be the delusive sophistries of error.

He never forgets the fallibility of reason, the obligation it imposes to examine conflicting opinions with impartiality, and to discuss them with charity; at the same time he never compromises his cause by lukewarmness or timidity. His sermons on the mercy of God to man, in creating, preserving, and redeeming him, are replete with representations, which have a tendency to lead the soul to love and reverence its Maker. His discourses inculcate the necessity of fervent and rational gratitude for the benefits we have received, and that the most conclusive demonstration of it is a pure and holy life. When advocating the excellence of Christianity, his eloquence can command admiration for what is sublime and pure in our religion, excite respect and reverence for what is awful and terrific in her denunciations, create attachment for her consolations, her hopes, her promises, and convince his hearers that mental peace is the consequence of her adoption into the heart. When he describes her power in alleviating adversity, her efficacy in reawakening the mind to consciousness, after being stunned by the blow of unexpected calamity, he can reconcile it to misfortune, by gradually withdrawing its contemplations from the surrounding evils, and fixing them upon that hope, which shines the most brightly for the unhappy—the

hope of immortality. To win the soul to resignation, he represents the inutility of grief, its corroding tendency, the torpor and apathy it occasions, and the despair with which it bounds every prospect in futurity. The sufferer, who has beheld the last flower of earthly happiness wither and decay, may listen to his delineations of the calm serenity which gilds the hours of the virtuous, and expect for an instant a resurrection of the blossoms of gladness and delight; anticipating the moment, when time shall have brought the olive branch to distress, when fortitude shall have subdued the warring passions to repose.

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is another subject upon which the Dean of Rochester is invariably heard with pleasure; his views of it are scriptural, his explanations of it satisfactory, his exhortations to participate in it frequently almost irresistible. The character of Dr. Stevens's mind is more solid than brilliant; it is good sense which gives the colour to his intellect. When he considers a subject, he does not view it with reference to some preconceived theory of his own, distorting facts and torturing arguments that they may appear to confirm it, but, divesting the subject of its relative dependencies, he considers it with as much impartiality as the mind of man is capable of exercising.

His opinions are moderate and charitable; he never condemns those to whom truth appears in a garb unlike that which she assumes to him; but, firm in his own convictions, he pities their defection from what he conceives to be the truth, and laments the differences which divide them. Dr. Stevens inculcates pure morality as the most decisive manifestation of religious principles;

and enforces the necessity of religious principles as the best springs for moral actions.

His system of ethics is unincumbered by the fanatical interdictions and superstitious observances, which, having their origin in a diseased imagination, tend to retard whatever is good in conduct, or sound in principle. His eloquence, though defective in many of those qualities which indicate the presence of exalted genius, is admirably adapted to establish faith, when doubt has begun to poison her convictions, to confirm virtue when temptation has succeeded in weakening the fortifications that intrench it, to mature the first germ of penitence into fruit, when remorse has fertilized with her tears the soil which had hitherto produced noxious weeds in unlimited profusion.

To conclude. The characteristics of the Dean of Rochester's preaching may be defined in two words, good sense and usefulness. Whatever may be the sphere which has his exertions for a centre, that sphere will experience their salutary influence, in the gradual but perceptible declension of evil, in the benefits accruing from the dissemination of a code, imposed by Heaven for the moral and intellectual improvement of man; explained and enforced by a mind which has imbibed from that code its purest essence. Whether the sequestered village, fenced by its loneliness from the seductions of the world, or the populous city, where innocence is annihilated by its collision with crime, shall be the scene of his ministerial labours; his active rational piety, his unwearied endeavours to promulgate our divine religion, will always produce results that will entitle his name to be enrolled among the most respected and honoured of mankind.

THE REV. G. MATHEW, A.M.

THE REV. George Mathew, A.M., is the Vicar of Greenwich, and alternate morning preacher at Saint James's, Westminster. His manner is serious and energetic; his voice, though deficient in variety of tone, is full and powerful, and, if not remarkable for its sweetness, har-

monizes well with the solemnity of his manners. He delivers his sermon as if he was conscious of the dignity and authority of his office, and impressively inculcates those truths, of whose importance to the happiness of man, he himself appears entirely convinced. Though

his reading is not disfigured by that drawing monotony of voice and manner which weary the attention, yet the obstacles interposed by nature in the construction of his voice will always prevent him from being considered a beautiful reader. His emphasis is judicious and correct:—the language of his discourse is rather forcible than harmonious,—more frequently convincing than persuasive. His views of the depravity of our nature, of the pertinaciousness with which man clings to vice, of the corruption that mingles with his best resolves and his most virtuous actions, are mournfully correct. He is, perhaps, disposed to expatiate upon these subjects too frequently, for he should remember, that, however useful it may be to tear away the veil with which self-love conceals guilt from conscience, and compel her to confess that she has erred, yet descriptions of the encouraging promises of the Gospel, of the facilities it affords to eradicate evil propensities and implant virtuous dispositions, of its tranquillizing influence in the hour of adversity, and of the brightness which it diffuses over the variegated path of mortality, will sometimes succeed in humbling a spirit, which would have repelled remonstrance with disdain, as some flowers display their beauties and dispense their sweets to the soft balmy influence of nature, while

they shroud them in terror from the violence of the whirlwind and the storm.

Mr. Mathew's defects, as a sermon-writer, are the frequent want of methodical arrangement, not adhering to the plan which he lays down at the commencement of his discourse, and sometimes wandering so far from his text, that he appears entirely to have forgotten it. I by no means recommend the divisions, and sub-divisions, which formerly disfigured some of the productions of our English divines, but I think that arranging a sermon in such a manner as to render the heads of it more easily retainable by the memory is well worth the sacrifice of a little oratorical beauty.

The defects I have mentioned Mr. Mathew abundantly atones for by his excellencies. Well-informed, sensible, and judicious, his sermons are fraught with solid instruction and improvement. The sinner, who listens to his denunciations of divine vengeance without dismay, must be nearly beyond the reach of human eloquence; and his addresses to the penitents at the Magdalen Hospital where he was formerly a preacher, were simple, pathetic, and admirably adapted to soften guilt to contrition and repentance. As a theologian, the principles of Mr. Mathew are in strict conformity with the doctrines of the Church of England.

THE REV. EDWARD REPTON, A. M.

The Rev. E. Repton is the minister of St. Philip's Chapel, Waterloo-place, and alternate evening preacher at the Magdalen Hospital.

Endowed by nature with a peculiarly sweet-toned voice, the minds of Mr. Repton's congregation are prepared to receive with pleasure the instruction conveyed through so attractive a medium; but, long before the conclusion of his discourse, they experience a feeling nearly allied to satiety, by attending to an unvarying uniformity of voice and manner, which fatigue from their want of variety, and are apt to produce listlessness and apathy. He appears competent to persuade, to soothe, and to soften; but we look

in vain for spirited reprehension or fearless reproof. If he attempts either of these, we immediately discover that he is on foreign ground; that he has passed the boundary erected by nature, which declares, thus far shalt thou come but no farther. To originality of thought and language the subject of this article has no claim; they are trite and common-place, destitute indeed of flagrant absurdities, or glaring faults, but unadorned by the eloquence of genius, which fascinates while it convinces. Mr. Repton is a preacher who may be well described by negatives; his manner is not animated, his voice is not harsh, his rhythm is not rugged,

his language is not vulgar, nor incorrect, nor yet beautiful nor elegant; in one word, he is mediocrity personified. Taken in the best point of view, Mr. Repton is mild and serious in his deportment, a devout reader, and a preacher whose excellence consists in describing well the mercy and beneficence of the Almighty, the pleasures of religion and virtue, and the advantages of penitence; he presents Christianity as the soother of affliction, the encourager of repentance, and the promoter of all the mild endearing charities of life, and, consequently, disposes the mind to love and venerate it.

Considered in the most unfavourable light; his mode of delivery is inanimate, his language insipid, and his ideas neither beautiful nor novel. He appears to have prescribed for himself a certain path, out of which he is afraid to deviate for fear he should encounter any thing bearing the form of talent. It may be considered unfair to censure a preacher on account of natural incapacity; I shall be told, perhaps, that men are not the architects of their own minds. But if this plea was allowed, there would be an end to all criticism, since the same principle is applicable to all subjects; or if it was conceded to the critic, that he might praise if he pleased, provided he refrained from censure, then silence would be construed into an infraction of his compact. A man may be competent to fill, with honour to himself and advantage to the community, many situations in the scale of social existence, who only publishes his own weaknesses by assuming the high office of pub-

lic instructor; or if the delusions of self-love, and the flatteries of friends, have unfortunately placed him in it, he should be content to execute the subordinate duties of the establishment; and remember that the unnoticed materials of the foundation are more essential to the building than the ornaments which adorn the pillar and the capital.

But to return to Mr. Repton. The faults in his mode of delivery he certainly may correct if he pleases; as they are, principally, tameness and monotony. His voice I think must be capable of a much greater variety of intonation than he generally displays; the impropriety of reproving sin and encouraging virtue in the same tone is obvious. Energy of manner is likewise easily acquired; the advantages of it are weighty and numerous. A truth which may be heard and forgotten, if delivered in an inanimate manner, may sink into the mind never to be effaced, if uttered by a preacher who appears deeply interested in his subject. Mr. Repton's deportment in the reading desk and pulpit is exactly what that of a clergyman ought to be—serious, but entirely exempt from ostentatious display of piety. With respect to his sermons, he is possessed of sufficient taste to reject every thing incongruous or ridiculous; whatever he attempts, he appears to execute in the best manner he is able, and therefore, though he may never delight, he will never disgust, but, pursuing the even tenour of his way, will probably always continue to hover between the extremes of imbecility and talent.

THE REV. J. A. BUSFIELD, D.D.

THE Rev. Johnson Atkinson Busfield is the Rector of St. Michael's, Wood-street, and Evening Lecturer of St. Mary-le-bone Church. This gentleman's voice, though pleasing in its tone, is extremely feeble; and but for the assistance of a very deliberate enunciation, would be frequently inaudible. The mildness and solemnity of his deportment are appropriate and pleasing; his action, when he does indulge in it, Jan. 1823.

is very ungraceful. His sermons are characterized by an entire destitution of originality of thought and language. The latter frequently degenerates into colloquial familiarity, and is as far removed from the correct, the elegant, and the ornamental, as the ill-constructed cottage is remote from the polished proportions of Grecian architecture. As vanity is, perhaps, one of the most indubitable manifestations of the

presence of genius, tautology of idea as certainly indicates its absence. Dr. Busfield appears never weary of dressing and re-dressing a thought: he will wander a little from it, and when we hope that he has left it, he re-produces it changed, indeed, in appearance, but the same in reality. Tautology of language is still more inexcusable; the former may certainly be imputed to want of talent, but industry and a dictionary are always sufficient to prevent the recurrence of the same mode of expression.

A complete contempt of methodical arrangement is another characteristic of Dr. Busfield's Sermons. To follow a chain of propositions linked together in such a manner, that to remove one is to destroy the harmony of the whole, and then to arrive at a conclusion, which arises so naturally out of the propositions that it appears their inevitable result, is, with the subject of the present article, impossible; for he invariably displays an indefinite vagueness in his ideas, his sentences are united without any regard either to a pre-concerted plan or to the dictates of regularity, while his inferences are sometimes unfounded, and his conclusions premature. In

addition to this, his periods are very often so long, and his mode of expression so confused, that it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to ascertain his precise meaning. Another defect in his style is the abundant use of interjections, *ohs!* and *ahs!* are scattered throughout his discourses in the most wanton profusion.

His illustrations of Scripture seldom present any new or satisfactory solution of what is difficult or obscure. They are usually obtained from the most obvious view of the subject, rarely displaying either research or erudition.

Dr. Busfield has acquired very extensive popularity, which he is principally indebted for to his voice, and the devout earnestness of his manner. His best sermons are simple, natural, and sometimes pathetic; leaving the minds of his hearers so tranquil and satisfied, that they become reconciled to the absence of genius and talent; as, in watching the progress of the stream which spreads fertility over the meadow, we sometimes forget the existence of that unfathomable mass of waters which girdles the globe with its waves.

CRITICUS.

SKETCHES OF FRANCE.

THE London newspapers have so much private correspondence from Paris, that the very name at the head of a letter, instead of proving as formerly an incitement to perusal, will deter many from looking at any other part than the date. A sojourner in this capital, who desires to communicate his opinions of the habits and manners of the Parisians, must not, therefore, expect that his subjects will attract notice or command attention. My object is to give a true picture of France and Frenchmen: if my countrymen and fair countrywomen will believe the report of a plain but close observer, they may derive an useful warning against the follies and vices of a nation which they have, perhaps, been taught to envy, and learn to appreciate the honest bluntness of an Englishman, the liberty of the

subject, and the striking comforts of John Bull's society.

TRAVELLING IN FRANCE.

Tourists have described the stage coaches of France, the dress of the inhabitants, and the face of the country. Additional information on this subject would be tedious. Let us briefly attempt to display the French character in the impositions practised upon Englishmen. I landed at Calais in the month of October, and after being hunted and tormented by *touters* from the different inns—a set of beings who lay hold of the sea-sick traveller as soon as he puts his feet upon the pier,—I was dragged to the Hotel de Bourbon, not, however, without having first been forced into the bureau of the custom-house, to undergo a rigorous search. My pockets were turned

out, and even my hat underwent a close examination. Whether the *douaniers* expected to find a piece of calico in my pockets, or a sixty-three yard piece of dunity in my hat, I know not. At the Hotel de Bourbon we had a very good dinner; for which, without wine, we paid 3s. 4d. each; and on the following morning, when I called for my bill, I found the charge equal to that of the first houses in England; besides a gross imposition in the shape of *commissionsnaires*, passports, and porters. At Boulogne, where I stopped two or three days, the charges were a little more moderate, the comforts at the inns more numerous, and the people of the place, generally speaking, less rapacious; yet, although provisions are very cheap in Boulogne, the inn-bills are nearly quite as high as in England. From Boulogne I proceeded to Abbeville, which is about 80 miles from Calais. Here I had a beefsteak, or as the French call it, *bifteck*, for breakfast; for which, and a cup of coffee, I was charged 2s. 6d. Disliking the miserable road from Abbeville to Paris direct, I took a place in the diligence from Abbeville to Dieppe, a distance of 40 miles, for which I only paid 7s. The same distance on the direct road, where the *English* travel, would have been about 10s. At Dieppe I dined at the *table d'hôte* of the inn where I stopped. There were nine of us at table; we had soup, bouilli, a roasted leg of mutton, and a few apples and walnuts for desert. The charge was 3 francs, or 2s. 6d. each. The charge for a bad bed in a dirty bed-room here, as at the other inns on the roads frequented by the English, is 3 francs. Dieppe is a dirty town, famous for good fish and ugly women. It is now a fashionable watering place, and there are several handsome baths, which have been recently erected by subscription. Their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Angoulême and the Duchess of Berri, being the principal subscribers.

The 'inside fare' by the coach to Rouen, nearly 40 miles, is 8 francs, and one franc to the conductor. The journey is performed in about six hours, through a most delightful country. At Rouen I put up at an Hotel, where there was a good

table d'hôte; the landlord, however, has a knack of sporting good fish with bad French sauce, and then attempting to persuade his guests that the English are fools to eat boiled fish with plain melted butter. At this inn I was charged about 15 or 20 cents higher than I should have been in the principal inn of a good country town in England, where I should have had some comforts. Here, though the weather was very cold, there was no fire in the public room; and for a few pieces of wood, which I one day burnt in my bed-room, I was charged 2s. 6d.

From Rouen I went to Evreux, a place but little known by the English. Being dressed in the French style, and speaking French well, for I was partly brought up in France, I was either taken for a Frenchman, or the people of the inn had the honesty not to cheat me, however, I was an Englishman. I here found the difference between the charges to English and French travellers. At Rouen my daily expense was as follows:—

	Francs.	Sous.
Breakfast,	2	0
Dinner without wine, ..	3	0
Bed,	1	10
Tea,	2	0
	8	10

At Evreux, at a much better inn, my bill was

	Francs.	Cents.
Breakfast,	0	75
Dinner with wine, ..	2	15
Tea,	0	60
Bed,	1	0
	4	50

4 francs and a half; far better accommodation than at Rouen, Calais, Dieppe, &c. where I paid more than double. Last year I was travelling with some friends in the south of France, where wine was at 2d. a bottle, and meat at 2d. per lb. The *honest* innkeepers, however, charged 4, 5, and 6 francs a head for a bad dinner; at one place we were charged 7 francs a head for soup and boiled pigeons. Afterwards I made it a rule, on entering an inn, to desire the landlord to provide us a good dinner, for which we would pay 3 francs a head, and I found much better treatment when I had

once shewn them that I was not to be imposed upon. It is very repugnant to an Englishman, however, to bargain for what he is to eat and drink. He generally submits to the grossest impositions in France, in preference to being made uncomfortable by disputes about the charges.

I paid 6 francs by the *diligence*, as it is miscalled, from Rouen to Evreux, and 3 francs and 12 sous from Evreux to Rolleboise; the travelling was at the rate of three miles an hour. At Rolleboise I took the passage-boat to Poissy, the cabin fare is 25 sous, the distance about 26 miles. I was in a part of the vessel called the *traveure*, which being 30 sous, there were seldom many persons in it. The French would deny themselves many comforts to save 5 sous. We were three in the *traveure*, the *state* cabin, filled with clean straw, with a candle burning in a piece of a wood nailed to the partition: the place was clean, and I slept well. At Poissy, where we arrived at five in the morning, I took a place in one of the short stages to Paris, at the regular fare, 30 sous. The French passengers, who bargained for their places, came for 25, 20, and some for 15 sous each. I reached Paris at ten o'clock in the morning. The journey would have been very pleasant in an English carriage, but in a French diligence, shut up with people who were rather frowsy, it is not over delightful.

THE HUMANITY AND ECONOMY OF THE FRENCH CHARACTER.

We overtook on the road from Calais to Abbeville a French postilion with five horses, returning to the post-house. He stopped at a *cabaret* to take *la goutte*; one of his horses exhausted with fatigue laid down before the door in the mud. The brute with two legs forced up the animal; and, enraged at seeing the dirty state that it was in, beat it most severely. He went into the house for a moment, and then returned to beat it again; he went away again, and returned in less than five minutes to renew the beating: the poor animal stood patiently and tremblingly before the brute, who called himself a Christian. The humility of the beast would have

disarmed the rage of a cannibal, not so of one Frenchman; when he had beaten the horse until his whip was broken, he kicked its forelegs with all the force in his power; whilst the villain kicked in his tremendous boots, another scoundrel who came by got off his horse, and taking his whip began to beat the poor horse more severely even than the other tormentor. I remonstrated, but was answered by insult; at that moment I wished myself a tyrant, above the law, that I might have blown the scoundrel's brains out.

At Evreux, in Normandy, some Frenchmen who were going to Paris were talking about the expenses of living in that capital. One of them said, that 10 francs a day were necessary; another denied this, observing, that so much was not to be spent in necessities. I speak only of the "*stricte necessaire*," replied the first, and then enumerated as follows: 2 francs for breakfast, 3 francs for dinner, 2 francs for the play, 2 francs for lodgings, and 1 franc for servants. These men came in the same conveyance with me to Paris. He, who had spoken of the 2 francs for the play as "*stricte necessaire*," had a good deal of luggage; a half-starved porter,—here, were at least a dozen such,—ran up to the coach; the French gentleman shewed him his luggage, and asked him how much he would expect for carrying it to a distant part of Paris. The poor fellow, anxious for a job, said 10d.; the gentleman said it was enormous, and offered half; the porter appealed to his humanity: "I have eaten nothing, Sir, since yesterday; I have a wife and three children starving at home, give me at least 15 sous (7½d.)" The appeal was useless; bread for a poor fellow, and a wife, and three children, was not "*strictly necessary*;" a Parisian cannot afford to go to the play, and at the same time to be just and charitable.

FRENCH MODESTY.

It has been observed by a German author, that the only modest women in France are the women of the town, and really I begin to be of the same opinion. I could adduce at least a hundred instances, to shew how immodest are that class of females

which, in England, constitute the pleasure and delight of society: but I must not offend English modesty by the recital. The little that I may relate will prove the superiority of our fair countrywomen. A French woman always calls things by their *vulgar* names; she is not particular as to exposing her person. If nature requires her to withdraw to a spot which, in England, is clean and retired, she makes no scruple of leaving those with whom she may be, and in their sight, by the side of the road, doing that which, with us, is always private.—She will come into a stranger's room when he is naked, and ask an acquaintance, of spot standing, to tie her garter; and these are the French *elegantes*, whose manners are admired by some of our English tourists. I have often heard French women praised for walking clean in the dirty streets of Paris, but I would rather see a sister of mine come into the house with draggled tail, than with clean shoes and stockings, which have been preserved from dirt by drawing the petticoats round the knee, and exposing the leg to every passer.

FRENCH AMUSEMENTS.

I do not dislike the French because they dance or go to the play. They may do both innocently, if they chuse, but I think it would be more to their credit to make plays and balls matters of relaxation from serious and important duties. They have, however, some amusements of a dangerous tendency:—men and women go to gaming-houses, where they may stake from 5d. to 500l. These Hells are licenced by the police, and the Government make depravity of morals a source of emolument. A butcher's son in the Rue St. Honoré, in a fit of despair, threw himself, about four months ago, out of the window of a gaming-house in the Palais Royal, and was dashed to pieces. At least, one hundred persons drown or hang themselves in Paris in the course of a year, after having ruined themselves in gaming-houses or in the lottery. The first lotteries known in France were for cakes and sweetmeats. Cardinal Mazarine, when the Government was very poor, had

a quantity of showy jewellery, of low intrinsic value, manufactured and put up to lottery, and, by degrees, it was made a money scheme.—Fifty or sixty years ago, it was the rage in convents. Nine nuns, in a nunnery near Paris, drew for ten abbés as bed-fellows; eight of the nuns had each an abbé, and a ninth had two fall to her share. In the present lotteries, there are tickets to be had at as low a price as 5d.—It is not an uncommon thing for a mechanic to pawn his working tools to procure a lottery ticket.

THE FRENCH POLICE.

We must not be astonished, that the police of Paris is a very rigid one, and that a great number of spies are retained in the service of the Government. There is no other way of supporting the present Dynasty. At the best, and under a favourite monarch, the French are a turbulent set of people, and cannot be restrained by ordinary means. How difficult, then, is it to keep them in subjection to a government, for which they have an inherent dislike. The number of spies in Paris is incredible. An English physician related a circumstance to me yesterday, which may give some idea of the extent to which the system is carried. He was, not long ago, in a reading-room looking at a newspaper; an English gentleman of suspicious character, who was sitting at the same table, entered into conversation with him on politics. The Englishman, in the course of a few minutes, became so violent in his invectives against the French Government, that the Doctor, half alarmed and half indignant, said aloud, "Sir, I desire you to recollect, that we are both here by permission of, and under the protection of that Government, against which you inveigh; and, I think, it does not become either of us to interfere with French politics." The Englishman was disconcerted, and withdrew. As soon as he had left the room, a marine officer, upon half-pay, who was one of a groupe of seven, came up to the Doctor, and taking off his hat, said, in a low tone, "Sir, I congratulate you upon the proper and spirited manner in

which you have acted. The gentlemen whom you saw with me are spies of that Government, and I am also one, my half-pay being inadequate to my support.—The Englishman who spoke to you is also a spy; you were marked out by him as a fit subject to be entrapped; I rejoice that you have escaped so honourably.”—The officer instantly took his leave, refusing to accept an invitation to dinner which the physician gave him. During the last two months, the spies have kept a very watchful eye upon newcomers. The hotel keepers are now bound, not only to enquire the age, profession, and usual place of residence of every guest, but also his business in Paris, which is to be entered into a book supplied by the Government, and to which the police have constant access. There is quite as much, and even more severity with the natives.—When a Frenchman from the country comes to Paris to settle, he must first procure from the Commissary of Police of the quarter where he resides, a *permis de séjour* for one month, if he intends to remain in Paris so long; then, if he wishes to fix himself in the capital, a *carte de sûreté* for three months, which may be renewed for six, and then for twelve months. At the end of this period, if he has behaved well, he need go no more to the Commissary for permission to take up his residence in Paris. Before a Frenchman can obtain a passport for England, he is obliged to state what business he has there; and if he is unable to bring reasonable proof of the correctness of his assertion, the passport is refused. Since Mr. Bowring's business, the police watch the English very closely.

THEATRES IN PARIS.

There are nearly twice as many theatres in Paris as in London; and at this season of the year they are always crowded. A good deal has been said by Englishmen about the low prices of admission at the French theatres, but really I do not find them so very much below those in London. At the principal theatres here you must pay 7 or 8 francs for the best places, and at the minor theatres 4 or 5 francs for the genteel part of the house. The performers at

the minor theatres here, however, are very superior to those in similar places of entertainment in England. There was an English theatre here, but that is closed. The manager was silly enough, a few months ago, to bring a strolling English company to Paris to act Shakspeare's plays at the theatre of the Porte St. Martin, a place frequented by that description of Parisians remarkable, by want of education, for rancorous hostility to the English. The English manager played but twice, and some of his company were nearly killed in a disgraceful riot of the audience. He then opened a small theatre by subscription. He says the French supported him better than the English. It was some consolation to have the villainy of one part of the French public atoned for by the generosity of another part. There is a good regulation here in the theatres. As persons come to the doors, they take their places in succession. There is no pushing and driving. He who comes last takes the last place. The *gens-d'armes* take care that a stout brawny-armed fellow, who came an hour later than those in front of him does not force his way into a better place. “*A la queue*,” says the *gen-darme*, and few resist the mandate. Those who refuse are sent to the guard-house, or well beaten with the flat part of a sword. I have known a red-hot play-goer, who stood behind, wait for two hours, and when he got to the pay-door learn that the house was already full. The *queue*, or tail, which is a line of persons never more than two or three abreast waiting for admission, extends sometimes two hundred yards at the minor theatres on the Boulevards.

THE ROYAL FAMILY.

The King is a very well-meaning sort of man; fat and good-natured. He goes out in great state whenever he leaves his palace; and the Princes and Princesses are equally particular in cutting a splendid figure. Those who have seen our Heir Presumptive driving about in his cabriolet, and our Princesses shopping in a plain chariot, will be displeased to learn, that a French Prince or Princess never goes out without a military guard, galloping through the

narrow streets of Paris, and not caring a straw whom they run over. One almost wishes, when such things as these are witnessed, that this family were compelled to return to the obscurity in which they were supported by British hospitality, and which they could never have emerged from without the generous assistance of the British nation.

MODE OF LIVING IN PARIS.

There is hardly any such thing as a domestic fire-side in this capital. The French have no comforts at home, and pass their leisure in coffee-houses and eating-houses. During the winter there is no place so wretched as one's own dwelling; a good fire cannot be had without opening the doors and windows, the chimnies being so badly constructed as to cause the greatest inconvenience from smoke, unless a great deal of wind is allowed to enter the apartment. Wood is the fuel used by the Parisians; and it is so dear, that, in order to keep up one fire from morning till night, one must pay at least 14 or 15 francs a week. Such a fire, as a very poor person in England can afford to have, will here cost a franc a day: the poor, therefore, are destitute of this comfort. They get a little charcoal and an earthen pot, with which they make their coffee and soup. Those who are able breakfast at a coffee-house, and dine at a restaurateur's. A Frenchman of small income, who has no house-keeping, breakfasts upon dry bread, and dines at a restaurateur's, for 22 sous to 2 francs, according to his means, where he has soup, 3 dishes, bread, half a bottle of wine, and dessert. Very few persons make more than two meals a day, breakfast and dinner; the former, where the means are equal to it, is generally *à la fourchette*; at the latter the quantity eaten is enormous; indeed the French are the greatest eaters in the world. A labouring man, who has only bread for his dinner, will, if he can get so much, eat from four to six pounds at this meal; and the Frenchman who dines at a restaurateur's, generally eats two pounds, besides his soup and three dishes. At the leading restaurateurs', a good dinner will cost seven or eight francs, exclusive of wine; but it is only doing

justice to the French to say, that at their cheapest eating-houses the dishes are good, and the customers have silver forks with clean napkins. A Frenchman may well be disgusted at the mode of conducting business in the very best eating-houses in London, when he contrasts them with the establishments of the same nature in Paris. The poor people who can get any thing to eat (many are without food for two days together) live upon soup made of vegetables and bread. The middle classes are also very economical in their mode of living; a very respectable tradesman and his family of seven or eight persons will dine for about 1s. 6d. One of the dishes is an excellent dish made from beans called *haricots*; the beans are boiled for some time, and, when perfectly soft, they make a good dish, with a little butter, parsley, pepper, and salt. To the water in which they were boiled herbs, one of which is sorrel, are added, and one or two eggs are also beaten up and put in. When these have boiled for a short time, the soup is really excellent, and at the same time nutritious. Louis XVIII. has this dish three or four times a week, and many persons of rank also have it from choice. As there is so little comfort in the private houses, the French men and women are as little at home as possible. They go to the coffee-houses, and take a cup of coffee, a bottle of beer, or a glass of sugar and water. At some of these coffee-houses there are plays acted, which the customers see gratis; but the performances are of the lowest description, as may well be imagined. The French are also very economical in their parties, and I think properly so. In England, if a tradesman has a few friends, nothing is thought of but eating and drinking, and the guests talk of the party the next day, not of the society which they met, but of the good things which they devoured. Here society, and not stuffing one's belly, is considered; a little punch and cake is all that is offered: even sometimes in the best families there is no refreshment. The visitors dine late before they go to the party, and return home to take refreshment at their own expense before they go to bed. (To be continued.)

LIFE IN LONDON ; OR, RAISING THE WIND.

There is more happens, Horatio,
Than is dreamt of in our philosophy.

HAMLET.

TOM CHAMPERTON was certainly one of the best companions in the world. His good nature and good temper, his wit, his humour, his gay and flexible manners rendered him a delightful companion; nay, it was impossible to be in his company without wishing to see him again, or even without wishing to become an intimate friend. Tom's heart was the very fountain of generosity; and, had his inheritance been the mine of Golconda, in less than ten years Tom would have dug to his antipodes, and converted the mine to an abyss. But, after all, there was no depending on the fellow; a woman, a bottle of wine, a water-party, or any frolic whatever would make him give up, or rather forget, the most serious and solemn engagement. Tom's patrimony was by no means contemptible; but it is no great difficulty to conceive, that, if it did not solve the problem of perpetual motion, it was likely very soon to establish, beyond all controversy, the powerful effects of rapid circulation. In short, before the age of thirty, the fellow had been an inmate of at least thrice thirty sponging houses and prisons; and it was wonderful to see the easy gentility, with which he would return the bows of the different bailiffs that passed him in the street—all old acquaintances. I had missed him from London for several months, when, unexpectedly meeting him in Portman-square, I joyfully accosted him, and, cordially shaking his hands, I began with, "my dear Tom, where have you been for the last six months? I thought you had been in the Bench."—"Pshaw," said he, with a good-natured but laconic contempt, "who, my dear fellow, would take the trouble to put me in the Bench?"

But, very soon, his condition became exceedingly serious, and the generous fellow began to experience what all generous fellows do expe-

rience when they get into difficulties, that the feeders on his bounty were exceedingly liberal in telling him what line of conduct would have prevented all his distresses; but he found, that these sage advisers seldom or ever accompanied their advice, or rather their reproaches, with the weighty concomitants of pounds, shillings, and pence.—It was wretched to see the poor fellow struggling between pride and poverty; for with all his levity he had considerable pride, and nothing on earth could induce him to *beg* a favour; it was true he would borrow *ad infinitum*, and without the means or even a thought of repaying the loan; but in the days of his prosperity, and they were brilliant days, he had never dreamt of asking any man to repay any of the numerous sums that they had borrowed of him. It was not that he thought it ungentelemanly or ungenerous to ask a friend for money. The fact was, he had never given it a thought at all; and when once he lent his cash, it as thoroughly vanished from his mind, as it often eventually vanished from his pocket. He had certainly not exhausted the benevolence of my disposition, but he had thoroughly exhausted my ability to support him. From a ten-pound note, the fellow had at last come down to the frequent "you haven't got a half-crown in your pocket, have you?"—and so many times had I answered,—"yes, I have," that I, at last, found it necessary to alter my tone. It was impossible to say that I had not a half-crown in my pocket: that was out of the question; credulity itself would not have believed it, even had she come to the good Catholic doctrine of the *credo quia impossibile est*. I was, therefore, obliged to act the part of the man in the farce, and, putting on a gruff voice and manner foreign to my nature, I at length always answered

this unpleasant question, with a "Yes, I have, and I intend to keep it there."—Tom was never importunate: he was never steady to any point, and, whatever were his distresses, this answer always drove him off his scent.

Thus had my friend been going on for several years, when I altogether missed him from the town. I at length discovered his abode, and called on him at his lodgings, three pair of stairs, Crow-alley.—How different from his once lively and hospitable mansion in Baker-street! Well have I reason to remember my visit to him in these infernal lodgings; and yet, how can I call lodgings infernal, which were some of the highest in London. Suffice it to say, that I have reason to remember my visit, for in going up his narrow, dark, winding staircase, thrice did I knock my new hat against the ceiling, until it was ruined; and in coming down these unnatural stairs, putting my heel on some orange-peel, I should have fallen on all-fours, had it not been that my nose came in contact with the edge of a stair, some seconds before either of my all-fours had found a resting-place. My hat was ruined, and so was my nose—as to its beauty, I mean.

But to recover my anachronism, and to travel back again to my arrival at the top of the stairs—the old hag of the house had told me to knock at the door on my left, or in other terms, at the back garret door.—At this door I knocked both loud and impatiently, for to speak the truth, I was by no means pleased with the landing place on which I rested.—"Come in," cried a dull, low voice; and, breaking my nail by lifting the broken latch of the door, I entered a dull, miserable apartment.—My friend was sitting sadly in dishabille:—neither his stockings nor his breeches showed any marks of good housewifery; his legs were stretched at their utmost length, his elbow was leaning on a broken table, and his head on his hand: he was whistling a doleful hillibullero.—"Ah, my dear Champerton," said I, "how are you?" A mournful gleam of vivacity shot across his eye as he shook me by the hand, and I immediately

recalled the picture of the once elegant and vivacious Tom Champerton; but he soon relaxed into a deeper melancholy than I conceived his nature was capable of. I tried to rally him into good spirits.—"Come, come, my dear Tom," said I, carelessly, "it used not always to be thus with you—you were the gayest fellow on the town; nothing could damp your spirits; you were once the merriest, jolliest dog"—"Yes, it was so *once*," answered he, casting a look around his room, which both reproached me, for my levity, and pierced me to the heart: I shall never forget the look—I have it before me now.—It told me how hollow is friendship—what an unfeeling creature is man.—Oh, it spoke volumes, and told me more of human frailty and of human woe than, for the honour of human nature, I would disclose.—I was unable for a long time to recover my composure. In short, I did not recover it, but with a voice of tremulous feeling, I began to philosophise with my fallen friend.—"Bet us," said I, "put the best face on every thing; it is no use to give way to sorrow, or to yield to misfortune. Nature is elastic, and will recover her tone."—"Will she," cried he, with a voice and look of bitter satire; and then grasping my hand with sudden emotion, and the big tear-glistening in his eye ready to overflow its bank, "I tell you," said he, dropping his voice, "I have not tasted food for these three days; no, except three glasses of brandy and water which I have drank with Sir Thomas Wilton, and a pint of ale which my landlady has scored against me, I have not touched food for these three days." His countenance, poor fellow, corroborated his assertions. The fact was, that his old friends were always happy to ask him to drink, on account of his convivial talents, but they asked him not to eat, not conceiving he was in want of food; and his pride would not let him divulge a necessity so mortifying. Presently, he resumed his former tone, and began in his old strain, with, "My good fellow, you haven't a half-crown in your pocket, have you?" "No, my dear friend," said I,—"I have not, but I have a

five pound note in my pocket-book, which is at your service."—"Thank you, my dear fellow," said he, taking the note; "I will repay you punctually." This was in no spirit of fraud, it was merely the result of his utter carelessness of disposition. I am convinced, that, had an object of distress applied to him in five minutes after, he would have freely given the half of what I had just bestowed on him.

As soon as this gift had produced a favourable effect upon his spirits, I began to converse with him upon his future means of support. "You must do something to support yourself" said I, in a tone of impressive seriousness. "What can a man like me do," replied he, with a shrug of his shoulders and a look at once so distressed and ridiculous, that it both brought conviction on my mind, and set my assumed gravity at defiance. "Upon my word, my dear Tom, that ejaculation is a puzzler, but can't you contrive to use your pen; I remember you were a clever fellow as a boy, and I do believe, at Westminster, you did half the exercises and translations of the lubbers of twice your age, and all for a few shillings worth of oranges and gingerbread; many a flogging have you saved me; besides which you were the Mercury of the school; and, for scaling a wall or robbing an orchard, you were the *ne plus ultra* of perfection." Tom's ideas were always very rapid. "An excellent thought," cried he, "give me the inkstand, my dear fellow, let me write an advertisement; the inkstand! the inkstand! be quick, before I lose the idea." The deuce a bit of inkstand could I behold, although my eyes travelled round the room, or rather surveyed the room without travelling, for his chamber was of that size which Diogenes might almost have mistaken for his tub. Thrusting his arm impatiently before me he snatched from his mantle-piece, what he called his inkstand, which was no more nor less than the fragment of a tea-cup, containing the brown dried paste, which was to serve him for ink. The advertisement was well written, and duly appeared in that noted paper, "The Times," and for its insertion into which I had as duly to pay the charge of

seven shillings; such, thought I, is the tax for my giving good advice.

Five days after this proceeding, I was one morning awakened by the loud knock of a bony knuckle upon the pannel of my chamber door. If it did not literally split my door, it metaphorically split my head. Starting up, and putting on my dressing-gown, I vociferated in a terrified tone, "Who's there?" "My dear Frank, let me in," cried Tom's well-known voice. "You have roused me, I cried, out of the most delightful dream, and by a knock which would have startled Nourjahad or the Seven Sleepers—in the name of goodness what is it you want?" "Want, my dear Frank, why to tell you that my advertisement has been answered." "By whom, said I?" "By the Rev. Dr. Loquor; I am to be at his house, No 24, Cambridge-street, precisely at ten." "Well, my dear Tom, you had better be off; for it is now past nine." "But," answered he with a long stop, and then gave a look at his clothes, which was intelligible enough even to a person less experienced in those looks than myself. "Pshaw, Tom, your clothes are well brushed, and if they are a little shabby, why it is all in character with your new profession of letters." Then came out another of his "Buts" with a look at his shirt, at which having cast my eyes, I could not in my conscience obey my inclination to say it would do very well—it was monstrously dirty, and if sleeves, collar, or frill be necessary to the definition of a shirt, it had no more title to be called a shirt than it had to be styled a pelisse or great coat. To end the matter, I lent the fellow a shirt, and no sooner had he put it on than he exclaimed, "And my dear Frank, lend me this false collar; I will give it to you on my return; you won't mind paying for the washing of it." Here I made a virtue of necessity: I should have refused the collar, but, before I had time to say yea or nay, it was buttoned round his long throat. "And this neckcloth—do you think it will do?" said he, looking wistfully at my face, and holding before me a neckcloth, on which no labour of the washerwoman, but prodigious labour of the needlewoman, had been

bestowed. My conscientious love of candour, and veracity would not allow me to say, "Yes, it will do," although I fatally knew, that an opposite answer would cost me the price of a half handkerchief; so that, half vexed at his thoughtless impudence, I gave him no reply at all, but handed him a neckcloth, taking care that it was the worst in my wardrobe; for I well knew, that it was *nunquam revertitur*, never to return.

Tom was really a fine looking fellow; one of nature's gentlemen; and now that he had clean linen on, and, I may add, now that he had shaved and washed his face and hands, his appearance was wonderfully improved. In short, it admits of no doubt, that a clean shave, with washing the skin and changing the linen, makes a great difference in any man's appearance. Casting a satisfied look in the glass, he exclaimed, "Well, my dear Frank, this will do, won't it? but a man must not be quite out of the world, so lend me this brooch until I return." This was going too far—the blood of my ancestors rose in my veins—no, not by St. David, or St. Lewis ap Reece ap Shenkin, shall you touch that jewel of my bosom, and I laid a quick but firm hand on my trinket. "Lord-a-mercy," said he, with a look of *naïveté* and surprise, "I only intended to borrow it for an hour. Dr. Loquor won't, I suppose, detain me longer." I kept firm to my purpose, for I knew but too well, if I once let him wear my brooch, my only chance of ever seeing it again, would be in the shop of some pawnbroker or Jew. But to appease the irritation which my firmness of purpose had created, I rapidly assumed the *suaviter in modo*, I passed from grave to gay, from severe to lively. "My dear Tom Champerton," said I, "you seem to forget all your once great knowledge of the town; is it not your old saying, that a man must do every thing in character. What, my dear fellow, is the costume of an author—is he rich, he should have good clothes, tumbled, dirty, and badly put on—is he poor, he ought to have threadbare clothes, well brushed and put on with great stiffness and precision. Come, Tom, you look the

latter class of author to a T." "Yes, threadbare enough," said Tom, holding up to me the skirt of his coat, so thoroughly worn, that I verily believe, had he ever bought more than a quarter of a pound of any commodity at one time, and deposited it in his pocket, the whole skirt *ipso facto* would have severed from its kindred body.

Well, away he went on his mission and I began to muse on his life, character, and behaviour. Champerton never had much of erudition. His thoughts were of the burning and comet cast; he flew through his classics when a boy, with the power and rapidity of an eagle; but, like many others of the eagle class, it was light come light go with him. He remembered nothing—in short, he was a genius, and his genius was of an order, admirably calculated to get a man into a thousand difficulties and scrapes. I thought, however, he might succeed with Dr. Loquor, for Tom had much of the current learning of the day—every jest and song-book was at his fingers' ends. He poured with delight over the European Magazine; and, to speak the truth, he borrowed from the European more than one half of the good things, which, to the delight of his companions, he uttered, and which he retailed with all the confidence and assurance of originality. The worst of Tom was his infidelity; he was a sad Deist, and his jokes and scoffs upon the subject were so incessant and strong, as to reduce his friends to bring him to the *sine quâ non* of changing the subject, or losing their company.

Tom's interview with Dr. Loquor was singular. After some indifferent

acquainted, voluble assurance never deserted him. "Oh yes, sir, intimately acquainted with them, from *Hic, hæc, hoc*, up to Juvenal, both inclusive." "But, with the Greek classics?" "Know them equally as well, sir;" (and here the poor fellow spoke truth.) "What Greek authors do you most admire, sir?" "Oh, Roger Ascham's *Taxophilus*—Hobbes's *de Corpore Politico*—Aulus Gellius, and all the other Greek classics." "I have neglected my Greek sadly,"

said Dr. Loquor, "but I see you are fluently acquainted with such subjects." No man on earth could have allied ignorance with her handmaid impudence so well as Tom; and he uttered these names with as rapid a tone of confidence as if he really had known these authors to be Greeks, and well understood their works.

"Well, well," said Dr. Loquor; "I see, Sir, you are a scholar and a gentleman; and I will, therefore, at once speak my purpose to you. Perhaps, Sir, you are aware that I am the Reverend Doctor Loquor, who lately carried that severely-contested election for the lectureship of — parish." Now Tom had never heard of any election but that for the City of Westminster, at which he had drank most copiously to the success of Sir Francis and his colleague John Cam—except, indeed, the elections for the presidency of the Jolly Fellows' club, the Peep o' Day club, and about twenty other such clubs, into the chair of which he had often himself been elected by triumphant majorities; and, in fact, there wasn't a better president or chairman of such societies in all London than Tom Champerton. Starting from his chair with vivacity, he approached the Reverend Doctor with a "My dear Sir, *heard* of your election, why I participated in all the anxieties of it, and was mortified that those rogues of evangelical dissenters could give the establishment so much trouble." "Ah! my dear Mr. Champerton," cried the Doctor, "you really attach me to you. Yes, Sir, had I not bought over John Morgan, the rich Methodist grocer, by getting for his son a clerkship in Somerset House, d—n the fellow, I beg your pardon for swearing, I should have lost the election hollow. Confound the fellow, what trouble the field-preaching dog gave me, until I stopped his mouth. Well, Mr. Champerton, now we understand each other, let me tell you in confidence that my object in meeting you is to get—remember, I confide to your secrecy—is to get—that is, to engage you to write for me the weekly sermon which my success at this election obliges me to deliver every Sunday morning at — church. You can write a sermon, I suppose?" "Write a ser-

mon!" replied the voluble Champerton, "my dear Sir, no species of composition is so much my delight—it is my *forte*—I am quite *au fait* at it—charmed at your proposal." Now I verily believe, had the Reverend Divine asked Tom to write a Greek Lexicon, he would have given the same answer, and with the same easy tone of assurance and self-possession. "Glad to hear you say so, Sir," continued Dr. Loquor. "Now, Sir, be attentive to my directions on the subject. I am experienced in the pulpit, have been a successful preacher for twenty-three years come July next, and surely I should know what an audience most relishes. Well, Mr. Champerton, the style must be florid, extremely florid, and impassioned, and pathetic; not a word of argument, none of your reasoning for your life; but throw in a little severe but indirect disparagement of dissenters, and some lashing hits against scepticism; no sermon will go down now-a-days without some sound and wholesome abuse of infidelity. Let each sermon be about 15 minutes long, as near as possible; for I hold 12 minutes to be the *minimum*, and 20 minutes the *maximum* of a good sermon; 15 minutes is the average, the happy medium. And, Mr. Champerton, underscore all those passages which I ought to accompany by action: a red ink underscore for a wave of my right hand, and a black ink one for a wave of my left; and where I can use my pocket-handkerchief with effect, mark the passage with three notes of admiration. Put also a circumflex where straining over the cushion would have a good effect; and, my good Sir, as to remuneration, I suppose a guinea each sermon will do; are you satisfied?" "Oh! quite satisfied, Sir, I assure you."—and I am convinced Tom would have made precisely the same reply, whether Dr. Loquor had offered him ten guineas or ten shillings for each sermon; so accustomed was he by his easy disposition to assent to every thing.

This guinea-a-week kept my friend Tom above board, and I saw no more of him for a length of time. At last I called on him at the old place, No. 6, Crow Alley, but found

he had removed to a second floor in Bull Lane. Hither I hied me, and entered his apartment; he was absent, and I had time to make a survey. The street, or rather lane, was retired, but for the noise of a mason's yard on the right, and a smith's forge on the left; and except that the room was low and dark, and the door and window had shrunk to let in the air, and the ceiling dript in three places with the rain, I really thought the apartment comfortable enough, and well adapted to a studious man. On the table lay Tom's writing apparatus, with a paper of notes, or memoranda, which I took the liberty to read; they ran as follows:—"Blair well known—Tillotson forgot—St. Paul an apostle, not an evangelist—Luke an evangelist, not an apostle—call Papacy the great w—e of Babylon—Moses lived after Abraham—Abraham was Isaac's father—two Josephs—the son of Jacob and husband of Mary," &c. From all this I was convinced my friend Tom had been studying divinity; and I was in this thought when he entered the room, so pale, so vexed, and haggard, that I could not resist exclaiming, "E'en such a man drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night, and told him half his Troy was burnt." "My dear Tom, how are you?" "Oh! ruined, ruined, ruined, irretrievably undone!" "Why, my dear fellow, if that's all, I could have told you as much at least half a score of years ago." "Ah! don't joke with a man in my distress; it's all up with me." "Why, Tom, what has become of your hilarity, your elasticity of spirits? At one time, no misfortune could depress you." "But such a misfortune as this!" "Well, but what is it?" "What is it? sit you down, and I'll tell you: no, don't take that chair, for the legs are all broken, and merely stuck in for a shew; here, turn the coal-box on its side, and sit on that. And now, my dear Frank, you must know, that a man can't be always writing sermons, and having them ready to an hour, as a cook has her puddings and dumplings, so I strained a point, and I bought Tillotson's and Isaac Barrow's works, and for the last four Sundays I copied a sermon from Tillotson, that

is, three from Tillotson and one from Dr. Barrow. I copied them beautifully, and gave them to Dr. Loquor, and he—" "And he found you out, you mean to say, and sent you to the right about." "Pshaw! Frank, you're so plausibly rude with your interruptions; and you've no more faculty at guessing a catastrophe than the image at the top of Bloomsbury steeple: hang me, if I think you could tell a cow's tail from a bull's horn, if they were less than a yard off." "My dear Tom, you're not very civil in your sorrows; but come, make an end of your griefs, for of all things I hate a long story." "Well, Sir, I intended last Sunday to have written Dr. Loquor an original sermon, by way of a change; but you know I went to dine on Monday with the Peep-o'-Day club, and we all got a little merry, as a man will do on such occasions. Coming home at two in the morning, I sat down to rest on a post, when a huge he Irish watchman comes behind me, and taps me on the shoulder, and says 'by Jusus, be off my bate.' Of all things on earth I hate a tap on the shoulder, so I turned round and, saying nothing uncivil to him, I knocked him down. He sprang his rattle; six huge Irishmen, each six feet high, surrounded me. I floored them all, that is, I beat thirty-six feet of bone and muscle. I should have got off, but turning round the corner to make off, I felt the knob of a stick under my ear, which deprived me of all my senses, and I did not recover till I found myself in St. Martin's watch-house." "Ah! my dear Tom, how disgraceful is it to be intoxicated?" "Intoxicated! come, I like that, I never was more sober in my life; but the next morning they took me to Bow Street, I whispered to the magistrate my case, explained to him my antipathy to be touched on the shoulder, and told him that being so touched, my knocking the watchman down was an involuntary spasmodic motion, a sort of chemico-electrical action of the arm. But the magistrate, a vulgar fellow, could not at all enter into my feelings as a gentleman; he sided with the watchman, although the rascal told the most thundering lies. What do you think, Frank?"

the scoundrel swore to the magistrate that I had knocked his eye out, when there were his eyes in his head all the time, and swelled to four times the size you ever saw eye in your life; and yet, in spite of this evidence of his perjury, the magistrate held me to bail for an assault. Where could I get bail? I remained in durance vile all Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday; but on Friday I got released, for my kind-hearted landlady made her husband and his brother, a tea-dealer, stand my sureties. On Friday evening, then, I got to my lodgings, and on Saturday morning I had to take my sermon on Temperance to Dr. Loquor. All composition was driven out of my head by the knob of the watchman's stick; but I had by me one of Dr. Barrow's best sermons, which I had copied a month before.—I took it to Dr. Loquor on the Saturday. He paid me my guinea, and preached it on the Sunday to a fashionable audience. On Monday, I got a note to come to him. On entering the room, he said, in an insolent, angry voice, "Why, Mr. Champerton, what has got into you of late? You used to do very well, but, positively, for the last five weeks, your sermons have been the most dull, heavy, prosing things imaginable—set all my congregation in a dose.—I always keep my eye on the pew of the Duke of —, and leave off when I think his Grace wishes it—but, hang me, if his Grace hasn't, for the last five Sundays, gone off in a snore before I had got through a third of my discourse."—"Ha, ha, ha!—Well, my dear Tom, what does all this prove, but that you write better sermons than Messrs. Tillotson and Barrow."—"Pshaw, my dear Frank, how you talk.—Tillotson and Barrow were my stock in trade, my cargo, my bank, on which I intended to draw most copiously, and here is my whole scheme blown up to atoms.—I gave 11s. 6d. for the two sets of works, and now they turn out useless to me. I have offered them to four book stalls, and the highest price I can get for them is 3s. 9d.—All say, 'Heavy works, Sir, won't sell.'—But I have done my washerwoman, Frank; the old bag has been bit by a religious

Tarantula, and I have got her to take Tillotson and Barrow as a payment of thirteen weeks' washing-bills, amounting to 19s. 4d.—I could never have got out of her debt else."—"But, come, come, Tom, this wild way of proceeding will never do for you—your health and youth will not last for ever, and I have, therefore, got you a permanent birth"—"Have you, my dear Frank; you were always my most considerate friend, and your kindness comes in the nick of time, for Tillotson and Barrow have quite blown me out of the graces of the Rev. Dr. Loquor. He told me he should never fancy my sermons again; I had so prosed both him and his congregation."—"Well, Tom, I have made my uncle Sellervote, the proprietor and member of the borough of Marketburgh, get you a place under government. You will have a salary of 10s. a-day, and nothing to do—only keep yourself sober, and out of scapes—be loyal, praise the present order of things—be humble to the big ones, and stop your deistical tongue, and you'll be safe and comfortable for life, without writing sermons or pilfering from Tillotson or Barrow. Now, my dear fellow, remember this one great truth, that you are fit for nothing* on earth but a place under government; and if, by your folly, you throw yourself out of the birth my uncle Sellervote has procured you, you sink irretrievably."

The fall from wealth to want had made Tom profligate and dissipated; but as soon as he was restored to the decencies of life, and felt the comforts of property, the contrast rendered him careful and regular. I had the pleasure, for twenty years, to see him walk past my window to his office, as punctually as the chime of the Horse-guards clock; and his well-powdered wig, his prim hat, and well-frushed coat and boots, gave him the appearance of a respectable gentleman of the old school. At length, he was gathered to his fathers: I saw him in his last hours, when his thoughts were bent on futurity; a few minutes before he breathed his last, he grasped my hand, and, looking in my face with almost preternatural anxiety, he uttered in a low and feeble but solemn tone, "My mind has recalled the

whole scene of my life.—Oh, my excellent friend, you have been kindness itself to me, and heaven will—yes, my dying spirit tells me, heaven will reward you—we shall meet again.” These were the last words he uttered. I closed his eyes—I

followed him to the grave, and I erected to his memory a decent tombstone o’er which I often muse upon the scenes of many-coloured life—recall the past, and think upon the future.

D. E. W.

ON THE PRESENT STATE OF SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

THE Spanish Constitution owes its existence to the city of Andalusia, where it was first proclaimed in the year 1812. It was revived in 1820 at Las Cabizas, a borough at a few leagues from Cadiz. The birth-place of liberty could not have been more delightfully chosen.—The sky of Andalusia is azure and gold. The country abounds in orange-groves and olive-trees in constant vegetation. This was the spot chosen by the Arabs for their place of residence. The Andalusians partake much of the appearance of their Arabian ancestors; their eyes are black and sparkling, and they have bushy beards and aquiline noses. Gifted with great volubility, fond of elegance, gallant to the fair sex, bold and full of vivacity, they resemble little the Spaniards of other provinces.—They are almost constantly on horseback and armed, sometimes but rarely as honest men, frequently as smugglers or robbers. Their imagination is poetical, and their language as figurative as that of the Orientals. A Muleteer, who accompanied me one day, asked me which I thought the most powerful nation, Spain or England?—I replied, “England.”—“You are mistaken, Sir,” said he, proudly.—*Cuando se nombra Espana todas las naciones tiemblen.* (When Spain is mentioned, all nations tremble.) At another time, when I asked him if a mule which he brought me was quiet, he replied,—“*El es manso como el sueño*” (he is as quiet as sleep.) I found in Andalusia a great number of Italians, who followed the profession of innkeepers and coffeehouse-keepers. He who called man “*The Man Plant*,” had reason on his side. We must allow that man, like plants and trees

transplanted grow and prosper.—The Italians in Spain verify this position; they have not only prospered, but they are become so attached to the country, that after a residence of a few years even their native language is almost forgotten. What a difference is there between them and the old German innkeeper whom I met with in Carlotta.—This old man, who came from Nassau, had been upwards of fifty years in Andalusia. As soon as he saw me, he asked if I could speak German, as he had long been denied an opportunity of conversing in his native tongue. He preserved such a fondness for his native country, as to assert, that the Principality of Nassau was more fertile than the whole of Spain. His son, however, assured me, that his father spoke very differently after he had drunk a bottle of good Xeres. It was delightful to observe the neatness which reigned in the house and family of this German. He had preserved the patriarchal customs of his own country. At twelve o’clock in the day one of his daughters, a pretty Spanish girl eight years old, came to him, and he extended his hand for her to kiss in the attitude of an Abraham.—A slice of bread and an apple followed this ceremony.

A journey in Portugal or Spain is equal to a military campaign:—scarcity of provisions, ambuscades, dangers, inconveniences, bivouacs; in fact, every thing except glory. I thought that the Portuguese were it only on account of the enmity which they bear to the Spaniards, and for the pleasure of being in opposition to their neighbours, would be more cleanly, more nice, and more commodiously lodged than they.—Alas! They are, in all respects, the rivals of the Spaniards. To give

you a just idea of the inns of Portugal, last night, at Moita, the rats devoured a large guinea-hen which I had ordered to be brought into my room; they did not even spare the bones. French wolves are less voracious than the rats of the inns in this country.

If I had not read the history of Portugal, I had only to remark the manner in which the Portuguese peasantry offer a salutation, to judge that they were a people who had long lived under oppression. When they perceive a traveller, even at a distance, they take off their large hats, and almost drag them along the ground: Lavater would have recognised by this act, that the Portuguese people are more docile and respectful towards the rich and noble than the Spaniards. The mode of salutation is not an indifferent feature with the observer: it almost always indicates the degree of liberty or slavery of a nation. The Orientals throw themselves on their knees, and cross their arms. The Swiss and the English merely extend their head, and remain covered. Before the revolution, the French peasant bowed to the ground before the Marquis of his village; in the present day, he salutes Peers themselves as his equals.

In all the villages which I have passed, I have found the men robust, and possessing an agreeable physiognomy. The skull of the Spanish and Portuguese is square, and of a majestic structure: I have no where seen finer foreheads, even in the heads of the schools of Athens and Raphael. It appears to me that if Spurzheim were to observe their skulls, he would find the organ of conquest well delineated. They are formed *à la César*, and *à la Napoléon*. The physiognomy of the Portuguese is expressive; but what most surprised me was its variety. There exist people who appear formed in the same mould, as for example the Chinese the Austrians and the English. In the English Garrison at Gibraltar, which is composed of more than 5000 men, I should have had much trouble to distinguish two different faces; whilst in Portugal, on the contrary, a painter might choose at a country meeting the various features for a picture.

You are, perhaps, surprised that I have not yet mentioned a single word on politics. But, what could I tell you? I have passed through this kingdom without having remarked a single index of its regeneration. The ancient edifice is still standing. They have announced, they have even solemnly sworn that they would again raise the constitutional edifice, but to this day there exists only the *façade* of this monument, the Constitution.

If it be true that Ulysses was the founder of Lisbon, we must admire his good taste as well as his genius. The city is most enchantingly situated. It has a harbour which is truly worthy of Europe; from my window I explore the Tagus and its left bank. What a pity it is that there should be here, as in Spain, an antipathy against trees. I flattered myself, that during a century the English would have ornamented the banks of this majestic flood with trees, shrubberies, gardens, and country houses; but they have enjoyed themselves in Portugal with the hand of a master. Egotists even in a greater degree than monks, they have not made a single amelioration during the number of years they have possessed this colony.

The revolution which took place in Oporto, the 24th August, 1820, was it not similar in its motives and execution to that which took place in 1640? At that period the country groaned under the yoke of the Spaniards. To save it several *fidalgues* (gentlemen) formed a union at Lisbon; they deposed the Spanish authorities and placed the Duke of Braganza, who had some pretensions to it, on the throne; immediately after, the Cortes of the kingdom were convoked and ordered to obey the new government.

In 1820, Portugal groaned under the influence of the English: several landholders and gentlemen united with Oporto to deliver their country; they deposed the regency of Lisbon, recalled their exiled king from Brazil, by way of England, and reunited the Cortes to lay the foundation of a new government.

If then so many praises were bestowed on the revolution of 1640, why should they not likewise be bestowed on that which has just

taken place? Is it because the brave patriots of Oporto have proclaimed the constitutional regime? But this regime is not, however, an *infernal machine*, it is not even a new invention. From the eleventh century there existed States-general in Portugal, either composed of the Cortes, the higher clergy, the nobility, or the deputies of several villages.

The Portuguese are farther advanced than the English in representative government. There has scarcely transpired a century in which the States-general have not been convoked, and no King has even yet abolished them. It is in this manner, that the right of imposing taxes has fallen exclusively to the Cortes. The Queen, mother of the reigning Queen, was the first and only Sovereign, who imposed taxes by her absolute will, and without any restriction. Thus, the re-establishment of the Cortes, in Portugal, is no other than the restoration of the people of Portugal to their ancient rights.

You are not, perhaps, acquainted with the profession of political faith, which the Cortes of 1640 caused to be printed in Latin, and accompanied with a picture of the King, to whom it was dedicated, in order that it might circulate throughout the world. The following are a few quotations:—

1. That the power of Kings resides in the people, and that they receive it directly from them.

2. That this power is conferred to Kings temporally; the people being always able to resume it, when necessary, for their legitimate defence and preservation; and whenever the kings render themselves odious by their administration.

3. That kingdoms and people may break their oaths and withdraw their allegiance from Kings who do not govern with equity.

Such were the principal articles of faith, which the Portuguese professed a century before there were either philosophers, jacobins, liberals, or carbonari, &c.

Either the cabinets of Europe are very ignorant, or they think the liberals so. They accuse them of being the authors of perverse principles of politics, whilst all ages and

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former nations have professed a public right, far more devoid of prejudices than our's.

In the time of the Romans, the word "Republic" made nobody's hair stand on end; regicide even was one of the commandments of the Roman Decalogue. The Goths were jacobins, since in their military assemblies they commanded, judged, and deposed their Kings. Charlemagne was a jacobin, since he assembled the legislative corps of the empire in the Champ de Mai. The Popes who dethroned Kings, and bastinadoed the Emperors of Germany, were jacobins. The Council who made and dethroned Popes, and the Polish Diets who would not acknowledge the legitimacy of Dynasties, were also jacobins. Alexander III. who bestowed his benediction on the assembly of the Republics of Lombardy, and who excommunicated Frederic Barbarossa, was a Carbonaro. Julius II. who cried out when dying, *Hors de l'Italie les barbares!* was a Carbonaro; in fact, the Guelphes of the middle age, who would never bear the yoke of the Austrians, were all Carbonari.

Speaking of the Portuguese Cortes, M. Pecchio gives a very favourable and animated account of the members, and of Portuguese eloquence. He thus concludes the account of his visit to one of the Sittings:—

Although the distance from the new city to the palace of the Cortes is a full league, the last time I was there the galleries appropriated to the public were filled. The most perfect order and tranquillity prevailed; but in the course of the day Andrada, the Deputy of Brazil, having risen to combat the opinion of the favourite orator, Borges Carneiro, the people in fear for their tribune began to be agitated. This Deputy controlled them immediately by the following exclamation:—Here you should be respectful. At the elections you are kings; in this assembly you are subjects.

The following anecdote is an instance of the self-importance of these Portuguese Deputies. Before the revolution, it was usual for the King to present his hand to kiss to all those who were presented before him. This custom was, undoubtedly, ridiculous; but still less so than

that established by the Popes, of presenting their toe to be kissed. When the King entered for the first time among the Cortes, forgetting that a Deputy was, like himself, a Sovereign, his Majesty presented his hand to kiss to the first who appeared. The latter, pretending to imagine that the King desired to be supported, took him by the hand, and with the King leaning on his arm, they ascended the stairs together.

The extraordinary Cortes were installed the 26th of January, 1821, to prepare the Constitution upon the fundamental basis already approved and sworn to, by the King and the people. This work may be terminated in the month of August next. The experience furnished by Spain has been a guide to the Portuguese legislators. This new Constitution contains all the *errata corrigée* of which that of Cadiz stood in need. The King has preserved his title; but his power will not be greater than that of a Doge.—So much the better for him, because he will not be truly infallible, until the period when he will be no longer able to do evil.

The Congress proceeds slowly with reform: it appears they have adopted the maxim of building before they destroy. The only amelioration, which has hitherto affected individual interests, has been the law which reduces the feudal rights.—The privileges of the Monks and of hereditary property are still untouched, as well as the scandalous riches of the higher clergy. The command of the troops do not devolve upon the States until the decease of the present holders. The direction of the police and the gendarmes are likewise untouched. It is not only because the Congress flatter themselves of disarming the enemies of liberty by holding out; but, it is also evident, they want to gain time and strength before the struggle.

At Madrid I became acquainted with Mr. Bowring, whose friendship enchanted me. Mr. B. is a model of French amiability, founded upon the English character. He speaks a number of languages, and has travelled throughout all Europe; he is an eloquent poet, a lover of

liberty, a friend of the Spaniards, and the intimate acquaintance of Mr. Bentham. He converses with ease, holds a discussion with urbanity, and bears with patience my invectives against human nature, and against heaven and earth because they do not unite to succour Italy. Could I find a more agreeable fellow-traveller? He always carries about him an *album*, in which he collects the remembrances of the most distinguished friends of liberty in Europe. He sometimes disputes because I call this *album* a *martyrology*.

Du fait, has not the age of the martyrs returned for the liberals of Europe?

Having spent only a month in England, I cannot pretend to understand the English character thoroughly, but I must confess I did not find *John Bull* so gross and intolerant as he had been described to me. It is true, he observed with ironical curiosity a *redingote à la française* which I had on; but he neither pelted me with stones nor mud. *John Bull* is *embonpoint*; he is robust, well fed, well dressed, and well lodged; but I doubt whether he be happy; he works too much, he condemns himself to the perpetual labour of drinking tea twice a day, of spreading butter on his bread, and of being elegantly dressed. In all this I do not see but *John Bull* may be a good calculator.

After six years' separation, with what pleasure did I embrace in London my dear friend *Ugo Foscolo*! He is my favourite Italian writer. In his romance of *Jacopo Ortis* he has opened to the Italians a new career of glory, he has taught the means of awakening sensibility and enthusiasm, which are the two qualities necessary to a nation wishing to acquire independence and liberty. I also admire Foscolo because he has never bowed the knee before the idol which has flattered all the sovereigns of Europe. He lives near the Regent's Park; his house is solitary, and situate on the banks of an ever-troubled canal, similar to Lethe. You might imagine his house a hermitage, were it not for being the residence of two pretty and modest *wards*. *Ugo Foscolo* has, however, made the same bad calculation as *John*

Bull. To live with ease, he is obliged to labour night and day for the literary journals of London. It is too great a labour for so small a share of glory. He ought rather to live on the top of a steeple like a solitary monk, in order to wage eternal war against the Austrians, who have horribly scandalized him, than to be forced to quit his country to save his honour.

The Portuguese patriot, General Sepulveda, employs all his time for the good of his country: he might live in a glass house, for none of his actions need to be concealed. He is ever surrounded by his friends. His conversation is always interesting by the frankness and simplicity of his recitals. He abhors the authority which England pretended to exercise over his country; but in his hatred he never confounds individuals with the government. When speaking with him on the conduct of the hundred and fifty English officers, who served in the Portuguese army before the Revolution, he highly praised them without any affectation of generosity. At the first movement which took place at Oporto, the English officers withdrew, declaring that they ought not, neither would they, mingle with the internal affairs of the kingdom.

The Portuguese, not wishing to be outdone in generosity, left them the choice of remaining in the army with their rank, or of retiring upon equivalent pensions. Neither of these officers accepted either; several of them even offered their services gratuitously to aid the liberals, and continued upon terms of friendship and esteem with General Sepulveda.

The opinion of the General respecting Marshal Beresford, appeared to me equally frank and impartial. He attributes to him the merit of having disciplined the Portuguese army. "Before the time of Marshal Beresford," said he, "no profession was more servile than that of arms. The court presented commissions even to their domestics. Beresford saved the officers from this ignominy; he has left us an army filled with honour, and equal in discipline and bravery to English troops. So much so, that no innovation has been made upon his regulations. He was a despot in administration, but just. Beresford had not sufficient greatness of mind to save from punishment the brave General *Gomez Friaera*, and twelve other officers, who conspired against him in 1817; but he will ever deserve our esteem for his military regulations."

ON A MOURNING RING.

THE dear memento of a friend that's gone,
Whose lov'd remembrance time can ne'er destroy;
How much I prize it never can be known,
Tho' not the emblem of soft smiling joy.

Oft as I view it will the starting tear
Unbidden flow, and fancy will retrace
Those hours when thou, lamented shade, wert near
To charm with every mild attractive grace.

Where art thou now? The tenant of the tomb;
Twelve circling months consign'd to the cold earth;
Fled is thy beauty, vanish'd is its bloom;
But, oh! ne'er, ne'er forgotten be thy worth.

As diffidence thy virtues would conceal,
Few in its full extent that worth could know;
I knew it well, and still thy loss I feel,
Still mourn thy death, tho' with a chasten'd woe.

Whene'er this little Ring attracts my sight,
Full many a useful lesson it may give;
Teach me like thee to shun each vain delight,
Like thee, blest Saint, in innocence to live.

THE FINE ARTS.

HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURE.

IF Architecture were to be considered merely as the science of building, it might safely be asserted that its origin must have been nearly coeval with that of the human race. In the present epitome, however, we shall confine ourselves to a glance or two at its history, as one of the branches of the Fine Arts. In this view of the subject, we necessarily begin with Grecian Architecture.

The only authentic accounts we have respecting Grecian Architecture commence about 600 years before Christ; and it appears that in the course of about three centuries, that is, from the age of Solon and Pythagoras to the age of Pericles, all those inventions and improvements took place, which rendered Grecian Architecture the model of beauty and perfection. Anterior to the Macedonian conquest, the temples of Greece and of its colonies seem to have been of one order, the Doric, and of one general form; and it is probable, from the nature of that form, that the earliest Greek temples were of wood. The strength and simplicity of the Doric order, as finely illustrated in one of its most admirable examples, the Parthenon at Athens, give it a peculiar claim to the character of sublimity. By the invention of the Ionic and Corinthian orders, the resources of architectural composition were considerably extended. The former was no doubt invented in the country the name of which it bears. Vitruvius fancifully supposes that this graceful order was founded on the imitation of the female form, as he also imagines that the proportions of the more sturdy Doric were determined by those of men. Every body knows the origin of the Corinthian order. A young maiden of Corinth having died, her nurse collected in a basket the toys of which she had been fond when alive, and left them near her grave, covering the basket with a tile to preserve its contents from the weather. The basket happened to be set upon the

root of an Acanthus, and the plant being thus depressed in the middle, its leaves and stalk spread outwards, and grew up around the sides of the basket, till they were bent down by the tile, which lay projecting over the top. Callimachus, the sculptor, passing by, was struck with the pleasing appearance of the whole; and adopted it as the capital of a new order, of more delicate proportions than had been until that time used.

About the period at which Grecian Architecture was rising to eminence, the Tuscans, by whose name one of the five orders of Architecture is still known, began to distinguish themselves in Italy, and especially in Rome, the walls and the Capitol of which were built by them. The conquest of Greece, and subsequently of Asia, gave the Romans at once a taste for the Fine Arts and the means of indulgence. One of the earliest and most celebrated Roman architects was Cosutius, who, about two hundred years before the Christian era, was employed by King Antiochus to proceed with the Temple of Jupiter Olympus, which Pisistratus had begun. The extent, the materials, and the decorations of the dwellings of Rome, under the Emperors, were such as almost to exceed the bounds of credibility. Augustus particularly signalised himself in this respect; and it was his boast that he left a city of marble, which he had found of brick. He was emulated by Herod the Great, King of Judæa, whose architectural designs were conceived and executed upon a scale which surpassed all others of that age, and by whom the Temple of Jerusalem was rebuilt;—a magnificent and wonderful undertaking, which occupied during eight years the labour of ten thousand artificers. The Emperor Domitian was fond of Architecture, but his taste was very indifferent. Soon after his time flourished Apollodorus, an architect of extraordinary powers. Under his

direction was constructed the celebrated bridge over the Danube; a work surpassing in its kind every thing that the Architecture of Greece or Rome had produced. In all the noble edifices that were raised by Trajan, he was employed or consulted; and the stately column in Rome, which is yet standing entire, distinguished by the name of Trajan's Pillar, is a monument to his abilities. Apollodorus fell a victim to the revenge of the Emperor Adrian, by whom he was ordered to be put to death in consequence of a sarcasm, in which the indiscreet architect had indulged, on a temple built after one of Adrian's own designs. Nevertheless, Adrian was a great encourager of Architecture. By him were built the city of Antinopolis, in the South of Egypt, and that wall of defence in the North of England, eighty miles long, the ruins of which still bear his name. He also completed the Temple of Jupiter Olympus, in Athens, which had been six hundred years in building. The period of the Antonines produced some good works in Architecture; of which the column yet standing, commonly called Antonine's, is one example. It may here be observed, that the introduction of arches into buildings by the Romans had operated an essential change in the forms and principles of Architecture. While this was an extraordinary improvement in the art of construction, it may, perhaps, be doubted, whether by destroying the inestimable simplicity of Grecian Architecture, it did not lead to its deterioration as a Fine Art. Certain it is, that from the period of the Antonines the art declined; and the vast palace erected by Dioclesian at Spalatro may be considered as the final degradation of good Architecture in the Western Empire.

The removal of the seat of empire to Constantinople taking place after the Fine Arts had received their mortal wound, that city was never illustrated by any public works of a pure and noble taste. The church of St. Sophia, founded by Justinian, though a grand effort of construction, is of barbarous Architecture.

We now descend to the middle ages, and change the scene to our

own country. The Saxon style of architecture was in a great measure the Roman, rudely and incorrectly executed. Its characteristic features were thick walls, generally without buttresses; and the arches employed in it were nearly all semicircular. Then came the Norman architecture, practised by that people after their conquest of England, but which was little more than an adoption of the style of Architecture of their Saxon predecessors; the only material difference being in the superior magnitude of the Norman structures, and the more frequent use in them of stone, together with a neater mode of building, and the introduction of some newly-invented ornaments. The prelates in the early Norman reigns were men of consummate skill in Architecture; especially Gundulph, Bishop of Rochester, who flourished at the latter end of the eleventh century. Of the twenty-two English cathedrals, no less than fifteen retain considerable portions which are undoubtedly of Norman workmanship. From the year 1155 the style of Architecture practised by the Normans began to be mixed with new forms and decorations; and at length it was superseded by that much more elegant and lofty style of building, vulgarly and improperly denominated Gothic.

Rather before the middle of the twelfth century, and not earlier, a new style of ecclesiastical architecture was produced, it is believed first in this country, called the pointed style. When it is recollected that the power of the Goths was every where crushed in the course of the sixth, and their very name extinguished in the beginning of the eighth century, it will be evident how inapplicable the term "Gothic" is to pointed Architecture. The origin of pointed Architecture has been the subject of great dispute. By the best authorities it is attributed to the Norman English, and the English. After its introduction, it underwent great changes. There are three distinct orders in this style. The characteristic of the first order is the acute arch; and it lasted from the middle of the twelfth to the end of the thirteenth century. Of this order, Lincoln, Beverley, and

Salisbury churches are examples. The chief characteristic of the second order is the perfect or equilateral arch, the reign of which was from the end of the thirteenth until after the middle of the fifteenth century. To this order, York Minster, and the naves of Winchester and Canterbury cathedrals belong. The characteristic of the third order is the obtuse arch, which grew into fashion about the last-mentioned period, and lasted until the downfall of pointed Architecture itself, in the middle of the sixteenth century, overloaded with ornament and having lost its original character of majesty and awfulness. The finest specimens of this third order are the Royal Chapels of St. George at Windsor, of King's College at Cambridge, and of Henry the Seventh at Westminster. From about the beginning of the reign of Edward VI. until the introduction of the pure Grecian style, a truly barbarous taste in Architecture prevailed.

Brunelleschi, born in 1377, and who, having examined and measured the ruins of Rome with extreme diligence, discovered the orders and recognised the rules of the art, which he subsequently applied in his own works, may be regarded as the founder of modern Architecture. One of his greatest performances is the cupola of the vast cathedral of St. Maria del Fiore, at Florence. Bramante, following Brunelleschi's example in the sedulous study of the remains of antiquity, restored to Architecture the taste and beauty which had been so long absent from her works. Julius II. having formed the project of rebuilding the basilica of St. Peter on a plan of unequalled magnificence, entrusted the execution to Bramante in 1513. Unfortunately, however, the artist did not possess the practice as well as the theory of his art; and the vast undertaking in question was carried on by Raphael, San Gallo, and Michael Angelo; to whom the final design of the edifice is principally due. Architecture continued to flourish in Italy, under the great names of Vignola, Scollio Palladio, and Scamozzi; all of whom served their art by their writings as well as by their buildings. The list of good Italian architects

closes with Bernini; the most eminent artist of the seventeenth century. His contemporary, and envious rival, Boromini, was the corruptor of Architectural taste, and buried the legitimate forms of art under the most absurd and incredible caprices.

Pierre Lescot, who flourished in the beginning of the sixteenth century, was the first French Architect who abandoned what was called the Gothic for the revived antique style. To the restoration of the genuine principles of Architecture, Philibert de Lorme, who lived in the same age, mainly contributed. But perhaps the greatest architectural genius that France ever produced was Francois Mansart, born in 1598. The Chateau de Maisons, near St. Germain, is one of his *chef d'œuvres*. Francois Mansart is, however, reproached with a want of stability in his ideas, which caused him to make frequent alterations in the execution of his works, and prevented him from being employed in some of the greatest undertakings of his age. His nephew, Jules Hardouin Mansart, executed the palace of Versailles, St. Cyr, the Place and Church of the Invalids, and the other principal works of the magnificent reign of Louis XIV. The *façade* of the Louvre, one of the most beautiful examples of modern Architecture, was the production of Claude Perrault. The only remaining French Architects deserving notice are Blondel, who built the celebrated Porte St. Denis, and Soufflot, the Architect of the Church of St. Genevieve, at Paris.

England can boast of only two illustrious names in this important branch of the fine arts. The first is that of Inigo Jones, born in 1572; the restorer of ancient Architecture in this country; and who, as he was the earliest, may also be regarded as the greatest English Architect. The Hospital at Greenwich, and the Banqueting-house at Whitehall, are among the most celebrated of his works. The other name is that of Sir Christopher Wren, who has left many monuments of his talent and scientific skill, the most striking of which is the noble and venerable Cathedral of St. Paul's.

EXHIBITION OF DRAWINGS AND ENGRAVINGS BY BRITISH ARTISTS,
SOHO SQUARE.

THIS is the second Exhibition which the patriotism and love of art of Mr. W. B. Cooke has induced him to open to the public, at his residence in Soho-Square.—Although we must admit, that the collection of Drawings and Engravings is not such as to afford a completely adequate notion of the excellence to which Drawing (or rather Water-colour Painting) and Engraving (especially the former) have attained in this country; and although we must allow that the present Exhibition is less rich in first-rate specimens of both arts than that of last year, we nevertheless consider it to be a highly interesting Exhibition, and one which every body ought to visit, who is so fortunate as to possess taste, leisure, and a “splendid shilling.”

The Collection is disposed in three rooms on the first floor. The largest, which is in front, is filled with the productions of the pencil; the two others, with those of the etching-point, graver, and burnisher.

We have rarely seen any exhibition in the Metropolis uniting the works of so many artists, living and dead. The number of articles in the catalogue is 452,—that of painters and engravers above 160. It is obvious, that we must confine ourselves to brief notices of comparatively a few of these performances; and we trust that our doing so will be ascribed, not to a disposition to neglect any one, but to its sole motive,—necessity. And first for “the mighty dead.”

PAINTERS AND DRAUGHTSMEN.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.—Only two drawings; and those small and slight. The one “*A Female*,” hung too high for minute observation; the other, “*APeasant Girl*,” consisting simply of a few hasty lines, in pen and ink, on what seems the back of a pannel, but so full of taste and feeling as to be abundantly indicative of the master.

WILSON.—Seven first thoughts for pictures; chiefly in black and

white chalk. Of these, “*The Lake of Nemi*” is the most elaborate.

BARRY.—Two large, bold and masterly drawings in pen and ink. The one, “*The Baptism of our Saviour*,” the other “*a design from Paradise Lost*.” They are noble specimens of that eccentric and extraordinary artist's powers.

GIRTON.—The Exhibition is affluent in the works of this father of transparent water-colour painting; there being no fewer than eight; every one a treasure. Were we called upon to select any of them we should, perhaps, give the preference to the “*Cottage Scene in the vicinity of Leatherhead*,” and “*Chelsea Reach, looking towards Battersca*.” The fulness and fluency and sappiness of Girton's pencil, and the apparent ease with which he produced the most powerful and faithful effects of nature by ordinary and simple means, have, in our opinion, never been rivalled.

PAUL SANDBY.—Five drawings, of various descriptions, but all finely illustrative of the old style of water-colour painting. We were the most pleased with “*Windsor Terrace*,” although its elevated, and, at the same time, perpendicular situation in the room is injurious to the perspective, the horizontal line being very low. The “*Full-length Portrait of Francis Grosce, Esq.*” is a very characteristic representation of the humorous antiquary, whose conviviality and good fellowship are so happily described by Burns:

“But port, O port! shine thou a wee,
And then ye'll see him!”

COZENS.—Four drawings by this able artist, who was the inventor of what might be called fortuitous effects. It was his usage to splash paper at random with Indian ink, and then to avail himself of the accidental compositions thereby produced, both of form and of chiaroscuro, and to work them up into picturesque beauty.

LOUTHERBOURG.—Two gross cari-

catures, improperly denominated in the catalogue "*Characters*."

MONRO.—Alas! poor Henry Monro! "I knew him, Horatio; he was a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy." Well do we remember how his untimely death "eclipsed the gaiety" of the Model Academy, at Somerset-House. As an artist, he promised highly; for he was a young man of superior powers, and had laid a broad foundation of general knowledge. The "*Studies of Two Old Women*" are in his favourite style of drawing;—a pen and ink effect, on grey paper, mellowed by black chalk, and heightened with white.

BAXTER.—Another young man of considerable talent, who found a premature grave. Unable to obtain employment in London, he was driven into the provinces, and after wandering for some years, fell a victim to anxiety and ill health. Incessant repetition had made him so dexterous in the management of water-colours, as applied to the imitation of still-life, that in an hour he could complete a drawing having the appearance of an elaborate finish, which it must have required several days to produce. There are six pieces by him in the present Exhibition. Those representing "*Fruit*" and "*Flowers*" are remarkably delicate and beautiful; but his two "*Drawings of the Portland Vase*" are absolutely facsimiles of the original. Nothing can be more exquisite in their way.

ENGRAVERS.

Among the works of eminent deceased engravers, are fine proof impressions of WOOLLETT'S "*Solitude*," SHERWIN'S "*Fortune Teller*," DIXON'S "*Ugolino*," HAYWARD'S "*Infant Academy*," VIVARE'S "*Landscapes*," SCHIAVONETTI'S "*Puck*," &c. &c. but these are all too well-known to justify us in dwelling upon them for a moment.

We proceed to take a rapid survey of some of the productions of living artists.

PAINTERS AND DRAUGHTSMEN.

SIR T. LAWRENCE.—"*Female head—a Study*." A delightful drawing, *en profile*, in black chalk, here and there warmed with red, of Ma-

dame de Sablonkoff. In common with all the accomplished President's works, it exhibits great taste, delicacy, and elegance. The details are elaborately gone into; and the execution is of a character so tender, that in less able hands it might easily have degenerated into timidity and feebleness.

J. M. W. TURNER, has contributed largely to this collection; although not so largely as last year. There are nine drawings from his masterly pencil; some of them of a very old date. We were most struck with the "*Rainbow*;" a *View on the Rhine*," and "*St. Agatha's Abbey, near Richmond in Yorkshire*." The former (a small drawing) is exquisitely finished; but retains all that breadth and that daring juxta-position of cold and warm hues for which Mr. Turner is so celebrated; the latter is of a larger size, and is certainly one of the most admirable specimens of the artist. The profound and extraordinary knowledge which it displays of the tones and effects of nature, seen under circumstances of peculiar beauty, strikes the spectator at first sight; and the happy facility, with which that knowledge is manifested, becomes more and more fascinating the longer the drawing is contemplated. "*Dover Castle*," which from its place in the room appears to have been considered Mr. Turner's *chef d'œuvre*, is not so great a favourite of ours as either of the drawings to which we have already adverted. There is something in the effect of it, which reminds us too immediately and strongly of tapestry. It is nevertheless a gorgeous and splendid assemblage of rich colour, managed with consummate skill, and although constantly approaching never passing that line, beyond which all is meretricious glare and gaudiness.

T. STOTHARD.—The peculiar taste and powers of this amiable man and excellent artist are most successfully displayed in two of the four productions of his which enrich the collection; we mean those "*From the Decameron of Boccaccio*." It is in such subjects that, liberated from the necessity of servile adherence to common and every-day nature, and allowed to indulge the suggestions of a refined and poetical imagination,

Mr. Stothard especially distinguishes himself.

L. CLENNELL.—The arts suffered much by the melancholy occurrence which withdrew Mr. Clennell from the practice of his profession. The small drawing of "*A Sportsman in a Storm*," is a gem. The cowering of the horseman, to avoid the blast and the shower, is most characteristically expressed; and indeed every touch in the drawing contributes to the production of one simple and consistent impression.

W. COLLINS.—"*View on the River Brent*." A drawing of great vigour and freshness. Perhaps some of the shadows are a little too black. But allowance must be made for its relative situation.

EDWIN LANDSEER.—This young artist's excellence in animal painting has been sufficiently manifested in the pictures, which he has at various times exhibited in the British Gallery and at Somerset House. Here he has two small works; the one "*A Terrier's Head*," full of life and spirit; the other "*A Blood-hound from Nature*" curiously executed, with a well-reconciled mixture of opaque and transparent colour.

W. HAVELL.—We were much delighted to meet with three drawings by our old friend; one of them, "*Keswick Lake, Cumberland*," eminently beautiful. When will he return to England? It appears to us to be a great stain upon the character of this country for good taste, that so skilful a delineator of British scenery should find it more advantageous to devote himself to portrait-painting in Calcutta.

But we must cease to be particular, and must be content with observing generally, that, among many other interesting productions, there are three or four clear and broad drawings by S. PROUT; two deep and powerful landscapes by the Rev. JOHN EAGLES; an admirable little lake-view, by J. SWINBURNE, Esq.; a sketch, replete with taste, representing "*A Girl burning a Love-letter*," by R. DAGLEY; a strong resemblance of Mrs. Orger, by J. JACKSON; a careful study for the old head introduced in his picture of "*The Cut Finger*," by D. WILKIE; some clever sketches and views, by L. FRANCIA; an exquisite little drawing

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from his picture of "*The Crowning of Henry VIII. and Francis I. as Victors at the Tournament of the Cloth of Gold*," by J. STEPHANOFF; four very deceptive pen and ink drawings, in imitation of prints, by W. SMITH; a beautiful miniature study after one of Sir Joshua's female portraits, by G. R. WARD, &c.

ENGRAVERS.

Our limits will not permit us to enter into any detailed account of the numerous engravings by living artists. In one department of this valuable art, England may safely challenge the competition of the world; we mean in the engraving of small landscape, which has of late years rapidly approximated to perfection. Some of the most charming and incontrovertible proofs of the truth of this assertion are to be found in the present Exhibition, in the productions of W. B. COOKE, W. COOKE, jun., G. COOKE, J. G. ALLEN, F. C. LEWIS, J. BYRNE, R. WALLIS, &c. Vignette engraving has also arrived at great excellence. J. LANDSEER, C. ROLLS, and J. SCOTT have distinguished themselves in that line. The mezzotinto engravings on steel, by T. LUTTON and C. TURNER, are singularly interesting, on account both of their intrinsic merit, and of their being the earliest specimens of an invention of incalculable importance. We were much pleased and flattered to see the graphic illustrations of the *EUROPEAN MAGAZINE* for the last six or seven months, by J. THOMSON, (especially the "*Psyche*") holding a high rank among the best efforts of the stipple style of engraving.

A word of friendly advice to Mr. Cooke before we part. If, as we trust he will, he should open his rooms again next year at the same season, we strongly recommend to him to adopt some means of rendering them more comfortable. One small fire, in the centre apartment, is quite insufficient to heat the whole suite. The front room especially (in consequence, probably, of the open house-door underneath) is intolerable. We passed an hour in it, on one of the severe mornings of last month; and, notwithstanding our ardour for the Fine Arts, we were

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frozen into an icicle, which it took several basins of scalding mock-turtle, administered at the nearest coffee-house, to thaw. It is true that, in the absence of more material flame, one of TURNER'S most warm and glowing works is hung over the fire-place. But who can

“—— wallow naked in December's
snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's
heat?”

Taste, real or assumed, is a very
luxurious quality, it can be grati-

fied or exhibited only when the possessor or professor of it is at perfect ease, and in perfect comfort. As, on the day to which we have alluded, we looked around on our shivering, blue-nosed fellow sufferers, we could scarcely refrain from quoting literally the lines which MR. SKEE, in his admirable “Remonstrance of a Painter,” wrote in metaphorical despondence:—

“In vain art's toiling sons their stores
unfold,
Each eye is vacant, and each heart is
cold!”

INTELLIGENCE RELATIVE TO THE FINE ARTS, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.*

FOREIGN.

M. VERNET not having been able to procure admittance in the last exhibition of the FINE ARTS at Paris for one of his new pictures, on account of its subject, has withdrawn all his works except the Shipwreck of his Grandfather, which belonged to the establishment of the King's household, and he exhibits them at his own house.

The Encaustic Picture of Cleopatra.—This picture, drawn on slate, represents Cleopatra at the time when she is bitten by the asp on her left breast. M. Luigi Micheli, to whom this etching belongs, has had it examined by the Marquis Ridolfi, a learned chemist. M. Ridolfi thinks he can recognize in it a precious monument of art anterior to the decline of painting. He even supposes it probable it belonged to Tymomachus of the school of Apelles, and whom Plutarch mentions. M. Zannoni, a well known antiquary of Florence, is of a contrary opinion, and assigns a very modern date to the work in question. He remarks, that the features bear no resemblance to those of Cleopatra on the ancient Latin and Greek medals: where she is never represented with a crown of rays, nor is the arrangement of her hair or dress, &c. similar to this picture; and that the wound produced by the asp is no proof. M. Zannoni cannot recognize in this, the Cleopatra of Plutarch and Dio-

nysius; but on the contrary, he finds her such as she is represented by Guido and the modern artists. As for the composition employed in this picture, he quotes the observations of the Count de Caylus, who says, that the caustic was used by the ancients on wooden tablets, and that they were not acquainted with slate; caustic being revived and introduced by the Count de Caylus since 1754, and brought to perfection by Requeno, and by Fabbrini and Parenti, both of Florence; it is his opinion that this etching belongs to one of the two latter. This picture, the subject of chemical and antiquarian researches, is now at Paris, where the question which has divided the Italians will no doubt be solved.

The celebrated series of paintings by Rubens, allegorically illustrating the reign of Henry IV. of France and Mary de Medici, which originally decorated the gallery of the palace of the Luxembourg, is now removed to the Louvre.

Signor Artaria, of Milan, intends to publish a collection of portraits of the most celebrated living Italian composers, musical professors, and singers. The portraits will be executed by the most distinguished artists of the Academy of Fine Arts at Brera. The collection will be divided into twelve numbers, each of which will contain four portraits.

* All communications relative to the FINE ARTS are requested to be sent before the 20th of the month.

The first number has appeared, and deserves much credit.

The Electress of Hesse still continues to devote herself with great

success to drawing. This princess has just finished an oil painting of St. Elizabeth, which has obtained universal applause.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Mr. Gibson, a young sculptor of great promise and an Englishman, has been studying two years at Rome. His first essay was a *Psyche borne by the Zephyrs*, which is very fine: he has executed it in marble for Sir George Beaumont. The expression, the beauty of form, and the delicate *contour* of this statue unite to make it a *chef d'œuvre*. Upon the recommendation of Canova, who highly esteemed the talents of this young artist, the Duke of Devonshire commissioned him to execute *Love disarming Mars*. Mr. Gibson has just finished a model in plaster, of *Paris presenting the Apple to Venus*. He has also composed a model of a *Nymph dressing herself*, which he is executing in marble for Watson Taylor, esq.

Every lover of the Fine Arts will visit the *Exhibition of Drawings* in Soho-square with great pleasure; it comprises choice specimens of the works of many distinguished painters of the British School. In proof of departed excellence, there are the works of Wilson, Gainsborough, Barry, Cipriani, Sandby, Hamilton, Louthborough, and Cosway, with some noble proofs of the pure style of Thomas Girtin; a name that must be for ever dear to the true lovers of English landscape. There are also some fine drawings of Sir Thomas Lawrence, Turner, Smirke, Stothard, Jackson, Ward, Landseer, Gandy, Samuel, Alexander, &c. For detailed remarks on this Exhibition, see page 55, of our present number.

The Irish artists have formed an ACADEMY OF PAINTING upon the model of the British Academy.—They have named a Council, composed of fourteen members; and ten painters will be elected Associates during the present year.

A very laudible Institution, called *The Artists' Anatomical Society*, has been lately instituted in London. Its sittings are held every Tuesday and Friday evening, during the season, at No. 213, High Holborn.—We are happy to find, that this

infant Society is honoured with the patronage of the President and Council of the Royal Academy.

A National Museum of Art.—England is the only State in Europe which does not possess a national Collection of Pictures. The King, it is said, has expressed a wish, that a National Museum should be erected, to which the public should have free access. His Majesty has promised to contribute the private Collection at Carlton Palace, besides a selection from the Palaces of Kensington, Hampton-court, and Windsor, including the matchless Cartoons by Raphael.—The plan is to be carried into effect under the direction of a Committee of taste, and a power given by Parliament, with certain funds, in order to make purchases either abroad or at home.—Chambers are to be erected to contain the Elgin and Phrygian Marbles, and all the rare Works of Art now in the British Museum.

The following Engravings from the works of British Artists either are, or will shortly be ready for publication:—

May Day in the Reign of Elizabeth, from a picture by C. R. Leslie, which our readers will recollect was exhibited at Somerset-House.

Lovers' Quarrels, from a very pleasing picture exhibited by G. S. Newton, in the British Gallery.—The subject is from *Le Dépit Amoureux* of Moliere.

A View on the Thames near Battersea, with cattle and figures in the foreground, in the style of Cuyp, and Paul Potter, from a painting by Deane.

The Murder of Archbishop Sharpe, from a picture by William Allan, Edinburgh, exhibited at Somerset-House, and suggested by the striking description of this event in the *Tales of My Landlord*.

The Escape of the Mouse, painted and engraved by Burnet.—This work appears to us to rival some of Wilkie's small paintings.

The Letter of Introduction, from a picture by Wilkie.

An Author reading his Play in

the Green-Room of Covent-Garden Theatre.—This picture was exhibited at Somerset-House, and must be in the recollection of the public. It contains portraits of many of the best performers among "his Majesty's Theatrical Servants."

The Three Marys, from the celebrated Picture by Annibal Caracci.

Mr. M. W. Sharpe, who had a Picture called "*The Green-Room*," containing portraits of several eminent living Actors and Actresses, at a late exhibition in Somerset-House, is now engaged on another work of a similar description, but of higher pretensions. It is called "*Shakspeare's Jubilee*," and, when finished, will consist of full-sized portraits of the principal performers at Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane Theatres, in the costume of such parts in Shakspeare's Plays, as, generally speaking, they are supposed to represent with most success.

A most beautiful Medal, designed by the celebrated Flaxman, and executed by Wyon, of the Royal Mint, has just been completed for the Royal Cambrian Institution.

We are informed, that the *Bas-relief of the Holy Family*, by Michael Angelo, recently purchased at Florence by Sir George Beaumont, and now in England, will be added to the fine collection of Marbles in the British Museum.

Mr. GEORGE HAYTER, M. A. S. L. has nearly completed the large picture on which he has been employed for the last two years, for the Honourable George Agar Ellis, which will be exhibited in the Spring at Mr. Cauty's Great Room, No. 80½, Pall Mall. The subject of the picture is the interior of the House of Lords, during the progress of the Bill of Pains and Penalties against the late Queen. The time selected, as most calculated to give general interest, is the 23d of August, 1820, the sixth day of the trial, when the Peers examined Majocchi, during the time her Majesty remained in the House. The spectator is supposed to be below the bar, looking towards the throne, with the galleries on either side. The picture contains upwards of three hundred figures; one hundred and seventy-four of which are portraits, and for which one hundred and sixty-five of the Peers and other distinguished

persons present have done him the honour to sit, that he might be enabled to paint the portraits on his picture, instead of copying his own sketches, or the works of other artists, made at earlier periods than the epoch represented. The time chosen is mid-day, at that hour when the light descends equally from the windows on each side the House; which has enabled the artist to bestow equal labour on the portraits of the Peers on either side. This young artist commenced his professional career as a painter of miniatures, some of which will ever be remembered, as having formed the centre of attraction in the exhibition room appropriated to that branch of art in Somerset House. He has been on the Continent a great proportion of the last seven years, studying the celebrated works of the best Italian, Flemish, and French masters in oils; and is therefore, perhaps, particularly well adapted, by his course of study, to the performance of the arduous task on which he is now labouring, which differs from almost every other picture known, by the difficulties proposed from the light coming in at six opposing windows on the countenances of so many persons, demanding by their high rank, taste, and talents the utmost exertion of his abilities. The scale of the picture is four inches to a foot, which makes the fore-ground figures one-third of the height of nature. The picture is twelve feet long by eight feet high.

Mr. J. H. ROBINSON has just completed a beautiful line engraving from a portrait of his Grace the Duke of Wellington, by Mr. G. Hayter; which, together with his fine engraving of her Grace the Duchess of Bedford, are private plates.

View of London.—Mr. HORNOR, of the Adelphi, has just published a prospectus of *Views of London and the surrounding Country*, taken from an observatory purposely erected over the Cross of St. Paul's Cathedral, during the late repairs of that building. The work will consist of four engravings; those of the East and West views to be forty inches by twenty-five, and those of the North and South views thirty inches by twenty-five each.

MEMOIRS OF DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNERS.

CARLO GOLDONI.

CARLO GOLDONI, the dramatist, was born at Venice in the year 1707. The appellation of *Moliere of Italy* was given to him in his life-time, and has been continued since his death. He took Moliere for his guide and, like him, in the creation of the theatre of his country was obliged to overcome the prevailing bad taste, which continually impeded his progress.

His youth was spent in prosperity and pleasure. His grandfather, descended from a noble family, was passionately fond of the stage, and had a theatre in his country-house, six leagues from Venice; in which he used to assemble the amateurs who came thither in crowds from every part of the country. The father of Goldoni liked this very well; and, as he wished to perpetuate in his family a taste for the same pleasures, he constructed in his own house a stage for puppets, and managed them himself, for the diversion of the youthful Carlo. At the death of the grandfather, all members of the family were thrown into very great embarrassments, caused by his prodigality; and they were all obliged to change their style of life. Goldoni's father, not being able to endure the lawsuits and contentions in which he was involved, left the charge of his affairs to his wife and went to Rome, where he took his degree in medicine and afterwards practised at Perugia. Carlo, his son, though now seriously occupied with his studies found leisure to read dramatic compositions: and at the early age of eight he tried to compose a comedy of the romantic kind, which Florentino Cicognini had made fashionable. This sketch, though very rude, drew the attention of his father, who gave a new direction to the studies of his son; and to render his holidays more agreeable erected in his house a theatre, on which Carlo and his young companions amused themselves with acting comedies. As women are pro-

hibited from appearing on the stage in the dominions of the Pope, Carlo, then thirteen years old, distinguished himself very much in the character of a woman in *La Sorellina di don Pilon*, one of Gigli's comedies. Having finished a course of study in humanity and philosophy at Rimini, and excited by his strong inclination for the stage, he ran away from school, and joined a company of actors who were going to Venice. The troop arriving at Chiozza determined to stay there a few days, and Carlo, who had learned that his mother was in the town, made that circumstance his pretext for undertaking the journey. He was believed by his mother; but his father, who had immediately pursued him, was not to be duped by such a stratagem. However, Carlo was reconciled to him on promising to pursue the study of medicine; and concord being restored both father and son continued to frequent the theatre. Through the interest of the Marquis Goldoni, his relation, Carlo was appointed to a lucrative situation in the college of the Pope at Pavia, and consequently took upon him the ecclesiastical habit, and underwent the tonsure. This college was almost entirely composed of dissipated young men; and Carlo, following their example, instead of applying himself to theology gave all his attention to music, dancing, fencing, drawing, and gaming. His vacations were spent amongst his family, and entirely occupied with the business of the stage. At his return to college, he engaged in more serious pursuits; and in the following vacation he made, at his mother's request, a sermon for a young Abbé of her acquaintance, which gained him great reputation. As he was the acknowledged author of it, he was received by the college, at his return, in the most flattering manner; from which a short time after he was dismissed, and was obliged to quit the city, on account of a satirical poem he had written at the instigation of some persons.

who were mean enough to betray the author. Ashamed to appear before his family, he thought of going to Rome, but was prevented by want of money. He was assisted, however, by a monk who after having exhorted him to repentance, and given him confession, took from him what money he had, for the purpose of charitable donations, and, with the true spirit of Christianity, reconciled him to his relations. Carlo now followed his father to Udina, where he studied law with great application, and through the interest of his father obtained a situation in the criminal court of Chiozza, and soon became titular coadjutor at Feltre, where he was remarkable for his attention to business. This regularity of conduct did not prevent him from enjoying the amusements of the stage. Some amateurs assembled and obtained permission to use the neglected theatre of the governor; and under the direction of young Goldoni they performed without music, the *Dido* and the *Siroes* of Metastasio; he also composed himself two pieces, *The Good Father*, and the *Singer*, which gained him equal reputation as an author and a comedian. His father having been appointed physician of the Embassy to Ravenna, Carlo accompanied him thither, and soon after having the misfortune to lose him returned to Padua, where he passed his examinations and received his licence: thence he went to Venice, where after some months attendance on the courts, in 1732, he entered upon the profession of the law, and whilst waiting for an opportunity of distinguishing himself at the bar, he composed an almanack in prose and verse, under the title of "Future Events predicted from past experience," which was very well received by the public: and he finished an opera called *Amalsonta*, but, disgusted with the disdainful airs and affectation of the comedians to whom he read it, though it was well adapted to the stage, he threw it into the fire. A suit in which he was successful against the first advocate in Venice spread his fame through that city: but he was soon obliged to leave it, in consequence of an intrigue with a lady, whom the low

state of his fortune prevented him from marrying.

He went to Milan, where, in consequence of recommendations to the Venetian President, he was attached to the embassy, and found leisure to sketch out several works. The musical interlude of the *Venetian Gondolier* was the first he published. The campaign in 1733, at the conclusion of which Austria lost the possession of Italy, proved very disastrous to Goldoni, by interrupting his labours, and obliging him to quit successively, Milan, Crema, Pizzighitone, and Parma. During his travels he was robbed by some deserters of the whole of his property. At Verona he found means to repair his losses by joining the comedians of that city, and they represented at Venice, in 1734, his tragedy of *Belisarius*, which was received with universal applause. His *Rosinonda* did not obtain the least success. He then went to Padua, and supplied that theatre with his productions. He continued supporting himself in this manner till 1736, when he married the daughter of a notary at Genoa, and afterwards returned to Venice, where he continued writing for the stage. He had not yet obtained the eminence in comedy he was destined to arrive at, though he constantly kept in view the example of Moliere, and his adventurous career was far from being terminated.

The Genoese Consul at Venice dying in 1739, Goldoni succeeded him at the intercession of his wife's family. This situation being merely honorary, the state of his finances did not permit him to retain it after the year 1741. The campaign of this year throwing Italy into the same lamentable state, which it had suffered eight years before, prevented Goldoni from undertaking his intended journey to Genoa. He stayed some time at Modena, then at Rimini, living on the productions of his pen, which were as favourably received as ever: but he was again destined to experience a similar reverse of fortune to that of 1733: the ship which contained all his money and effects was taken by the Austrians off Pesaro. The Austrian quarter-master being at about ten miles from that town, Goldoni and his wife determined on paying him

a visit in order to recover their property if possible; when they had proceeded about half way, they alighted and went to a little distance from their carriage, and upon their return, they found the postillion had gone off with it: alone and without the least hope of being able to procure assistance, they notwithstanding took the resolution of continuing their route, in which Goldoni was obliged to carry his wife through two rivers. They arrived, however, at the quarter of the Austrian Commander, who generously restored his property, and advised him not to return to Pesaro. Prince Lobkowitz, General-in-Chief of the imperial army, had fixed his headquarters at Rimini, and there resigned himself to *fêtes* and diversions. Goldoni obtained the direction of the stage in that city, which employment was as advantageous to his talents as his fortune. He left Rimini as soon as the Austrians did, and went into Tuscany. There he resided in many towns, and became acquainted with a number of eminent men. At Pisa, overcome by the solicitations of his friends, he again followed the profession of the bar, in which he distinguished himself exceedingly; but a letter from the celebrated comedian, Sacchi, recalled him to his favourite occupations; however, he worked for the stage only in the night, and his wife was his only confidante. The piece required by Sacchi was soon executed, sent to Venice, and was acted with astonishing success. A second piece, "*Harlequin's Child lost and found*," though a mere sketch, received no less applause. This good fortune, aided by some affront he experienced at the Pisan bar, determined him to renounce the legal profession. He departed for Mantua in 1747, and three months after for Venice, where he found his family and his old friends. This city had three theatres; he attached himself to that of St. Angelo. At the conclusion of the theatrical season of 1748, Goldoni engaged to give sixteen new pieces in the following year. He performed this engagement, but fell ill through excessive fatigue, and his malady was heightened by the selfishness of the manager and the critiques and

calumnies of his enemies: on his recovery he followed the company to Turin and Genoa; every where reaping the same success. He was constantly reproached by the envious as inferior to Moliere: this he was well aware of, and acknowledged without hesitation, and in order to put a stop to such reports, he composed a work of which Moliere was the subject, and which has been translated into French by Mercier. Goldoni now quitted the company of St. Angelo, and entered into a more profitable engagement with that of St. Luke.

In 1753 he published, by subscription, the first volume of his Theatre, which his merit and the admiration his plays had excited throughout Italy rendered a very profitable speculation. This occasion was seized by his enemies to load him with epigrams, satires, and the raillery of an entire academy composed of all the wits of Venice. Notwithstanding this and every other sort of annoyance and impediment, Goldoni pursued his plan and arrived at the summit of his wishes, in spite of prejudice and a crowd of admirers and partisans of the old Italian comedy. He succeeded in substituting the regular comedy in the place of extemporaneous pieces, and prevailed, on the actors to abandon their masks. These reformatations were not made without a struggle, which sometimes obliged the author to have respect to the old method:—"I allowed," said he, "masks in extemporaneous pieces, and employed interesting and comic characters in humorous pieces. Every one was pleased with his part: time and patience reconciled every thing, and I had the satisfaction to find myself allowed to follow my own taste, which became, in a few years, the standard of Italy."

The reputation of Goldoni extended through all Europe. The infant Don Philip invited him to Parma in 1756, and required him to write three comic operas, one of which *The Good Daughter* was set to music by Dani and Piccini. Don Philip, to show the esteem he had for his talents, gave him a pension, and styled him, by letters patent, the Poet of the Duke of Parma.—

Goldoni wished to visit France, and his desire was gratified in the following manner.—The applause which his "*Harlequin's Child Lost and Found*," obtained in Paris at the *Comédie-Italienne*, determined the first gentlemen of the bed-chamber to the King, to request his attendance in France for the purpose of restoring the former reputation of that theatre. Their honorable proposals were accepted, and he arrived in Paris in 1761. Goldoni had at this time composed one hundred and twenty different pieces. His personal acquirements, as much as his reputation as a poet, obtained for him an introduction to the first society of the capital. The reader to *Madame la Dauphine*, (second wife of the Dauphin, father of Louis XVI.) whom he was acquainted with, presented him to that princess, who placed him in the service of the daughters of the King in the situation of reader and Italian master. Goldoni, in consequence of this appointment, renounced comedy, and resigned himself to his new functions. He had apartments in the Chateau of Versailles, and was admitted to all the excursions of the Court; and, having but very short lessons to give to his pupils, his dependance was light, and his life pleasant. Some years afterwards, his services were dispensed with, but he preserved his title and pension. He was now settled in Paris, and, being determined to spend the remainder of his life in France, resisted the propositions made to him from Lisbon, London, and Venice, where he was universally regretted. His nephew, whom he had brought with him into France, and whom he tenderly loved, obtained a situation, through the Duc de Choiseul, in the military school, as Italian master, and was afterwards placed in the War Office. Goldoni had, for some time, been desirous of increasing his reputation, by writing a French comedy.—The marriage of the Dauphin furnished him with a subject, and he composed one in three acts, the *Bourru Bienfaisant*, which was acted in Paris with universal applause, on the 4th of November, 1771, and the next day with the same success at Fontainebleau:—*L'Avare Fastueux* acted at Fontaine-

bleau in 1773, had not the same success: it was withdrawn, and neither acted at Paris nor published. His services were required at court in 1775, to give lessons in Italian to Mde Clothilde, the destined wife of the Prince of Piedmont; and he was afterwards charged with the instruction of Mde Elizabeth, sister to Louis XVI; but he soon obtained permission to retire in favour of his nephew.

At length free from all dependance, he employed himself in writing his memoirs in French, which have been translated into English, by John Black. This work occupied Goldoni three years, and was published in 1787; the author having then attained the age of eighty years. The political events which broke out on the 10th of Aug. 1792, occasioned him the loss of his pension by the suppression of the civil list. Deprived of every resource, and reduced to poverty, he was attacked with a dangerous disorder, and died the day after a decree passed the convention restoring his salary. Chenier caused a decree to pass, allowing his widow, aged seventy-six, a pension of 1200 francs, with the payment of what was due to her husband.

In his memoirs he has given extracts from, or analyses of all his plays, and his flexible and productive genius has done this in such a lively manner, that we are sure every one would find an infinite source of pleasure in their perusal. It would then be seen, with what art, what variety, and what superior genius he drew characters, depicted manners, and caused his readers to participate in the different feelings of men of every description.

We cannot conclude this article without again reminding our readers of the just claims, which the illustrious reformer of Italian comedy has to their admiration. Goldoni, like Moliere, reformed the theatre of his country, and introduced manners and characters upon a stage where nothing previously had been represented but farces and buffooneries. He created characters, he observed and depicted with as much ability as force, the manners, the passions, the vexations, and follies of men in every situation of life.

LONDON REVIEW

OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS,

A Foreign and Domestic.

QUID SIT PLACIDUM, QUID TURPI, QUID UTILI, QUID NOX

FOREIGN BOOKS.

Die Wichtigkeit des jetzigen Griechisch Türkischen Kampfes, &c.

The importance of the present struggle between the Greeks and the Turks considered, as it affects the physical improvement of the inhabitants of Europe. By Professor Joerg. 1821.

There are already in Germany thirty pamphlets upon the war in Greece, which really is a great thing in a country where the *Austrian Observer* proves, that the Turks are good masters and the Greeks rebels; and where they give the professors, who declare in favour of the liberty of the Hellenists, the charitable advice, either to be silent, or give up their situations. Happily, neither the tender interest of the *Austrian Observer* for the Oriental regime, nor the weak insinuations of some petty governments, have prevented public opinion from declaring decidedly for the deliverance of the descendants of Themistocles and Leonidas.

Some of these German advocates of liberty are gone to fight in their ranks, others plead the cause of the oppressed in journals and pamphlets. However serious this event may be, it is accompanied by many ridiculous incidents. A Doctor, named *Christian Muller*, set out in 1821, full of enthusiasm for the sacred cause of the Hellenists: he went to the Ionian Isles, and joined some English for the purpose of bringing a stronger force to the assistance of the struggling Greeks: they disembarked at a port in Peloponnesus; the Mainotes took them for English spies, stript them of every thing from head to foot, and sent

them away. Dr. Muller returned to Italy, and sent a book to Germany, in which he proves, that the Greeks are not yet ripe for liberty. This book appeared recently at Leipsick; and the official Gazettes of the absolute monarchs immediately cut it into extracts, to prove that they were quite right in slandering the Greeks.

Happily, such a cause does not depend either upon a book or an official gazette; and for one writer who opposes through malice, there are twenty who, with the noblest sentiments, plead for this unhappy people.

Professor Joerg has had recourse to new arguments, to induce the quiescent Cabinets of his country to take up arms against the Turks: it is for the sake of economy and the public welfare that he addresses the princes and their ministers; he justly thinks, perhaps, that their conduct may be more easily swayed by private interests and mercenary considerations, than by any national cries of suffering man. This is one of the singular arguments made use of by this new defender of the Greeks.—The Turks, according to their religious system, do nothing to get rid of the plague; the neighbouring Christian powers are obliged to maintain at a great expense *cordons sanitaires*, in spite of which they are always afraid of the introduction of the plague into their States. Now would it not be better to expel the Turks, that we might have no plague to fear, nor *cordons* to maintain? Such is the argument of Professor Joerg, which will have just as much effect as any other and no more. If we could be sure, and we are full of hope, that the Greeks could eventually work out their

deliverance from Turkish slavery, we should deprecate the interference of foreign powers in their behalf.—A conquest of this kind would only free them from physical to plunge them into moral tyranny. They would exchange Turkish despotism for the more lenient and permanent thralldom of political prejudice and error. Let them expel from their sacred and heroic country the barbarous tyrants that dishonor it, and then may their leaders look far above the petty politics of Europe to the New World, and imitate the brightest ornaments of history, Washington and Bolivar.

Beiträge zur Statistik des Preussischen Staats.

Statistical Account of the Prussian Dominions, drawn up from official Documents. By the Statistical Committee of Berlin. 4to. pp. 130. 1821.

In no country are statistics cultivated with more attention than in Germany, where this science had its professorship in the universities before any other nation had introduced the word, of German origin, into its vocabulary.

The really astonishing labours of a Meussel, a Hoehl, a Hassel, a Liechtenstern, a Crome, and others, have greatly enriched this branch of human knowledge, and deserve the more gratitude from the economist, as these indefatigable Germans had no other sources from which they could derive materials for their works than those, if we may use the expression, which they had formed with their own hands. Few states, at that time, cared about knowing in detail the extent of their riches; few governments had made, in this respect, exact and continued researches. By degrees the translations of some of the German authors, we have just mentioned, aroused the torpid governments of other nations. The statistical description of Germany by Hoehl, which Lucien Bonaparte, as Minister of the Interior, caused about twenty years ago to be translated, contributed, perhaps, to give rise to statistical researches in France; for immediately after, the Prefects were ordered

to give an account of their respective departments. These different accounts presented a display of immense national wealth, that no individual, left to himself, could ever have discovered; and, in shewing how greatly a government may contribute to the progress of science, France gave an example which other nations have followed.

It is only from such official documents that an author, who undertakes to give a general description of the resources of a country, can write with certainty; authentic facts are requisite for statistical calculations; approximation often leads to gross errors. But as things vary from year to year, from day to day, and even from hour to hour, these continual changes ought to be incessantly watched, and collected with the closest attention, in order to form a general and complete *exposé* of the internal state of a country. This is what the Prussian government for ten years has caused to be executed through a statistical office, established at Berlin, under the direction of M. Hoffman.

.. All the documents that the administrators of provinces and the different subdivisions send to the government are concentrated in this office, and are published from time to time, as the materials accumulate, properly digested and arranged. The work before us is of this description; it treats, in the first place, of the new division of the Prussian states into government districts, or regencies and circles, similar to the departments and *arrondissements* of France. It certainly was not easy, in substituting for the ancient chambers a more regular administrative division, to harmonize so many heterogeneous parts in the narrow space that forms the Prussian state, from the frontiers of Russia to those of France, and which contains a sample of almost all the German nations.

By the war of 1806, Prussia lost the ninth part of her population; but by the peace of 1815, she recovered a great part of her losses, and aggrandized herself by the acquisition of countries which, situated upon the Rhine, form, with respect to statistics, a striking contrast to the barren countries beyond the Vistula.

All the Prussian dominions are now divided into ten provinces, subdivided into twenty-seven districts of regency, and into three hundred and thirty-eight circles. The surface, not including the lakes, is about 4,918 German miles, or geographical square miles; equivalent to 13,744 square leagues of 25 to a degree. The population, including the military, amounts to 10,976,252, the number of houses, 1,570,805. There are 1,027 towns which are divided into four classes. Those of the first rank are ten in number, Berlin, Breslau, Dantzick, Cologne, Königsberg, Magdebourg, Stettin, Aix-la-Chapelle, Elberfeld, and Barmen. The towns of the second rank are 133 in number, of which the parts bordering on the Rhine contain twenty-seven, whilst the three large provinces to the East, namely, Eastern Prussia, Western Prussia, and the province of Posen only contain sixteen. The towns of the third class, 401 in number, are only placed in this rank when the population exceeds the number of 1,500. Amongst the 483 towns of the fourth rank there are 244 which have not less than 1,500 inhabitants, and the other 239 have even less than a thousand. In the whole Prussian state, according to the census of 1819, there are 1,332,276 horses; 4,275,705 horned beasts; and 9,065,720 sheep. As to the productions arising from land, industry, commerce, and other resources which constitute the riches of the nation, they will be exhibited in subsequent details, ordered to be published by the Prussian government.

The volume we now announce is only a part of the valuable work preparing for publication. The indefatigable researches, the accuracy, the precision, and the extreme care which distinguish this first volume, reflect equal honour on the Prussian government, and the individuals to whom this important task has been intrusted.

Julia Severa, ou l'an quatre cent quatre-vingt-douze, &c.

Julia Severa; or the Year Four Hundred and Ninety-two. By J. C. Simonde de Sismondi, author of "l'Histoire des Français," "L'his-

toire des Républiques Italiennes du moyen age," "Littérature du midi de l'Europe," &c. 3 vol. 12mo. 15s.

There exist a great many histories which in reality only are tales and romances, and he, who would strip Herodotus and Livy of all that is mixed with fable, would preserve but few historical truths.

Good romances; those which deserve their celebrity contain, perhaps, more truth than many histories remarkable for their antiquity, and which we dare not question for they are sacred.

These romances, written by skillful authors, develop in the characters of fictitious personages real passions, which live and reign with the same power, but under different forms, in all ages and in all countries.

We maintain, then, and we think without a paradox, that philosophy searching for truths will find more in Fielding, Smollet, Fontaine, Le Sage, and Cervantes, than in all the histories of the East. It is, however, still more rare to find history and romance proceeding from the same author, and sometimes blended in the same work.

The severe reason, that proudly holds the pen of history, generally disdains the brilliant pencil of romantic imagination. It was not, therefore, without an unfavourable prejudice that we read a new Romance entitled "Julia Severa," composed by a justly celebrated French Historian; but this prejudice has been removed by a perusal of this interesting work.

In the short space of three little volumes, the author has described so many interesting actions, has painted such a true picture of the manners of the times, and traced with so original and firm hand such varied characters, that this interesting drama is a complete picture of manners of the fifth century.

The reader will certainly learn from this romance, better than from history itself, the manners of the Germans, the Gauls, the ancient Romans, and the savage court of Clovis; the ambition and policy of the clergy of that period; the vanity, baseness, and luxury of the Roman patricians, conquered by barbarians; the misfortunes of the base, but betrayed and oppressed Gauls; and

the ruins of the ancient fanaticism of the Druids, still throwing a ray of light from the dark forests of Helvetia.

"The Romance I now present to the public," says M. de Sismondi, "is designed to describe the state of the Gauls at the time of the invasion of Clovis: it is the fruit of my researches and labours in providing the materials for the first volumes of *The History of the French*. The historian is obliged to live, as it were, in the age he intends to describe; which is not required of the writer of romance. If I had had no other intention than to describe the year 492, I should not certainly have read 'Gregory of Tours' three times over, or grown pale over all the chronicles, all the codes of laws, and all the lives of the saints of that period. An historian only has occasion to acquire that knowledge of ancient times, which enables an author to write a Romance founded on the events of a distant age. The manners and the opinions, which I have drawn, will be acknowledged by a good antiquary to belong to that age."

Our narrow limits, will not permit as to give the varied and numerous quotations, necessary to convey a just idea of the many original and diversified descriptions which the author abounds in; such as that of the patrimony of a senator resident in Gaul, at the end of the fifth century; a camp of veterans; one of those dungeons called *ergastula*, in which the rich patricians shut up their numerous slaves, Wisigoths, Vandals, Franks, Germans, and Burgundians; and all the rich scenes in which is shewn the pride of the higher classes, indulging in voluptuousness and luxury, in dreams of past grandeur, and giving themselves up in the midst of ruins, and upon the edge of a fearful precipice, to all the fatal illusions of power and effeminacy. A few examples would be sufficient to prove that the author is not inferior to the most celebrated writers of romance in the art of depicting character.

After having introduced Felix Florentius, a Roman worthy, a relation, pupil, and companion in arms of the famous emperor Majorian; the author follows him in a journey undertaken to save the Armoricans,

to preserve them by a prudent negotiation from the vengeance of the Franks, and from inevitable destruction. He arrives at the house of Numerianus, Count of Orleans; one of those men whose foolish vanity raised them to heaven, and who think there can be no change in the world while they possess many flatterers and slaves; a whole century might glide away without being perceived by such men. Chartres had just been pillaged by the Franks, and the Count of Orleans was still ignorant of it!

This folly and weakness, when such great dangers were impending, sadly recalled to the memory of Florentius the late catastrophe that befell the inhabitants of Treves, the capital of Gaul, who had been lately surprised by the Franks while they were enjoying the games at the circus. But he vainly endeavoured to call the attention of the Count to this disagreeable intelligence.

Our readers would follow us with pleasure to the cave of the cruel Lamia, priestess of Pan, and witness the nocturnal celebration of the ancient rites of that god in the midst of a desert. Their curiosity would not be less rewarded by transporting themselves with us to the episcopal palace of Volusianus, bishop of Tours: or in reading specimens of the magnificence, the ambition, the daring and the artful policy of the churchmen, who accepted the protection of the pagan Clovis; rather than be governed by the Arian princes: the intrigues of the monks, their false miracles, the ridiculous scenes in which these subaltern ecclesiastics bore a chief part; the mixture of their pedantic learning with the most puerile superstition and the basest flattery, which was but a mask to conceal their vile and perfidious conduct.

We wish we had space for a short description of the court of the young and savage conqueror of Gaul. There we should see a lively contrast between the rusticity and independence of the victorious Franks, and the low pride of the subjugated Romans; and also the able conduct of Clovis displayed, in the treatment of his own followers, to his new subjects.

These quotations, though short, would be sufficient to show the

talent of the author, as a describer of manners and characters. But if this had been the only intent of this novel, it would merely have satisfied curiosity without exciting any interest.

Every work must have an action, an object, and a catastrophe. The love of Florentius for Julia Severa is the subject of the romance. Both of them possess brilliant and noble qualities; but the father of Severa still adheres to the Pagan religion, and the bishop of Tours, who is acquainted with this circumstance, endeavours to foment discord between the senator Severa and Clovis, and to prevent the marriage of Julia with Florentius, who appears to the Bishop already too powerful, from the great influence he had acquired over the Gauls.

The happiness of the lovers is also a long time retarded by the intrigues of the monks, the schemes of the Archbishop, and by Julia being carried off and shut up in a convent. Not until after many vain efforts and painful researches, does Florentius find and release Julia. Every device of hatred and superstition is employed to excite the Romans, and even the Barbarians against Florentius.

Like a new Asmodeus, the author has penetrated the secret dormitories and mysterious prisons of the monasteries; which gives rise to a great variety of descriptions and portraits; in which we are pleased and surprised to find the lively genius of a romance writer united to the sound judgment of an historian.

ENGLISH BOOKS.

Don Carlos; or, Persecution.—A Tragedy, in Five Acts. By Lord John Russell. pp. 119. London. 8vo.

We believe, that the reputation of literary works more frequently depends upon the standard by which they are criticised, than upon their intrinsic qualities. Many a work of little merit enjoys at least a temporary fame, whilst others, of considerable desert, are doomed to an abortive struggle for eminence, and simply from the degree of expectation or of indifference with which they are originally received by the critic, or by the public at large. The hereditary fame of the Russell family, and the personal celebrity of the noble author of the work we are about to criticise, will naturally challenge a high standard as a test of its merits; but we are bound to confess our anticipation, that, after the severest ordeal, Don Carlos will be pronounced by the public worthy even of the pen of its distinguished author. Weighed in the balance, it will not be found wanting, but it will add a wreath to the brow which literature and eloquence have already crowned with laurel.—At those critical junctures, which so often determine the condition of society for

after generations, it has been the enviable lot of many titled families to produce individuals, who, soaring above the spirit of the age, have stamped their genius on the character of their countrymen, have awakened in them exalted sentiments, or lead them to deeds of permanent utility or of the brightest heroism. From the great example of this character in the martyred Russell, it has been the peculiar privilege of this distinguished family always to take the lead of society, to exhibit to their country a spirit of freedom beyond the tenour of the times, to patronize its arts and to advance its literature, and to wean it from all that is degenerate, by an example of all that is disinterested and noble. The highest species of literary composition, emanating from such a source, will naturally excite expectations which few works would be found to gratify. In addition to this, we must observe, that Tragedy, always the most difficult species of composition, except the *Epopée*, is now rendered more difficult than the *Epic* by the pre-occupation of the best subjects, and, particularly, by the pre-occupation of those incidents of a nature to produce the highest degree of dramatic excitement, or calculated to exhibit situations of stage effect—

"*Tout est dit,*" says La Bruyère, "*et l'on vient trop tard, depuis plus de sept mille ans qu'il y a des hommes.*"

To these circumstances, so appalling to the aspirants of dramatic frame, we may be allowed to add, the unreasonable practice prevalent amongst our critics, who review the higher efforts of the drama. The inimitable plays of Shakspeare are to be converted into the bed of Procrustes, to the dimensions of which every modern votary of Thalia is to be tortured. But, not content with subjecting the modern dramatist to so discouraging a standard of comparison as the general productions of our unrivalled bard, they select from this great poet only his prominent excellencies, and establish these as the test of succeeding merit. One critic complains, that the modern tragedy has not the rich discursive dialogue of Shakspeare;—another, that it is destitute of the felicitous creation of character, or of the accurate delineation of nature; a third laments the paucity of incident, or bewails the want of his rich and powerful vein of poetry; whilst all unite in the exclamation, that we have lost "the dramatic parlance of the Elizabethian period." It is to these absurdities that we may trace the fact, that, from the age of Shakspeare, we have not produced one single tragedian of any thing like acknowledged merit.—Our greatest poets have tried the drama, and have failed.—Thomson and even Dryden, as dramatic poets, are forgotten. Lee and Rowe are read but for curiosity.—Otway and Southern live but in a single play—whilst Cato, Irene, and Lucinda are never acted, and seldom read. In France, on the contrary, successful standard tragedies are numerous.—However enraptured the French may be with Corneille, Racine, Crebillon, or Voltaire, they are not infatuated to the degree of excluding all other pretensions.—These observations have naturally presented themselves to us, on considering the subject, and they must not be construed into palliation of faults, or into deprecations of severity in favour of Don Carlos. To those, who expect in this tragedy the rival of *Macbeth* or of *Othello*, we cannot, after what we have said,

be supposed to address ourselves; but to those, who expect in Don Carlos nothing more than the exalted production of an exalted mind, we address ourselves with confidence and congratulation.

The story of the play is admirably adapted to the display both of humane and of heroic sentiments, and these the noble author pours forth with an earnestness worthy of his name.

Don Carlos, the grandson of Charles the Fifth, and the son of Philip, the reigning monarch of Spain, having had an early attachment to her who had subsequently married his father, combats his fatal passion with firmness. The Inquisitor-General (Valdez) with his agent (Luecro) incensed at the enlightened enmity which Don Carlos bears to religious persecution, effects his ruin by exciting the jealousy, and appealing to the superstition of the King. On this outline the poet has wrought a drama of very considerable interest. Valdez aids his design by means of Cordoba, a false friend of Don Carlos, and by means of Don Cordoba's wife, Donna Leonora, who is stimulated against the Prince by her slighted passion. But there is no under plot; the unity of action, of place, and almost of time is preserved, and without, as in the French dramas, shackling or inconveniencing the piece.

The first act develops the character and designs of Valdez, the excited jealousy of the King, and the Queen's virtuous confidence in the honour of Don Carlos. There are passages of beauty in this act; but, on the whole, it is not sufficiently animated. The plot is developed in long set speeches, after the manner of the French drama; but making the plot disclose itself by the incidents of the play, or by apparently casual communications from the characters, is an excellent art, which seems peculiar to Shakspeare. The scene between Valdez and the King reminds us of that between Othello and Iago. Where Philip forgets his kingly rigidity, and moved by his affections, exclaims—"Oh! think on this, and doubt—but say, the Queen—what said you of the Queen?" and his following speech, display much pathos and nature.

The second act, in point of construction, is of the nature of the first. The scenes and speeches are long and staid; but it contains proofs of the poetic spirit. The first scene, of twenty pages, develops the fine character of Don Carlos, and gives us the stratagem by which the infatuated King at once convinces himself of his son's attachment, and of his damning sin of heresy. The conclusion of this long scene appears to us conceived from Timon of Athens. The next scene, representing the Queen pleading to the King for Don Carlos, though not a plagiarism, is too analogous to Desdemona's pleading for Cassio. Don Carlos, in the ravings of his unhallowed passions, exclaims— "I combat—conquer—tremble—suffer—sink."

Oh! had the idol of my heart been
scornful,
Rejected all my prayers, spurn'd at
my love,
And met my adoration with contempt,
I could have borne it; then, indeed,
methinks,

The simple recollection of her form,
The faintest image of a smile gone by,
The feelings of a moment fled away,
And fled for ever, were to me a feast,
That India could not buy—my life—
my all—

But viewing her perfections with my
eyes,
To be obliged to chase her from my
thought—
To view myself with loathing—the
rank soil
In which a poison grows—no—I'll no
more—

The very speaking it is horrible.

The King, speaking of the dissonance between regal pomp and happiness, uses the following new and appropriate simile,

—our vain pomp
Gives but a hollow joy, and lasting
grief;
'Tis for our subjects' honour, not for
our's.
The garland and the gold that deck
the bull
Denote the sacrificing peoples' pride,
And not the victim's fortune.

The description of the "Act of Faith," given by Don Carlos, and the whole scene descriptive of the horrors of the Inquisition, are very powerful, and the contrast between the generous humanity of the Prince

and the dreadful superstition of the King, is very finely drawn. Don Carlos, speaking of the burning of the heretic, says,

—Cazalla, he
That stood so tall before me in the
strength
Of a high soul, was now a cinder, tost
And scattered by the air!

What an infinity of reflections, religious and metaphysical, are suggested by those three lines, but how beautifully touching is the circumstance of the victim's entreating the Prince's protection "for his poor sister's offspring!" A powerful lesson might be taken from this scene by those bad, or at least mistaken men, who would now revive a spirit of religious persecution amongst us!

The third act is more full of interest, and the examination of Don Carlos by the Inquisition is finely conceived, and as finely executed. It is what poetry seldom is—it is pathetic, ratiocinative, and grand. There are numerous passages of great power, but they are finer in connection with the whole scene, and we regret that our limits do not allow us to make either numerous or lengthened quotations. The appearance of the father, as an evidence against the son, is skilfully divested by the poet of extravagance or of being unnatural. Superstition knows not ties of blood. This scene, displaying the horrors of tyranny and persecution, and the sophistry with which we gloss oppression, must suggest to the reader many reflections on the passing scene of life.—Finally, the entrance of and pleading of the tutor of Don Carlos induces the King to postpone the trial to the succeeding day.

In the fourth act, Valdez, distrustful of the King's fortitude to witness the sacrifice of his son, plots the perpetual imprisonment, of Don Carlos by the hands of Don Luis Cordoba. The speeches to Lucero in which Valdez portrays his own fiery and ambitious nature, and traces his loss of human sympathies to the criminal nature of the monastic institution, are replete with the *verba ardentia*, they are full of vehement description, and are equalled only by the subsequent speeches, in which Don Carlos indignantly refuses to purchase his safety by

betraying his friends. This act ends with the escape of Don Carlos out of the prison of the Inquisition by the activity of his friends, and after his refusing to effect his liberation by generous efforts on the part of the Queen, which might compromise her safety and character.

The fifth act is replete with explanations. Don Carlos is betrayed in his flight by Don Luis Cordoba, and a conflict between them ends in the death of Cordoba, and in Don Carlos being mortally wounded. An interesting scene takes place between the distracted father and the dying son. The father is convinced by the last confessions of Don Carlos, that both his child and wife are innocent, and, consigning Valdez to perpetual imprisonment, the play is closed. The last speech of Valdez is perfectly demoniac. It is obvious that the real climax of the play is in the third act. The interest of the piece is there at the highest pitch, and every thing after seems rather supplementary than an integral part of the drama. There are very many faulty lines throughout the piece, which, however, appear to us to be the effect of haste or negligence rather than of a want of ear or want of judgment. The author seems fond of the Latin principles of accentuation—thus Lucéro, Granáda have the accent on the penultimate, whilst Cordoba, on the contrary, must have the antepenultimate accent from the double consonant in the first syllable. Valladolid also must be metamorphosed by the primary accent on the antepenultimate. But there are frequent gingles of proximate words beginning and ending with the same syllable, whilst there are sometimes pleonasms amounting almost to bad grammar. However, these observations are hypercritical, and must be lost in the predominant merits of so fine a drama—a drama which, in the execution of our literary duty, we have read with infinite pleasure, and from a future perusal of which, we anticipate renewed satisfaction.

Sketch of a Simple, Original, and Practical Plan, for Suppressing Mendicity, &c. &c. London, 1823. 8vo, pp. 28.

Before informing our readers of

this author's Simple Plan, we may be allowed to state our thorough accordance with Mr. Malthus's great principle, that there is no possible means of diminishing pauperism, and, consequently, mendicity, but by preventing population exceeding or pressing too closely upon supply; and this is to be effected only by the diffusion of moral instruction among the poor, and by creating in them a species of humble luxury—a love of certain factitious comforts, without the attainment and probable security of which, they will not be induced to marry. This is the only method of preventing pauperism, whilst the only possible means of relieving it must be found in the transportation of superfluous numbers to spots of the earth now uninhabited or thinly peopled. Whatever schemes politicians may devise, they must prove impracticable, unless they are founded on those two great principles, and those principles being established, there can be no difficulty in carrying them into operation, but what arises from prejudices, and that inherent attachment to the opinions and practices of our forefathers, which is almost always carried too far; and which consequently retards improvement and is the great bane of human happiness. The author of the work before us is a person of judgment and humanity; his general principles on the objects of government and society are sound and enlightened, and they are stated with clearness and propriety. Upon the immediate subject of the work, he asserts, that the aggregate evil of our present parochial system greatly preponderates over the good. This is a fact, we believe, that none will contradict. It has become almost a truism. But the sole difficulty is, how to get rid of the evil, and what to substitute for parochial relief to the houseless and unfed.—We hold the author's plan to be more benevolent than practicable. A voluntary society is to be formed—funds are to be subscribed—cottages with gardens are to be built—poor lands are to be brought into cultivation—the paupers are to effect all this; they are to be paid nothing, but from the funds of the society, and the produce of their toil; they are to be well clothed, housed, fed,

and instructed.—Surely, all this is visionary and Utopian. The benevolent author cannot have considered the animal nature of man. Finally, we have but two further observations to make on this scheme.—First, the bringing of poor lands into cultivation is a policy strongly denied by our best political writers.—Secondly, the scheme, if now practicable, contains the principles of its speedy dissolution:—for making the great body of the poor so free from want, and so reckless of consequences, would act as a greater bounty upon population, even than our present disastrous parochial system, and, consequently, population would soon exceed supply in a greater ratio than at present, and misery would, therefore, be proportionately increased.

—
Werner, a Tragedy. By Lord Byron. 8vo. pp. 188.

We have not to accuse ourselves of any inclination to be "niggards in our praise" of Lord Byron, but, on the contrary, we have always considered ourselves bound in justice to join in that homage which the world pays to his genius, and which has always appeared to us to be the result of critical acumen, and of that influence which his lordship's writings are calculated to have upon mankind. But, however exalted may be our opinion of "The poet of the age," we must confess without hesitation, that we took up the Tragedy of Werner with but little hope of amusement, and with as little expectation that the work would add freshness to his lordship's laurels. He who every year sends forth two or three tragedies, with as many mysteries, and with some scores of lyrical stanzas, can have little diffidence of public opinion, or be little solicitous for his own fame; whatever may be his genius, he must publish much of what is commonplace, and with the alloy of what is even worse. To us who feel a literary anxiety for the fame of all great men, heightened, in a case like the present, by something of national pride, it becomes a paramount duty to contribute to the dissemination of those opinions and sentiments which would induce Lord Byron, and one or two of his con-

temporaries, to submit their writings to more severe and cautious reflection, before they suffer them to appear before the public. Should some future Longinus ever class the numerous ages of literature, and attach to each its discriminative cognomen, whatever may be the merits or the demerits of the present period, we are convinced, that an epithet synonymous with prolific would supersede any term of its other characteristic features. Lord Byron himself was formerly in a similar train of thought, when he observed in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," that, formerly, it required an age or century to produce an Epic, but that Mr. Southey poured forth *his* Epics at least in the ratio of one every year. A Tragedy has always been considered one of the most sublime and difficult of compositions, and now we have his lordship, as well as an Oxford Professor, publishing at the rate of two or three tragedies per annum. Fielding thought himself industrious and his genius fertile, if, in conjunction with his sister, he produced at the rate of a moderately sized novel, with one or two farces, in six years. Pope kept his pieces four or five years, and some of them much longer before he thought them sufficiently revised to meet the public judgment. Now every work is sent into the world hot from the anvil, and we are almost continually compelled to reflect upon Addison's observation, that many a ponderous folio, or voluminous set of octavos, reduced to its quintessence, would occupy but a very small space upon our shelves.

These observations, it may be said, can scarcely be elicited by the appearance of Werner, as the preface informs us that part of the tragedy was written so long ago as 1815; but we may be allowed to reply, that the drama itself bears evident marks that the long interval, between the conception and the writing of the play, arose from other causes than criticism and a revision of the subject; and the accidental procrastination is no exception to the rapidity with which the noble author pours forth his effusions on the public.

With these truths daily impressed upon our minds, and remembering how lately we have perused Lord Byron's *Sardanapalus* with its two companions, and his *Cain*, his *Vision of Judgment*, his *Heaven and Earth*, *cum plurimis aliis quæ lectio justa docebit*, and hearing, also, that two or three new cantos of *Don Juan* were already going to the printer's devil, we exclaimed, that poor De Vega, hitherto the most prolific of authors, was fairly distanced by his Lordship, and would lose the proverbial distinction of his muse. At the same time we took up *Werner*, as we have already observed, prepared to find marks of taste, of crudity, and of undigested materials. — Whatever proceeds from the pen of Lord Byron must of necessity bear occasional impressions of his lordship's genius. And thus, in *Werner*, we have frequent instances of a strong condensation of sense, a vigorous delineation of the highest feelings of pride, and of the deepest anguish of a mortified spirit; with a felicitous sketch of that playfulness of female character which proceeds from purity, innocence, and a mind at ease. We have also a delineation of that conjugal fidelity or singleness of affection, which was so well portrayed in one of his lordship's earliest works, the *Corsair*; with an attempt at humour in the character of a steward, which, if it be indifferent, is at least infinitely better than the attempt at humour in the dull, tedious, and wearisome character of the steward in Sir Walter Scott's *Bride of Lammermoor*.

Those, who are so prone to qualify their praises of Lord Byron by protests against his principles, will find that *Werner* is at least free from any thing which can offend or alarm the most fastidious. There is a preface of two pages (written in a very careless style) in which his lordship informs us that he has taken his drama from the "German's Tale, *Krutzner*," in "*Lee's Canterbury Tales*," and that he has adhered closely to his original in the characters, plan, and even in the language—and which, in our opinion, is to be regretted, as the character, plan, and language are, we conceive, capable of great improvement. His lordship proceeds to state, that

"when I was young, about fourteen I think, I first read this tale which made a deep impression upon me, and may, indeed, be said to contain the germ of much that I have since written." We much doubt, from this passage, if his lordship is a competent judge of what intimately relates to himself, and whether he has not, in this instance, strangely confounded cause with effect. To us it appears that the noble author's temperament and the bent of his genius have been so decidedly marked by nature, that, had he been nurtured in a region of German romances and tales of horror, it could not have created, but only have fed a disposition formed by nature to that intense mode of thought and of feeling which is the real germ, not of much, but rather of all which has issued from his lordship's pen. The tale of *Krutzner* in *Lee's Canterbury Tales* no doubt made a strong impression upon Lord Byron's juvenile mind, it was a tale strictly in unison with his tone of feeling and with his most prominent class of ideas.

But the only part of the preface, that is important, is the passage where his lordship tells the public that he had begun a drama upon this tale so far back as in 1815, "the first," says his lordship, "I ever attempted, except one at thirteen years old, called '*Ulric and Ilvina*,' which I had sense enough to burn." So that *Werner* is really a literary curiosity, as the *coup d'essai* of his lordship's dramatic powers. We cannot agree with Lord Byron as to the *sense* of burning his *Ulric and Ilvina*, written at the age of thirteen, for although the piece in itself may not have been worth preserving, it would have been of value as the first link in the chain of his lordship's mental labours. Pope's *Essay on Solitude* is, as a piece of poetry, of but little value, but as a fact in his mental history, as a feature of his mind at the age of twelve, it has been very properly preserved.

Finally, his lordship has committed, in the second page of his preface, a palpable solecism, and an error of precisely the same nature occurs in page 25. Surely Lord Byron ought to know that distributive pronouns or particles require a

connection with words of the singular number. To say that "every one must judge according to *their* own feelings," and that "pain or pleasure which *tear*," is a proof, we suppose, of the truth of that dictum which his lordship has prefixed to his poem of *Don Juan*, "*Difficile est proprie communia dicere.*"

But to come immediately to the play itself, the story and the conduct of the plot are thus developed in the drama. Werner, a high-minded Bohemian nobleman, had been exiled by his father for early dissipation, and for an improvident marriage with Josephine, the daughter of a noble but fallen lord of Tuscany. Ulric, the produce of this union, had been fostered by the grandfather; but wild and dissipated propensities had made him fly his Bohemian inheritance ere he arrived at manhood, and just before the death of his protector. Stralenheim, a near relation of the family, taking advantage of Ulric's flight, tracks Werner through all his wanderings, and endeavours to effect his death, in order that he may inherit the family domains in Bohemia;—and this, with a few episodical incidents, forms the *matériel* of the tragedy which is dramatized by his lordship in the following manner:—In the first act, Werner, in his flight from the agents of Stralenheim, had been stopped by the overflowing of the Oder, and had taken shelter in an old decayed and untenanted castle in Silesia, where both his danger and his sufferings are increased by an untimely illness. Stralenheim, travelling in the same direction, had been accidentally rescued from drowning in the Oder by Gabor and Ulric, and arriving at the castle he and Werner recognize each other. Stralenheim dispatches peasants to Frankfort to obtain a guard to arrest Werner, whose flight is rendered impracticable by want of pecuniary means. Werner, however, by means of a secret passage, known only to himself, enters the sleeping apartment of Stralenheim, and tempted by the sight of money, which Stralenheim had laid on his table, his necessity induces him to steal a rouleau of gold. This act evidently affords fine scope for poetic painting. The proud and lofty minded

Werner, a fugitive struggling under squalid poverty with the retrospect of his former errors and of his former grandeur, is drawn with all the characteristic energy of Lord Byron's pen; and Werner's fidelity of attachment to the equally proud but more patient and enduring Josephine, the solace of his sufferings, is portrayed with equal skill and genius. The scene between them is very affecting, and we much doubt whether passages in some of Werner's speeches will not be applied by every reader to Lord Byron himself; whilst, in these times of fallen fortunes and general distress, many lines are calculated keenly to touch the feelings of hundreds who will peruse the play. Werner exclaims

— "I have been full oft
The chace of fortune, now she has
o'ertaken
My spirit where it cannot turn at bay,
Sick, poor and lonely!"

The word *lonely* produces reflections upon his misery involving her whom he loves. Josephine says, "none hold us here for aught save what we seem." Werner exclaims,

"Save what we seem!—save what
we are—sick beggars
Even to our very hopes. Ha! Ha!"

Josephine.

"Alas!

That bitter laugh!"

These touches of feeling are in contrast to the descriptive nature of French tragedy.

The remaining incidents of this act, capable of poetic effort, are the interview between Werner and Stralenheim, and the agitation of the high-minded Werner, on being degraded by robbery. Perhaps the plan of the piece would prevent any very great deal being made of the first; and the second has not been taken due advantage of by the author. The first part of Josephine's speech, in page 43, is of the finest in this first act.

The second act but little forwards the catastrophe. It contains the recognition of Ulric by Werner and Josephine, with Werner's mortifying confession to his son, that he had been the plunderer of the

Baron's gold. The scene of this confession is impassioned and well wrought; but we are astonished, that in Werner's fine fervent speech, (page 70) amidst much of good and fervent poetry, to find such a string of conceits as likening sorrow and shame to "handmaids of your cabin." "Famine and Poverty your guests at table." "Despair your bed fellow." The act ends with Strahlenheim's divulging to Ulric his designs against Werner, and craving Ulric's assistance.

In the third act Gabor, being pursued upon suspicion of the theft of Strahlenheim's gold, accidentally seeks refuge in Werner's apartment, who, to conceal him, allows him to enter the secret passage leading to Strahlenheim's chamber. Strahlenheim is found murdered in his room. Werner escapes from the castle through the instrumentality of Ulric, who previously contrives to impress Werner with the idea that Gabor is the assassin of Strahlenheim. The scene, in which Ulric produces this effect on the mind of Werner, is artfully conceived; and, when in the fifth act it appears that Ulric himself had been the murderer, the denouement is proportionally effective on the reader.

The fourth act is the most injudicious violation of the unity of time and place that can well be imagined. The preceding act left Werner flying in rags and misery, and the reader naturally expected that his restoration to his paternal lands of Siegendorf would form the climax of the piece: but the fourth act changes the scene to Bohemia, with Werner metamorphosed into Siegendorf, and in quiet possession of his domains. All interest in the play is therefore at an end, and wonder and perplexed conjecture, as to what is to happen, usurp the place of anxiety for the fate of the hero, which it is the object of a legitimate drama to sustain unto the final dropping of the curtain. This act also presents us with Ulric, in the new character of a leader of a band of Bohemian robbers, and gives us a scene in which Siegendorf reinonstrates with Ulric upon his

bringing dishonour upon his family name, and persuades him to espouse Ida, a daughter of the murdered Strahlenheim, a persuasion which Ulric eventually yields to. The character of Ida is one of his lordship's creation, having no resemblance to any character in the original tale. The scene between Ulric and Ida is beautifully conceived.

The fifth act brings Gabor again upon the stage, and being subjected to interrogation by Siegendorf relative to his supposed murder of Strahlenheim, divulges the fact of Ulric himself having been the assassin. The subsequent escape of Gabor from the fury of Ulric is contrived by Siegendorf, who had pledged his honor for his safety. Ulric in revenge for this departure of him, who possessed the secret of his villainy, renounces all connection with his father, flies his father's halls to become the avowed leader of his bandit troop.--Ida is brought upon the stage merely to be made acquainted with Ulric's villainy, and the curtain falls upon her and Siegendorf expressing their anguish. To those who know the description of Lord Byron's talents, and the occasions which elicit their most powerful exercise, we need not say that such incidents, as the fifth act is composed of, would be given with all the fire and intensity of passion which his genius could infuse into any favourite subject.—The fifth act, however, is too supplementary to the general web of the drama to be admired in such connection; but as a vehicle of fine dramatic poetry it justly challenges approbation.

The fervid poetry near the conclusion of the play causes the reader to shut the book with more of satisfaction, than will be continued in his mind after reflecting upon the whole piece. The first four acts, upon the whole, are feeble and we regret that the noble author selected such a subject for a drama, or that he did not bestow upon it sufficient attention, at least, to concentrate the climax of interest in the fifth act, rather than to leave it equivocal between the beginning of the fourth and the end of the fifth.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE,

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

AMERICA.

After a most accurate calculation, it has been found, that in Europe there is but one deaf and dumb person in 2400: in Pennsylvania there is one in 1850. Not the slightest apparent reason for such a difference has been given.

Doctor Archer, an American physician, positively declares, that the whooping-cough may be cured by vaccinating the sick person during the second or third week from the commencement of the disease. Fresh trials of this remedy are to be wished for, as they are not attended with danger.

The Academy of Arts and Sciences at Boston has published a set of meteorological observations of great importance. They are the result of 30 years of study and of experiments made from 1786 to 1818, at Salem in the State of Massachusetts.

Very advantageous offers have been made by the Republic of LaPlata to many learned Englishmen. Mr. Beran, an able London engineer, has embarked with his family for Buenos Ayres, where he is appointed to superintend the making of the causeways on the banks of the Plata, and to introduce those European sciences, which may have a beneficial interest on the public prosperity.

AFRICA.

Captain Sabine has set sail for *Ascension Island*, for the purpose of repeating the experiments on the pendulum, &c. which he has tried under the polar circle, in order to determine the figure of the earth.

ASIA.

Letters from Lucknow, dated 30th January, 1822, give the following particulars of the splendid ceremonies observed at that place, on the celebration of the Indian Feast of *Bussunt Punchumee*. The King, the heir apparent, and all the royal family, as well as the whole court, were habited according to ancient custom in yellow. Even the Europeans in the King's service were ordered to be dressed in yellow shawls. The river was covered with vessels decorated with yellow flags, and filled with dancers, singers, and musicians. Four battalions of royal infantry, and three troops (russalas) of cavalry superbly equipped, and with their flags flying, deployed before the King, who was seated upon a throne surrounded with mirrors.

Among the architectural monuments of India, those erected by the Mahometans, when at the zenith of their power, are the most deserving of attention. Of these, the monument of Tauj of Agra, is one of the most magnificent. Very correct and beautiful drawings have been made of this monument, but the Tauj, independent of its magnitude, has an expression of noble simplicity arising from the unity of its design, and from the purity and richness of its materials, which it is impossible to represent in a drawing. A model of this superb monument has been executed in ivory upon the scale of 3 inches to 10 feet. It was begun at Delhi, by the late Captain Fordyce, and was finished by Captain Hutchinson. This curious piece of workmanship has been transported to Calcutta, and will soon be sent to London. Its construction consumed twelve years of uninterrupted labour, nearly as long a period as the building of the original.

REPUBLIC OF HAYTI

A school of mutual instruction has been established at St. Mark, under the direction of an able master.—The civil and military authorities, the magistrate of the place, the *cure* and a multitude of respectable citizens were present at the opening of this school, which is already frequented by a great many pupils. The *Pro-pugator*, a new periodical publication which appears twice a month, will be a criterion by which foreigners may judge of the Haytian government and nation. It will contain the laws, the ordinances, and public acts, the most important news, beneficial discoveries, national and foreign literature, &c. The Lyceum of Port-au-Prince proceeds in the most prosperous manner; Latin and French verses and well-made speeches attest the progress of the students, and pay a high compliment to the professors. St. Domingo, in all its splendour, did not possess such literary talent as Hayti can boast of, even in its present poor state, with a government scarcely formed, and institutions but now springing up. This people have broken the fetters of slavery, have shown themselves capable of the greatest improvements, and are proudly desirous of placing themselves on a level with the most enlightened nations.

GREECE.

The official Gazette of the Greeks is published under the title of the "Orthodox Gazette of Corinth."

As the affairs and religion of the Greeks are at present of so much importance to every civilized community, we presume that the following confessions will be interesting to our readers. We make the extract from the work entitled "*Acta Historica eccle. nostri temporis*." More than ten centuries have now elapsed since the separation of the Greek from the Latin church, and yet the articles of faith have always continued the same.

1. I confess and acknowledge the apostolic doctrines and canons confirmed by the seven general Councils, and also the ordinances of the Russian-Greek church: I likewise interpret the holy scriptures according to the sense, which has been given to them by the holy Eastern church, and which she gives to them at present.

2. I acknowledge seven sacraments in the New Testament, viz. Baptism, Consecration, the Lord's Supper, Confession, Sacerdotal Ordination, Marriage, and Extreme Unction, and which are instituted by our Lord Jesus Christ to obtain the grace of God.

3. I acknowledge, that in the Holy Supper, the true body and blood of our Lord are received under the mystical forms of bread and wine, in order to obtain pardon of sins and life eternal.

4. I acknowledge that the saints, who reign in Heaven conjointly with Jesus Christ, ought to be invoked and adored according to the meaning of the holy Oriental church, and that the prayers of saints and their intercession with the God of mercy will co-operate to our salvation. It is equally agreeable to God to venerate their relics as the sacred remains of their virtues.

5. I acknowledge that we ought to venerate, not to deify, the images of Jesus, of Mary, and of other saints, in order by contemplating them to encourage ourselves to piety, and to the imitation of the works of those holy persons whom these images represent.

6. I acknowledge that the prayers of the faithful, addressed to God, for the safety of the souls of those departed in the faith, are not disdained by divine mercy.

7. I acknowledge, that our Saviour, Jesus Christ, has given to the Catholic church the power of binding and unbinding, and that which is bound or unbound on earth will be equally so in Heaven.

8. I will firmly preserve by God's

help this orthodox faith of the Russian Greek church, in all its particulars, and without alteration, to the end of my life.

SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

The public mind at Stockholm is at present occupied with a very important medical discovery. It is well-known that, sometime since, M. Peter Anderson of Sudermania, who was present as the deputy of his order at one of the last diets, had been accustomed to remove, by means of fumigation, the most obstinate syphilitic disorders, and even those which had been pronounced incurable. The College of Health, desirous of examining his mode of treatment and the result of his system, invited him to Stockholm, and induced him, by the payment of his expenses, to undertake the treatment of several individuals in the hospital, afflicted with such disorders. Eight of them, on whom a course of mercury and diet produced no effect, were completely established in two, three, or five weeks, as the evil was more or less seated in their constitutions. Six other patients submitted to the same treatment. *M. de W'eigel*, president of the College of Health, and some other physicians of this city, who had observed with the greatest attention this method of cure, paid a just tribute of praise to M. Anderson, and caused the Directors of the Hospital to make him a present of 366 rix dollars banco, and to promise him an equal sum, if the health of the individuals he has cured suffers no alteration within two years, which can be ascribed to their former attack. The *Society of Medicine* will, no doubt, soon publish an account of the means used by M. Anderson.

GERMANY.

An Hungarian traveller, named Gregory Jackschies, had passed the years from 1810 to 1813 travelling through the mountains of Caucasus in search of every vestige, or object of antiquity relating to the ancient establishments of his countrymen in those regions. In 1815 he again set out to the same mountainous districts, and, having renewed his researches, returned to his native country in 1821. He is now about to publish his travels, the compilation and editing of them being confided by him to his friend *Ladislav Nagy de Peretseny*, an Hungarian writer of celebrity.

PRUSSIA.

Public instruction.—Prussia contains five universities, frequented by 3,397 students, viz. at Berlin, 1162; at Bonn, 571; at Breslau 539; at

Halle, 866; at Königsberg, 259. The sum total of these young men contains 1236 students in theology; 1069 in law; 624 in medicine; and 468 in philosophy.

BRESLAU.

Moral Institution.—A philanthropist of the principality of Oels has given a sum of 20,000 Prussian crowns, to form a fund for the encouragement and reward of poor country girls that shall bear an excellent character. The interest proceeding from this capital will serve to portion each year, at forty crowns a-piece, twenty girls of unblemished reputation. — Two years after receiving the communion, they will be entitled to the expectation of this money; and a knot of silk in the colours of the principality of Oels with this inscription, *Honour to poverty and good behaviour*, will be given them besides. Their noviciate will continue till the age of twenty, when, if a suitable match does not present itself, their portion will be put out at interest in their name. Should any endowed woman continue unmarried till the age of fifty, her principal and interest will be paid to her under condition that she will always render herself useful to the public, in taking care of the sick, for instance. Any breach of the engagement to preserve good behaviour will forfeit the knot of honour.

RUSSIA.

The Italian actors, who were invited to Moscow from Florence by a society of amateurs, and who made their *début* in the *Turco in Italia* of Rossini, have well deserved the support of every friend to music. They have already played more than sixty pieces at the theatre of M. Appraxin. Their execution is good, and the parts well cast. They perform twice, and sometimes thrice a week.

M. Hippius, a celebrated artist, on his return from Rome to St. Petersburg, conceived the idea of publishing, under the title of *The Contemporaries*, lithographic portraits of the most celebrated statesmen, writers and artists of Russia. This truly patriotic undertaking deserves the encouragement of those who are desirous to collect the portraits of men, who have contributed to the happiness and glory of their country by their services, their talents, or literary and scientific labours. This collection will hand down

to posterity the features of distinguished Russians.

The new Atlas of the empire of Russia, the kingdom of Poland, and the Grand Duchy of Finland, is at length finished. This work, by Colonel Pladischef, is beautifully engraved, and consists of seventy folio maps.

FRANCE.

Paris—Royal Library. — This library, in 1791, contained only 150,000 volumes; now there are more than 450,000. In 1783, it had but 2700 portfolios of engravings; there are now 5700. Six thousand French and Three Thousand foreign works are added to it annually; which increase in fifty years will double its present literary and scientific riches.

The arrangements for lighting Paris with gas are in a state of great forwardness. That side of the Palais Royal parallel to the Rue de Richelieu is quite prepared, and the pipes are laid in the Rue St. Honoré, extending into the Rue de Richelieu. Several shops in the Faubourg St. Honoré, and opposite to the gallery of the Louvre, have adopted that mode of lighting.

PORTUGAL.

A French theatre is established at Lisbon, under the direction of an Italian manager, named *Pellizari*, and draws a crowd of spectators to witness its success. The following fine tragedies, which are no longer performed in France, are particularly well attended. *Brutus*, *The Death of Cæsar*, *Charles IX*, *Epicharis* and *Nero*. The Portuguese government makes use of the stage to entertain the public, and to inspire a love of country and of liberty. There is a tolerable company of performers, and the numerous friends of the French language and literature encourage with their presence and plaudits this useful enterprise, which is useful to the grand political views of the regenerators of Portugal.

ITALY.

New Publications.—Signor Michele Leoni continues to publish his excellent *Translation of Shakspeare*. He has taken all possible pains to understand and appreciate the richness, variety, and sublimity of the original. His talents as a translator are extremely excellent, and he does not weaken the thoughts of his author by mean expressions and a verbose style.

GREAT BRITAIN.*

J. M. Duncan, A.B., of the University Press, Glasgow, is preparing for publication an account of Travels through part of the United States and Canada, in 1818 and 1819.

Early in March will be published, the Diamond Edition of Shakespeare, from the Chiswick Press, comprising in one thin pocket volume the whole of the Dramatic Works of that immortal Bard, with a Glossary.

An Elegy to the memory of the late Rev. Henry Martyn, with smaller Pieces is preparing for the press, to which will be added, a Portrait of Mr. Martyn. By John Lawson, Missionary, at Calcutta.

Martha, a Memorial of a beloved and only Sister. By Andrew Reid, Author of *No Fiction*, a Narrative, founded on facts.

Mr. Bakewell is preparing for publication, Observations made during a Residence in the Tarentane and various Parts of the Grecian and Pennine Alps, in the years 1820, 1821, and 1822.

The Memoirs and Correspondence of Chas. A. Stothard, S.A. By his Widow, will be published very shortly, in one Volume 8vo. with a Portrait and Facsimiles on Wood of some of his original Sketches, in Letters to his Friends.

Sharon Turner, Esq. F.S.A. is about to publish, in 4to the third Volume of his History of England, embracing the Middle Ages.

Captain Scoresby, will shortly publish a Voyage to Greenland, with an Account of Discoveries on the East Coast of West Greenland, in the summer of 1822.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Peveril of the Peak, which may now be soon expected to appear, in the enlarged form of four volumes, commences, we understand, with the latter period of the Protectorate, and is continued through the restoration and a great part of Charles II.'s reign.

A new Poem, entitled a Sabbath among the Mountains, is nearly ready for publication.

Shortly will be published, Collections and Recollections; or, Historical, Biographical, and Miscellaneous Anecdotes, Notices and Sketches, from various Sources; with Occasional Remarks. By John Stewart, Esq. post 8vo.

In one vol. 8vo. the English Master ;

or, Student's Guide to Reasoning and Composition. By W. Banks.

Narrative of a Tour through the Morea, giving an Account of the present State of that Peninsula and its Inhabitants. By Sir William Gell, in 1 vol. 8vo. with Plates and Wood Cuts.

In 1 vol. 8vo. Travels in Ireland, in the Year 1822. By Thomas Reid, Surgeon in the Royal Navy.

Views of Ireland, Moral, Political, and Religious. By John O'Driscoll, Esq. in 2 vols. 8vo.

Shortly will be published in 4to. with numerous Plates, the third Volume of Transactions of the Literary Society of Bombay.

The Annual Biography and Obituary for the Year 1823, vol. 7, containing Memoirs of celebrated Men, who have died in 1821-22.

Mrs. Hoffland has in the Press, a new Tale, in 1 vol. entitled Integrity.

Advice to a Young Mother on the Physical Education of her Children. By a Grandmother, 12mo.

Mr. John Dunlop, Author of the History of Fiction, has nearly ready for publication the History of Roman Literature, from the earliest periods to the Augustan Age, in 2 vols. 8vo.

A Latin Grammar. By O. G. Zampt, Professor in the Frederick's Gymnasium, Berlin. Translated from the German with additions. By the Rev. John Kenrick, M.A.

The Disappointment; or, Religion the only Source of True Happiness

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Part II. of John Bohn's Catalogue of his very extensive Collection of Books, comprising above Sixty Thousand Volumes, in all Languages and Classes of Literature, accompanied by Bibliographical and Literary Notices, either original, or derived from the most authentic sources.

CLASSICS.

The Hecuba of Euripides, literally Translated from Porson's Text, with the original Greek, the Metres, Greek Order, English Accentuation, and Notes. By T. W. C. Edwards, M.A. 8s.—And also, the Phœnissæ of Euripides, precisely similar to the Hecuba.

Demosthenis et Æschinis de Falsa Legatione,—Orationes Adversariæ,—Græce. 8vo. 9s.

* Literary Notices and Lists of New Publications are requested to be sent before the 20th of the Month.

Demosthenis adversus Leptinem Oratio, Græce. 8vo. 9s.

Demosthenis contra Midiam Oratio, Græce 8vo. 6s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bontenoeck's History of Spanish and Portuguese Literature, translated from the original German. By Shoma Sina Coss. 2 vols. 8vo.

Universal Stenography, or a Practical System of Short-hand, combining legibility and brevity. By W. Harding.

The Works of Alexander Pope, with Notes and Illustrations. By Joseph Warton, D.D. and others. 9 vols. 8vo. 4l. 14s. 6d.

Jane and her Teacher. By the Author of Scripture Doctrines and Proofs. With a plate. 9d.

The Fortieth Volume of Transactions of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, with an Analytical Index for vols. xxvi. to xl.

The Hermit of Dumpton Cave; or, Devotedness to God and Usefulness to Man, exemplified in the Old Age of Joseph Croome Petit, of Dumpton, near Ramsgate. With a Portrait. 12mo. 5s.

Napoleon Anecdotes, Part IV., embellished with a beautiful Engraving.

NOVELS.

Anecdotes, Biographical Sketches, and Memoirs; collected by Letitia Matilda Hawkins. Vol. I. With a Portrait, and another Engraving. 8vo. 9s.

Montalvyn, the Benevolent Patriot, a Drama, in Five Acts, exemplifying a Practical Plan for the Abolition or Diminution of Parochial Taxation.

THEOLOGY.

Sermons, by the Rev. John Hayden, Curate of Londonderry Cathedral. 8vo. 8s.

The Village Preacher; a Collection of Short Plain Sermons, partly Original, partly Selected, and adapted to Village Instruction. Vol. III. 12mo. 5s.

The Cottager's Monthly Visitor Vol. II. 6s.

A Vindication of the Authenticity of the Narratives contained in the first two Chapters of the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Luke; being an Investigation of Objections urged by the Unitarian Editors of the Improved Version of the New Testament; with an Appendix. By a Layman. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

LIST OF PATENTS.

Joseph Egg, of Piccadilly, St. James's, Westminster, Gun-maker; for certain improvements in the construction of guns and fire arms, upon the self-priming and detonating principle. Dated Nov. 26, 1822.

Joseph Woollams, of Wells, Somersetshire, Land-agent; for certain improvements in wheeled carriages, of various descriptions, to counteract the falling and facilitate the labour of animals attached to them, and to render persons and property in and near them more secure from injury. Dated Dec. 5, 1822.

William Robson, of St. Dunstan's-hill, Tower-street, London, Printer and Stationer; for a method to prevent or protect against fraudulent practices upon bankers' checks, bills of exchange, and various species of mercantile, commercial, and other correspondence. Dated Dec. 10, 1822.

Jacob Perkins, late of Philadelphia, America, but now of Fleet-street, London, Engineer; for certain improvements in steam-engines. Communicated to him by a certain foreigner residing abroad. Dated Dec. 10, 1822.

Samuel Parker, the younger, of Argyle-street, St. James's, Westminster, Bronzist; for certain improvements in the construction of lamps. Dated Dec. 10, 1822.

William Bundy, of Fulham, Middlesex,

Mathematical Instrument-maker; for a machine for breaking, cleaning, and preparing flax, hemp, and other vegetable substances containing fibre. Dated Dec. 16, 1822.

Thomas Barnard Williamson Dudley, of King-street, St. Ann, Westminster, Merchant; for a method of making or manufacturing malleable cast metal shoes, for draft and riding horses, and other animals, upon a new and improved plan or principle. Dated Dec. 16, 1822.

John Nicholson, of Brook-street, Lambeth, Surrey, Engineer; for certain apparatus for the more conveniently applying heat to certain instruments of domestic uses. Dated Dec. 16, 1822.

John Bainbridge, of Bread-street, Cheapside, London, Merchant; for certain improvements on rotatory steam-engines. Communicated to him by Amos Thayer, junior, of Albany, America, Mechanist. Dated Dec. 16, 1822.

Matthias Wilks, of Deptford, Kent, seed-crusher; for a new method of refining oil, produced from seed. Dated Dec. 20, 1822.

Thomas Linley, of Sheffield, Yorkshire, Bellows-maker; for a method, different from any that has hitherto been invented or known, of increasing the force or power of bellows. Dated Dec. 20, 1822.

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE, ITALIAN OPERA.

WE have to announce the opening of this Theatre since our last number. It is now the only public resort of the nobility and the fashionable, into which persons of less exalted station can find admittance. The higher orders have long deserted the other Theatres, and an impartial inquiry into the causes of this desertion would not only be very interesting but highly instructive. If we mistake not, however, these causes would be found to spring from the general spread of knowledge, and the love of intellectual amusement among the mass of the people. The more ignorant mankind are, the more they delight in low amusements, pantomime and buffoonery; as the mists of ignorance are gradually dispelled by the light of knowledge, the amusements of a people are refined, pantomime and buffoonery are despised, and tragedy and comedy preferred. Following this scale of improvement, the Minor Theatres are deserted by the more refined part of the middle class of society; and the Winter Theatres by the nobility and the more affluent part of the commonality, who have kept almost exclusive possession of the Italian opera; which, we are sorry to say, they do not support in a manner becoming their claims to cultivated taste, nor in a way to do honour to the present state of the arts in this country. We do not wish to be severe in our strictures, nor shall we enter into any detail that may be unpleasant to the noblemen and gentlemen, who have the direction of this great establishment: In the conduct and proper appointment of which, all the lovers of art and refinement have such deep interest. Suffice it to say, that the internal decorations of this Theatre have undergone no repair nor embellishment during the recess, except the orchestra which has been enlarged, although such improvements were very far from being unnecessary.

On the 4th inst. this Theatre opened for the season, with Mozart's grand serious opera *La Clemenza di Tito*—a work so well known and so much admired, that even praise would be impertinent. In consequence of the temporary indisposition of M^{de} deBegnig, the part of *Vitellia* was assigned to Signora Caradori, who, although a pleasing performer, was not adequate to this arduous character. Her part

was necessarily allotted to another, and therefore, Madelle Cleriui performed *Servilia*. M^{de}. Camporese sustained the character of *Sesto* with her usual excellence. *Annio* was represented by Made, Graziani in male attire. Curioni, as *Tito*, omitted the original songs, which was unworthy of his high reputation. Placci was entitled to praise as *Publio*. *Le Carnaval de Venise* followed, in which Made^{lle} Aurelie and M. Amand made their first appearance in this Metropolis. The dancing of the former, and the acting of the latter, were respectable. At the end of the opera, *God save the King* was sung, as usual at the commencement of a season, by all the vocal performers.

Rossini's opera *La Gazza Ladra* has also been performed; in which Signor Porto was for the first time introduced to an English audience. His voice, as the part requires, is a bass of some depth and firmness, but not remarkable for clearness or flexibility: he was favourably received. M^{de}. Camporese supported the part of *Ninetta* with her usual spirit. On the 25th inst. M^{de}. Borgondio, from whom so much had been expected, made her *debut* at this Theatre, in the character of *Tancredi*, which used to be so exquisitely performed by M^{de}. Bellocchi, we are sorry to say, that we cannot compliment the establishment on their new acquisition so much as we anticipated. We think, however, that we discovered in her considerable diffidence, arising from a first appearance; although her evidently long experience of the stage, might lead us to a contrary opinion: we think that she considerably improved as the opera advanced towards the end, and that she may be an acquisition to the Theatre in other characters, but certainly not in that of *Tancredi*, for she appeared to us to want animation and power. Her acting as well as her singing are alike deficient in character and firmness. It is, however, ungenerous to criticise too severely on a first appearance, and we shall suspend any further observations until we shall have seen her in other characters. Signor Reina also made his first appearance, and is likely to prove a very useful addition. But Madame Ronzi de Begnis was the charm of the opera. She sustained the character of *Amenaide* with admirable

effect. Her great talents, in spite of her recent illness, from the effects of which she was evidently not recovered, left all the other performers far behind.

She was literally the support of the opera, and fully supported her high reputation.

DRURY LANE.

THE first novelty at this Theatre, during the month, has been a lively Piece in Two Acts, called, *Simpson and Co.* The plot is extremely slight, but the situations are exceedingly comic, and the equivoque which runs through it was kept up with unusual spirit and felicity. It was richly supported by Terry and Mrs. Davidson, and has been several times repeated with unanimous applause.

The new Pantomime called, *Harlequin Antiquary*, has been withdrawn. It would, therefore, be worse than useless, to enter upon its merits. Another, however, has been substituted, which deserves and has received a considerable portion of public approbation.—It is called, *Harlequin and the Golden Axe.* The scenery, indeed, is highly tasteful, particularly a fairy lake by moonlight, which is delightfully imaginative and picturesque. Various other scenes possess kindred merit, and the tricks are managed respectably. The introductory story is made out of the fable of the peasant who dropped his axe into the water, which being dived for by Mercury, the god brings up first a *golden*, and then a *silver* one, which the honest peasant refuses, but receives back his own with gratitude. The peasant becomes Harlequin; the greedy fellow who loses his axe in imitation, Pantaloon; his son, Clown; and his daughter, Columbine; and then to business as usual. The agility displayed by Blanchard as Pantaloon, Southey as Clown, and Bartlett as Scaramouch, was super-eminent in every thing but the graces. They might be compared to three ring-tailed monkeys for flexibility and *twistification*—Blanchard especially.

Another novelty is a new Drama entitled, *Augusta, or the Blind Girl*, borrowed from the French stage.—Augusta, the heroine (Mrs. W. West), has, at an early age, been afflicted with blindness. She resides with a female friend at the Castle of Rhinesbury. In one of her evening walks, when accompanied by Emily, the daughter of her protectress, the party are assailed by some rude young men. Ernest (Mr. Cooper) succours the insulted ladies, who retire. But Augusta, hearing the clang of arms, rushes towards the spot where her deliverer

is engaged with the party whom he had recently braved, and, in her endeavours to save a man whom she could not see, she receives a dreadful wound. Earnest is subsequently admitted into the Castle of Rhinesburg as a tutor, and falls in love with the blind lady. After a short sojourn he proceeds to Paris, where he learns the art of an Oculist; determined to open the eyes of his intended, before he espoused her. After a lapse of three years, he emerges from his lowly station by the death of his relations, and becomes Count Hartzburg with considerable riches. The will of his uncle is, however, a great alloy to his happiness. Mr. Bloomberg, a near relation of the uncle, had married Caroline (Mrs. Davidson) and, on his death, had bequeathed to her a handsome annuity. This bequest the uncle of Hartzburg had long contended; and he declared by his will, that the suit should proceed, unless Caroline consented to marry the Count. On his journey to Rhinesburg Castle, the young nobleman pays a visit to Caroline, with whom Augusta, who is nearly related to her, is then residing. Here the lovers meet and are, as usual, full of ecstasy, but poor Augusta is soon rendered very unhappy by the ill-founded suspicions of Hernand (Mr. Penley) who leads her to believe, that Hartzberg means to deceive her, and that the rich contingent heiress Caroline is the object, if not of his affection at least of his ambition. The blind lady, however, conceals herself in a favourable place, and hears her beloved Hartzberg decline a marriage with Caroline. She hears him speak of Augusta with raptures.—She rushes from her hiding place—she expresses her admiration of a man, who sacrifices fortune to affection; and, as the greatest proof of her love, she suffers him to exert his skill for the restoration of her sight. He succeeds, and the drama closes with various exclamations of surprise on the part of the person thus miraculously relieved.—It has succeeded, if a moderate degree of applause can be called success, which arises more from the good-nature than the satisfaction of an audience. The goodness of the moral contributed not a little to its success.

The tragedy of *Brutus* has been performed at this Theatre. Mr. Kean, of course, acted the Roman Patriot, and never did we see him in fuller possession of his powers, or more competent to afford gratification to every admirer of the genuine drama, and every friend to manly and classical ambition. He received throughout the performance the most animated testimonies of general approbation.

The tragedy of *Cymbeline* has also been performed, and a young lady, whose name is Williams, assumed the part of Imogen. Miss Williams is not entirely new upon the stage, for she has played at Bath and elsewhere. She is scarcely of middle stature, her form is slight, her features good and intelli-

gent are distinguished by a pensive, thoughtful cast, extremely appropriate to the expression of a deep and quiet grief. Her voice is indifferent, but its ordinary tones are low and sweet. Her general style of speaking has much more to do with art than with nature. In some passages, however, she delivered herself up to the illusion of the scene, and she proportionably succeeded. Her performance, on the whole, was very well received by a crowded house. Mr. Kean sustained the character of Posthumous most admirably. Mr. Young's Iachimo was excellent, and we certainly never saw him play the character so well. Mr. Cooper's Guiderius was a sensible performance.

CORVENT GARDEN.

The tragedy of the *Earl of Essex*, by Jones, has been represented, and was very strongly cast, followed by the new pantomime which is now firmly fixed in the favour of the public. Though very simple in its structure, and limited in the number of its characters, this tragedy has survived for no short period, partly on account of the interesting historical foundation on which it rests, and partly from the rude fidelity with which the author has represented nature in her conflicts with passion and calamity. The part of Earl of Essex was assigned to Mr. Macready, who entered fully into its spirit, and displayed the qualities of that unfortunate nobleman powerfully and judiciously. Miss Lacy ably sustained the character of Elizabeth, Miss Kelly supported the part of Rutland, and we exceedingly regretted that she had so little to do. Her performance was excellent, but the character infinitely beneath her great talents. Mrs. Faucit performed Nottingham very well, but nothing could render a character so repulsive interesting, and which history has done so much to render odious, and poetry so little to redeem. The tragedy was received with much applause, which was a tribute paid to the performers only, not to the play.

Miss Paton made her first appearance since her illness in the Opera of *Artaxerxes*, and performed the charac-

of Mandane. She gave all the airs with that perfect execution which can only result from the combined influence of nature and art. Mr. Pearman as Arbaces, Mr. Durnset as Artaxerxes, Mr. Isaacs as Artabanes, and Miss Love as Semira, acquitted themselves in a creditable manner. The abridged comedy of the *London Hermit* followed, which was succeeded by the new pantomime of *Harlequin and the Ogress*, which produced bursts of laughter by its tricks, and admiration by the rapid execution of the changes, and its magnificent scenery.

Shakspeare's historical play, *King Henry the Eighth*, has also been represented at this theatre. A Mrs Ogilby made her first appearance in the character of Queen Katharine. Her person is well adapted for the stage, to which she is evidently no stranger. She is above the middle stature, her countenance rather strongly marked, and her voice soft and harmonious. She went through the part in a meritorious manner and was much applauded. Mr. Macready sustained the character of Wolsey, and although it is too quiet, too much in repose for him, yet he could not fail to please us. His sorrow was natural and penetrating, and his reproaches bitter and caustic. Mr. Egerton, as the King, successfully represented the rude and overhearing spirit of the character.

POLITICAL DIGEST.

FRANCE.—The pacific news from France, which arrived immediately after we had written our Political Digest for last month, filled every English heart, that throbs in unison with the cause of humanity and rational liberty, with sanguine hopes, that the peace of the Continent would not be disturbed by those *Canons* of arbitrary power, now happily rendered obsolete by the general diffusion of knowledge. These cheering anticipations appeared to derive confirmation by the dismissal from the French Cabinet of the Duke de Montmorency, whose situation was immediately filled by Viscount Chateaubriand, who advocated peaceful measures at the Congress of Verona, in opposition to the Duke. M. de Villèle's note, addressed to the Spanish Government, also appeared by its pacific tone to encourage those pleasing expectations. But during the present month, the political horizon has again been overcast with a dense cloud of fears and apprehensions. The Bourbon Government of France seem determined to exert their strength in Spain, and will, if successful, without doubt, bestow on the French people the same blessings they are now preparing for the Spaniards—an increased Royal prerogative—a diminution of the representative power—the re-establishment of the Inquisition—and all the long train of political blessings that render a King independent on his people. Will the French, whose fickleness was once proverbial, fight against those principles of liberty, for which they have so much and so long suffered? If they can be thus base, they deserve all the evils which such a struggle must produce, whether they are victorious or conquered; if victorious, they will be only forging in Spain fetters for themselves; if conquered, they will be doomed to expiate their crime of unprovoked aggression by the humiliating submission to a foreign conqueror. We, however, hope better things from the French people; they have tasted of liberty, and found the draught sweet; they have afterwards drank of the cup of misfortune, and found it bitter. To turn this bitter into sweet, they must assist the friends of constitutional liberty,—not oppress them.—Let them imitate the generous English, who, from one end of the kingdom to the other, sympathise with the Spaniards, and heartily wish them success in the perilous conflict that

now seems impending. Let, also, the Bourbon Government of France imitate the present enlightened policy of the English ministry, if they be desirous of securing the present dynasty.

We have been led into this train of reasoning by the late events, and by the conviction that this war against Spain would not be long waged, before the French troops would turn against the Ultras of their own country, rather than fight for those of Spain. Accounts from the Army of Observation confirm this opinion, for according to the *Courrier Français*, several officers, who were at the bridge of Livia, when Mina showed his amicable disposition towards the French troops, have been dismissed. A Major of the 18th, a Captain of Grenadiers, and six other officers of the same regiment, are mentioned as no longer forming part of the Army of Observation. The 32d, some companies of which witnessed the defeat of the Army of the Faith on the 28th and 29th, has lost 350 men by leave of absence being granted them; they have taken the road to Perpignan, to return to their respective homes.

During the late negotiations between France and Spain, the English Ministry have conferred on their country and themselves an imperishable honour, by twice offering the mediation of this country, first by the Duke of Wellington, and secondly by Sir William A'Court. This mediation has been refused by the French Bourbons, whose conduct reminds us,

Quem deus vult perdere, prius dementat

The French minister at Madrid, it seems, has orders to quit Spain, and troops are certainly moving southward to reinforce the Army of Observation. The King is understood to be inclined to peace and quiet in his old age, but it would appear that there are more powerful personages at the Tuilleries than his Majesty—a sort of ultra *imperialism in imperio*, by which war has been decided on. The approaching meeting of the Chambers is regarded as likely to prove decisive of this long-agitated question. But let the decision be what it may, it is impossible that hostilities can take place for some time, for the season alone must occasion considerable delay.

SPAIN.—We cannot look back upon the recent history of this noble country without gratitude and respect. We cannot forget that it was mainly owing

to the struggles of this magnanimous people that the entire continent of Europe did not, ere this, succumb to the yoke of one solitary despot. The people of all European countries can never forget the gratitude they owe to Spain, it belongs only to emperors and kings and princes to prove themselves ungrateful, and to bury in the ruins of a great nation their benefactors and deliverers. The attempt, however, will be in vain, and the iniquity of the measure will, we hope, be equalled by the humiliating nature of their defeat.

The Ambassadors of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, at Madrid, have delivered most insulting communications from their respective governments to the Spanish Ministry; and nothing can be more manly or more just than the brief contempt with which the Spanish Minister, San Miguel, answers the several notes of the Envoys. To the Prussian's cant about the "good wishes" of his master, the Spaniard replies with a happy pleasantry, that the "good wishes" are mutual. To the Austrian's pretence that the Court of Vienna cannot in conscience maintain its diplomatic relations with Spain, he makes answer, that Spain is quite indifferent on that score, and incloses the passports. And to the Russian's impudent string of flagrant falsehoods and insulting expressions, Senor San Miguel returns a just and spirited reproof of the "very insolent tone" of the Note, and adds an intimation, that the sooner he leaves the Peninsula, the better.

These Notes have been taken into consideration by the Cortes, and the prudent and magnanimous manner in which all parties coalesced for the purpose of strengthening their government, and repressing the insolent interference of the Holy Alliance, must for ever endear them to the whole Spanish nation and their posterity. As we have not room for the insertion of the Notes of the Allied Sovereigns, we will only insert an official Spanish document, by which those Notes may be easily inferred.

Note transmitted to the Charges d'Affaires at the Courts of Vienna, Berlin, and Petersburg

"Under this date I communicate to the Charge d'Affaires of his Majesty at the Court of ———, by royal order, the following:—

"The Government of his Majesty has received communication of a Note from ——— to its Charge d'Affaires at this Court, a copy of which Note is transmitted to your Excellency for your information.

"This document, full of perverted facts, defamatory suppositions, accusations equally unjust and slanderous, and vague requests, does not call for any categorical and formal reply on any of its points. The Spanish Government, deferring to a more convenient opportunity the exhibiting to all nations, in a public and solemn manner, its sentiments, its principles, its determinations, and the justice of the cause of the generous nation at the head of which it is placed, is, for the present, content to declare—

"1. The Spanish Nation is governed by a Constitution, which has been solemnly recognised by the Emperor of Russia.

"2. The Spaniards, friends to their country, proclaimed, at the commencement of 1812, that Constitution which was abolished by violence alone in 1814.

"3. The Constitutional King of Spain freely exercises the Powers which the Constitution has bestowed upon him.

"4. The Spanish Nation does not interest itself with the internal government of other nations.

"5. The remedy of the evils, which afflict the Spanish Nation is for its own consideration alone.

"6. Those evils are not the result of the Constitution, but rather of the efforts of its enemies to destroy it.

"7. The Spanish Nation will not acknowledge the right of any Power to interfere in its affairs.

"8. The Government will never deviate from the line traced by its duties, by national honour, and by its unalterable attachment to the Constitution sworn to in 1812.

"I authorise you to communicate verbally this letter to the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Power with whom you reside, and to supply him with a copy if he require one.

"His Majesty hopes that the prudence, zeal, and patriotism which distinguish you, will suggest to you a conduct firm and worthy of the Spanish name, under existing circumstances.

"The above is what I have the honour to communicate to your Excellency by order of his Majesty, and I seize this opportunity to renew the assurances of my distinguished consideration, praying God to preserve your life many years. I kiss your hands.

Your attentive and constant servant,
"EVARISTO SAN MIGUEL."

The Spanish Government are actively preparing for a warlike alternative; and the drawing by lot for the army goes on very actively in all the pro-

vinces. The Cortes have placed at the disposition of Government all the active militia, so that in the month of March they will have on foot an army of 150,000 men, without comprehending the national militia, which amounts at least to 100,000 men, and who are distinguished in nothing from the troops of the line. Some battalions coming from the interior are on their route for Navarre; others are marching upon Arragon and Catalonia; these three armies will form a body of 80,000 men.

The Cortes have passed a decree on the subject of the reclamations made by England for losses to her subjects by piracies and captures for violation of blockade in the West Indies. Spain admits the claims generally, leaving their particular amount to be determined by future arrangements; and a sum of 40,000,000 of reals (400,000*l.*) is inscribed in the Great Book, to answer them when adjusted.

PORTUGAL.—A circumstance has occurred relative to this country, as honourable to the good faith of the English government as it must be gratifying to all the Portuguese. England will not suffer its ancient ally to be overrun by the armies of the Holy Alliance. In a recent sitting of the Cortes the Minister for Foreign Affairs informed the Cortes, that his Majesty having required from Great Britain a frank declaration of its views in regard to the menacing attitude of the Holy Alliance towards the Peninsula, the British Minister made the following reply:—"The English govern-

ment having solemnly declared, in the face of the world, that it does not assume the existence of a right of intervention in the internal concerns of other states, England will feel herself obliged to lend to this kingdom all the succour of which it may stand in need, as often as its independence may be menaced by any other power, in any manner whatever." This promise, which is only the repetition of that which England has made under other circumstances and at various times, has no relation, and can have none, with our political institutions; its object being simply to declare that those institutions have not changed, in any manner, the relations which heretofore existed between the two countries.

TURKEY AND GREECE.—The Janissaries are quite paramount at Constantinople. The Sultan has been obliged to issue a decree in which the deputies of the Janissaries are made a necessary part of the Divan; and great powers had been given to the Ulemahs or lawyer-priests. The heads of Haleh Effendi, of the grand Vizier, and of the Director of the Customs, have been brought into Constantinople; and a few ships of the Turkish fleet defeated by the Greeks, having arrived at that city, the principal officers were instantly beheaded.—Chourschid Pacha, suspected of having plundered the treasures of the famous Ali Pacha, of Jannina, has forfeited his head in consequence of this accusation, whether just or not.

MONTHLY MEMORANDA.

The following ministerial changes have, we understand, been determined on:—Mr. Brugge Bathurst retires. Mr. Vansittart takes the Duchy of Lancaster, and is to be raised to the Peerage. Mr. Frederick Robinson is to have the Chancellorship of the Exchequer; and Mr. Huskisson is to succeed Mr. Robinson as President of the Board of Trade. Lord Francis Conyngham is appointed Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, in the room of Mr. Backhouse. Right Hon. C. Arbuthnot is to the office of Woods and Forests. Mr. Lushington takes Mr. Arbuthnot's situation at the Treasury, and Mr. Herries is to be appointed to the Secretaryship which Mr. Lushington held. Mr. Turner, who has lately gone to Madrid from the Foreign Office, is deputed to attend the Commission there, with the particulars of the claims on the part of British mer-

chants, for the losses sustained by them in the South American Seas.

At a Court of Directors held at the East India House, Richard Thomas Goodwin, Esq. was appointed to a seat in Council in Bombay, in the room of Guy Lenox Prendergast, Esq. and James Joseph Sparrow, Esq. was appointed a Provisional Member of Council at Bombay.

The Reverend Reginald Heber is appointed to the vacant See of Calcutta. Mr. Heber goes out to India forthwith.

Very numerous and respectable meetings have been held in the counties of York, Herefordshire, Somersetshire, Norfolk, and Berkshire, for the purpose of passing resolutions relative to the distressed state of agriculture, and the propriety of petitioning for parliamentary reform. Similar meetings are soon to be convened in the counties of

Middlesex, Lincoln, Devon, Kent, and Surry.

Wilton, lately celebrated for the manufacture of carpets, flannels, and other branches in the woollen trade, is nearly depopulated by the emigration of the principal manufacturers to Kidderminster. The three inns are metamorphosed into pot-houses, and not 401. a week paid to the tradesmen, who, but a few years ago, generally received 5001. to circulate among their neighbours.

Mr. Telford, engineer, has reported the practicability of making Norwich a port, by cutting a navigation to the sea for vessels drawing ten feet water, either by Yarmouth or Lowestoffe—expense by way of the former estimated at about 49,000l. by Lowestoffe 96,000l.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.—*Walking Dress.*—The braided pelisses, which were but partially patronised on their first appearance, are now in high favour with those ladies of rank who may be said to lead the fashions. Over a round dress of milk-white bombazine or Norwich crape, is a close pelisse of puce-coloured cachemere, ornamented down the front and round the border with a peculiarly rich braiding in silk, the flowers of which represent the Caledonian thistle; two beautiful long branches of the same braiding rise from the points that terminate the bottom of the facings, and form a superb ornament in front, on each side of the border. The ornaments across the bust consist of a braiding in foliage only; but it has a very rich appearance, being composed of several rows reaching across the front to the fore part of each shoulder. The manchettes are plain, and are almost close to the sleeve; these are finished with one row of leaves in braiding. A belt of black velvet, fastened in front with a polished steel buckle, confines the pelisse round the waist. The bonnet is of puce-coloured velvet, lined with white satin, and crowned in front with a plume of white ostrich feathers: a veil of Chantilly lace is thrown carelessly across the brim of the bonnet, but this is not always adopted.—A single frill of the finest Mechlin lace is worn round the throat; and a muff of the white Siberian fox, with half-boots of puce-coloured kid, and light doe-skin gloves, finish this promenade dress.

Morning Dress.—Roman dress, or blouse, of fine cambric muslin; the body and skirt are in one, and of nearly equal fulness, which is prin-

cipally collected in the front and in the middle of the back, and confined round the waist with a red narrow band, fastened by a steel buckle; it is made high, nearly to the throat, and is gaged with four rows of pink braiding. The sleeve is easy, and has an epaulette with full trimming, braided at the edge, and a double ruffle at the wrist; round the bottom of the skirt are five narrow flounces, edged with pink braiding. Cap of sprig net, with border of British Lisle lace; cottage front; the caul rather full, and separated half way into eight divisions, edged with a rouleau of satin: four, alternately, are fastened to the head-piece: the others are trimmed with lace, and rather elevated, forming a light and elegant crown; a wreath of delicate flowers, the forget-me-not and the heliotrope, decorate the front—Coral ear-rings, rose-coloured gloves, and corded silk shoes.

Ball Dress.—White *crepe lisse* dress, worn over a bright pink satin slip, the *corsage* of white satin, cut bias, and fits the shape.—It is ornamented with simple elegance, being separated into narrow straps, nearly two inches deep, and edged with two small folds of *crepe lisse* set in a narrow band of folded white satin, finished with a tucker of the finest blond lace. The sleeve is short, of very full white *crepe lisse* partly concealed by two rows of white satin diamonds, edged with pink *crepe lisse*, and united by half a dozen minute folds of white satin; at the bottom of the dress is one row of large full puffs, or *bouffantes* of white *crepe lisse*; between each are eight white satin loops, attached to *bouffantes*, and surrounding a cluster of half-blown China roses. The hair, without ornament, *à la Grecque*. Ear-rings, necklace, armlets, and bracelets, of dead gold, with pink topazes and emeralds interspersed, and fastened by padlock-snaps studded with emeralds. Long white kid gloves. Pink satin shoes.

Mr. Putnam's readings and recitations at the Argyle Rooms were very respectably attended; the company were warm in their applauses, and received the announcement of a repetition for Thursday, the 6th of February, with evident satisfaction. Mr. Putnam is equally happy in the selection and the delivery of his pieces; and, while he seems studiously to avoid all meretricious ornament, he never fails in bringing out the discriminating character of the various styles.

EARTHQUAKE IN SYRIA.—The loss of life, the number of maimed and wounded, the destruction of property, the length of time during which the shocks have been continued, the diseases to which the exposure of the people to the sun by day, and the cold dews by night, have given rise,—all give to this calamity a peculiarly awful character.

The spirit of travelling having induced many of our fellow-subjects to visit the eastern parts of the Mediterranean, now desolated by the horrors, which have been the consequence of the long-continued earthquake in Syria, and our countrymen having been received with generous hospitality; it

cannot be doubted but that some liberal return will be made to assist them in the deplorable and wretched circumstances in which they are now placed. It is a high gratification, that so sure a channel as that of the Levant Company is opened for the conveyance of British benevolence, and that such respectable means are adopting for an impartial and judicious distribution, according to the ascertained degrees of misery of the various individuals. We have heard with pleasure that the Committee for managing the collection have already forwarded a second sum of One Thousand Pounds to their treasurer at Constantinople.

BIRTHS.

SONS.

The Lady of the Hon. J. H. Knox, at Brussels
The Lady of B. J. Hodges, Esq. Lambeth
The Comtesse de la Warr, at Bourn Hall, Cambridge
The Lady of Sir James Milles Riddell, (son and daughter) Edinburgh
The Lady of J. Graham, Esq. Gower-street
The Lady of Lieut. Gen. Bell, Doughty-street
The Lady of H. Pownall Esq. Russell-square
The Lady of Mr. W. Harris, Clapham
The Lady of W. H. Turner, Esq. Walthamstow
The Lady of J. Collyer, Esq. Walthamstow
Lady Frederica Stanhope, South Audley-st.
The Lady of the Rev. H. L. Dillon
The Lady of W. J. Burdell, Esq. Twickenham
The Lady of Captain R. L. Lewis, Southgate
The Lady of N. C. Billiard, Esq. Bernarl-st.
The Lady of Dr. Thos. Munroe, Bedford-place

Mrs. Cole, Highbury terrace
The Lady of E. J. Crutchley, Esq. Ditton-common, Surrey
The Lady of W. Boyd, jun. Esq. Shamrock lodge, Belfast
Mrs. Otway, Staplehurst, Kent
The Lady of J. Graham, Esq. Gloucester place
The Lady of J. W. Bromley, Esq. Bernarl-st. Russell-square
The Lady of T. Rowland, Esq. Panton-square
The Lady of Chas. R. Morgan, Esq. Upper Beiloid place
The Lady of John Graham, Esq. Gower-street
The Lady of C. Cuff, Esq. Devonshire-place
The Lady of B. Antrobus, Esq. Hereford-street
The Lady of B. G. Hodges, Esq. Lambeth
The Lady of W. Lowndes, Esq. Upper Bedford-place, Russell-square.

DAUGHTERS.

The Lady of A. Wigham, Esq. Stamford-hi
The Lady of E. B. Thornton, Esq. Paris
The Lady of Mr. Otway, Cottage, Staplehurst, Kent
The Lady of Mr. J. Gathley, Queenhithe
The Lady of F. De Courtenay, Esq. Waterloo-place
The Lady of H. Blacker, Esq. South-street, Finsbury-square
The Lady of W. Colborne, Esq. Little Berk-hampstead
The Lady of J. Barker, Esq. North End Villa, Fulham
The Lady of the Hon. W. Cust
The Lady of B. Rickets, Esq. Portland-place
The Lady of J. Hodson, Esq. M.P.
The Lady of the Rev. John Horseman, B. D. : Essex

The Hon. Mrs. Thos. Erskine
Mrs. Humber, Queenborough, Kent
The Lady of Henry Meux, Esq. Bromley-common, Kent
The Lady of J. B. Rickets, Esq. Portland-place
The Lady of Captain J. Wilson, R. N. Bristol
The Lady of the Hon. and Rev. T. L. Dundas, North Cray
The Lady of W. H. Hewitt, Esq. Clapham-common
Mrs. W. G. Kirkpatrick, Isleworth
The Lady of H. C. Berkeley, Esq. Montague-street, Russell-square
The Lady of J. B. Rooper, Esq. Woodbury Hall, Cambridge
The Lady of W. J. Burdett, Esq. Twickenham
Lady Frederica Stanhope—both since dead.

MARRIAGES.

Allen, Rev. John, Jun, Ylminster, to
Mourant, Miss R. C. New Bond-street
Allen, T. D. esq. Chaepeide, to
Webber, Miss, Exmouth
Bostock, Ellis, esq., East Grinstead, Sussex, to
Waddington, Miss Emma, Leman-street
Block, Mr. James, Kentish Town, to
Wilson, Miss Susan, Edinburgh
Eur. Mag. Jan. 1823.

Bompas, C. C. Esq. Bristol, to
Tomkins, Miss M. Steele, Broughton, Hants.
Baker, Thomas, esq. Dillon place, Kent, to
Camefield, Miss A. E. Groombridge
Bryant, Captain Judge Advocate, to
Churchill, Miss M. A. Gloucester-place
Bellers, R. esq. New Lodge, Brickhamstead, to
Bridges, Miss Eliz. Gloucester-place

M

Berkwith, Thomas, esq. Bedford-place, to
 Spottiswoode, Miss Sophia
 Brass Captain W. St. Borolphis, to
 Stanes Miss E. Minorles
 Bury, John, esq. Southgate, to
 Bellamy Miss Ann, Trinity-square
 Croismaire, Le Compt de, to
 Syer, Miss S. daughter of Sir W. S. Bombay
 Cassidy, Lieut. Col. 1st W. I. reg. to
 Troy, Miss, Wells, Norfolk
 Craigie, Major John, to
 Churchill, Miss Emily, Gloucester-place
 Coombs, Rev. J. A. Manchester, to
 Miss Eliz. Highbury place
 Chater, Mr. N. Fleet-street, to
 Wanestrocht, Miss M. Alfred House, Surry
 Dymoke, Henry, esq. Scrively Courts Line, to
 Pearce, Miss Emma, Richmond
 Dance, Henry, esq. Manchester-street, to
 Matthias, Miss, Saville-row
 Dyer, C. A. esq. Little Ilford, to
 Greenhill, Miss Sarah, East Ham, Essex
 Dawson, Mr. J. Camberwell, to
 Derrett, Miss Emma, Gloucestershire
 Dodson, John, of Doctor's Commons, L.L. D. to
 Pearson, Miss, George-street, Hanover-sq
 Edwards, Mr. George, Halthax, to
 Smith, Miss Eliza, Cateaton street
 Fernor, Hon Major Gen. to
 Borough, Miss, daughter of Sir R. B. bart.

Hogan, W. jun. esq. Dublin, to
 Lea, Miss Ann, Kidderminster
 Hartley, Rev. R. S. M. A. Haydon-bridge, to
 Gilpen, Miss Mary, Whitehaven
 Lalson, John, esq. Bread-street, to
 Barrow, Miss, Forton Lodge, Hants,
 Leatham, Flintoff, esq. Pontefracts, to
 Blackburn, Miss E. Clapham Common
 Longlands, Rev. D. Oxford, to
 Pendlill, Miss J. Campbell, Bath
 May, James, esq. Blackheath road, to
 Collyer, Mrs. of the same place
 Montefiores J. esq. Kennington, to
 Mocatta, Miss, Woburn-place
 Neal, Mr. Edward, of Newel-court, to
 Lock, Miss Frances, Edgeware-road
 Pugh, John, esq. Gray's Inn, to
 Singer, Miss, C. J. Beckington, Somerset.
 Reeves, Charles, esq. Ely-place, to
 Edmonds, Miss Elizabeth, Clapham
 Stone, J. A. esq. Argyle-street, to
 Gream, Miss F. A. Richmond
 Saunders, Mr. Richard, St. James's, to
 Chew, Miss, Leighton-Buzzard.
 Whitbread, Geo. esq. to
 Binaud, Miss S. C. Regent's Park
 Wright, Henry, esq. Conhill, to
 Wills, Miss, of Camberwell Grove, Surry
 Ward, John, esq. Christ's College, Cambridge, to
 Merriman, Miss Ann, Brook-street.

DEATHS.

Abbs, Henry, Fifth son of B. Abbs, esq. of
 Cleadon-house, Durlam, 15
 Blackbourne, Mrs. the wife of J. B. esq.
 M. P. for Lancashire—Banfield, J. esq. 87—
 Briscoe, the Dowager Lady, Southampton-
 row, 67—Burton, Mrs. Mary, sister of F.
 Burton, esq. Upper Brook-street—Brotherston,
 Mr. Dentist, Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury-
 square, 83—Charlotte, daughter of Mr. John
 Blandy, of the Island of Madeira, Boston-
 place—The Right Hon. the Dowager Lady
 Blantyre, Lennox-grove—Brown Captain E.
 Royal Marines—Becket, Mrs. Sarah Camber-
 well, 68.
 Clantree, J. S. esq. Bloomsbury-square—
 Cole, Martin, esq. Southampton-street, Blooms-
 bury, 70—Currie, T. Earle, esq. Liverpool—
 Louisa Caroline, daughter of Sir J. Colleton,
 Bart. and wife of Rear Admiral, Richard
 Graves—Coles, Mrs. M. Little Trinity-lane,
 Queenhithe, 71—Cape, Mr. Thomas, Pantons-
 square, 52.
 Drury, Mrs. of Covent Garden, 69—Drog-
 beda, Marquis of, Dublin, 94—Dohree, Mrs.
 Caroline Clapton, 27—Davis, Ann, relict of
 T. Davis, esq. Great Surrey-street—Dent, W.
 esq. Wandsworth-common, 83.
 Evans, Rev. E. A. B. Hiranant, Montgome-
 ryshire—Ellice, Mrs. H. East Sheen—Egre-
 mont, the Countess of Waterloo-place, 53
 Freer, Lucy, the wife of the Rev. R. Freer,
 Cumberland-street Chapel, 64—Fenwick, Ni-
 cholas, esq. Lewington, Northumberland—
 Freer, George, esq. Birmingham—Fillingham,
 Mrs. Ann, esq. Seymour-street, 71
 Graves, Mrs. widow of the late C. Graves,
 esq.—Glover, Col. John, Bath—Graham, Thos.
 Brookborough, 102.
 Hudson, Sarah, wife of J. A. Hudson, esq.
 M. P. for Wigan—Henckel, James, esq.
 Wandsworth-common—Hadden, Mrs. widow of
 the late Dr. Hadden, rector of Stepney—Ann,
 daughter of the late G. Hicks, M. D. St. James's-
 palace—Hall, Janes, esq.—Hore, Herbert, Wm.
 esq. commander in the R. N. Ryde, Isle of
 Wight, 36—Hambley, Miss A. L. Sittinghour,
 Kent—Huiston, John Pratt, esq. Newman-
 street, 58
 Ireland, Caroline, the wife of E. Ireland, esq.
 Hon. E. J. Company's Naval Service.
 Jones, Miss Sophia, Gover's-walk, Good-
 man's-fields.
 Kingston, Caroline, Countess Dowager of, 69—
 Kent, Mary, daughter of B. Kent, esq. Cashie-
 bridge, Watford, Herts—King, Mr. M. P.
 Cheneys-street, Bedford-square, 50
 Lane, Mrs. relict of the late T. Lane, esq.

Great Ormond-street—Lancaster, W. N. esq.
 Walthamstow, 45—Leader, Mrs. Ann, Well-
 street, Oxford-street—The Lady Catherine Tin-
 ney Long, Draycot, Wiltshire—Leach, John,
 esq.—Leycester, Ralph, esq. Tott, Cheshire, 86,
 Montague, The Right Hon. Francis Vis-
 countess Dowager—Miller, Miss C. D. Harlow,
 Vicarage—Morris, Mr. R. only son of J.
 Morris, esq. East Hill, Wandsworth—Mangles,
 Letitia, the wife of R. Mangles, esq. Summing-
 hill, Essex—Macclesfield, Mary Frances,
 Countess of Meggs, Mrs. relict of the late
 H. Meggs, esq. of the county of Dorset—Mil-
 roy, Mrs. George-yard, Lombard-street—Mel-
 ton, Mrs. M. A. Walcot-place, 33—Merrick,
 Richard, esq. Backton-house, Chichester, 72—
 Musgrave, Lady, relict of Sir R. Musgrave,
 Bart. Bauesley, Gloucestershire
 Nash, Samuel, esq. Skinner-street
 Olive, Rev. James, rector of St. Paul's,
 Bristol.
 Phillips, Miss E. A. Wandsworth-road—
 Pett, Samuel, esq. Clapton, 58—Pegger, Mrs.
 Jane, Brighton—Phillip, Mr. Wm. High Hol-
 born, 53—Plummer, Dr. Swaby, M. D. son of
 the late—Plummer, esq. Jamaica
 Strettell, Mrs. relict of the late E. Strettell,
 esq. advocate-gen. at Calcutta—Saunders, Mrs.
 Wm. Chapel-street, Grosvenor-square—Saville,
 J. esq. Little Waltham-ledge, 50—Snow, George,
 esq. Langton, 78—The wife of Robert Selby,
 esq. and sister to the Earl of Shrewsbury,
 Portman-square, 62—Smith Richard, esq. North
 End, Hammersmith, 63—Sutton, Henry, esq.
 Tavistock-place—Stanhope, Lady Frederica.
 Taylor, Jane, the wife of J. S. Taylor, esq.
 Bedford-row, 35—Taylor, Mr. George Burn-
 foot Stapleton, 103—Tay, Mr. J. dw. solicitor,
 Stockwell, Thorp, Samuel, esq. Walthamstow,
 85—Till, Maria, wife of John Till, esq. Chatham-
 place, Hackney.
 Victor, C. P. wife of Lieut. G. Victor, London.
 Warr, infant son of the Earl and Countess
 de la—White, Rev. R. Y. B. D. Newton Valence.
 Hants—West, Thomas, Esq. Twickenham, 73—
 Woodoffe, George, esq. late chief prothonotary
 of the court of common pleas—Elizabeth, wife
 of George Wilmott, esq. Shoreham, Kent—
 Wormald, Richard, esq. Leeds, 48—Warner,
 Mrs. Ruth, Stockwell, 81—Wilson, Marianne,
 daughter of Thomas Wilson, Esq. M. P.—
 Whitefield, George, B. esq. Denham, Bucks,
 60—Wilkie, Patrick, esq. Sloane-street, 80—
 Young, Chas. K. esq. son of the late lamented
 Professor Young, of Glasgow, 27—Young,
 George, esq. Camberwell, 63—Yallowley, Mrs.
 Grace, 78

SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF TRADE.

The *Secretary* to the SOCIETY of GUARDIANS for the PROTECTION of TRADE by Circulars has informed the Members thereof, that at the present January Westminster Sessions,

GEORGE SMITH was convicted for fraudulently obtaining Goods from Messrs. Roberts, Griffiths and Crick, Members of this Society, by falsely pretending that he was the servant of Messrs. Harding, Ashby and Co. also Members of this Society. And I am

directed to inform you that the persons undernamed, viz.

PETER UPDELL, late of 16, Clement's Inn, and now in White Cross Street Prison; and

WILLIAM NORTON, Market Gardener, of Biggleswade, Bedfordshire, attending the Market of Watford, Hertfordshire, are reported to this Society as improper to be proposed to be ballotted for as Members thereof.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(London, Jan. 24.)

COTTON.—The Cotton market continues very quiet; the sales since our last are confined to small parcels of Bengals and Surats. The India sale declared for the 7th proximo, consists now of about 27,000 bags, viz.—14,429 Bengals—6656 Surats—6364 Madras.

SUGAR.—The demand for Muscovades this week has been steady, and the business done very considerable; the late prices are fully maintained.

The Sugar market to-day has closed exceedingly firm, and we think a general advance of 1s. per cwt. since Tuesday may be stated.

In the Refined market there have been few purchases, on account of the navigation being suspended; no reduction in the prices can be stated, yet the trade is very heavy to-day. The price of Molasses 29s.

In Foreign Sugars there have been no purchases reported; few parcels are offering for sale.

COFFEE.—The public sale yesterday was considerable; it consisted of 324 casks 83 bags British Plantation, and 104 bags St. Domingo: the former was chiefly Demerara and Berbice descriptions, which sold rather lower than by private contract; the greater portion of the Jamaica Coffee was taken in; good ordinary brown rank 95s. *a* 98s. 6d.; clean good ordinary coloury 101s. *a* 104s. 6d.; ordinary pale St. Domingo sold at 100s. Generally of the public sale it may be stated that the whole went off heavily, and generally at lower prices.

This forenoon there were no public sales, and no purchases by private contract were reported.

FRUIT.—A cargo of new Turkey was put up to public sale on Tuesday last, prices obtained as follows;—fine Carabourna 66s. inferior 63s.; Red

Smyrnas 60s. *a* 61s.; Black Smyrnas. (fine) a large parcel, a few lots only of which appeared to be sold, from 45s. *a* 46s.; small drums pulled Figs 59s. *a* 61s. half-drums 52s. *a* 54s., quarter-chests 45s., quality very good; also a cargo of new Currants from Cephalonia, the greater part appeared to have been taken in, and the prices obtained for those sold were from 114s. *a* 116s.

CORN.—The business of the Corn market has been completely interrupted by the severe weather; the only purchases reported are a few parcels of Oats for immediate consumption, for which the buyers are obliged to pay an advance of 2s. *a* 3s. per quarter; the quotations of every description of Grain are nominal.

RUM, BRANDY, AND HOLLANDS.—The Government contract for 100,000 gallons of Rum coming out this morning unexpectedly, has a very favourable effect upon the market; the purchases this forenoon are considerable, and generally at rates which were not attainable previously.—Brandy continues to be held with much firmness.—In Geneva few sales are reported, but the holders are asking high prices, on account of the scarcity.

SALTPETRE.—The demand has lately been considerable, on account of the warlike reports; the prices are fully 1s. higher.

TALLOW.—Notwithstanding the great consumption of Tallow during the present season, yet the market must be stated lower, and heavy at the decline; the nearest price of Yellow Candle Tallow to-day is 39s.

INDIGO.—The fine Indigo, at the India House, has supported the former prices; all other descriptions are lower.

LIST OF BANKRUPTS AND DIVIDENDS,

FROM SATURDAY, DEC. 21, TO SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1823.

Extracted from the London Gazette.

N.B. All the Meetings are at the *Court of Commissioners, Buxinghall-street*, unless otherwise expressed. The Attornices' Names are in Parenthesis.

BANKRUPTS.

- Allot, G. Sandall Magna, Yorkshire, tobacco manufacturer, Jan. 3, 6, and Feb. 1, Sessions-House, Wakefield, (Few and Co. Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, and Huxby and Co. Wakefield.)
- Allen, C. Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, Woollen-draper, Jan. 7, 14, and Feb. 4, (J. A. Mercer, Furnival's-inn.)
- Agard, M., P. S. Agard, and W. T. Agard, Borrowash, Derbyshire, millers, Jan. 3, 4, and Feb. 4, King's Arms Tavern, Derby, (Simpson, Derby, and R. Barbor, Fetter-lane.)
- Alloway, J. Rotherhithe, timber-merchant, Jan. 21, Feb. 1, March 1, (Pickett Odiham, Hampshire and Bridger and Co Angel-court, Throgmorton-street.)
- Buxton, T. Ingol, Lancashire, corn-merchant, Jan. 4, 15, and Feb. 1, White Horse Inn, Preston, (Blacklock, Sergeants-inn, and H. Dewhurst, Preston.)
- Bennett, J. St Helen, Worcester, glover, Jan. 6, 7, and Feb. 4, Star and Garter Inn, Foregate-street, Worcester. (Long, Worcester, and Collett and Co. Chancery-lane.)
- Bailey, W. Butt-lane, Deptford, merchant, Jan. 7, 11, and Feb. 4, (C. Batsford, Horsely-down-lane, Southwark.)
- Barnes, J. Pendleton, near Manchester, brewer, Jan. 10, 11, and Feb. 4, White Bear Inn, Piccadilly, Manchester. (Hurd and Co. Temple, and Brackenbury, Manchester.)
- Benson, J. York, coach-master, Jan. 20, 21, and Feb. 18, Baynes Hotel, York. (Bell and Co. Bow Church-yard, and Brook and Co. York.)
- Boardman, J. late of Great Bolton, Lancashire, cotton manufacturer, Feb. 1, 3, and 22, Swan Hotel, Great Bolton. (W. Hampson, Great Bolton, and Milne and Co. Temple.)
- Bates, T. Cushion-court, Old Broad-street, merchant, Jan. 18, 25, and Feb. 22. (Cousins, Great Winchester-street, Old Broad-street.)
- Bann, E. Hermitage-place, St John-street Road, Clerkenwell, merchant, Jan. 18, 25, and Feb. 22. (Jackson, Garden-court, Temple.)
- Beverley, B. Bridge-vard, Bucklesbury, Upper Montagne-street, Russel-square, merchant, Jan. 18, 25, and Feb. 25. (Farren, King's Arms Yard, Coleman-street.)
- Childs, W. Whitehall, victualler, Dec. 28, Jan. 4, and Feb. 1. (W. Wood, Richmond-buildings, Dean-street, Soho.)
- Cuffley, J. R. Ipswich, malster, Jan. 7, 21, and Feb. 11, Great White Horse, Ipswich. (S. B. Jackman, Ipswich, and Bromley, Gray's-inn-square.)
- Carey, T. Saffron-hill, cordwainer, Jan. 11, 21, and Feb. 18. (Perkins and Co. Holborn-court, Gray's-inn.)
- Collier, J. Rathbone-place, silk-mercant, Jan. 18, 25, and Feb. 22. (Knight and Co. Basinghall-street.)
- Cannon, G. Darenth, Kent, mealman, Jan. 14, Feb. 1, and 22. (Davison, Broad-street.)
- Clark, R. H. St. Mary-at-hill, wine-merchant, Jan. 25, Feb. 4, and March 1. (Watt, Cushion-court, Old Broad-street.)
- Dickinson, J. Aldersgate-street, leather-seller, Jan. 7, 14, and Feb. 11. (Pullen and Co. Fore-street, Cripplegate.)
- Daw, W. High Halden, Kent, potter, Jan. 11, 21, and Feb. 15, George Inn, Cranbrook (James, Ely-place, and Ottaway, Staplehurst, Kent.)
- Dikens, G. J. Skinner-street, Snowhill, cordwainer, Jan. 25, Feb. 4, and March 1 (Carter, Lord Mayor's-court Office.)
- Edwards, J. C. Throgmorton-street, stock broker, Dec. 24, 31, and Feb. 1. (J. Lowe, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane.)
- Eaglesfield, J. and J. Wall, Hinckley, Leicestershire, hosiery, Jan. 20, 21, and Feb. 11, Ram Inn, Hinckley, (Long and Co. Holborn-court, Gray's-inn, and Cordell, or Sculthorp, Hinckley.)
- Eastwood, J. and G. Kay, late of Menham, Yorkshire, clothiers, Jan. 10, 11, and Feb. 11, George Inn, Huddersfield. (Jacomb, Huddersfield, and Clarke and Co. Chancery lane.)
- Flynn, J. Turton, Lancashire, blacksmith, Feb. 7, 8, and 18, Dog and Patridge gun, Wigau (Ellis, Chancery-lane, and Morris, Wigau.)
- Greenwell, T. late of White Lion-court, Corn hill, merchant, Dec. 28, Jan. 1, Feb. 4. (T. S. Hewitt, Token-house-vard, Lothbury.)
- Goldsmith, W. Benhall, Suffolk, corn-merchant, Jan. 14, 21, and Feb. 18. (Carpenter, Furnival's-inn, Holborn.)
- Humphreys, H. late of Well's-row, Islington grocer, Dec. 23, Jan. 4, Feb. 1. (Jones and Co. Mining-lane.)
- Hoofstetter, S. R. late of Sheffield, merchant, Jan. 1, 2, and Feb. 4, Commercial Inn, Sheffield. (Branson, Sheffield, and H. Blakelock, Sergeant's-inn, Fleet-street.)
- Heath, W. T. Cushion court, Broad-street, Jan. 11, 18, and Feb. 4. (Hurd and Co. King's Bench-walk, Temple, and Fearnhead, Nottingham.)
- Haughton, J. Liverpool, merchant, Jan. 20, 30, and Feb. 15, at the Office of Bardswell and Son. (Blackstock and Co. Temple, Oriel and Co. and Bardswell and Co. Liverpool.)
- Hicks, H. and S. W. Woodward, Bankside, timber-merchants, Jan. 11, 25, and Feb. 18. (Davison, Broad-street.)
- Hammond, W. Wickhambrook, Suffolk, shop-keeper, Jan. 18, 25, and Feb. 22. (Stevens, Gray's-inn-square.)
- Hall, T. Old Compton-street, Soho, woollen-draper, Jan. 18, 28, and Feb. 25. (Barrow and Co. Basinghall-street.)
- Johnson, N. S. late of Manchester, fustian-manufacturer, Jan. 17, 18, and Feb. 15, Star Inn, Manchester. (Atkinson, St. James-square, Manchester, and Markinson, Middle Temple.)
- Jackson, J. Halifax, dealer, Jan. 28, 29, and Feb. 18. (Lewis and Co. E. N. Alexander, Halifax, and Walker, Lincoln's inn-fields.)
- Jones, J. Great Commercial-buildings, Blackfriars-road, haberdasher, Dec. 24, Jan. 18, and Feb. 1. (J. Phipps, Weavers-hall.)
- Irving, C. Southampton, school-master, Jan. 20, Feb. 3, and March 1, Guildhall, Southampton. (B. and J. Pepper Southampton, and Brundrett and Co. Temple.)
- Lang, J. late of Manchester, draper, Jan. 6, 7, and Feb. 1, Star Inn, Doan-gate, Manchester. (J. Higson, Cross-street, Manchester, and R. Ellis, Chancery-lane.)
- Lamplough, T. Billington quay, Yorkshire,

- corn-factor, Jan. 6, 7, and Feb. 11, Dog and Duck Tavern, Kingston-upon-Hull. (Rousser, and Co. Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn.
- Leach, J. Manchester, merchant, Jan. 24, 25, and Feb. 22, Bridgewater Arms Inn, Manchester. (J. Taylor, Spring-gardens, Manchester, and R. Ellis, Chancery-lane.
- Larton, W. Peterborough-court, Fleet-street, gold-beater, Jan. 25, 28, and March 1. (Hodson, King's-row, Bedford-row.
- Marsland, H. Handforth-cum-Bosden, Cheshire, cotton-manufacturers, Jan. 7, 6, 8, and Feb. 4, Warren Bulkeley Arms Inn, Stockport. (Tyler, Pump-court, Temple, and Harrop, Stockport.
- Mills, T. Milverton, Somersetshire, baker, Jan. 2, 3, and Feb. 4, White Hart Inn, Milverton, (Norton and Co. Gray's-inn-square, and J. Payne, Milverton.
- Morgan, A. Bedwelly, Monmouthshire, innholder, Jan. 20, 21, and Feb. 22, at the Office of Mr. Pithero, Newport, J. Platt, New Boswell-court, Lincoln's-inn.
- Mausca, T. Tinchurst, Sussex, farmer, Jan. 28, 29, and March 1, Bell Inn, Tinchurst. (Stone and Co. Mayfield, Sussex, and Palmer and Co. Bedford-row.
- Molynaux, T. Holborn, boot-maker, Jan. 25, Feb. 1, and March 1 (Allen and Co. Carlisle-street, Soho.
- Newell, T. Amberley, Sussex, innkeeper, Jan. 9, 10, and Feb. 15, Crown Inn, Arundel. (Freeman, Arundel, and Freeman and Co. Coleman-street.
- Oland, J. Bristol, potter, Jan. 9, 9, and Feb. 8, Rummer Tavern, All Saints-lane, Bristol. (Holme and Co. New Inn, and Greville, Bristol.
- Pullen, R. Leeds, merchant, Jan. 8, 9, and Feb. 11, Nag's Head Inn, Bradford, Yorkshire. (Evans, Hatton-garden, and Bentley, & Co. Bradford.
- Parke, T. Stourbridge, Worcestershire, grocer, Jan. 20, 21, and Feb. 15, Wheat Sheaf Inn, Bewdley (Wright and Co. Inner Temple, and Hunt, Stourbridge.
- Pain, R. Chillon-Trivet-Cannington, Somersetshire, malster, Jan. 21, 25, and Feb. 22, Crown Inn, Bridgewater. (Nethesoles and Co. Essex-street, Strand and Codrington, Bridgewater.
- Packwood, J. Ratcliffe-highway, carpet-dealer, Jan. 25, Feb. 1, and March 1. (Fisher and Co. Furnival's-inn.
- Radford, J. S. Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant, Jan. 9, 10, & Feb. 4, George Inn, Kingston-upon Hull (J. Knowles, New Inn, and S. Scholefield, Hull.
- Roose, T. Liverpool, baker, Jan. 20, 21, and Feb. 8, George Inn, Dale-street, Liverpool, (Chester, Staple-inn, and Hinde, Liverpool.
- Redmayne, J. Burton, Yorkshire, corn-dealer, Jan. 13, 14, and Feb. 11, Royal Oak Inn, Lancaster. (Jackson, Garden-court, Temple, and Bradley, Kirby Lonsdale, West-morland.
- Reader, R. Old Street-road, timber-merchant, Jan. 11, 18, & Feb. 15. (Young, Mark-lane.
- Rushton, J. Bolton-le-Moors, grocer, Jan. 30, 31, and Feb. 22, Talbot Inn, Liverpool (J. Paterson, Lower Castle-street, Liverpool, and Hurd and Co. Temple.
- Ryley, J. Birmingham, spoon-maker, Jan. 21, 22, and Feb. 22, Swan Hotel, High-street, Birmingham. (Spurrer and Co. Paradise-street, Birmingham, and Norton and Co. Gray's-inn-square.
- Saxton, J. Bath-easton, near Bath, saddler, Jan. 2, 3, and Feb. 1, White Lion Inn, Bath. (Mackinson, Middle Temple, and Hellings, Bath.
- Strickland, S. and J. Strickland, Jim Newgate-market, Cheese-mongers, Jan. 7, 14, & Feb. 11. (Alliston and Co. Freeman's-court, Cornhill.
- Slaughter, T. Seal, Kent, farmer, Jan. 18, 25, and Feb. 22, (Sherwood & Co. Canterbury-square, and G. Garrett, Sandwich, Kent.
- Sharpley, A. Binbrook, Lincolnshire, farmer, Jan. 24, 25, and Feb. 22, Lodge of Harmony, Boston (J. Taylor, Clement's-inn, and P. Tuxford, Boston.
- Sanders, J. Aldersgate-street, painter, Jan. 21, 28, and March 1. (Keeling and Co. Token-house-yard.
- Sheill, A. High-street, Wapping, baker, Jan. 21, Feb. 1, and March 1. (Clarke, Gray's-inn-square.
- Sutton, T. H. Strood, Kent, innkeeper, Jan. 25, Feb. 1, and March 1. (Flexney Bedford-row, and Simmons, Rochester.
- Ward, J. Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire, Stationer, Jan. 8, 9, and Feb. 1. White Lion Inn, Stratford-upon-Avon (Adlington and Co. Bedford-row, and Wyatt & Son, Stratford-upon-Avon.
- White, R. late of Maiden, Bradley, Wilts. farmer, Dec. 27, 28, and Feb. 1, Castle & Ball Inn, Bath. (Williams, Red Lion-square, and Knight, Warmminster.

DIVIDENDS.

- Armistead, J. Clapham, Yorkshire, Jan. 15.
- Atherton, J. Warrington, Lancashire, cabinet-maker, Feb. 14.
- Arthur, T. Neach, Glamorganshire, Feb. 5.
- Bell, J. Freemason's Arms, Downshire-hill, Hampstead, Jan. 21.
- Blackley, E. Wood-street, Cheapside, warehouseman, Jan. 11.
- Buchanan, D. S. M. Smith, and Ashley, Liverpool, merchants, Jan. 15.
- Belcher, J. London-lane, Enfield, stone-mason, Jan. 25.
- Barnaschina, A. Gravesend, Jan. 21.
- Blacklee, D. Cambridge, bricklayer, Feb. 7.
- Bell, J. & G. Bell, Berwick-on-Tweed, coopers, Jan. 25.
- Brewer, T. corn-merchant, Alderton, Suffolk, Feb. 5.
- Burgie, J. Mark-lane, carpenter, Feb. 8.
- Cossart, J. I. & P. Cossart, Clement's-lane, wine-merchant, Feb. 8.
- Clough, J. H. J. S. Wilks, and J. B. Clough, Liverpool, merchants, Jan. 23.
- Carnes, W. Canal-row, Bermondsey, Jan. 21.
- Cave, W. J. West-smithfield, copper-smith, Jan. 28.
- Cobb, H. Grayney, Kent, farmer, Jan. 21, and Feb. 4.
- Caldwell, T. S. Norwich, coach-masters, Feb. 3.
- Dowley, J. Willow-street, Bankside, corn-merchant, Dec. 24, Jan. 14.
- Drake, J. Lewisham, master-mariner, Jan. 11.
- Diston, T. Tewkesbury, corn-dealer, Jan. 20.
- Dalton, J. Tottenham-court-road, merchant, Jan. 21.
- Dobson, T. & G. Thompson, Darlington, Durham, Jan. 30.
- Dean, R. W. and T. W. Cook, Sugar-loaf-alley, Bethnal-green, Feb. 1.
- Durant, W. Castle-street, Finsbury, Tailor, Feb. 4.
- Emmott, W. Leicester square, tailor, Jan. 21.
- Evans, J. Wapping, linen-draper, Jan. 21.
- Ellis, S. and G. Glover, Aldersgate-street, dry-salters, Feb. 1.
- Emmery, T. Worcester, wine-merchant, Feb. 10.
- Flanders, J. Atherstone, Warwickshire, Feb. 25.
- Foster, T. & E. S. Foster, Yalding, Kent, maltsters, Jan. 11.
- Forbes, J. and D. Gregory, Aldermanbury, merchants, Jan. 15.
- Fairchild, J. L. Thurnby, Lincolnshire, Jan. 27.
- Farmer, N. East-lane, Bermondsey, Feb. 1.
- Field, T. White Hart-yard Inn, St. John-street, Feb. 8.
- Gray, B. Liverpool, merchant, Jan. 18.
- Gray, J. Liverpool, merchant, Jan. 15.
- Gardiner, G. St. John-street, ironmonger, Jan. 13.

- Good, P. P. Clapton and Lloyd's Coffee-house, insurance-broker, Jan. 11.
- Griffis, T. High-row, Knights-bridge, Jan. 7 and 14.
- Goudry, G. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Jan. 28.
- Griffin, D. Wallworth, linen-draper, Feb. 1.
- Green, J. Oxford-street, Jan. 21.
- Griffith, T. Hillmorton, Warwickshire, Feb. 15.
- Gyles, J. E. Shoreditch, oilman, Feb. 18.
- Gosling, G. Chesterfield, wine-merchant, Feb. 11.
- Green, W. Jun. Exmouth-street, Clerkenwell, Feb. 8.
- Howett, J. St. Martins-lane, builder, Jan. 25.
- Howard, J. Mitcham, calico-printer Jan. 21.
- Herbert, J. and H. Herbert, Token-house-yard, brokers, Jan. 21.
- Harding, J. Great Winchester-street, jeweller, Jan. 25.
- Handforth, D. Manchester, victualler, Jan. 22.
- Harrison, J. Leeds, merchant, Jan. 14.
- Halliday, J. Old South Sea House, Broad-street, merchant, Jan. 7, Feb. 8.
- Hartley, R. Peurth, Cumberland, hardware-man, Jan. 24.
- Harding, S. T. Tamworth, Warwickshire, banker, Jan. 24.
- Holmes, A. and H. White, Chesterfield, Derbyshire, & T. Tindall, of Chester-street, Durham, hat-manufacturers, Jan. 30, Feb. 10.
- Horseman, E. & J. Chipping Camden, Gloucester, Jan. 29.
- Hart, J. and J. Macalpin, Carlisle, hosiers Jan. 30.
- Hill, T. & H. Wood, Queenhithe, oilman, Feb. 25.
- Hayton, W. & M. Douglas, Sunderland, Jan. 23.
- Hassel, J. Richard-street, Islington, Jan. 14.
- Hayton, J. W. and M. P. Leasinby, Greenfield, Holywell, Jan. 30.
- Hooper, J. Tooley-street, chemist, Feb. 8.
- Herbert, P. and J. London, merchants, Feb. 4.
- Hewlet, J. Gloster, cabinet-maker, March 3.
- Hitchon, J. H. Kuddermister, factor, Feb. 10.
- Herbert, T. Chequer-yard, Dowgate-hill, Feb. 15.
- Hancock, J. Limehouse-hole, mast-maker, Feb. 15.
- Jones, T. and E. Powell, Wrexham, Denbighshire, grocers, Jan. 21.
- Jones, J. Upper Brook-street, tailor, Jan. 21.
- Kendall, J. Mile-end, Stepney, Cowkeeper, Jan. 11.
- Ketland, T. and J. Adams, Birmingham, merchants, Jan. 21.
- Kempster, T. Bouverie-street, Fleet-street, carpenter, Jan. 25.
- Killick, W. Cheam, coal merchant, Jan. 21.
- Kirkland, J. Coventry, ribbon-manufacturer, Feb. 1.
- King, J. Great Yeldham, Kent, linen-draper, Feb. 8.
- Kemp, W. Bath, banker, Jan. 23.
- Lawrence, J. Hatton-garden, woollen-draper, Jan. 25.
- Law, W. Copthall-court, Throgmorton street, Dec. 28.
- Luke, J. Exeter, iron-monger, Jan. 29.
- Lloyd, W. Sen. Peckham, and W. Lloyd, Jun. Finton, Jan. 11.
- Longrigg, J. Liverpool, linen-draper, Jan. 23.
- Leech, L. and J. Hinchcliffe, Cateaton-street, Jan. 21.
- Lough, R. Upper ground-street, Blackfriars-road, Feb. 1.
- Lea, T. Stapen-hill, Derbyshire, Feb. 12.
- Milne, G. Broad-street, merchant, Jan. 25.
- Mackenzie, C. Caroline-street, Bedford-square, Jan. 28.
- Newman, H. Knowl-hill, Beiks, shopkeeper, Jan. 13.
- New, E. Bristol, banker, Jan. 14.
- Newton, T. Holbeach, Lincolnshire, and W. Newton, West Walton, Norfolk, Jan. 28.
- Neale, E. Grantham, Lincolnshire, builder, Feb. 13.
- Orley, G. New Bond-street, Tailor, Jan. 25.
- Prest, W. and J. Woolner, Lawrence, Pountney-lane, corn-factors, Jan. 14.
- Park, R. Jun. late of Portsea, coal-merchant, Jan. 11.
- Pitstow, J. Jun. Witham, Essex, miller, Jan. 21.
- Pettit, J. and S. R. Birch, Southwaik, hof-factors, Jan. 18.
- Phillips, G. Old Brentwood, cabinet maker, 14.
- Penfold, E. Maidstone, Kent, banker, Jan. 18.
- Pratt, R. Archer-street, Westminster, smith, Jan. 14.
- Pritchard, E. Llaurwst, Denbighshire, shop-keeper, Feb. 4.
- Prole, W. Georgeham, Devon, yeoman, Feb. 4.
- Parks, T. and E. Lawton, Birmingham, merchant, Feb. 14.
- Richardson, J. Sloane-street, Chelsea, apothecary, Jan. 11.
- Ratchffe, T. of Ewood-bridge, Lancashire, and R. Ratcliffe, Manchester, calico-printers, Jan. 27.
- Rowe, H. Amen-corner, bookseller, Jan. 25.
- Roxby, R. B. Arbour-square, Commercial-road, Jan. 25.
- Richie, R. and J. Bigsby, Deptford, brewers, Jan. 21.
- Reilly, R. Southampton-row, Bloomsbury, man-milliner, Jan. 25.
- Sharland, G. South Molton, Devon. money-scrivener, Jan. 14.
- Schwiesio, J. C. Soho-square, harp-makers, Jan. 21.
- Stalker, D. Leadenhall street, slopsellers, Jan. 14.
- Salmon, J. Canterbury-buildings, Lambeth, coal-merchant, Jan. 11.
- Stevens, D. G. Harlow, Essex, linen-draper, Jan. 18.
- Scandrett, W. St. Clement's, Worcestershire, Jan. 28.
- Smith, A. Lime-street-square, merchant, Jan. 25.
- Studd, J. L. Kirby-street, Hatton-garden, merchant, Feb. 8.
- Spence, J. Providence-row, Hackney, Jan. 25.
- Smith, T. H. Chancery lane, tailor, Feb. 22.
- Thiesen, A. H. Bernard-street, Russell-square, merchant, Jan. 11.
- Tutin, R. Chandos-street, Covent-garden, cheese-monger, Feb. 8.
- Thorpe, W. Epping, Essex, Hawker, Feb. 4.
- Whalley, G. B. Basinghall-street, Woollen-draper, Jan. 25.
- Wilks, R. Chancery-lane, printer, Jan. 25.
- White, J. C. Mitre-court, Fenchurch-street, Jan. 21.
- Walls, T. Webber-street, Lambeth Marsh, hatters, Feb. 8.
- Wright, W. Tewkesbury, Gloucestershire, glover, linen-draper, Feb. 5.
- Welsford, W. Tower-hill, merchant, Feb. 4.
- Wheatcroft, S. Sheffield, grocer, Feb. 12.
- Youden, S. Dover, carpenter, Jan. 15.
- Young, W. and J. Renard, Downs Wharf Hermitage, Wharfingers, Feb. 4.

VARIATIONS OF BAROMETER, THERMOMETER, &c AT NINE o'CLOCK, A. M.

By T. BLUNT, Mathematical Instrument Maker to his Majesty, No 22, CORNHILL.

1822	Bar	Ther	Wind	Obser	1823	Bar	Ther	Wind	Obser	1823	Bar	Ther	Wind	Obser
Dec 27	30.25	31	E S. E.	Fair	Jan. 7	29.80	33	N.	Fair	Jan. 18	29.32	25	N. W.	Cldy
28	30.17	24	E.	Ditto		8.29.72	32	N.	Ditto		19.29.51	15	S. W.	Foggy
29	29.91	21	S. E.	Ditto		9.29.70	27	N.	Ditto		20.29.69	18	S. W.	Ditto
30	29.70	23	E.	Ditto		10.29.52	24	N.	Ditto		21.29.78	24	N. E.	Cldy
1823.1	29.52	26	S. E.	Ditto		11.29.48	27	N.	Ditto		22.29.87	26	N. E.	Ditto
Jan. 1	29.91	28	S.	Ditto		12.29.34	25	N.	Ditto		23.29.77	23	N. E.	Ditto
	23.07	31	N. E.	Ditto		13.29.30	24	N.	Ditto		24.29.67	21	N. E.	Fair
	3.30.05	35	N. E.	Ditto		14.29.30	21	E N. E.	Ditto		25.29.73	22	N.	Ditto
	4.30.11	37	E.	Ditto		15.29.29	22	N. E.	Snow		26.29.70	24	N. E.	Ditto
	5.29.87	34	E.	Ditto		16.29.30	28	N. W.	Cldy		27.29.63	31	S. E.	Ditto
	6.29.81	36	N. E.	Ditto		17.29.42	29	N.	Ditto					

PRICE OF SHARES IN CANALS, DOCKS BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, MINES, &c.

JANUARY 21, 1822.

	Price	Per Share	Div. per Ann.		Price	Per Share	Div. per Ann.
Canals.	£	£ s.	£ s. d.	Bridges.	£	£ s.	£ s. d.
Ashton and Oldham	120	120	4 10	Southwark	100	20	—
Barnesley	160	200	10	Ditto, New	16	60	7 1/2 p. ct
Birmingham (divided)	25	6.0	24	Ditto, Loan	—	—	—
Bolton and Bury	250	105	5	Vauxhall	100	25	—
Blacknock and Aberciv.	150	80	4	Waterloo	100	5	—
Carlisle	50	—	—	Water-works.			
Chesterfield	100	120	8	Chelmsford	—	—	—
Coventry	100	107.0	14 & 3	East London	100	111	3
Cromford	100	270	11	Grand Junction	50	60	2 10
Croydon	100	3	3	Kent	100	31	1 10
Darby	100	140	6	London Bridge	—	50	2 10
Dudley	100	63	3	South London	100	30	—
Ellesmere and Chester	133	63	3	West Middlesex	—	59 10	2 5
Elwesh	100	1000	58	York Buildings	100	25	—
Forth and Clyde	100	480	20	Insurance.			
Grand Junction	100	248	10	Albion	500	51	2 10
Grand Surrey	100	53	3	Atlas	50	5 5	6
Grand Union	100	19	—	Bath	—	57 5	40
Grand Western	100	4	—	Birmingham Fire	1000	300	25
Gutham	150	145	8	British	250	50	3
Hereford and Gloucester	100	—	—	County	100	43	2 10
Launceston	100	27	1	Eagle	50	2 12 6	5
Leeds and Liverpool	100	375	12	European	20	20	1
Leicester	100	245	13	Globe	100	135	6
Leicester & Northampton	100	76	4	Guardian	100	12 5	—
Loughborough	—	3300	170	Hope	50	1 10	6
Melton Mowbray	100	220	10	Imperial Fire	500	98	4 10
Mommsouthline	100	170	8	Ditto, Life	50	11	9 6
Montgomeryshire	100	70	2 10	Kent Fire	50	57 10	—
Neath	—	400	22	London Fire	25	20 10	1 5
Nottingham	150	230	12	London Ship	25	20 10	1
Oxford	100	710	32	Provident	100	18 10	18
Pottingham and Arundel	50	35	—	Rock	20	2 5	2
Regent's	—	46	—	Royal Exchange	—	—	10
Rochdale	100	15	2	Sun Fire	—	—	8 10
Shrewsbury	125	170	9 10	Sun Life	100	23 10	10
Shropshire	125	125	7	Union	200	40 10	1 8
Somerset Coal	50	120	7	Gas Lights.			
Ditto, Lock Fund	—	105	5 15	Gas Light and Coke (Chart	50	70	4
Staffords & Worcestershire	140	700	40	Company	100	—	8 10
Stourbridge	145	200	10 10	City Gas Light Company	100	—	4 5
Stratford-on-Avon	—	19	—	Ditto, New	100	—	7 10
Stroudwater	—	495	22	South London	100	—	—
Swansea	100	185	10	Imperial	50	12 1	—
Tavistock	100	90	—	Literary Institutions			
Thames and Medway	—	20	—	London	75gs	29	—
Thames and Severn, New	—	25	—	Russel	25gs	11	—
Trent & Mersey	200	2000	75	Surrey	30gs	5	—
Warwick and Birmingham	100	220	10	Miscellaneous.			
Warwick and Napton	100	210	8	Auction Mart	50	23	1 5
Worcester & Birmingham	—	27	1	British Copper Company	100	52	2 10
Docks.				Golden Lane Brewery	80	9	—
London	100	—	4 10	Ditto	50	5	—
West India	100	187	10	London Com. Sale Rooms	150	16	1
East India	100	150	8	Carnatic Stock 1st class	—	—	4
Commercial	100	84	3 10	Ditto, 2d ditto	—	79	3
East Country	100	32	—				

EAST INDIA SHIPPING LIST.

Arrangement for the Season, 1822, 1823.

Ships' Names.	Consignments.	Tonnage.	Managing Agents.	Commanders.	First Officers.	Second Officers.	Third Officers.	Fourth Officers.	Surgeons.	Pursers.	To be apptd.	To sail to Grates. end.	To be in the Down.
1 Royal George	Beng. & China	1333	John F. Timms	Chris. Riden	J. H. Burkyant	R. H. Treherne	A. C. Watling	William, Can	Thomas Hoag	John Ward	1822.	1822.	1822
2 General Krd	Beng. & China	1300	James Walker	Alexander, Name	Rickard, Apin	John Benson	J. M. Ralph	H. Thompson	F. P. Arden	James Latham	14 Oct	29 Oct.	4 Dec.
3 Kent	Beng. & China	1332	S. Marlowbanks	Henry Cubb	James Saxon	Francis Daniell	W. M. Nair	William, Mur	James Don	John Alan	13		1823
4 St. George	Bomb. & China	1200	John Locke	William Hope	Robert Card	Richard Card	W. B. Nair	T. G. Adams	Richard B. Vye	E. Choate			1823
5 St. George	Bomb. & China	1300	R. Boradale	Samuel Sealie	Joseph Dudman	F. Orjalar	C. P. Munnion	H. Harris	John Lawson	W. Smith			3 Jan.
6 St. George	Bomb. & China	1200	J. C. Lochner	W. Cruckshank	Henry Cowan	W. H. Whitehead	H. Columbine	George Lloyd	John Scott	George Mann			3 Jan.
7 St. George	St. Hel. Ben.	1324	John F. Timms	John Paterson	Edward Ford	Edwa d Jacob	W. H. Walker	Charles Clarkson	Samuel Symes	G. R. Griffiths			
8 St. George	Beng. & China	1333	S. Marlowbanks	J. P. Wilson	A. W. Law	R. Lindsay	A. C. Procter	R. Johnson	R. Alexander	John Rannoy	13 Dec.	27 Dec.	2 Feb.
9 Windsor	Beng. & China	1332	George Clay	T. Baviside	A. F. Procter	Mark Clayton	R. C. Fowler	W. Edwards	E. Edwards	J. Thomson			
10 Bridgewater	St. Hel. Bomb. and China.	1200	James Sims	W. Mitchell	H. Bristow	T. Bottershaw	F. Wauverright	J. Walker	J. Arnot	Joseph Craig			
11 Waterloo	Bomb. & China	1335	(Comp's & Ship)	R. Alsager	Charles Slea	John Bloor	G. T. Cavelly	F. Holgers	Robert Ophland	George Hanna	27 Dec.	11 Jan.	16 Feb.
12 Scaleby Castle	Bomb. & China	1242	(Comp's & Ship)	D. Rae Newall	W. R. Blakey	John Hillman	R. Robson	C. Allen	James Halliday	W. Bruce			
13 Kellie Castle	Mad. & China	1332	Stewart Erskine	E. L. Adams	W. H. Ladd	John Hay	P. C. Putele	J. Shestama	Robert Elliot	William Craig			
14 Atlas	Mad. & China	1200	Jasper Vaux	C. O. Maxw	Ple Joseph Stanton	G. Brathwaite	P. C. Shap Acl	B. J. Thoman	John Felt	J. W. Craig			
15 Vanstittart	China	1200	W. H. C. Dailym	W. H. C. Dailym	J. R. Manderson	William Allen	J. Serrombie	J. Ricketts	J. W. Wilson	Richard Rawes	24 Feb	12 Mar.	17 Apr.
16 Charles Grant	China	1200	W. Moffat, Esq.	Wm. Hay	George Denny	J. Coates	C. Eastman	T. Thomas	R. Strange	F. Palmer	24 Feb.	12 Mar.	17 Apr.
17 Bombay	China	1242	H. Temple, Esq.	Richard Rawes	Henry Clement	W. H. Edwards	W. Wise	T. Lagran	R. Murray	A. Beveridge			
18 Warren Hastings	China	1276	Wm. Sims, Esq.	Richard Rawes	James Edles	James Edles	W. B. Coles	C. S. Bawtree	James Baw	N. G. Glass			
19 Lower Castle	Mad. & De ng.	1427	J. Crosswaite	Thomas Baker	J. Wilkison	Ad K. Lloyd	James H. Rke		M. Lovel	N. E. Brown	12 Mar	26 Mar.	1 May
20 P. C. of Wales	Mad. & De ng.	978	C. Gribble, Esq.	C. B. Gribble	Josiah Thomas	Joan Butt	C. Ingram	J. Sparks	W. Winton	W. J. Shepherd			
21 Marquis Wellington	Mad. & De ng.	961	H. Bonham, Esq.	John Blanshard	Step. Pontz	G. R. Parkers	J. H. W. rth	John R. Waits	A. Johnston	J. Benfield			
22 Thomas Grenville	Bengal.	856	(Comp's & Ship)	Wm. Manning	J. B. Burnett	R. Culbertson	Peter Pickler	John R. Waits	W. Mitchell	W. Allen	24 Apr.	10 May.	13 Jun.
23 Minerva	Bengal.	576	Geo. Palmer, Esq.	George Probyn	Edward Ireland	Hector Rose	James Dymet	E. N. Biggs					

23d January, 1823.

THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

FEBRUARY, 1823:

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF

MARCH.

Embellished with two excellent Engravings

THE MONUMENT ERECTED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, TO THE MEMORY OF
CHARLES JAMES FOX,

A.D.

THE OBSERVATORY AND SCAFFOLDING, ERECTED OVER THE BELL
AND CROSS OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL,

From which the Four Panoramic Views are taken by Mr. T. H. Mose.

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LONDON:

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EDITOR'S NOTICE.

WE are again reluctantly obliged to postpone the appearance of our engraving of the "SLEEPING INFANTS," on account of a circumstance over which we could have no control; it will, however, *certainly* be in our next Number; and we feel confident that our Subscribers will do us the justice to believe that, by these delays, we shall be able to present to them an engraving most worthy of their approbation.

We have received numerous Letters relative to our article on POPULAR PREACHERS. The writers are anxious lest our mode of treating such a delicate subject should injure the cause of true religion, or interfere with the particular modes of faith into which the Christian world is divided under so many homogeneous denominations. We think we cannot dispel these fears more effectually than by directing attention to those articles which have already appeared: for we do not hesitate to call them able, judicious, and liberal. The author is a member of the established Church, sufficiently imbued with orthodox principles, and is perfectly convinced that the cause of Christianity is best supported by those Preachers who excel in the graces and charms of eloquence, chastened by the acknowledged rules of good taste and the beneficence of universal charity. This important subject appears to us to have been too long neglected. Public opinion, in its present improved state, controls the vast engine of the State, and gives vitality and tone to morality and science; on the grandest of the subjects, that can occupy the human mind, it is alone silent. The public press has hitherto avoided the greatest of all its duties, fearful, we suppose, of injuring what it desires to benefit. These fears are vain.—Enlightened criticism, directed under a religious influence by true charity, cannot fail to be beneficial to every cause, whether religious, moral, or scientific, that is founded on the unalterable basis of truth: it can only be inimical to error.—We wish to add, that these sketches will contain no criticism on private character, or modes of faith; but will be confined to one single object, that of rendering the POPULAR PREACHERS of our times more useful labourers in the vineyard of HIM whom they follow. Our intentions are good; we only wish our means were more adequate.

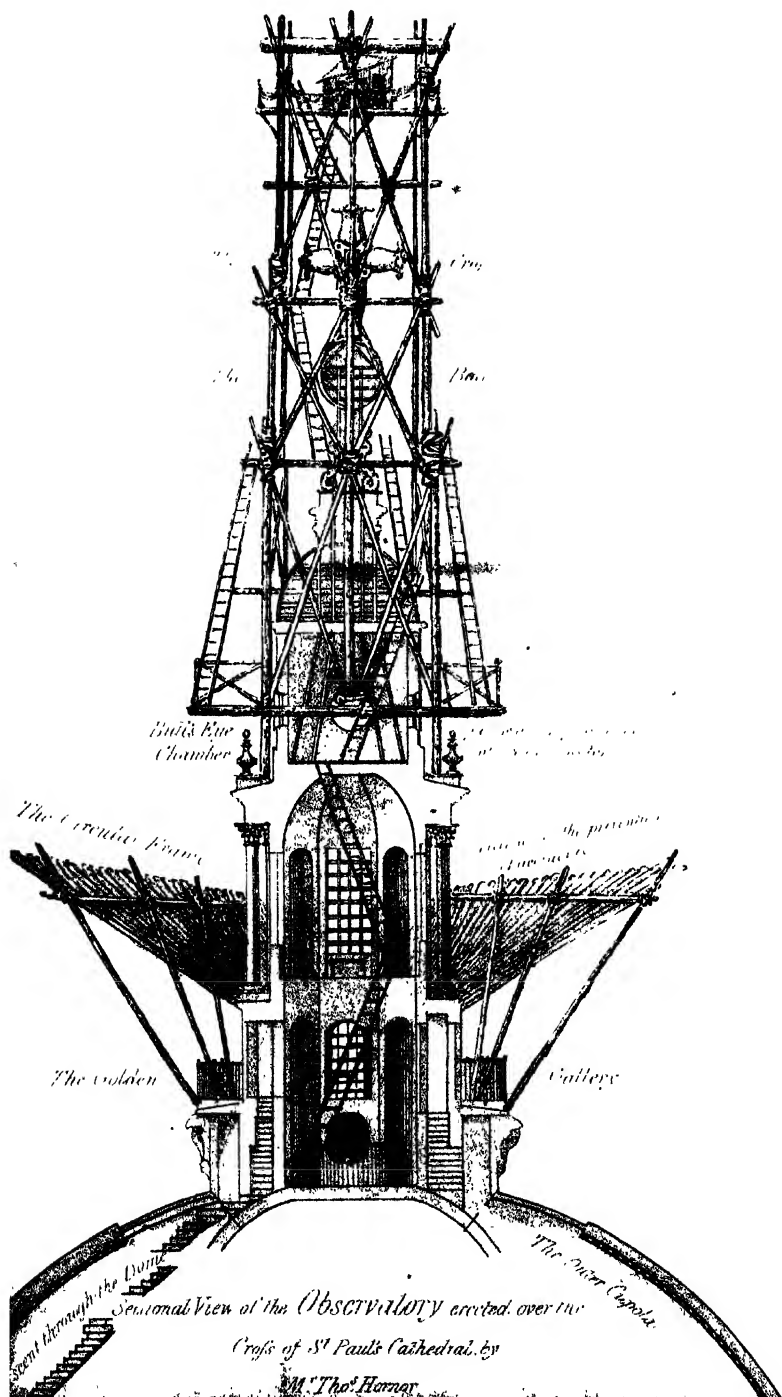
ERRATA IN OUR LAST NUMBER.

Page 6, col. 1, l. 41, for *affliction* read *affection*.

Page 33, col. 2, in the critique on Dr. Busfield, for *vanity* read *varieity*

N. B. The Description of Fox's Monument will be inserted in our next Number.

*The
Observatory*



THE
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND
LONDON *REVIEW.

FEBRUARY 1823.

VIEW OF LONDON
AND THE SURROUNDING COUNTRY.

*(Taken with mathematical accuracy from an Observatory, purposely erected
over the Cross of ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL,*

IN FOUR ENGRAVINGS

By Mr. THOMAS HORNOR,

WE have seldom entered on a more gratifying task than this attempt, in our introductory columns, to perform the duty which as public journalists we owe to society in general; and as men, to an individual in particular. It was well remarked, "that if any proof were wanting of the aspiring ambition, and elevated and extensive views of the present age," the arduous undertaking now under our consideration would certainly supply it; we have, with somewhat of an envious delight, seen notices of Mr. Hornor's interesting work in the daily and weekly prints. We should ourselves have felt proud of the distinction of being the first to announce a publication so purely national. One so well calculated to excite the just pride of his own countrymen, and the laudable envy of foreigners; and thus render the boast and glory of the one, the attraction and example of the other. As monthly journalists we are anticipated in this gratification, but if contemporary publishers have so far gained the "vantage ground," we shall supply the deficiencies of their "stolen march" upon us. Hitherto the notices of the press have been too general to afford to the public any

competent idea of the nature of this vast undertaking, so enterprising in design—so wonderful in execution. In our perusal of the prospectus (itself a specimen of the author's ability and taste) every succeeding page unfolded to us new and highly characteristic matter; we could have wished he were present to fill up the measure of our intense curiosity, whether as to his means of combating obstacles, seemingly insurmountable, or ultimately achieving his arduous undertaking. It seems to us very questionable if any human being could embark on so bold and perilous an enterprise, where the reward of his success was so disproportioned to the risk of life and property, unless in him were united the greatest zeal and perseverance with the finest talents.

These seem to have been eminently conspicuous in the author of the *Panoramic View of London*, from the original commencement to the final completion of the work. It is difficult to select any one passage in particular from the prospectus, as embodying more interest than another. The contents generally abound with either interesting narrative, incidental occurrences, or

insulated facts. Without any attempt, therefore, at preference, we shall carelessly strew its flowers in our reader's path, as we promiscuously find them.

As a faithful delineation of the vast metropolis and its vicinity, we may be allowed to compare this work to a well drawn and highly finished portrait, in which every resident within the view of St. Paul's, may at once identify his habitation and property in all their varied features, by thus contemplating a fac simile of the original.

We may with equal propriety assimilate Mr. Hornor's *View*, in the correct representation of thousands of houses, in their actual elevation, to a sort of pictorial map, on which the inhabitant or stranger may with facility trace the numerous public buildings, the lines of streets and squares, and the various avenues diverging from them. Or it may still more appropriately be regarded

as a summary of these manifest uses of the work in his own words, inverting the very order of his prospectus, by giving the last page, (the recapitulation of the contents,) first; and an abbreviated account of the four views, commencing at page 6. at the close of our article.

It is unnecessary to point-out, except in a very brief way, the claims which an undertaking of this extensive nature has on the attention of particular individuals, and of the public in general. Almost every part has its peculiar and local use, or some specific interest attached to it. By the aid of this work, every possessor of property in London or its vicinity will be enabled to point out its situation, either directly or in relation to some well known contiguous object. The inhabitants of the metropolis will find an infinite source of amusement, by tracing the various districts, and the avenues, rides, walks, &c. which communicate between them. The lovers of architecture may be interested in comparing, at one view, the various specimens which the public buildings whether of ancient or modern date, exhibit; and the churches in particular, with other religious edi-

fices, will present to the clergy and the inhabitants of the different parishes a pleasing source of contemplation. To the stranger, the work will afford a more perfect idea than could otherwise be given of the metropolis, and its environs, in the most extensive sense of the term; while to Englishmen residing in distant regions it will form a peculiarly gratifying memorial of the far-famed capital of their country. To foreigners it cannot fail to convey a strong and durable impression of the magnitude of its wealth and power, in the infinite number of its buildings and the immensity of its population; to portray the national character in the great extent and diversity of its establishments, as devoted to religious, scientific, and other patriotic objects; to unfold the vast resources of the empire, in the countless traces of its commerce, its manufactures, and trade; to exhibit the productiveness of its public buildings, in the grand national edifices; and more fully to prove the general prosperity of its multitudinous inhabitants, in its various public works and institutions sacred to piety and charity, to literature and the arts.

At page 13 of his prospectus, Mr. Hornor enters into some particulars of the commencement, progress, and completion of the work. It appears he has been several years engaged in executing pictorial delineations of landed estates, in perspective panoramic views, where the situation would permit, or in surveys, in which were blended adjoining scenery; and having practised this style extensively in the neighbourhood of London, he gradually formed a collection of surveys and sketches peculiarly available as materials for a general view of this very interesting district. In the course of his professional studies, he constructed an apparatus by which the most distant and intricate scenery may be delineated with mathematical accuracy; and this machinery he was desirous of applying to the execution of a work for which he considered himself so amply prepared. The possession of the materials, already alluded to, naturally induced the artist to select the metropolis and its beautiful environs as the subject for delineation;

and he was the more confirmed in this choice from the consideration, that, although tolerably correct views existed of almost every city and principal town in the empire, yet only very partial views of London had hitherto been attempted. Adopting these materials, therefore, as the basis of his undertaking, he passed the whole summer of 1820 in the lantern of St. Paul's, immediately under the ball, in executing a general view, which from so elevated a position he was able to accomplish with great correctness. About the period when the view was nearly completed from this point, preparations were commenced for removing the ball and cross; and the scaffolding, which excited such general admiration as a stupendous and most ingenious structure, was erected. (*Vide plate*) Impelled by a wish to avail himself of this unexpected and singularly favourable opportunity, especially as he had in the mean time considerably improved his apparatus, he obtained permission to erect for it an observatory, supported by a platform several feet above the top of the highest part of the present cross; and having succeeded in fixing the apparatus in the interior of the observatory, he commenced a new series of sketches on a greatly extended scale, so as to admit the introduction of minute objects at a distance of some miles. To effect this, it was found necessary, from time to time, to adopt various contrivances to meet the numerous obstacles which opposed the progress of the work. In weather partially cloudy, portions of the scene would be in bright sunshine, and others in total obscurity, producing an incessant alteration of light and shade: it therefore became requisite to alter and modify the previous arrangements, that advantage might instantly be taken of the clear light, in any particular part of the entire circle of the View, and that an immediate transition might be made from one sketch to another. Trifling as this difficulty may at first appear, it gave rise to more trouble and anxiety than any other part of the undertaking, since the time necessarily occupied in selecting the particular sketch, independently of the requisite adjust-

ment of the apparatus, frequently exceeded the transient period during which the object continued visible. The difficulty, also, of connecting the detached parts thus seized at the most favourable moment was so great at times, as almost to preclude the hope of completing the performance. After a variety of attempts, the obstacle was at length removed by the construction of a comprehensive key-sketch, which served to indicate the precise relation of any particular portion to the general View. The remaining difficulties were in a great measure obviated by placing the sketches (about 300 in number) in a rotatory frame, in such order that any particular one might be referred to at the moment it was required.

The work being thus in a great measure executed in minute portions, the connecting parts were from time to time filled up when the unclouded state of the atmosphere permitted. For this reason it was requisite that the visits to the observatory should throughout the summer be daily, and at the early hour of three in the morning, that the more general operations might proceed before the smoke began to ascend. It may here be observed, that at no one time is it possible, however clear the atmosphere, to command, from the situation alluded to, a distinct view of the entire circle of the metropolis; a circumstance affording no small stimulus to perseverance in this work, from the reflection that all the component parts taken respectively, at the most favourable moment, would form collectively a whole, freed from all those disadvantages of smoke or shade by which the real scene is ever greatly obscured; and that, without in any degree infringing the fidelity of delineation, London might thus be presented to view under an atmosphere as pure and cloudless as that of Paris or Rome. At the same time, by its superior clearness in all the minute details, as well as in the harmony of its general effect, this work would claim a decided preference over the best general views of those cities or any others, which seem to be principally designed for the display of a few prominent features, to the ex-

clusion of all faithful and accurate resemblances.

Many centuries must pass away before an opportunity similar to that produced by the sudden and unexpected removal of the ball and cross, can present itself to favour the consummation of a similar design. This stamps the *View of London* by Mr. Hornor as perfectly unique. By a mechanical apparatus of extraordinary power invented by himself, and the construction also of a comprehensive key-sketch, he was enabled to overcome those obstacles which must otherwise have formed an insuperable barrier to the accomplishment of his object.—All these indicate great ingenuity of contrivance and exhaustless perseverance in our artist, whose spirited ambition was not to be subdued in the lofty station he had taken, although opposed in his eventful progress by the elements themselves. The arduousness of an undertaking, requiring daily visits to so elevated a place amidst the many inconveniences necessarily to be encountered, may better be imagined, on referring to our engraving of the scaffolding and observatory from whence the view was taken."

It is scarcely necessary to add, that Mr. Hornor must with reference to the apparatus itself, the additional scaffolding, the observatory purposely erected upon it, &c. have incurred an enormous expenditure, independently of the devotion of his valuable time for many years in collecting surveys and sketches as materials for his great work.

The laborious toil, which he had daily to undergo, in ascending the infinite staircases and ladders to reach his aerial habitation, independently of the danger of a journey so often repeated, would have damped the ardour of most men. Few artists, however enthusiastic, profess the requisite courage and physical ability to encounter such herculean labour, attended with such imminent personal risk. But our readers will form a better conception of Mr. Hornor's impressions from his own characteristic description.

"On entering the cathedral at

morning,

which then prevailed in the streets of this populous city, contrasted with their mid-day bustle, was only surpassed by the more solemn and sepulchral stillness of the cathedral itself. But not less impressive was the development, at that early hour, of the immense scene from its lofty summit, whence was frequently beheld 'the Forest of London,' without any indication of animated existence. It was interesting to mark the gradual symptoms of returning life, until the rising sun vivified the whole into activity, bustle, and business. On one occasion the night was passed in the observatory, for the purpose of meeting the first glimpse of day; but the cold was so intense, as to preclude any wish to repeat the experiment.

"In proceeding with the work, every assistance was readily afforded by the gentlemen connected with the cathedral; and, through their kind attention, all possible precautions were taken for the prevention of accidents to be apprehended in such an exposed situation. But the weather was frequently so boisterous during the stormy summer of 1821, as to frustrate the most judicious contrivances for security. Indeed scarcely a day passed without derangement of some part of the scaffolding, or machinery connected with it; and so strong became the sense of danger arising from these repeated casualties, that, notwithstanding the powerful inducement of increased remuneration, it was difficult on these emergencies to obtain the services of efficient workmen. This will not appear surprising, when it is known that, during the high winds, it was impossible for a person to stand on the scaffolding without clinging for support to the frame-work; the creaking and whistling of the timbers, at such times, resembled those of a ship labouring in a storm, and the situation of the artist was not unlike that of a mariner at the mast-head. During a squall, more than usually severe, a great part of the circular frame-work of heavy planks, ^{above the gallery for the} ~~over~~ the house-tops to a considera-

ble distance. At this moment a similar fate had nearly befallen the observatory, which was torn from its fastenings, turned partly over the edge of the platform, and its various contents thrown into utter confusion. The fury of the wind rendered the door impassable; and, after a short interval of suspense, an outlet was obtained by forcing a passage on the opposite side.* By this misfortune, independently of personal inconvenience, considerable delay and expense were occasioned ere the work could be resumed; and it became necessary to provide against similar misfortunes, by securing the observatory to a cross-beam, and constructing a rope fence. Thus fortified, the work was proceeded in without any other accidents of a nature worthy to be noticed, until all the sketches which could be taken from the observatory were completed. These sketches, comprising 280 sheets of drawing paper, extend over a surface of 1680 square feet; a space which will not appear surprising, when considered as including a portion of almost every public building and dwelling-house in the metropolis, with all the villages, fields, roads, villas, rivers, canals, &c. visible from the summit of the Cathedral.†

To insure the most perfect accuracy in the detail as well as in the general features, the concluding step was to collate these sketches with many of the individual objects; for though the linear situation of each was correctly represented from the point of view, yet, to preserve with fidelity the aerial perspective, it was necessary to be thoroughly acquainted with all the rising distances; the number and bulk of the sketches were such as to require a carriage to be expressly constructed for their conveyance,

and several weeks were occupied in these perambulations."

It appears that "Preparatory to the engraving a reduced drawing of four parts was made bearing the proportion of one tenth to the original outline, every care being taken to preserve that accuracy which has been the pervading principle of the design."

The work is to consist of four engravings, accompanied with four descriptive key sheets, with references to the multifarious objects contained in each view.

The first, commencing with the east end of St. Paul's church yard, extending down Cheapside to the heart of the city: beyond, to the Tower, the Docks, the wide expanse of the Plais-tow Levels, and near to Gravesend. Tracing the Thames upwards from Greenwich, which, with its national edifice forms an interesting point, are seen the beautiful windings of that river, its various masses of shipping, and the immense establishments that line its banks. Towards the south part of the Borough, Bermondsey, the high grounds, and numerous villas of that portion of Kent, terminating with Shooter's Hill are seen: and to the north-east, the ranges of streets and public edifices towards Finsbury Square, with Hackney, Clapton, leading to the fine wooded uplands of Epping Forest, to Havering Bower. This View in the nearer and more conspicuous portions of it, relate to the great City itself, and presents a faithful portrait of its public buildings, with their varied architecture, including portions of thousands of the houses and the lines of its principal streets, and the towers and spires of its numerous churches.

The second, includes the north-side of St. Paul's church yard, the Public School of Christchurch, St. Bartho-

* An accident somewhat more perilous befel Mr. Gwynn, when occupied in measuring the top of the dome, for a section of the Cathedral. While intent on his work, his foot slipped, and he slid down the convex surface of the dome, until his descent was fortunately obstructed by a small projecting piece of the lead. He thus remained until released from the danger which threatened him, by one of his assistants, who providentially discovered his awful situation.

† To give a familiar illustration of the multitude of objects correctly introduced into this View, it may be sufficient to remind those who have explored the environs of London, that every building, garden, park, or other inclosure, indeed almost every tree and bush, commanding a view of the Cross of St. Paul's, will, according to their relative proportions, find their place in the delineation.

lemew's Hospital, the area of Smithfield, with the avenues thence diverging; in the middle distance, the Charter House and gardens, Artillery Ground, Old Street, part of the City road, new establishments on the banks of the Regent's Canal, Clerkenwell, Cold Bath fields, Pentonville, Islington, Hoxton, Kingsland, Highbury, Stoke Newington, Stamford, and Muswell Hills. Beyond, a portion of Epping Forest, with the high grounds eastward, towards Enfield, and the neighbouring parts of Hertfordshire.

The third view opens with the south side of Saint Paul's churchyard, including part of Thames Street, St. Andrews and Bennet's Hills, with the Herald's College; all the adjacent churches, &c. Southwark Bridge, and Bankside from St. Saviour's church, to the end of Blackfriars' bridge. In the middle distance are seen a large portion of the Borough, with the line of Blackfriars' road, also the Greenwich and Kent roads, shewing the situation of the intermediate public buildings. The more distant parts comprize Kensington, South Lambeth, Newington, Camberwell, Peckham, &c. the fine woods of Dulwich, Norwood, with the surrounding country and its numerous villas.

The characteristics of the fourth or West view are the beautiful expanse of the Thames, the four great bridges, the Abbey, Houses of Parliament, the Palaces and Parks, Squares and Streets forming the west end of the town. The middle ground presents a multitudinous mass of buildings, including the various Inns of Court, Foundling Hospital, and its adjacent Squares,

the British Museum, extending to St Pancras, Somers and Camden towns. The southern part of this ground comprises a large portion of Lambeth, to Vauxhall Gardens. The river here unfolds an additional interesting feature, from the distinct view of Blackfriars', Waterloo, Westminster and Vauxhall Bridges. On its banks may be particularly noticed, Somerset House, and the Adelphi, with their beautiful terraces, and the succession of noble private residences. From thence we may trace Whitehall, the Horse Guards, Admiralty, &c. Further westward, are the Milbank Penitentiary, a portion of Chelsea, with its College, the range of new buildings towards the palace of Buckingham house, the Parks, west end of the town, Regent's Park and Primrose hill. Northward, are seen the favourite villages of Hampstead and Highgate, including a correct delineation of almost every house commanding even a glimpse of St. Paul's, terminating with many of the prominent features of Hertfordshire, Middlesex and Surrey.

Thus will be given a perfect representation of the great metropolis with its distinguished port, and of the environs by which it is adorned. A more detailed analysis of the contents of these "*panoramic views*," which will very soon be published, would include a description of every interesting building and rural beauty in and around the metropolis; and our limits will not allow us to do justice to this truly national undertaking,—an undertaking so well imagined and executed that it confers equal honor on the ARTIST, his COUNTRY, and the FINE ARTS.

EPISTLES BY MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

No. II.

*From MARY to the CARDINAL OF LORRAIN, and her other surviving
Uncles. Dated March, 1565.*

Too long my mournful strain has told of hate,
Of certain misery and of threat'ning fate,
Of treacherous subjects, of rebellious strife,
And all the horrors of the assassin's knife ;
'Too long, alas ! has Mary's fruitless tear
In fancy flow'd o'er martyr'd Guise's bier,
And fondly wept, tho' doom'd to weep in vain,
'Thy blighted honours, house of high Lorrain.

But now a different theme demands my lay ;
New hopes, new wishes Mary's bosom sway—
Lo ! as the chilling shades of winter's night
Fly at the splendour of the northern light,
That in this clime its flashing fires displays,
And fills the opening heavens with silver rays,
Till all around with mimic day-light beams,
And the cold sky with warm effulgence gleams ;
So from my heart the clouds of woe remove
Before the light of happiness and love,—
He comes, decreed my lonely grief to end,
Darnley, my kinsman, lover, husband, friend.

Can I forget the hour when first I view'd
That manly form with matchless charms endu'd,
Where youth's soft prime with manhood's seems combin'd,
Where beauty gains encreasing power from mind ;
Where fine proportion charms the admiring sight,
And grace of motion joins commanding height.
Oh ! how his glance my soul with tumults fill'd,
And woke the fluttering pulse which sorrow still'd ;
While mutual glances wak'd a mutual flame,
And both at once love's willing slaves became.

Though princely suitors seek this hand to gain,
The royal sons of Austria, and of Spain ;
Though artful Catherine, to her interests true,
Hails me the chosen bride of young Anjou ;
Afraid lest I, as Spain or Austria's bride,
Should add new splendour to your power and pride.
Though England's Queen, Oh ! insolent demand !
Has for her favourite ask'd this royal hand ;
(Leicester, her subject, who from subjects springs,
Nor boasts descent from princes, or from kings)
The dubious balance I suspend no more,
Nor weigh each suitor's claims with caution o'er ;
I scorn all influence now but love's controul,
His be my hand whose image rules my soul.

But, gentle friends, forgive, while Mary's heart
 Bids strains so wild her happiness impart;
 To me such hopes so long unknown has been,
 That in the lover I forget the Queen.
 Forget, lov'd kinsmen, in affection's glow
 That sacred duty which to you I owe.
 Now let me try to make your bosoms share
 The bliss, which guardian powers for mine prepare.

Think not, however, passion rules the hour,
 My choice is sway'd alone by passion's power;—
 No, e'er these eyes my Darnley's form beheld,
 To him cold prudence had my choice impell'd;
 For, sprung like me from England's royal line,
 His claims to England's throne are great as mine:
 Nay—as he nearer stands to England's crown,
 My Darnley's rights seem stronger than my own:
 Then who can blame, if, though by princes sought,
 On distant Darnley dwelt my secret thought;*
 While he his Mary's hidden wishes shar'd,
 And here in all his pomp of charms repair'd;
 When, Mary's heart in that short moment won,
 Love knit the ties which prudence had begun.

Nor here the wisdom of this union ends,
 Our holy faith's best interests it befriends;
 Since Darnley's soul the true religion owns,
 And fervent zeal his varied merits crowns:
 If then, dear Lords, the English throne be our's,
 How strong our will, how adequate our powers
 To raise our fallen church on England's shore,
 In all the splendid pride of days of yore.
 E'en for this chance to save lost Albion's isle,
 Your Mary's choice deserves your warmest smile;
 Thus while to France, my near ally and friend,
 Of my fix'd will I public notice send,
 To you I bid these private lines reveal
 Each present joy, or future hope I feel.

But fiercely frowning on their Sovereign's choice,
 Some trait'rous subjects raise the opposing voice;
 Nay, dark assassins threaten Darnley's life,
 Their Queen surrounding with rebellious strife.
 Ask you who dares to head the guilty band,
 That thus presumes its Sovereign to command;
 While England's Queen, the mask at length thrown by,
 In all her envious hatred meets the eye?
 Alas! 'tis Murray dares this deed of shame,
 A traitor's joining to a brother's name.
 In vain the faithful Leslie warn'd my heart
 Against the dangerous power of Murray's art;
 And bade my heedless youth these words attend:
 "Behold, in Murray, England's secret friend!"
 For when he came to hail his sister Queen,
 With open eye, with bold majestic mien;
 E'en filial piety my soul betray'd,
 As I that winning smile—that brow survey'd;
 Methought, in all the charms of manhood bright,
 My Royal Father blest my eager sight;

* An historical fact.

And, Leslie's warnings fading from my view,
 I weakly thought his treacherous fondness true;
 But neither ties nor kindness e'er could move
 His jealous breast to beat with real love.
 Rebel and heretic, (those names accurst,
 Which teach the heart the dearest ties to burst)
 He trait'rous paths ambitiously pursues,
 In me a rival, not a sister views;
 Then on my choice invokes the nation's frown,
 To make my envied diadem his own.

But if, my Lords and friends, you deign approve
 Of Darnley's honours, and of Mary's love;
 Darnley made dearer to his Mary's eyes
 By the close bands of blood's endearing ties;
 My nuptial fires shall, spite of Murray, glow,
 The nuptial wreath shall deck my smiling brow.

Yes,—holy Uncle! honor'd, lov'd Lorrain!
 Let but my choice thy kind approval gain;
 Oh! be thy sanction to this union given,
 I then must deem my love approv'd by heaven.

*From MARY to DARNLEY, after their Marriage, on giving him the Rank
 and Title of King.*

MARY TO HER LOVE.

Have I one good I would not share with thee?
 If titles please thee, titles shall be thine—
 Henceforth, in rank, my equal partner be!
 King be thy name, since Queen, my love! is mine.

Whate'er besides thy heart desires to share,
 Will Mary grant her tender truth to prove;
 But whatsoever thy distinctions are,
 Oh! be thy dearest title—"Mary's Love."

Lines to DAVID RIZZIO.—July 1566.

Enchanting melodist! thy glowing lay
 Could from indifference melt its frost away;
 Could e'en the spell of apathy destroy,
 Which clos'd my heart against the touch of joy.
 When the lone sceptre, trembling in my hand,
 Seem'd fraught with power, like dark magician's wand,
 To change whate'er it touch'd to shapes of ill,
 And life's wide path with fearful phantoms fill.

I, like a statue in a garden plac'd,
 By joys was circled which I could not taste;
 But, lo! thy music made the statue live!
 Thy song could warmth, could animation give!
 Like fam'd Pygmalion's thy creative art
 Awoke the pulse of feeling in the heart;
 And while I, breathless, hung upon the sound,
 A new creation seem'd to live around.
 Then if thy music apathy could cure,
 And e'en indifference into feeling lure;

With what sweet tumults might its magic move
 The bosoms glowing with the fires of love,—
 Come, then, on Darnley, and his bride attend!
 Darnley, my gentle Lord, and Rizzio's friend!
 Come try if musick's soul-subduing power
 Can give new charms to love's enchanting bower!
 But vain's the thought—when art's best tints bestow
 A richer radiance on the rainbow's brow,
 Bid Heaven's blue vault a clearer azure boast,
 And give new splendour to the starry host;
 Then, only then, can aught on earth improve
 The perfect bliss of pure and happy love.

AMELIA OPTE.

PETRIFIED PONDS IN PERSIA.

THIS natural curiosity is near the lake *Ourmia*, and consists of several ponds or marshes, the waters of which are in a state of complete stagnation. By degrees they congeal, and by a slow and regular process petrify and form the beautiful transparent stone, commonly called *Tabriz marble*, often seen in the Persian burying grounds, and which forms one of the principal ornaments of all public edifices in that country. These ponds, which are very near each other, occupy the space of half a mile. Their situation is known by a heap of stones, that accumulate round these excavations. I saw nothing in Persia more worthy of the attention of a naturalist, and I much regretted not being learned enough to explain this phenomenon. I will, however, endeavour to convey an idea of it, as I was, perhaps, the only European who had penetrated so far. When near the place where these ponds are, the earth gives out a hollow noise under one's step. The soil is barren and calcined, and a strong mineral smell issues from the surface of the waters. The progress of the petrification may be easily followed from its beginning to the end.

In its natural state the water is clear, it afterwards becomes thick and stagnant, and then all at once black; and, when arrived at the last stage of congelation, it looks like white frost. A petrified pond resembles a pond covered with ice; if a stone is thrown upon it before the operation is terminated, it breaks

the adhesion, and the black water at the bottom appears directly. If the congelation is finished, a stone thrown on the surface leaves no mark, and any body may walk without wetting their feet. In the places where there is a hole, the progress of the concretion may be seen; it appears like leaves of large paper placed one over the other. This water has such a decided tendency to transform itself into stone, that the drops that issue boiling from the earth petrify and retain the same form, as if they had been converted into marble by a magic wand.

This singular substance is brittle, transparent, and sometimes richly veined with green, red, and copper colour. It may be carried away in blocks, and is very easily polished. The princes of the present reigning family build but few edifices, and have not used much of this stone; but there are still round the pond enormous pieces that Nadir Shah caused to be cut out, designing them for public embellishments.

The remarkable formation of this marble or stony concretion causes it to be looked upon in the east as an object of luxury, exclusively reserved to the king and his sons. The excavation of it is only allowed to those persons who have obtained a special firman; and pride is so much stronger than avarice, that the idea of making over this property to the highest bidder never entered the imagination of its present possessors.

MORIER.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS IN LONDON AND PARIS.

LETTER XI.

From SIR CHARLES DARNLEY, Bart. to the MARQUIS DE VERMONT.

Paris.
MY DEAR DE VERMONT,

IN your last Letter, you complain so heavily of the inconsistencies which you have remarked in our national character, and you express so much wonder at the discovery, that I suspect you went to England with most exaggerated and mistaken ideas of our perfectability. —I fear we have no pretensions to the reputation of being free from the common failings of humanity; yet I think that the longer you reside in Great Britain the more you will be convinced, that no country ever attained so high a degree of civilization with morals so little corrupted.

Vanity is so potent a stimulus, that you rightly attribute to its dictates the excessive homage paid to rank in the private societies of London. Lords, dukes, and even princes are really not more respected than the rest of their fellow subjects; and in the numberless journals, pamphlets, and other publications which issue daily from the press, you will find that these high titled personages are much oftener made the object of attack than that of commendation. Indeed, of all classes, their's is the one which is most exposed to scandalous invective and satirical abuse.

The cause of that deference which is paid to them in certain houses is the selfish calculation of the owners, who, by the basest adulation, purchase the appearance of the great at their entertainments, in order to bestow *on themselves* a borrowed splendour, while they appear to be the associates and consequently in some degree the equals of those distinguished individuals. In short, as the champagne sparkles in their Grecian vases, and the gold glitters on their servants' liveries, not for the enjoyment or convenience of the guests, but in order to impress on their minds the wealth of their host, so these grandees are flattered and

invited to their festive boards, not from any attachment to their persons, or from any respect for their station, but for the purpose of exciting the admiration of the rest of the company, and in the hope of making them believe that they, who live thus familiarly with the first characters in the Metropolis, must be themselves persons of no little importance.

I have said so much, not by way of justification of such faults (for they are neither to be excused nor justified,) but in order to do justice to your penetration in attributing them to the vanity of the parties, which is the real cause of all such absurdities.

But if you are surprised at seeing the nobles of the earth treated with so much respect by the sons of freedom, I am not less so at remarking the gloom and formality which reign in the private circles of this capital, which is generally considered as the very centre of gaiety.

I must begin with acknowledging that nothing can be livelier than the appearance of the streets and public promenades; and one of my most agreeable occupations is that of observing the motley, merry crowds, who hasten to their favourite haunts as soon as a brilliant sun tempts them to leave their houses.

If I take a turn into the Garden of the Thuilleries, I find persons of both sexes and of all ages, ranks and countries in the world, enjoying the pleasures of that delightful spot. While the young, the active, and the handsome, accoutred in all the extreme of the fashion, trip lightly along the terraces, or join the more brilliant circle of the Grand Alley, I see older persons under the shade of those magnificent trees, which prevent the heat of the hottest sun from being felt, seated on chairs, and reading the daily newspapers, both of which conveniences are always to be had here for a few *sous*.

If I extend my walk to the *Champs Elysées*, I meet carriages of every description, from the *fiacre*, the *cabriolet*, and still humbler *diligence* of St. Cloud, Marli, or Versailles, to the most elegant English equipage; while numerous parties of the smartest *beaux* and *belles* of Paris gallop by me on horseback, all hurrying away to the Bois de Boulogne, and all displaying in their countenances a vivacity truly French.

If, instead of accompanying this gay cavalcade any farther, I return by the side of the river, I see on the quays another class of people, less elegantly dressed but not less disposed to pleasure; while formed in groups, some laugh at the wit of punch, some play at balls for oranges, some witness the performance of a learned dog, some collect round the vendors of prints, maps, and caricatures, and some listen in mute and anxious attention to the noisy eloquence of a lace-coated mountebank, who, while vaunting the infallible effect of his proffered pill, promises them a cure for all their different infirmities.

If I then visit the *Palais Royal*, (which I am told some of your countrymen style the metropolis of Paris, as others call Paris the capital of the world,) I find an equally gay crowd, formed of persons presenting the utmost diversity of character. Here it is difficult to force one's way amidst soldiers, abbés, women of the town, and women of fashion, powdered *beaux* of the old *régime*, and black-haired and black-whiskered heroes of the new school, Knights of the Post, and Knights of all the Orders of Christendom, displaying the badges of their respective honors, though worn in many instances on coats whose torn sleeves and discoloured hues are little in unison with these splendid decorations; and the crowd of French people of every description is almost equalled by that of foreigners of all nations under the sun. Turks, Jews, Germans, Russians, Greeks, and Englishmen, who come hither to stare at the articles displayed in the many-coloured shops,—to eat ice—dine—drink coffee—to be cheated in purchasing clothes, books, or trinkets—to lose their money at the gaming-tables, or their health at some of

the various temples of vice, which abound in these purlieus.

If I next wander to the Boulevard, I witness a similar scene of general gaiety. Indeed, I know not any sight more delightful than that promenade towards the close of a fine day—the string of carriages in the centre filled with elegant and well-dressed women, and under the avenue of lofty trees on each side the numerous parties of chattering pedestrians, and the picturesque groupes formed of distinct family circles, or friendly *coteries*, and seated on chairs near the *Café Hardi*, who seem here, while breathing the pure air, to enjoy all the pleasures of social converse. Farther on, the stalls covered with books, prints, and baubles of every kind, which arrest for a moment the loungee's attention, which is soon withdrawn to the poodle dogs, foreign birds, quack medicines, or forbidden pamphlets, which are forced before his eye or recommended in whispers to his ear by their importunate vendors. These objects, the animated countenances of the pedestrians, the well lighted coffee-houses, and the shops, hotels, baths, panoramas, theatres, puppet-shews, fountains, and triumphal arches, all found on the Boulevard, present together such a picture of variegated liveliness, that the stranger is bewildered in beholding it, and on leaving it he only retains a general idea of having visited a spot peculiarly consecrated to pleasure.

And now to the subject of your *soirées* or evening parties. After spending an hour in one of the promenades which I have just described, when I repair to an assembly given by some of the many distinguished personages to whom you have had the goodness to introduce me, I cannot help observing the contrast which presents itself. The stiff curtsey, and cold "*Bon soir, Monsieur*," with which, half rising from her chair, the mistress of the house receives me; the two equal rows of armed chairs which divide the room, and in which her female guests are ranged side by side, (reminding me of the no less formal avenues of trees by which your ancient *Chateaux* are approached) the dispersed parties of men, talking politics in suppressed tones of voice, and the total absence of that noise and loco-

motion to which we are accustomed on similar occasions in England, make a party of this kind appear to me the very personification of *ennui*. Yet the natives of different nations vary so much in their opinion on such subjects, that I heard a French Duchess, by way of apology for refusing to receive one of our countrywomen at *ses soirées* observe, "I will have no more English ladies at my house, for they will not stay in their places, but bustle about, and thus convert one of our elegant Parisian circles into a London rout, which ought more properly to be called a London mob."

A foreigner finds himself much embarrassed in going into one of these *soirées*. After making his bow, what is he to do? If he happens to be acquainted with any one of the ladies who sit in awful state in the centre of the saloon, and has the courage to approach her, the conversation which he may begin on the weather, the *spectacle* or the last novel, is soon ended by a chilling *oui*, or *non*, *Monsieur*; and he is again left to seek occupation. If he then attempt to address some of the gentlemen whom he sees talking together, he probably receives as laconic a reply; and so adieu to all chance of amusement for that evening.

Indeed, a few nights since, finding myself at one of these assemblies near a groupe of *quid-nuncs*, who were discussing your late and present mode of electing the members of the *Corps Legislatif*, I continued a patient listener for more than an hour; expecting every moment that, as the subject was one on which an Englishman might be supposed qualified to give some useful information, a question or an observation would have been addressed to me, by which means I should have had an apology for joining in the conversation; but none of the talkers condescended to take the least notice of the foreigner who had ventured to become the auditor of their harangues, by which, no doubt, they thought he was highly edified.

Now whether it arises from national jealousy, or from the hatred engendered by the late war and the peculiar circumstance which attended its close, I cannot pretend to say, but no fact is more certain than this,

that the English are most unwelcome guests in the circles of the Parisians; and nothing short, my dear Vermont, of your strong and too partial recommendations would have procured me admittance into any of them. By the friends to whose patronage you committed me I am treated not only with urbanity, but kindness; yet I experience such frigid civility in those whom I meet at their houses, that I often pass a very dull day, when the wish of the donor of the *fête* is to procure me every possible enjoyment.

Nobody seems to *volunteer* an acquaintance (if I may use the phrase); and, though I cannot complain of actual rudeness in any one, I see no marks of that general attention to strangers for which France was once so celebrated. You must not suspect that this is a peculiar or a peevish remark of mine: all the few English who occasionally find the means of creeping into French society make a similar observation. For instance, Mrs. — who, from being nearly related to a Parisian family of distinction, enjoys advantages greater than those possessed by any other of her countrywomen or countrymen, tells me that she shall go no more to Madame — weekly parties, to which she has a general invitation, and which I need not tell you are reckoned the best in this capital. She accounts very naturally for this determination by assuring me, that, after frequenting these assemblies for three months, she has not made a single acquaintance. "I am told," says she, "that the people I see at this house form the best company of Paris; but what consolation is this to me for going every week into a splendid crowd, in the midst of which, seated with due state in an old-fashioned armed-chair, I am condemned to pass two hours in the worst of all solitudes, while not one of the party condescends to speak to me?"

Such is the picture drawn by this lady of the situation in which she finds herself at one of these *boasted soirées*, and I confess, from the experience I have had of similar entertainments, I think the sketch is by no means an exaggerated one.

Adieu.

C. DARNLEY.

LETTER XII.

From the MARQUIS DE VERMONT to SIR CHARLES DARNLEY, Bart.

London.

I perceive, my dear Darnley, that the foreigner who is desirous of knowing the real character of this country must make a lengthened visit here. The inhabitants of the continent who come hither for only a few weeks see nothing but the surface, and go away with a thousand unfavourable impressions, which a little longer residence would have been sufficient to remove. The English are, in general, shy and reserved in their manners; and, even among the highest classes, the best and most amiable persons are only properly known when seen in the interior of their respective families. To contract such an intimacy with them as enables a stranger to view them in this manner is extremely difficult, for no visits I find are paid or received in an evening, and even before dinner "*Not at home*" is the answer given at nine doors out of ten at which one knocks.

Nor are the crowded dinners and still more numerous assemblies, of which I have already had occasion to speak, at all calculated to afford opportunities for forming those habits of familiar intercourse, in which your countrymen appear to the greatest advantage.

The persons who are the most conspicuous in the British metropolis, (I mean the votaries of dissipation and notoriety who fill the annals of the daily newspapers) are by no means the most respectable members of the community; yet they are precisely the objects on whom all eyes are centered. Flattered, talked of, and followed, they are the leaders of all the principal entertainments of this great city; and thousands receive the law from them who are their superiors in morals, manners, and every amiable propensity. Is it then extraordinary that foreigners form their opinion of the English character on the specimens presented to them by those, who appear to be universally admired? Yet, certainly, it is impossible that they could take it from a less favourable model.

I am happy to find that my recommendations have been of some use to you at Paris, but, as I remarked in a former letter, you have amply repaid the obligation by procuring for me the *entrée* of several private families in this town, in whose domestic circles I have learnt to know and appreciate the many good qualities which distinguish the gentry of this country, and which are often hidden under a cold and forbidding exterior. I have also been received with cordial kindness by one or two individuals to whom it had, at different times, been my good fortune to show some trifling attentions in France. Among these I must particularly mention Mr. Gourville, descended from an ancient Norman family,—his ancestors were followers of William the Conqueror, and he still inherits the estate which was then allotted to his progenitors. The income derived from this property is amply sufficient for all the elegancies as well as comforts of a liberal establishment. My friend being quite free both from vanity and ambition, though possessed of considerable talent, has neither adopted a profession—gone into parliament—nor bought, at the price of sacrificing all manly independence and generous feeling, the patronage of the great. By connection he is related to several of your noblest houses; his father was a distinguished general; and his wife, who, besides being a very pretty and very agreeable woman, shares the best properties of her husband, was the daughter of a baronet. This amiable couple occupy a spacious house in Portman-square, but the luxuries which abound there are reserved for the use of a small circle of intimate acquaintance whom the owners really love and esteem, and not for the "*five hundred friends*," with whom a leading *belle* loves to fill her mansion. The company I meet at Mr. Gourville's table is select in the strictest sense of the word: it consists of all that is estimable in character, pleasing in manner, and respectable from talent and

acquirements. Men of sense, statesmen, lawyers, literary men, and distinguished artists; while the female part of the society is no less irreproachable in morals than interesting from all the combined charms of mind and manner. Persons of rank are often found at this house, because persons of rank are often in England the patterns of every virtue; but it is evident from the style in which they are received, that they are welcome for their merits, and not for the sound of their titles, or the length of their pedigrees.

I cannot help introducing you to this family, because my happiest hours are passed at their hospitable board. There, at small and well-chosen parties, I hear politics discussed without rancour, books without pedantry, and the news of the day without scandal or ill-temper. Indeed, after spending several agreeable days at this house, I am almost reconciled to one of your usages, which at first appeared to me most objectionable. I mean the retiring of the ladies after dinner. Here, though they follow that custom, they stay long enough to animate the conversation, and to give it that charm which is inseparable from their presence. The short interval which the gentlemen pass at table after their departure is devoted to politics, science, and other grave subjects less suited to the tastes of women. When we join them again at tea, those lighter and more elegant topics are resumed, which are best treated when a circle is formed of both sexes.

I have introduced the names of Mr. and Mrs. Gourville for two reasons; first, to do justice to them, and, through them, to a class of persons who form one of the best features of English society; and next, to mention an instance of the impertinence and contempt with which respectable individuals of this description are viewed and spoken of by those, who consider themselves as the leaders of the *ton*, when such individuals are too proud and too independent to range themselves under their banners. I accompanied these amiable friends of mine a few evenings since to the Opera-house, where they hire an annual box, not kept to be let and re-let as a subject of speculation, (a habit very com-

mon among great personages,) but, like their table, reserved for the use of their intimate acquaintance.

Well, while (after the performance) I was in the lobby with Mr. and Mrs. Gourville, waiting for the carriage, the Countess of — (who has taken it into her head to be very civil to me), happened to pass. — On this occasion she returned my bow with unusual stiffness, and the night afterwards, when I met her at an assembly, she took me aside and said, — “M. Le Marquis, as I feel much interested about your success in London, I hope you will not think me officious in hinting that which your ignorance of our habits may prevent your knowing, that if you wish to keep *good* company here, you must carefully avoid being seen with persons of a different description. — Tell me candidly, who were *those people* with whom I saw you last night at the Opera-house?”

“An English gentleman and lady of the most unexceptionable character.”

“No doubt, and so are my butcher and his wife, yet not very fit companions for a French nobleman.”

“But permit me to assure your Ladyship, that Mr. Gourville, on whose arm I leaned, is the representative of one of the oldest families in Europe.”

“Not of so ancient a family,” interrupted the Countess, “I am sure, as my Welch curate—yet I barely allow the reverend gentleman to sit down in my presence. — But what did you say was the name of the man—I am sure I never heard the name before.”

“Gourville;—and besides being extremely well born, he possesses a very ample estate.”

“And so do half the haberdashers, grocers, and cheesemongers in the city.”

“He is likewise the son of a general.”

“That proves nothing, M. Le Marquis.—His father may have risen from the ranks, like many of your French Marshals.”

“And Mrs. Gourville is the daughter of a baronet.”

“Who, perhaps, after selling plumbs and mangos in Cheapside for two-thirds of his life, became at last Lord Mayor, went up with

an address, was dubbed a knight, and bye and bye, for some ministerial job, admitted into our very numerous list of hereditary *Chevaliers*. We have long ceased to rank baronets in this country much above those whom you call in France *la canaille*."

After a dialogue of this kind, in which her ladyship was always prepared with a *repartee*, I endeavoured to explain, that the friends of whom she spoke so contemptuously were no less respectable from birth, education and fortune, than estimable for the qualities of their minds and heart. Finding that I made no impression by such arguments, I next reminded the Countess of the many persons, inferior in every respect to Mr. and Mrs. Gourville, whom I had met at her house, among whom I specified Mrs. Latitat, the attorney's wife, and Miss Fussock, the daughter of a city drysalter, both of whom her ladyship had lately taken under her peculiar patronage.

"Nonsense, nonsense," exclaimed the Countess, "these are *tolerated vulgars*, whom we condescend to *bear with*, rather than to *admit* into our circles, on condition of certain accommodations which they afford us. We go to their splendid mansions precisely as we go to Almack's; and as we make it an indispensable consideration that nobody should be admitted at either without *our* special permission, the *donors* of the entertainment form the only objectionable people in their parties. And if in return for *galas*, to which *we ask* the company and the expenses of which come out of *their* pockets, we deign to ask these good folks once or twice a year to one of our *sweeps*, they think themselves too much honoured. But M. Le Marquis, it is useless to have any discussion on a subject, which my long experience in these matters enables me to understand much better than you. Let me tell you that there is a *certain set* which governs every thing in this town; and as you Catholics say there is no safety out of the pale of mother church, so, in London, there is no fashion out of that circle. Into this favoured set I was labouring to get you properly initiated; but the attempt will be fruitless if you will keep company

with *unorthodox quizzes*. In short you must belong to *us*, and be *every thing*, or renounce *le grand monde* and become *non-presentable*."

So saying, her ladyship gave her arm to a *dandy* who was passing by, and, leaving me to my meditations, shook her fan, and tripped away.

It seems to me that this *strange* distinction certainly exists in the society of London, and there is no person so low in birth, education or character, but possessed of wealth, and disposed to lavish it in purchasing the patronage of such a lady as she whom I have just described, who may not gain admittance into the highest circles, from which the most honourable, the most virtuous, and the most enlightened individuals are often excluded, if they disdain to use such base means of conciliating the favour of the great.

The undefined line, which is thus attempted to be drawn between this *certain set* (consisting of the most vicious and most notorious of the nobility followed by a servile race of humble flatterers) and the rest of the gentlemen and ladies of England, is certainly a much greater absurdity than that, which the pride of ancestry has established on the Continent.

To require a pedigree of sixteen untarnished quarters, as a qualification for being a member of good company, is sufficiently ridiculous I confess; yet, in this free country, to insist that no person shall be considered as worthy of being visited, however respectable by birth, fortune, or education, unless a member of this *certain set*, is a still more striking instance of human folly and inconsistency. It is stripping your king of the prerogative of conferring honours, and bestowing it on a little self-constituted oligarchy, formed of every thing the most vicious, the most indecent, and the most contemptible in the British capital. I shall resume this subject again, but in the mean time I must say, that, when I leave England, I shall feel prouder at having made one such acquaintance as Mr. Gourville's, than at having my name placed at the top of the most finished list of this *certain set*. Farewell,

DE VERMONT.

ON SPECTRES OR APPARITIONS.

ONE of the earliest impressions we receive in infancy, and fondly cherish during childhood, which is only slightly weakened on the approach of manhood, when intellectual light begins to dawn on our mind, and which the broad sunshine of cultivated reason is not sufficient always completely to eradicate,* is the belief in spectres or apparitions. A notion so universal, and a feeling so general, so connate we may say with human existence, may be supposed to have a foundation in some natural principle implanted in the human mind, common to the uncultivated individual of savage life, and to the votary of refined education in the most polished society; to the clown and to the philosopher; for notwithstanding the boasted superiority of the latter, all his learning only enables him to challenge individual facts, rather than to deny the principle; and although, during his hours of study, and in his eager researches into causes and effects, he easily satisfies himself that he is able to demonstrate the absurdity of the opinion, yet he feels, in some moments of corporeal debility, or mental dejection, if not a thorough conviction, at least a transient persuasion, that the dread he has been accustomed to ridicule is more deeply rooted in the mind than the ignorance or superstition itself which gave it birth. A fondness for the marvellous and extraordinary, so prevalent in all ages and among all classes of mankind, has, no doubt, led to much exaggeration in the narrations of real or supposed supernatural appearances by those who have witnessed them, and the want of sufficient self-possession and calm collectedness has also been the source of much self-delusion in those who had neither desire to impose on others, nor interest in doing so; yet, making every allowance for these circumstances, it is hardly possible to deny that, on some occasions at least, the forms of persons already dead have been seen, and

their voices heard, and that visions of unknown beings have been manifested to certain individuals. An admission of this fact does not surely pledge us to believe every tale of wonder and alarm, invented frequently by knavish imposture and propagated by ignorant credulity. Our business is rather to investigate the source of this incorporeal communication, and to attempt to discover by what known principle or faculty implanted in our mind, we become conscious of such spiritual agency.

I am led to this train of investigation in consequence of perusing a little treatise published some time ago by the late ingenious Dr. Ferriar, of Manchester; who, not venturing to deny the fact of spectral appearances, has attempted to explain their occurrence, by invariably ascribing them to the existence of some degree of hallucination in the mind of the person thus impressed. I much doubt, however, the validity of this explanation; and shall offer a few considerations, which appear to me subversive of the theory brought forward by the learned author, however unable I may be to suggest one strictly accordant with the facts.—The overturning a false hypothesis is one step towards the discovery of a sound theory, although, from the want of sufficient data, the time may not yet have arrived in which we are able to construct one totally free from every objection. I mean in the present paper to confine myself to those instances of spectral appearances recited by Dr. Ferriar, as being those which, in his opinion, were capable of a satisfactory explanation on his own principles; other instances, no doubt, there are equally well authenticated, to which, perhaps, the Doctor might have found more difficulty in applying his hypothesis, and to which it might be necessary to refer, in offering another and different explanation; but I judge it best at first to rest on the authenticity already admitted by

* As in the instance of Dr. Samuel Johnson and others.

the Doctor, the extent of which admission may be judged of from the following quotation from his book:—

"I have thus presented to the reader those facts, which have afforded to my own mind a satisfactory explanation of such relations of spectral appearances as cannot be refused credit without removing all the limits and supports of human testimony. To disqualify the senses, or the veracity of those who witness unusual appearances is the utmost tyranny of prejudice. I conceive that the unaffected accounts of spectral visions should engage the attention of the philosopher as well as of the physician. Instead of regarding these stories with the horror of the vulgar, or the disdain of the sceptic, we should examine them accurately, and should ascertain their exact relation to the state of the brain and of the external senses."

Dr. Ferriar, taking it for granted that all spectral appearances are illusory and not real, rests the explanation of them on two principles; either they arise from the renewal of external impressions, modified by certain circumstances of time and place; or they are to be attributed to a morbid state of the brain, capable of producing spectral impressions without any external prototypes. The first principle only, I conceive, can become the subject of discussion; for this *morbid state* of the brain here spoken of is a mere gratuitous assumption, never hitherto demonstrated, nor capable of demonstration, but solely *inferred* to exist, because the spectral appearances can be no otherwise accounted for; a *petitio principii*, leading to the monstrous conclusion, that all evidence of the senses, or conviction of the mind, in any other person, which contradicts our own more narrow experience, or exceeds the limits of our contracted belief, is a demonstration of a disordered intellect or diseased brain. Until this morbid state of the brain is proved to exist, otherwise than by negative inference as abovementioned, I am not constrained to admit its power of producing the spectral appearances attributed to it, nor shall I be so unphilosophical as to resort to

the temporary and transient agency of a peculiar condition of the brain, which no other action or circumstance in the life of the individual has before or since given the least indication of. Confining myself, therefore, to the consideration of the first principle adopted by Dr. Ferriar, I shall apply it to the examination of one or two of the examples related by the Doctor; but I shall first collect a summary of his opinions on the general question.

"It is a well known law of the human economy, that the impressions produced on some of the external senses, especially on the eye, are more durable than the application of the impressing cause. The effect of looking at the sun, in producing the impression of a luminous globe for some time after the eye has been withdrawn from the object, is familiar to every one. In young persons, the effects resulting from this permanence of impression are extremely curious. I remember, that, about the age of fourteen, it was a source of great amusement to myself. If I had been viewing any interesting object in the course of the day, such as a romantic ruin, a fine seat, or a review of a body of troops, as soon as evening came on, if I had occasion to go into a dark room, the whole scene was brought before my eyes, with a brilliancy equal to what it had possessed in day-light, and remained visible for several minutes. I have no doubt, that dismal and frightful images have been presented in the same manner to young persons, after scenes of domestic affliction or public horror.

"From recalling images by an art of memory the transition is direct to beholding spectral objects, which have been floating in the imagination. Yet, even in the most frantic assemblage of this nature, no novelty appears. The spectre may be larger or smaller; it may be compounded of the parts of different animals; but it is always framed from the recollection of familiar though discordant images. The result of all these inquiries has been, that recollected images only are presented to the persons labouring under delusions of this nature."

The simple renewal of the im-

pression of form or voice, in the case of particular friends, is said by Dr. Ferriar to be the most obvious and most forcible of these recollections; and he relates, as belonging to this class of delusions, the following account of the celebrated apparition of Ficinus to Michael Mercato, mentioned by Baronius.

"Those illustrious friends, after a long discourse on the nature of the soul, had agreed, that whoever of the two should die first should, if possible, appear to his surviving friend, and inform him of his condition in the other world. A short time afterwards, says Baronius, it happened, that while Michael Mercato the elder was studying philosophy, early in the morning, he suddenly heard the noise of a horse galloping in the street, which stopped at his door, and the voice of his friend Ficinus was heard, exclaiming, — 'O Michael! O Michael! those things are true!' Astonished at this address, Mercato rose and looked out of the window, where he saw the back of his friend, dressed in white, galloping off on a white horse. He called after him, and followed him with his eyes till the appearance vanished. Upon inquiry, he learned that Ficinus had died at Florence, at the very time when this vision was presented to Mercato, at a considerable distance."

Dr. Ferriar adds,—"many attempts have been made to discredit this story, but I think the evidence has never been shaken. I entertain no doubt that Mercato had seen what he described; in following the reveries of Plato,* the idea of his friend and of their compact had been revived, and had produced a spectral impression during the solitude and awful silence of the early hours of study."

In accounting for the foregoing spectral appearances on Dr. Ferriar's hypothesis, the following difficulties present themselves. In order to favour these spectral appearances, admitting them to be mere delusions, a certain aptitude of the imagination is necessary, or at least a certain vacuity of thought; for it will be

allowed, that if the mind be earnestly engaged in attending to a very different and opposite train of thinking, or be agreeably occupied by surrounding persons or objects, there is little chance that such delusion should enter into it. We must all have experienced the difficulty of renewing impressions of past occurrences or distant objects, when our attention is strongly solicited to things present, to permit us to believe, that, under such circumstances, these spectral appearances are nothing more than recollected images. It is only in silence, darkness, and solitude, when the attention is completely withdrawn from without, that recollected images can thus impress the imagination, and then there is generally required the aid of terror, or of a certain degree of expectation of such appearances; they are, in fact, then formed by the mind itself; this is evinced in the instance mentioned above of Dr. Ferriar recalling the images of a fine seat, or a grand review; his mind was occupied by the delight of having seen these objects, but it was not until he went into a dark room that he could recall to his imagination these images. But in this case they arise merely from impressions lately made on the optic nerves, and not yet subsided or gone off, and accordingly these recollected images here spoken of are always exact copies of the objects seen: whereas in the case of apparitions, the subject of discussion, admitting them to be mere delusions, these images or objects are at least so altered, modified, and combined, so different in various circumstances from any thing that actually previously occurred to the party, as to render it impossible to call them recollected images. But to come to the instance before us; the time when this occurrence took place was early in the morning, a period of the day when the judgment is in its highest vigour, and least likely to be misled by the imagination. The person was studying philosophy, an occupation it may be supposed which required a considerable degree of voluntary attention, and

* It is not mentioned in the narrative, what description of works Mercato was studying; the 'Reveries of Plato,' therefore, seem to be a mere assumption by Dr. F.

left little opportunity for the wanderings of thought, or the excursions of the imagination. We can readily suppose, on the contrary, that had any person entered Mercato's room while he was thus employed, he might, on so entering, have made a great noise, or possibly have presented himself within view of Mercato without impressing the senses of the latter sufficiently to have attracted his notice, so attentive may we expect him to have been to his studies. Nothing in my mind can be a stronger argument in favour of this apparition being supernatural, than its power of forcibly withdrawing the attention, strongly fixed as it was upon a different and opposite train of thought. Here was no consent of will, or leaning of expectation, but the apparition was a forcible intrusion upon a mind pre-occupied and strongly engaged, not easily accessible to impressions from the surrounding material world, and least of all to the sudden suggestions of a wandering imagination. The circumstances of this apparition were so distinct and consistent, the galloping of the horse, the sound of the person's voice, the white horse and the white clothes,* as to have required no inconsiderable exertion of the imagination thus to have framed and presented them, an exertion we cannot suppose it capable of while the will was occupied in so different a pursuit. But the most remarkable and important consideration is, that Ficinus died at Florence at the very time, when this vision was presented to Mercato at a considerable distance. This coincidence of the occurrence of some remarkable event at the time of the apparition or spectral delusion, or some prophetic declaration uttered by the spectre, has been observed to take place in most of the instances recorded by Dr. Ferriar, and believed by him to be well authenticated and the truth of them unquestionable, although he has not offered any explanation of this circumstance; a circumstance one would

suppose which militates the most strongly against his opinion of these appearances being, in all cases, merely self delusion of the party seeing them. That a renewed impression of the form, voice, &c. of an absent friend should present itself to any person involuntarily on the part of the latter, and without any effort to recall such impression, his mind being pre-occupied and his attention strongly engaged on different and opposite objects, is totally inconsistent with any law of the animal economy hitherto known or recognised. That a spectral appearance, visible to a person at the time some important event is happening to a distant friend, should be owing to a morbid state of the brain of the party so witnessing it, is as improbable as the former supposition; and, however readily some of the spectral appearances may be explained on the principles offered by Dr. Ferriar, I think we must allow, that in some instances, especially in those recorded by him, these principles are by no means sufficient to explain the occurrences. If we admit that these spectral appearances are mere delusions of the party witnessing them, renewed impressions of former objects, or arbitrary excursions of imagination, without any impression from without, how are we to account for the knowledge of some distant or future event, which the party at the same time obtains? This is only to be done by supposing the person, thus witnessing the spectral appearance, to be possessed of and to exercise some degree of *prescience*, which it will be no less difficult to explain than the reality of the vision. Let us take a history related by Dr. Ferriar, and believed by him to be genuine and authentic.

"A gentleman connected with my family, an officer in the army, and certainly addicted to no superstition, was quartered, early in life, in the middle of the last century, near the castle of a gentleman in the north of Scotland, who was supposed to possess the second sight. Strange

* Conception of colours is complex, aided by the association of ideas. Perhaps as the attention was so very forcibly struck by the supernatural appearance, the mind had not time to form conception of perfect colours, and, therefore, the spectre was white, or what is the same thing, of no colour at all.

rumours were afloat respecting the old chieftain. He had spoken to an apparition, which ran along the battlements of the house, and had never been cheerful afterwards. His prophetic visions excited surprise, even in that region of credulity; and his retired habits favoured the popular opinion. My friend assured me, that one day, while he was reading a play to the ladies of the family, the chief, who had been walking across the room, stopped suddenly, and assumed the look of a *seer*. He rang the bell, and ordered the groom to saddle a horse; to proceed immediately to a seat in the neighbourhood, and to inquire after the health of Lady —; if the account was favourable, he then directed him to call at another castle, to ask after another lady whom he named. The reader immediately closed his book, and declared that he would not proceed till these abrupt orders were explained, as he was confident that they were produced by the second sight. The chief was very unwilling to explain himself; but at length owned that the door had appeared to open, and that a little woman, without a head, had entered the room; that the apparition indicated the sudden death of some person of his acquaintance; and the only two persons who resembled the figure were those ladies after whose health he had sent to inquire. A few hours afterwards the servant returned with an account that one of the ladies had died of an apoplectic fit, about the time when the vision had appeared. At another time, the chief was confined to his bed by indisposition, and my friend was reading to him, in a stormy winter night, while the fishing-boat, belonging to the castle, was at sea. The old gentleman repeatedly expressed much anxiety respecting his people; and at last exclaimed, 'my boat is lost!' the colonel replied, 'how do you know it, sir?' He was answered, 'I see two of the boatmen bringing in the third drowned, all dripping wet, and laying him down close beside your chair.' The chair was shifted with great precipitation; in the course of the night, the fishermen returned, with the corpse of one of the boatmen."

Admitting this narration to be authentic, and the concomitant events actually to have occurred, (and we have Dr. Ferriar's own admission of the authenticity of the narrative) either the spectral appearance presented to this gentleman was no delusion, but an actual vision—some impression made on his senses from without, independent of material agency—or his own mind at the time was endowed with, and exerted a degree of prescience, which, although we may conceive and allow it to be innate in the human soul, is not usually capable of being exercised during the connection of the latter with a material frame. The conclusion appears to me to be irresistible, and whichever alternative we adopt, it affords us a convincing proof of the fallacy of the doctrines of the materialists, who ascribe all the operations and faculties of the human mind to material organization alone, and who deny the existence or agency of spirit, separate from and unconnected with corporeal substance. During the connection of spirit with matter, the agency and operations of the former are limited and circumscribed by the properties and powers of the latter. We are well aware of the impossibility of communicating with, or acting upon any other being like ourselves, without the intervention of matter, and of the total impossibility of communicating with, or acting upon any pure spirit divested of matter. But we have no means of ascertaining, or indeed of conceiving the power or mode of communication and agency between one pure spirit and another, although we shall scarcely venture to deny that such communication and agency exist. Is it unreasonable or unphilosophical to suppose that spirit divested of matter may also be able to act upon spirit connected with matter, by means of the senses, the material conduits in human beings of impressions from without?

Our disbelief of the reality of visions and apparitions seems, in truth, to be grounded entirely upon our not knowing the mode by which such appearances can be effected; and therefore whenever such an appearance is related to us by a person whose veracity is unquestiona-

ble, and whose authority we cannot deny, we attribute to him self-delusion and hallucination of mind; although no circumstance in his previous conduct, or aftercourse of life, can furnish us with the least pretence of charging him with such aberration. If the few observations I have submitted are correct, it will appear that such spectral appearances cannot *always* be explained on the principle of self-delusion and hallucination, whatever other explanation they are capable of. *I am not contending for the authenticity of any narration of supernatural ap-*

pearances, nor even asserting that such ever at all existed. I am arguing entirely upon admitted facts; and if these are really substantiated, I do not see why spiritual agency is to be denied merely because we are not acquainted with the means by which it can be exerted upon us. To give credit to every tale of visions and spectres would betray the depth of ignorance and superstition; to deny the possibility of spiritual agency merely because we ourselves never experienced it, is no essential characteristic of true philosophy. MEDICUS.

ON POSTHUMOUS VANITY.

“La pompe des enterremens intéresse plus la vanité des vivans que la mémoire des morts.”*

THIS is an acute and sensible observation of the Duc de la Rochefoucault. It affords an admirable example of the strong discernment and deep penetration which so highly distinguished that celebrated writer, and is peculiarly characteristic of one who possessed so clear an insight into those hidden motives, which govern many of the thoughts and actions of men. We may observe, however, that he has represented the vanity of the *living* only as being gratified by the pomp of funerals and the display of external grandeur; but the charge may, with equal propriety, be extended to the *dead*, whose love of splendour and magnificence during life thus manifests itself in this last act of useless ostentation.

There is nothing which has been made a greater subject of ethical disquisition, or more closely engaged the reflection and attention of writers in general, than the prevailing foible of *vanity*. It has been, and still is, the theme of universal censure; and though held up, in all ages, as a fair mark for the shafts of ridicule and satire, its powerful sway seems not by any means to be confined to narrower limits. It is by nature so deeply implanted in the human mind, and possesses so considerable a share in the direction of its various move-

ments, that it is not surprising the “*ruling passion*” should extend its views to objects beyond “this visible diurnal sphere.” Indeed, it sometimes appears to revive in its full force, at a time when all would imagine it to be extinct; and to operate most strongly when it might naturally be supposed to have least influence. Too frequently we find that those honours and distinctions, which were disregarded in the plenitude of health and power and enjoyment, are eagerly courted at the close of existence, and at the termination of all earthly grandeur.—Such strange and wayward desires plainly indicate the predominant passion, and can only be attributed to that inconsistency of conduct and unsteadiness of principle which so peculiarly mark the human character.

The passion of vanity, so far as it relates to objects which may gain a posthumous celebrity, displays itself in various ways; but the one, to which I at present more particularly allude, is in the performance of the solemn rite of sepulture. In innumerable instances, the gorgeous pomp and costly splendour, displayed on these occasions, are the consequences of some dying injunction or express testamentary direction. When men allow their minds to be

thus frivolously influenced, there can be no hesitation in asserting, that they are actuated by vain conceit and a false pride; by a foolish and even contemptible desire of attracting, by the magnificence of their interment, that temporary notice and distinction which they could never obtain by their living actions. But although this species of ostentation be reprehensible when it springs from the vanity of private and undistinguished individuals, the case is far different when extraordinary pomp and grandeur attend to the grave the remains of a revered monarch, a lamented hero, an upright statesman, a renowned patriot, or illustrious senator; or when an unusual degree of state is the tribute of gratitude—the offering of affection—or the act of surviving friendship. Such marks of regard for the memory of the dead are not only beyond the reach of censure, but deserve the highest praise. The same exception must also be understood when funeral honours are bestowed by friends or by strangers, as a testimony of respect to departed worth, and to those who have rendered themselves conspicuous by their talents, their piety, or their virtues: or when they are decreed by the voice of public approbation to such as have been eminent for their great national services;—who have saved their country by their valour, adorned its councils by their wisdom, or captivated senates by their eloquence and learning. Men like these deserve, when they quit this earthly scene, a more than ordinary testimonial of veneration and esteem from those who have beheld their living conduct, and been witnesses of their glorious actions.—But

—“when the proud their stately
pomp display,
And the long funerals blacken all the
way,”

we must mock the futile endeavour to gain transient admiration; and whilst we contemplate the sable emblems of mortality slowly passing before the view, decorated in all the pride of heraldry, and adorned with the outwardappings of woe, we must be still more strongly convinced of the instability of all hu-

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man greatness, and the folly of, indulging in such vain and useless ostentation.

Among many other examples of posthumous vanity in the present day we may also mention that, which displays itself with regard to *monuments* and *epitaphs*. The latter subject has so frequently been made the theme of observation that it were needless here to enlarge upon it; but with respect to monuments, how often are the superb and costly piles, with which our churches and cathedrals abound, erected by desire of unknown and undistinguished individuals, who seek to obtain from the chissel of the sculptor that brief reputation after death which, during life, they never attempted to gain by the exercise of talent or the practice of any public or social virtue. To such may we say in the language of Broome, the companion and friend of Pope,

“Let vulgar souls triumphal arches
raise,
Or speaking marbles to record their
praise;
And picture (to the voice of Fame unknown)
The mimic feature on the breathing
stone;
Mere mortals, subject to Death’s total
sway,
Reptiles of earth, and beings of a
day!”

But when a public monument or statue is raised by the universal voice of an admiring nation to a hero, who has sacrificed his life in the service of his country—to honour the memory of a philanthropist, who has devoted his noble exertions to the cause of benevolence and humanity—to reward those, who have contributed to the public welfare and to the promotion of literature and science—or as a tribute of respect from their surviving countrymen to such as have laudably distinguished themselves beyond the rest of mankind, we must not censure, but admire the deed. Such a design is, indeed, highly praiseworthy; its end and purpose being to express and record to distant posterity the glory and gratitude of a nation for the genius, achievements, or worth of pre-eminent individuals, and to preserve

the remembrance of men who, though their actions are immortal, are themselves mortal; — who, however distinguished by their exploits, their rank, their power, their wealth, or their worldly honours, *must* yield to the certain and inevitable stroke of death. When, therefore, we contemplate the speaking tablets which adorn the walls of that great national cemetery of the illustrious dead, where “kings, heroes, poets, statesmen, patriots lie,” and, like the mourning friend of Addison, retire from the noise and tumult of the world,

——“in silence and in solitude to tread,
By midnight lamps, the ‘mansions of the dead,
Thro’ breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Thro’ rows of warriors, and thro’ walks of kings!”

we cannot but be inspired with becoming pride and a genuine spirit of patriotism;—we cannot but feel more ardent aspirations after excellence, and a noble thirst of just and unsullied fame.*

“Oft let us range the gloomy aisles alone,
(Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown)
Along the walls where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallow’d mould below:

Proud names, who once the reins of empire held,
In arms who triumph’d, or in arts excell’d;
Chiefs grac’d with scars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were giv’n;
And saints, who taught and led the way to heav’n.”*

Another advantage of thus preserving the representations of men, who have raised themselves above the level of humanity, is, that they may in future ages be pointed out as objects of praiseworthy emulation to all, who wish to pursue the same honourable paths to distinction.—Thus the statue of the hero will naturally inspire the beholder with the desire of glory—of the philosopher with a love of science—of the philanthropist with a love of benevolence—and of the patriot with a true love for his country.

But it is not to such frail and perishable memorials that men of real eminence and renown will trust for immortality. It is their’s, as the poet beautifully expresses it, “to grave their praises on the hearts of men;”—to be enshrined in

“A monument which worth alone can raise,
Sure to survive, when Time shall ‘whelm in dust
The arch, the pillar, and the marble bust.” W.

ON A LADY SINGING.

FROM THE FRENCH.

No!—Ne’er did singing, by its flattering art,
To two vermillion lips more charms impart;
Less sweet the flute’s enchanting tones appear,
When softly stealing o’er the slumbering ear;
Your accents Love’s own God himself must teach,
For they the heart as well as ear can reach;
O Lady!—blest, indeed, the youth must be
To whom you deign to open those lips of rose;
But still an hundred times more blest is he
Who may presume those lovely lips to close.

* Tickell’s Epistle to the Earl of Warwick, with the works of Addison.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP—AN ALLEGORY.

THERE is an island in the south encompassed by rocks which, however, presents an aspect the most seducing; these dangerous rocks are hidden by waves that lave its borders; and the stranger who approaches this island only perceives a brilliant amphitheatre, covered by trees which, apparently weary of their weight of fruit, bend their heads even to the earth, strewing around their golden honours. But this deceptive fruit, like that which grows in the country of the Loto-phagi, produces the most dangerous inebriation, causing the hapless being who tastes of it to forget his country, his love of virtue, and his desire for glory. A sea, whose waves are never calmed, surrounds the island; it is here the Sirens have fixed their dwelling place, and here that, raising their melodious voices, they stifle in delicious harmony the dreadful groans of the irritated waters. Some of the unhappy beings betrayed here are wandering on the banks; they are wishing to leave the scene of their misfortunes. From their sorrowful silence, and the pallid hue of their countenances, they might well be mistaken for the shades of those who could not pass the river Cocytus. They have lost the illusions that so much charmed them; but, deprived of strength and courage, they basely suffer themselves to be enslaved by habits, and they lament in vain. A crowd of madmen cover the borders of the island, they disperse at hazard, yielding at once to the illusions of deceitful hope. In Paphos pure day has never shed its light, the burning sky is always cloudy, sometimes in an utter obscurity; and sometimes rapid flashes of lightning, bursting from the darkness, betray to the beholder's sight objects as unexpected as they are dreadful! But in every season flashes of fire, and meteors equally fleeting, and illusions that burn and shine without enlightening, are substituted for the benignant influences of the sun and moon.

The temple of Venus is situated at a very short distance from the sea. Not that celestial Venus worshipped by the Arabians; the divinity of Paphos is she who exposed herself

unveiled on Mount Ida, and who banishing modesty, and separated from her attendant graces, dared no longer rely on the power of her charms, but, to bribe her judge, was obliged to promise him the most beautiful woman in the universe; it was thus she bought the prize of beauty, she did not fairly obtain it. Such is the goddess who reigns in this island. An immense number of worshippers come from every part of the world to bring their offerings to this temple.

The altars of Love are strewed with flowers of the most delicious odour; the Sports and Smiles are ever employed in decorating them with garlands; the Muses themselves come here to celebrate the triumphs of love; their immortal lyres no longer possess that supernatural power which excites the soul to deeds of glory and virtue; but their softened harmony beguiles the senses, touches the heart, but no more inspires that divine enthusiasm which leads to honour and happiness. Yet this same temple, that presents such varied and delightful attractions, is but too often the theatre of the most tragic horrors! How many unhappy victims of vengeance and jealousy have been immolated on those very altars that are strewed with roses! How often have the furies, armed with bloody poignards and funeral torches, put to flight the graces bathed in tears, and the loves in mourning! Yet in the midst of so many dangers, so many fatal illusions and deceiving pleasures, some few privileged beings have found happiness within the precincts of this dangerous empire.

In the most solitary situation in the island, in the depths of a wood of willows and pine trees on the borders of a pure and gentle stream, in an antique edifice a goddess has fixed her sacred asylum, so little known to mortals, that it can scarcely be called a temple. It is here that Friendship has chosen her retreat, far from noisy courts and cities, far, far from the ambitious and the worshippers of fortune! Since Astræa's flight incense no longer smokes on the altars of the goddess, and her

worship is abandoned ! However, she still occasionally receives homage, and she is satisfied, for the offerings are always pure and simple ! Attended only by Fidelity this goddess, an enemy to all tumult and ostentation, delights in her solitude. She loves the calm of nature ; over her neglected altars the moss and ivy, unchecked, have been permitted to wander ; time respects them, and they are imperishable. On all sides are inscribed the most touching inscriptions : " Near and at distance,"—" In winter and in summer,"—" In life and in death,"—" In happiness and in adversity."

Love sometimes visits this happy dwelling, but he first tears the bandage from his eyes, and throws away his homicidal bow and quiver ; he retains only his wings, of which he cannot divest himself ; and he still possesses all the sprightliness, the graces, and the innocence of childhood. Friendship receives him without distrust ; she either does not know him, or she will only see in him a beautiful child : the god, fatigued with the agitations of his court, with the revolutions of his empire, and even with his conquests, reposes deliciously on the bosom of Friendship ; he becomes there at once more pure and more sensitive, and it is there he abjures all artifice and suspicion ; he receives from Friendship all the generous virtues, and gives in exchange a charm she could not possess without him, that renders her at once more delicate

and more lasting. When Love, by some happy caprice, wishes to ensure the happiness of two mortals, he takes Friendship with him ; the goddess precedes and guides him ; they travel without pomp and without noise, for Love is no longer attended by his usual court, Folly, Jealousy, and the tumultuous Sports ; he is accompanied by Prudence, by Delicacy, and by that indefinable Sympathy, always veiled and mysterious, that allures us by some unknown attraction, whose silken bonds are hidden like herself. It is she who, inspiring us more surely than reason can guide us, determines at once the choice of our hearts. If, during their happy union Love and Friendship meet with two virtuous and sensible beings, they unite them by chains as solid as they are pleasing, whose weight is never felt ; far from leaving the marks of a miserable slavery, they are the honour and pride, of those who wear them ; these respectable ties are often taken for the revered symbols and attributes of Virtue. However, with Time Love flies away, but not with a rapid and precipitate flight ; he flies slowly, and with so much sweetness, with such delicate management and attention, that his absence is scarcely perceived or felt ; and as he departs Friendship, becoming more attractive and more tender, gradually assumes his seductive aspect, his graces, and his language. She replaces him even to the tomb !

ON PREMATURE INTERMENT.

THERE are few persons ignorant that it is the unnatural custom of the French to inter twenty-four hours after the apparent decease. This practice, which is said to have had its origin in regard for the living by preventing the evil consequences of putrefaction, has excited horror in reflecting minds generally, and the deserved censure of many eminent medical men, who declare that the sanitary precaution has been carried to an extreme which outrages not only decency but humanity. That it should still exist is the best proof

that can be offered of the obstinacy of the French government, or the ridiculous respect attached by the nation to a custom which sends many innocent victims prematurely to the grave, and serves to weaken the effect which scenes of death are calculated to produce upon the living. It is monstrous that the body of a parent or a child is to be dragged to the grave almost before it is cold, and with a people like the French such an indecent practice must tend to unhinge the sacred ties of nature. Several laudable attempts have

been recently made by Englishmen in France to rouse the attention of the French ministers to the subject, and so produce a total change in the system. It is lamentable to state that, not only have their endeavours been unattended with success, but also that in too many instances the humane applicants have been treated with a coolness bordering upon incivility. Doctor Macnab, an English physician who has resided in France for many years past, made some very spirited exertions on this subject during the ministry of M. De Cazes, and it is only doing common justice to the ex-minister to state, that his conduct was an exception to that which has been observed by his predecessors and successors. Unfortunately, however, for the interests of humanity, M. De Cazes quitted the ministry just as he was about to propose an alteration in the French law of burials. The memorial presented by Dr. Macnab to the French ministry is a most interesting production. We regret exceedingly that it has never been published, because we think it could hardly fail to make the French ashamed of themselves, and thus lead to the abrogation of one of the most infamous laws which ever disgraced the character of a country. We have been favoured with a perusal of the Doctor's manuscript, from which we make a few extracts.

"Individuals of whatever rank," says the Doctor, "from crowned heads to the labourers in the fields, are equally victims to this unnatural custom:—the rich and the poor—the child newly from the womb—the youth in the flower of life, and the favourites of the creation, the fair sex, are alike exposed to the danger of perpetual death from premature interment."

"In every age and country history has furnished numerous instances of individuals, who, in apparent death, have been preserved by accidental causes from premature interment. The short period of twenty-four hours, allowed by the existing laws of France for the purpose of ascertaining the real or apparent death of individuals, is far too short. There are many cases in which the signs of apparent death

are witnessed, and which cannot be determined for days after they have been manifested. I could enumerate diseases in which such signs are common."

"It will be seen, that, except in putrid and a few other diseases which form a very inconsiderable part of those to which human nature is subject, when no essential organ of life is mortally attacked, the generality of beings, interred within the short period prescribed by the law, present no positive signs of *real death*—not even that first stage of putrefaction which is declared by the most able physicians and chemists to be free from infection, and therefore unaccompanied with danger to the living. With respect to the second stage of putrefaction, which is dangerous, and which is the only sure proof of real death, the period of its appearance is uncertain; but it is easily determined, and no harm to the living can arise if the interment is performed immediately after the first signs of positive putrefaction have been witnessed."

Doctor Macnab then proceeds in illustration of his position to relate several instances of recovery from apparent death. Most of them are known to the bulk of English readers, but as it is important that facts of a peculiar and interesting nature should be repeatedly brought before the public, we shall probably be excused for quoting some of those which the Doctor selected for his memorial to the French government.

"The danger to which the elegant Lady Russell was exposed is too well known, both in France and in England, to require details. She remained seven days and nights without any sign of life, and her interment was delayed only on account of the violent grief, which Lord Russell experienced at the idea of being separated from a beloved wife. On the eighth day, as the parish bells were tolling for church, Lady Russell suddenly raised her head, and to the amazement and indescribable joy of her husband, told him to get ready to accompany her to church. Her recovery was rapid and complete, and she lived many years afterwards to render her Lord the father of a family." "If," says the

author, "Lady Russell had been in France, under the existing law, she would have been buried alive."

The second instance is related by the celebrated Odier of Geneva, in the following words:—"I knew a girl, twenty-five years old, named Eliza Roy, who narrowly escaped being buried alive. She lived at a distance of two leagues from Geneva. For some years she had been subject to nervous attacks which frequently deprived her of every appearance of life; but, after the lapse of a few hours, she would recover and resume her occupations as if nothing had happened. On one occasion, however, the suspension of her faculties was so protracted, that her friends called in a medical man of the neighbourhood, who pronounced her dead. She was then sewn up in a close shroud, according to the barbarous custom of the country, and laid upon the bedstead. Amongst those who called to condole with the parents was a particular friend of the supposed deceased, of her own age. The young woman, anxious to take a last look at her friend, unripped the shroud and imprinted a kiss upon her cheek. Whilst she was kissing her she fancied that she felt her breathe. She repeated her caresses; and being shortly assured of the fact of her friend not being dead, she applied her mouth to that of the girl, and in a short time the latter was restored to life, and able to dress herself."

Dr. Crichton, physician to the Grand Duke Nicholas, brother of the Emperor of Russia, relates a fact from his own experience which powerfully supports the arguments used by Dr. Macnab. "A young girl," says Dr. Crichton, "in the service of the Princess of —, who had for some time kept her bed with a nervous affection, at length to all appearance was deprived of life. Her face had all the character of death—her body was perfectly cold, and every other symptom of death was manifested. She was removed into another room, and placed in a coffin. On the day fixed for her funeral, hymns, according to the custom of the country, were sung before the door; but at the very moment when they were going to

nail down the coffin, a perspiration was seen upon her skin, and in a few minutes it was succeeded by a convulsive motion in the hands and feet. In a few moments she opened her eyes, and uttered a piercing scream. The faculty were instantly called in, and in the space of a few days her health was completely re-established. The account which she gave of her situation is extremely curious. She said that she appeared to dream that she was dead, but that she was sensible to every thing that was passing round her, and distinctly heard her friends bewailing her death; she felt them envelope her in the shroud, and place her in the coffin. This sensation gave her extreme agony, and she attempted to speak but her soul was unable to act upon her body. She describes her sensations as very contradictory, as if she was and was not in her body at one and the same instant. She attempted in vain to move her arms, to open her eyes, or to speak. The agony of her mind was at its height when she heard the funeral hymn, and found that they were about to nail down the lid of the coffin. The horror of being buried alive gave a new impulse to her mind, which resumed its power over its corporeal organization, and produced the effects which excited the notice of those who were about to convey her to a premature grave."

The last instance which the Doctor cites will be found in the "Causes Celebres." It excited for a long time the most lively interest, and was for months the theme of conversation in every circle in Paris. There are few, perhaps, in England who have not heard of it; but it is one of those interesting facts which will bear repeating. "A young Parisian lady, an inhabitant of the Rue St. Honoré, who had fixed her affections upon a gentleman of her own age, was, however, forced by the cupidity of her parents to bestow her hand upon another. She was plunged in a profound melancholy, which produced a lethargic affection, and in the end every appearance of death. She was buried alive. The object of her affections, her first lover, having heard of her funeral and recollecting that she had frequently experienced

violent nervous attacks, which had produced for short periods the appearance of death, flattered himself with the hope of regaining the cherished object of his passion alive, even in the grave. Romantic as the idea would seem to any but a lover, the sequel will shew that it was not an unhappy one. He instantly proceeded to the house of the sexton, and by means of a bribe succeeded in obtaining the body of the lady, which he caused to be conveyed to his own house; where, after having for a long time endeavoured to restore her to life without any appearance of success, some slight signs of animation were perceived. In the course of a few hours he had the felicity of hearing her speak and receiving her embrace. Under such circumstances, was it to be wondered at that she considered her obligations to her husband as less imperious than the claims of her lover, who might be said to be the real possessor of her existence. They exchanged vows of eternal constancy; and to prevent the discovery of her restoration to life they proceeded

privately to England, where they remained ten years. On their return to Paris the wife had the misfortune to be seen by her husband, who, although scarcely crediting the evidence of his own eyes, followed her home, and became informed of what had occurred. The husband commenced an action against the lover; and the faithful pair, finding that there was no chance of evading his claim in a court of law, fled to another country where they ended their days happily."

It would require extensive limits were we to give a twentieth part of the cases which are in record of a similar nature to those which have been noticed. They are known to the world, and they are convincing. With such facts before us we should be wretches, indeed, if we did not acknowledge with delight the virtue of every attempt to rouse the attention of the French and other governments, which sanction premature interment, to a subject of such importance as the condemnation of innocent persons to untimely destruction.

EVENING.

FROM AN UNFINISHED POEM.

It is the stillly hour of eve,
 When all the blossoms seem to grieve,
 And mourn in tears the day's decline,
 While on their petals dew-drops shine:
 Each setting sun; that fades away,
 But warns them of their own decay;
 Alas! when some few suns are o'er,
 They'll revel in the beam no more,
 But wither on their lowly bed
 Like some lone maid whose beauty's fled.—
 The breeze, that slumber'd through the day,
 Now whispering kisses every spray
 In yonder fragrant jasmine bower,
 And fans to health each languid flower.
 The nightingale is warbling now
 Responses to the lover's vow.
 There's music in the grove, the brake,
 Nay, music in the sleeping lake,
 For every zephyr's wanton sigh
 Fills the air with melody;
 And every sound,
 As eve-like this,
 That floats around,
 Breathes balmy bliss.

ELLEN,

AN EVENING AT PÈRE LA CHAISE.

O'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Deserted paths, and intermingled graves,
Black melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence, and a dread repose;
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades ev'ry flower, and darkens ev'ry green;
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods."

POPE'S "*Eloisa to Abelard.*"

I THINK that I never passed a few hours more delightfully than in the cemetery of Père la Chaise. It was at the close of a beautiful day in the month of August. The evening was calm and serene; the air mild and balmy; gently sighing at intervals through the gloomy foliage of the waving cypresses which surrounded me. Every thing was calculated to detach my mind from worldly thoughts, and to inspire me with feelings of seriousness and devotion. Nothing was seen to move—a dead silence reigned around—the whole scene resembled a bright and tranquil painting. The elevated spot upon which I stood commanded a noble view of the heights of Belleville and Montmartre, the castle of Vincennes, the palace of Meudon, the banks of the Marne, and of Paris and its environs for many miles. Its innumerable white buildings stood out with a startling distinctness: there was not a single wreath of smoke to dim the clearness of the prospect. The high towers of the ancient cathedral of Notre Dame, of St. Sulpice and St. Eustache, the majestic domes of the Pantheon, the Hotel des Invalides, and the Abbaye du val de Grace, and the spires of the distant churches, rose in dark relief against the unclouded sky. The city was illumined by the glories of the setting sun, and the heavens resembled a sea of flame. Whilst I stood contemplating this magnificent spectacle, its splendour visibly diminished, and gradually faded from the view. The dazzling streaks of light which overspread the horizon became by degrees fainter and fainter, until they were at length entirely enveloped in the dusky veil of twi-

light. In the opposite quarter of the heavens appeared the full moon, of unusual size, slowly rising in silvery whiteness through the cloudless skies, and shedding an uncertain lustre on the dark groves and wandering paths of the cemetery. Around me were innumerable monuments of different shapes and dimensions, assuming the varied forms of temples, obelisks, pyramids, and columns. They were mostly shaded with willows and cypresses flourishing over them in mournful luxuriance, or embosomed in the obscure recesses of the many clustres of trees which extended on every side. The white marble, contrasting with the deep dense shades of the sombre foliage, gave an air of the most impressive and melancholy grandeur. To add to the solemnity of the scene, a funeral procession was observed slowly winding amidst the twilight walks and avenues below, and advancing to the place of interment on the summit of the hill. After the coffin had been removed from the car, it was borne to the grave, followed, not by the relatives and friends of the deceased, but by a crowd of spectators; who, out of respect, and from a regard to the sanctity of the place, remained uncovered during the ceremony; but the want of the funeral service greatly diminished the impressive effect of this awful spectacle. No holy minister of religion, arrayed "in sacred vestments" was present to perform the last solemn offices of humanity, and to consign the mouldering remains to their kindred dust. No holy minister was there to meet the approaching bier, and to precede it to the tomb, repeating in mournful

and measured cadences, those beautiful sentences which are contained in our own affecting service for the "Burial of the Dead." But on its arrival at the grave the pall was removed, exhibiting to the view a few rough unpolished boards, unskillfully joined together; and the unfastened lid, accidentally slipping aside, displayed a part of the winding-sheet, under which fancy depicted the pale and ghastly countenance of the deceased. The coffin being lowered into the earth and a handful of dust, which fell with a fearful and hollow sound, scattered upon it, the grave was hastily filled up, and in less than five minutes no trace was left, except the comparative freshness of the soil, to mark the place of interment. The spectators, still uncovered, remained during a short interval in solemn silence, and at length slowly retired in different directions. When the last of them had disappeared through the dusky groves, I myself prepared to quit this interesting scene; and the evening bell having announced the hour of departure, I bent my course to the great gates of the cemetery, and retraced my steps to Paris.

This celebrated burying ground is the favourite resort of the Parisians, who go in great numbers to visit the tombs of their departed friends, and to adorn them with memorials of their fond remembrance and regret. On the second of November in every year is held the "Fête des Morts," or Festival in honour of the dead; on which occasion there is a kind of melancholy sentimental pilgrimage of the most solemn and impressive description. The ornaments, with which the monuments are decorated, consist generally of garlands, crosses, wreaths of flowers, bands of crape, of cypress, of myrtle, or of ivy; and are either thrown upon the grave, or suspended on the outside, or entwined among the shrubs which overshadow the sepulchres: and such is the respect paid to the sacred relicts of pious affection and amiable sensibility, that no apprehension is ever entertained of their being molested by the profane and unhallowed touch of the thoughtless

and unfeeling. In the marble siles of some of the monuments, are inserted the miniatures of those whose remains lie interred beneath, and who have been untimely cut off in the flower of youth and beauty; thus rendering doubly impressive the fearful contrast between the blooming countenance above and the fleshless skeleton below. There are also many spacious family vaults excavated in the side of the hill after the manner of the ancients, with numerous recesses for coffins; the whole enclosed by bronze doors of exquisite taste and workmanship; through which may be seen at the extremity windows of beautifully stained glass, and chairs placed for the use of those who wish to shut themselves up and meditate in the sepulchre which they themselves must ultimately occupy; while the yellow wreath upon the ground, or coffin, points out the latest occupant of the chamber of death. Other monuments stand within railed enclosures profusely planted with shrubs and flowers, and covered with various emblamatical devices. Indeed I could not but generally admire the correctness and simplicity of taste shewn in their construction and arrangement, and the genuine feeling and affection displayed in the pathetic inscriptions engraven on them. On almost every tomb I read the names of celebrated characters of modern times;—of men who have excited the admiration of the world by the splendour of their actions, who have instructed it by their wisdom, delighted it by their writings, animated it by their gaiety, or embellished it by their genius and extraordinary talents.

Near the entrance of the cemetery is the beautiful Gothic monument erected by the Abbess de la Rochefoucauld, in honour of Abelard and Eloisa. This monument, which was transported from the Abbey of the Paraclete to the museum of French monuments at Paris, and is now removed hither, actually contains the ashes of these celebrated and unfortunate lovers. The figures of the romantic pair sculptured "in living stone," and reposing side by side in their monastic habiliments, with hands devoutly lifted up to heaven,

in the attitude of prayer, are finely conceived, and as finely executed. At a short distance is the tomb of Labédoyere, famous for his bravery and untimely fate. A small square enclosure, decorated with flowers, is all that marks the spot in which repose the remains of the hapless Ney; the tombstone which was placed there having been some time since removed. On the summit of the hill is the splendid monument of Marshal Masséna, Prince of Essling, whose bust is engraved in bas-relief on a lofty pyramid, inscribed with his name and the time of his death; and with the titles of his four principal victories. Not far distant are two elegant sepulchres, recently erected to the memory of Molière and La Fontaine. The tomb of the latter is adorned with sculptured engravings of his two best fables. A low pyramid marks the grave of Volney; and at the end of an avenue of trees is the appropriate monument of Delille, the poet of the gardens; better known by the honourable appellation of the Virgil of France.

In this cemetery, likewise, rest the ashes of Marshal Lefebvre, Duke of Dantzick; Marshal Kellermann, Duke of Valmy; and Junot, Duke of Abrantes; of Marshals Davoust, Serrurier, Pérignon, and Beurnonville; of Dayella, Prince Pamphili, the Marquis de Coigny, the Chevalier de Boufflers, Madame Cottin,

the celebrated authoress, Haüy, the mineralogist, Chenier, the poet, Fourcroy, the naturalist, Mentelle, Ravrio, Parmentier, Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely, the Abbé Sicard, Gretry, Naldi, and many others who have raised themselves above the level of mankind, and whose names will survive to posterity, when these frail memorials of their worth, like their mortal remains, shall have mouldered into dust.

There are several other monuments also in different parts of the cemetery, which are of a very superior order and are distinguished for simplicity of design, elegance of sculpture, and variety of external decoration. The principal of these are the family vault of the Prince of Echmüll; and the sepulchres of the Dukes of Frias, Decrès, Fleury, and Montmorency; of Count Greffulhe, General Berckheim, the Countess Demidoff (consort of Baron Stroganoff, late Envoy from the Court of Russia to the Ottoman Porte); of Counts Walterstoff, De Bourcke, Monge, and D'Aboville; and of Beaumarchais, Adanson, and Clary.

In the centre of the cemetery stands a large and handsome chapel lately erected, and not yet completely finished. It is romantically situated on the slope of the hill in the midst of monuments and cyresses, and commands a noble view of Paris and the adjacent country.

D. F.

BLONDEL.

Domna, vostra beutas,
Elas bellas faisos,
Els bels oïls amoros,
Els gens cors ben taillats
Dont sieu empresenats
De vostra amor que mi lia.

RICHARD.

Si bel trop affansia
Ja de vos non patrai,
Que major honorai
Sot en votre deman,
Que sautra des obeisan
Tot can de vos volria.

BLONDEL.

Oh! Ladye-fayre, thy various charmes
O'er-matcho the Knightlie warriour's
armes;
Thy foreheade white; thy lovlie eies;
Thy heart, where cruell slaughter lies;
These are mightie spells that binde
With chaines of love my captive minde.

RICHARD.

If thou wouldst deigne to give thy
Knighte
Some derring-doe to prove his mighte;
With-thanke he woulde the honour
take,
And riske, himselfe for Beauties sake;
In your obedience he would live,
Or fall in perils thou shouldst give!

ON THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF AUSTRIA.

ANALYSIS OF THE WORK OF M. MARCEL DE SERRE,
6 vols. 8vo.

It is surprising that up to the present time, there should scarcely have been any statistical account of an empire situated in the heart of Europe, which has always acted a distinguished part in this quarter of the world; and scarcely any description of the manners and customs of its inhabitants. Some years ago M. Marcel de Serre published an account, almost entirely statistical, of this country, under the title of "*Travels in Austria.*" The well-deserved success of that work vouches for the merit of the one now under our consideration.

The first two volumes contain an abridgement of the history of the House of Austria, from its commencement to the present period: and it is sufficient to say, that this abridgement is executed with that ability, which might have been expected from the talents of the author. As the history of the House of Austria by the celebrated Coxe is known to most of our readers, and accessible to all, we shall confine ourselves to an analysis of those parts of the volumes before us that treat more particularly of the manners, usages, and customs of that extensive empire.

In this work may be found very accurate calculations relative to the extent of the Austrian territory, and general observations on the provinces. These possess great interest.

If the empire of Austria, though the largest of the German states and one of the most considerable empires in Europe, is far from being able to rival Russia in extent of territory; it has many advantages over that country, in the mildness of its climate, the fertility of its soil, and the industry of its inhabitants. In industry and civilization Austria is inferior to France, only because it possesses a less favourable situation, and a smaller number of sea ports and other outlets for its manufactures. The coast of the Adriatic is its only communication with the Mediterranean; and the high

mountains of Styria, Carinthia, and Croatia, render the communication between the provinces of the east, the centre, and the north, with that of the coast, very difficult. During the occupation of the Illyrian provinces by the French, roads were made in order to remove these obstacles in part, though in a great measure they were insurmountable; so that, for a long time Austria must be inferior to France in commerce, in spite of the acquisition of the State of Venice, which brought with it the considerable port of that name; previously it had only Trieste and Fiume, which, besides the possession of that celebrated city, brought with them the dependant provinces in Terra-Firma. These provinces, re-united to the Milanese, Mantua, &c. form the kingdom of Venetian Lombardy, one of the brightest gems in the Austrian crown. Upper and Lower Austria, Styria, Carinthia, Carniola, a part of Silesia, Moravia, and the kingdom of Bohemia, are what is called the German States of this empire, to which may be added Eastern Galicia and the District of Bukorino.—The Hungarian dominions are Hungary, properly so called, Sclavonia, Croatia, Dalmatia, Transylvania, and a great part of Tyrol.

The most accurate geographers have supposed that the extent of Austria is from 11,999 to 11,989 square miles. They have all equally admitted that this extent includes a population of about 26 millions of inhabitants, distributed among 877 cities, 2096 towns, and 74,740 villages. Those, who have extended their researches still farther, enumerate besides the villages 16,101 small hamlets.

After treating of these matters, the author describes the varieties of costume in the empire of Austria. These changes correspond with the inequality of the soil and climate. Our author begins with a description of the picturesque dress of some of the inhabitants of Transylvania.—After having observed that this

country is entirely surrounded by mountains, he adds, that its capital, Hermanstad, is peopled with Saxons, who are distinguished from the Aborigines by their easy circumstances, the result of their industry and sobriety. Their houses, cleaner and better built, give a smiling air to the districts they inhabit. The greater part profess the Lutheran religion. The men in general are of tall stature, their dress is a mixture of the ancient German costume with that of the Hungarians. The head-dress of the women and girls is generally a bonnet adorned with flowers, and their dress is ornamented with fur; the Saxon ladies of Hermanstad have left off their ancient dress, which so well became the style of beauty peculiar to this country, a light and elegant shape, a complexion of lilies and roses, large blue eyes, and a skin of dazzling whiteness. Here the author makes a digression upon the power of the Austrian monarchy, which appears foreign to the subject, but which may, nevertheless, be read with interest in the work.

M. Marcel now returns again to costume, and observes that the peasant girls round Hermanstad dress with the most remarkable taste and judgment. After having described, very much at length, their ordinary dress, he says, that on holidays they adorn themselves with necklaces and ear-rings of coral or glass. The women wear, like the men, boots with flat iron heels; they make all their own clothes, as well as those of their husbands and children.

These short observations, he says, upon only one province (Transylvania) and that province not the most known in Austria, will give an idea of the prodigious variety there is in the large possessions of this monarchy, and this appears in the general aspect of the country. We will now follow M. Marcel in his remarks on matters of far greater importance than that of costume, which, though it is apparently a digression, yet becomes the principal subject.

M. Marcel gives a picture of the power of Austria, of which we will give a sketch:—

Ever since the reign of Joseph the Second, who, says our author

very judiciously, if he did not execute great things did, at least, conceive them, Government has made great efforts to direct the national attention to agriculture and the arts of industry, to which the inhabitants seem naturally inclined. Manufactures have been established, and new experiments have been tried to ameliorate the soil. With the exception of the German provinces, where these ameliorations have taken place, Austria has every thing to do in the countries under its jurisdiction. A beginning ought to be made by rendering communication between the provinces secure and easy, in order to encourage the consumption of the produce of the soil. Of what importance, for example, this would be in Hungary, one of the most fertile countries in Europe, and more especially in Gallicia, on the coast, and in the provinces of the centre!

In this respect the visits of the French armies have been very useful to Austria. This empire owes to them their excellent roads, executed in spite of nature and the steepness of the ground, and, what is still more extraordinary, in defiance of the inhabitants themselves, particularly the Dalmatians. They all thought that these new roads, which would render their mountains accessible, would also be a certain means of reducing them to permanent slavery.

Among modern nations, who communicate more with each other than the ancients; large roads are not sufficient for conveyance, especially of military transports; rivers and canals are become indispensable communications, and these Austria is in want of. A multitude of obstacles renders the navigation of the Danube, the principal river in Austria, as laborious as it is dangerous. The navigation of the Vistula presents fewer obstacles, but it is not extensive; this river, crossing only a small part of Gallicia. The Inn, the Traun, and the Theiss, afford a safe navigation for boats, and also for rafts, with which they sail down the Danube; whilst the Marche, the Wag, the Grand, and the Une, facilitate the communication of the southern provinces with the rest of the empire. The commerce of the northern provinces might be ren-

dered easy by means of the Elbe, increased by the Moldau and Eger, also by the Vistula, to which is united the Sanar and the Bug; and, lastly, by the Dniester which empties itself into the Black Sea. All these means, the only ones open to the commerce of Austria, ought to teach the Government the importance of trying new ones, and of making canals to facilitate the conveyance of merchandize from one province to another. To attain this, M. Marcel de Serre recommends the union of the Marche with the Oder. After this, our author determines the limits of the Austrian-German monarchy, in doing which he enters into a detail too long for insertion here, but which may be profitably read in the work. We shall confine ourselves to a notice of his very interesting observations upon the general aspect of Austria, and upon the character of some of its inhabitants:—Austria, taken altogether, he says, is a very mountainous country. Tyrol, Styria, and Upper Austria, remind me at every step of the boasted scenery of Switzerland. Hungary is only a vast sandy plain, formed by the earthy alluvions of the Danube and the Theiss. In Transylvania, on the contrary, the soil rises abruptly.—The name of this province needs no explanation: for it is plain that it means the situation of countries beyond the forests.

Three distinct races form the population of Transylvania. The Saxons, who are the industrious race; the Hungarians, who form the nobility of the country; and lastly, the Sicules and Wallachians, who may be considered as the most uncivilized of the European nations: without activity or industry they lead an idle life, following no other occupation than that of attending their flocks. A few of them are employed as carters and tanners, and exercise their trades in Bannat: there are but few who take the trouble to cultivate the earth, they must be forced to it by extreme want. These people are deceitful, vindictive, and cordially detest every other nation; drunkenness and the basest dispositions are the consequences of their bad education and the examples of their parents. They let their beards

and hair grow, which have the most disgusting appearance, for they do not give themselves the trouble to tie it up, much less to comb it. Their whole dress consists of a coarse shirt, tied round the loins with a leathern girdle ornamented with buttons, to which are suspended their knives, forks, steel, &c., and they never go out without these implements; the lower part of their clothing consists in long pantaloons, small buskins, and sandals tied with strings of leather; in the winter they wear a fur bonnet, and in the summer a round bonnet of felt.

Gallicia is a sandy plain, where the soil is more irregular and unequal than in Hungary: small hills, in some places fertile enough, variegates it in a thousand different ways. That part of Silesia which borders on the east of Gallicia more resembles Bohemia, which it also adjoins, than the first of these provinces; like Bohemia it is studded with lofty hills, which form towards the west a part of the Suliote chain of mountains, and towards the south a part of the Carpathian.

Quitting Moravia, which is less mountainous than Silesia, and, directing your course towards the south, you enter lower Austria, where fertile plains are watered by the Danube, the finest river in the world. Here cultivation has taken advantage of the excellence of the soil, and more particularly in the neighbourhood of Vienna; but the soil of lower Austria does not every where present the same fertility. In drawing near the southern part of Higher Austria, every thing is changed: those hills where the vine joined to the elm once displayed its golden branches, those fertile pastures once covered with innumerable flocks, are converted into narrow vallies, rocks stripped of verdure, thick forests, and high mountains the abode of eternal snow; such is the aspect of this part of Upper Austria. Still farther north towards Styria and Carinthia the aspect of nature is still more savage; a dark and dreary verdure, intersected by plains of snow, covers the mountains.

The whole empire of Austria may be divided into three regions; that of the south comprehends Southern Tyrol, Istria, Frioul, Southern

Carinthia, Carniola, the borders of Italy, and a part of Croatia. The general temperature of these provinces is from nine to ten degrees. The spring and autumn are like those of Italy, and the summer is very hot when under the influence of the fatal *sirocco*; but in the mountainous country the temperature follows in proportion to the elevation of the sun: thus, in some mountains there are in the middle of the hottest season constant, and, sometimes, eternal snows. The olive, peach, vine, fig, and pomegranate thrive in the open air.

The middle division consists of a great part of Hungary, all Transylvania, Arch-duchy of Austria, Styria, Carinthia, and some parts of Moravia and Bohemia. The olive does not grow here, but the vine and Turkish corn prosper well, except in the mountainous districts. The general temperature is much more variable in this region than in that of the south. In the hottest places it is never more than eight degrees, and often much lower.

In general the air is pure and serene. The winter lasts three or four months; the spring is mild, though generally very damp. The summer is hot, but variable, and often accompanied by violent storms. There are few fine days, except in the autumn. The air is never unhealthy but in the marshy lands of Hungary, which is called the tomb of the Germans.

The third or northern division comprehends Gallicia, a part of the north of Hungary, Bohemia and Moravia, as well as Austrian Silesia. The general temperature is scarcely ever more than six degrees, rarely seven; for which reason there are no vines nor maize, even corn cannot be well cultivated, except in certain parts, and the culture of it ceases altogether in the higher parts of Bohemia, and the north of Hungary: the air is generally pure and salubrious: the winter, though very severe, seldom lasts longer than five months; the heat of summer is often insupportable in the deep vallies of Bohemia, or the deserts of the Vistula.

There is a very interesting account in this work of a singular people, dwelling in the midst of the

Austrian states, but of Muscovite origin, forming the palatinate of Marmoros, situated in Hungary on the frontiers of Poland.

After having explained the division of the empire of Austria into three regions and their different climates, M. Mansel speaks of the population. The extent of this empire is 11,999 square miles, and contains about twenty-six millions of inhabitants; the average is 2,176 individuals to one square mile. Perhaps it will be asked, says he, whether the population always answers to the extent and goodness of the soil, or whether it is solely governed by the extent of industry or cultivation. The most exact data prove, that it always keeps pace with the progress of industry or civilization, rather than with the excellence and fertility of the land: indeed the two most populous provinces of Austria are far from being the most fertile. Surrounded by high chains of mountains, Bohemia and Silesia are nevertheless the most populous. The great fertility of the soil of Hungary does not produce a population at all equal to either of these two provinces; the difference is in the ratio of ten to seventeen. Lower Austria which has an excellent soil, and where industry is not far advanced, and which contains the capital of the empire, is not so populous as Bohemia and Silesia. In Bohemia they reckon 867 inhabitants to one square league; in Silesia 847, and in Lower Austria, only 766. The population diminishes in proportion as industry and civilization decrease, and on the military frontiers there are but 295 inhabitants to the square league.

The two extremes of population in the provinces of Austria are from three to one, or rather from six to seventeen. The average population is 793 inhabitants to the square league. If this account is compared with that of France, Austria will be found much inferior in this respect, for there is in that country, from the best authorities, about 1,094 inhabitants to a square league: the population then of the two empires is as six to eleven, so that the average population of Austria is little more than half that of France, but it is more equally distributed. Some of

the French departments have but 421 inhabitants to the square league, whilst others contain 3,869, or 2,786, or 2,274 inhabitants on the same extent. It is not so in Austria. This empire is divided on nearly the same plan as France was formerly.

Most of the provinces have a governor and a supreme council, which issue and communicate their orders to the different captains or chiefs of the circles charged with the civil administration, who have consequently less responsibility. Ever since 1812 the territories under the power of Austria have been divided into ten principal provinces. Each of these divisions is regulated by a governor, who constantly resides in the chief town.

The governor of Hungary resides at Buda, under whose jurisdiction there is a population of more than seven millions; whilst the governor of Croatia has not more than two hundred and fifty thousand, so that the administrators of the provinces exercise their authority over a very unequal number of inhabitants; and it appears, that on the distribution of the Austrian provinces, this important object was not regarded as it ought to be in all partitions. Without comparing Hungary to the other Austrian provinces, because this kingdom forms a separate state in the midst of the empire, it would seem that some governors superintend three millions of souls, whilst others have not three hundred thousand. There is no better arrangement in the sub-divisions, that is, in the circles or districts.

The population of Austria is composed of different races with manners peculiar to themselves, and some of them have even a particular language. These people have not all the same character nor the same kind of attachment to their country, which is one of the great causes of the political weakness of Austria; a weakness very obvious in the event of invasion. The different inhabitants of the empire possess neither the same interests nor the same way of thinking. The Hungarians, the Tyrolese, and the Bohemians, are very jealous of their independence, do not consider themselves of the same nation as the Austrians, whom they consider as inferiors, being in general endued

with less vivacity and a less decided character. They are not united together, though they are all under one power. The principal nations, spread over the vast territory of Austria, are, the Germans, the Sclavonians, and the Hungarians properly so called; there are also Wallachians, Bohemians, Greeks, and a few Armenians, French and Walloons; but their different races do not form an important part of the population. The Jews are very numerous in Bohemia, Moravia, Hungary, Galicia and Transylvania; but there are only a few of them in Styria, Carinthia and Lower Austria. There are 1600 Jewish families in Transylvania, and, according to a very exact account, three hundred families in the Austrian capital only. Commerce attracts so many Jews to Austria, though the government does not grant them any particular privileges. The Jews of Austria, in their property and persons, enjoy the same protection as other denizens and foreigners: excepting military service which they are jealous of, and situations under government which they could not occupy, they enjoy the same rights as the other citizens, with the free exercise of their religion; but, although they are free from a personal tax, more degrading perhaps than oppressive, severe laws have been enacted against their monopolies.

It is generally thought that the Germans form the chief part of the Austrian population, but it is far from being so; there is only Austria, properly so called, that is entirely peopled by Germans; they are very much scattered in Styria and Carinthia. The circle of Ellingen in Bohemia is said to be entirely peopled by them, but they are not numerous in Moravia, still less so in Hungary; more are seen in Transylvania, Galicia and Austrian Silesia. The Sclavonians are the most numerous race in the empire of Austria, they are divided into a great many branches, some of which inhabit Prussia and Poland, and others the Austrian dominions: among the latter are the Techecks, Slowaquians, Hannaquians, Poles, Windians, Rascians, Croatsians and Russians; these last are not numerous in Austria, there being but one hundred families

of them. The Bohemian language, spoken in Bohemia and Moravia, is only a dialect of the Slavonic; but the Slavonians, living in a German country, have adopted an alphabet which differs very little from that used in Germany. This dialect is remarkable for its richness and the mildness of its pronunciation, as well as for the facility of its adaption to music; it undoubtedly owes these advantages to the mixture of Slavonic; it is soft, sonorous, and agreeable to the ear, and, though spoken by people not far advanced in the sciences and the arts, it has, notwithstanding, attained a high degree of perfection; it has even all the characters of a modern language, and may hold a distinguished place amongst the languages of nations more advanced in civilization. The tones of expression which it is susceptible of, and the inflexions it has in common with the Greek and German, render it as expressive as it is energetic: rich and harmonious in varied expressions, it rivals the Italian in melody and sweetness, particularly when sung: all the inflexions are formed by the vowels, and this circumstance is favorable to the harmony of a language. If we consider that to this advantage is joined that of having a regular prosody, and of being more capable of adaptation to the ancient Greek metre than any modern language, we may hope that, if ever spoken by the learned, it would console us for the loss of the language of Homer and Pindar, so favorable is its structure and organization. This language is more general than any other European language except the French: it extends as far as Turkey, and is in use even in Nova Zembla.

The Hungarians are, next to the Slavonians and Germans, the most extensive race in the Austrian monarchy: probably they derive their origin from Asia, as they preserve some traces of Asiatic manners. Ignorant and little inclined to arts or commerce, they lead that indolent apathetic life which forms the happiness of the Eastern nations: Hungary then would be a very poor country if the fertility of the soil did not make up for the want of industry.

The Walachians with the Slavonians are the most ancient inhabitants of the countries watered by the Danube. Though less in number than the Slavonians, they are nearly as numerous as the Hungarians, and it is probable that they originated in a mixture of Dacians, Romans and Slavonians; their language is composed of many expressions, more or less altered, which evidently belong to these people; they are without religion and the arts, and almost without civilization. The Walachian peasants, acquainted only with the wants and pleasures of a wandering life, are in general deceitful, vindictive, and inclined to hate every other nation; and are by the Hungarian and Slavonians treated like slaves. The Walachians, like the Slavonians, multiply very much; perhaps it is on this account that they appear dangerous to the Hungarians, amongst whom they live.

The Czingarians, a still more wandering or rather vagabond race, are very prevalent in Bukovino, Hungary, Galicia and Transylvania; in this last province, there are more than 60,000: and amongst 70,000 inhabitants, which formed the population of Bukovino when it was ceded in 1778 to Austria, there were more than ten thousand Czingarians. They have been erroneously called Bohemians and Egyptians, because it was supposed, though without foundation, that they were the descendants of the ancient vagabonds of Egypt, expelled at the beginning of the 7th Century by the sultan Selim when he conquered that country; but the most probable opinion is, that they are Hindoos of the much despised cast of Parias, who were driven from their country in 1408 and 1409 at the conquest of India by Timur. The period of their arrival in Transylvania is unknown. In spite of the endeavours of Maria Theresa and Joseph II. to habituate them to a settled mode of life, they could scarcely induce a part of them to settle in some of the Transylvanian districts, where they attend to the cultivation of the earth. This people speak a particular idiom amongst themselves, but with other people, they make use of the language of the country

where they live, especially of that of Hungary: this singular race prefer a wandering life, exercising the trade of fiddling, and committing every where theft and robbery. Without having scarcely an idea of music, they are very skilful in the execution of their national and Hungarian dances and songs. Almost always wandering and travelling, followed by their wives and children, with their harps slung upon their backs and their Cythari in their hands, they draw forth from those instruments melodious sounds, when they take their rest on the sides of the roads: and, in all the villages through which they pass, they endeavour to interest the peasants and travellers by an afflicting representation of extreme misery. The Czingarians generally show more attachment to the Hungarians than to any other people, either because they resemble them more in manners, or because they are more protected by them; they are rather partial to the Slavonians, but they can not endure the Germans.

Among the people of Austria, M. Marcel mentions the French, the Walloons, the Italians, and the Armenians; but the first three are in such small numbers that they have no influence upon the population in general: the Armenians are the most numerous.—Proceeding from Asia towards the end of the seventeenth century, they fixed themselves in Transylvania, where there are now more than eleven hundred families, most of whom inhabit the cities of Armenienstadt and Ebel Falva; and from them the former derives its name.—In the course of time many of them established themselves in Hungary, not congregating in any considerable numbers, except at Neugata, but scattering themselves all over the kingdom, where they are still in possession of all the large farms. There are also some of them in Galicia, where they are sufficiently numerous to have an Archbishop, at Lemberg, the capital of that province. In travelling through Galicia, it is not a little surprising to see the Armenians in their Oriental costume, proud of the beauty and elegance of their clothes. The same causes that brought the Armenians

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to Austria also conducted thither the Greeks, the Albanians, and the Macedonians. These different nations are not very numerous, for there are scarcely an hundred families of them in Transylvania, though they abound there more than in any other province. These people, being naturally industrious, have been very useful to Austria; and the town of Cronstadt owes to them the establishment of several important manufactures. It is only in Moravia that some Walloon families are seen, who remind us of that brilliant period of her history when Austria reigned over Spain as well as Germany. As for the Italians, there are none except in the provinces situated on the coast of the Adriatic; their numbers in the provinces, of course, increases as those provinces approximate towards Italy. In like manner their numbers increase in German Tyrol; beyond the city of Brixen, they become gradually more numerous, and more especially at Reveredo.

On the frontiers of Transylvania is the greatest variety of people in all the Austrian dominions. The manners of the inhabitants of Bukovino are peculiar to themselves. Towards the end of the third century the Turks ceded this country to the House of Austria. It is mountainous, and covered with forests. The inhabitants are employed in tending cattle, particularly horses, and they are, for the most part, of the Greek religion. The purity of their manners, their sobriety, and the extreme simplicity of their mode of life, recall to our recollection the tastes and occupations of the ancient Patriarchs; they attain a very advanced age; in their dress they resemble the Turks, but still more the Persians, on account of their large bonnet of black sheep-skin.

In considering, as it regards the empire of Austria, the influence of climate and soil upon the manners and characters of mankind, the author, after some excellent observations upon this influence among ancient and modern nations, remarks, that there is in the poetry of the north of Germany a vague enthusiasm, a desire of something which they can never obtain.

The imagination of the Germans

in this part of their territory is as fertile as it is unlimited. Encircled by the mists of the north they have never produced models, or works attaining a high degree of perfection; for they cannot bear the restraint of rules in literature, but lose themselves in vague ideas. Every thing bows to the influence of uncertainty; power is as fluctuating as thoughts and ideas, and enlightened men should take no more liberty with mental speculations than princes should take with the produce of the earth.

In the south of Germany, where nature is more calm and smiling, the imagination is much less exalted: power is less uncertain and more concentrated. In the west of Germany, the passions assume a much milder character: it would be the most fortunate country in Europe, if the Government which directs it had not evinced a weakness which little accords with the dictates of wisdom. Temperate in climate, fertile in soil, and happy in its institutions, it continues in a monotonous state of prosperity, which can only be injurious to activity of thought, but never to the happiness of the inhabitants. The natives of this peaceful and fertile country only desire to live to-morrow as they did yesterday.

Every thing in Austria is done more for the sake of duty than for glory. A nation which has no other guide than the love of duty must be a nation of real worth and integrity.

The Germans in general, and particularly the Austrians, have the greatest sincerity and honesty.— Their excellent qualities are as much derived from the excellence of their institutions as from the goodness of their hearts; their mild and peaceful character, as well as their domestic habits, incline them to order and union, from which they never depart. In the winter, obliged to be united round their stoves in a room excessively heated, with an atmosphere hot and heavy, they ac-

quire soft and mild habits, whilst the activity of their blood is lessened. The slowness of their actions, and the importance they attach to them, contribute to perpetuate their ideas of civility and hospitality, which they exercise without distinction, either towards their countrymen or strangers.— That goodness and generosity, which pervade the minutest actions of the Austrians, are very disagreeable to the generality of travellers.* At every step you hear them say,—"It is impossible—I cannot do what you wish"—though it may be the easiest thing in the world; but, if you insist upon it, they make no more difficulties but do what you desire, obeying less for the hope of a reward, than out of respect for power and a loud command. M. Marcel has often heard them say, "these devils of French make us do every thing they like: but how can we resist them? they insist upon it so stoutly."

It is a very mistaken notion to think every thing may be obtained in Germany for money; they are insensible to that powerful stimulus, but they never resist the appearance of power and the decided tone of command.

The custom of shutting themselves up in the winter in rooms, excessively heated by enormous stoves, and where the smoke of tobacco contributes still more to form a thick and unhealthy atmosphere, must, as the author observes, render their blood heavy and viscous: the use of beer may also have some influence, as it relaxes the nervous system. More than once during his travels the author was obliged to stay in these warm rooms some hours, and he never left them without feeling very sensibly the effects of the heavy atmosphere to which he had been confined.

In consequence of their love of order the Austrians are very clean in their clothing;† there is not with them, as in many large cities in

* All that the Author says in this place, and subsequently, on the manners of the Germans in general, appears to be particularly meant by him to apply to the inhabitants of Southern Austria.

† This observation more particularly applies to Southern Austria.

Europe, miserable wretches covered with rags walking by the side of elegance and luxury. Every Austrian peasant has a clean coat, boots, and a furred cloak for the winter: their houses are as clean as their clothes, and though nothing in their habitations bespeaks wealth nothing indicates misery and nakedness; they wear their clothes as long as the French, but they take much more care of them. The general taste for cleanliness and decency is evinced by not suffering beggars to wear rags, and it is not one of the least benefits of the Austrian government, to have almost totally extirpated them from the countries under its dominion.

When a whole people are sensible of benefits and never forget them, they deserve general esteem; and such are the Austrians. If you oblige them they always remember it, whilst they easily forget the injuries done to them. They have been reproached for being too much attached to ceremony and etiquette, and many foreigners have ridiculed them on this account, but unjustly: this formal politeness is the consequence of the spirit of order and decency. It must be confessed, that if etiquette and formality are more observed in Germany than elsewhere, the prerogatives which the nobility enjoy are, in a great measure, the cause. Though the demarcation of classes is more marked, yet there is nothing offensive in this restraint, for good-nature prevails in Austria even over the pride of aristocracy.

The universities in the north of Germany have instructed the people in constitutional forms of government, and have contributed to divest the feudal system of its grinding and barbarous severity. Feudal slavery, however, still exists in several Austrian provinces where the progress of knowledge has not yet extended its influence, but it is gradually decreasing.

Amongst the higher classes of society in Germany it is very common to unite a great many literary titles, and there are more diplomas in this country than in any other in Europe, and there is more importance attached to them; but this *mania* is much more common in western Germany than in the south, where, before the establish-

ment of the academies of Munich and Landshut, there did not exist a single university or academy of the least repute; on the contrary, it is well known what lustre the universities of Göttingen and Halle have given to the north of Germany, and what influence these great establishments have had in the progress of knowledge. In Austria, where emulation has never been directed towards the cultivation of letters, where literary success is no glory because it is supposed to weaken military spirit, and where the light of knowledge has scarcely penetrated, titles purely literary could not be of much importance. It must, therefore, easily appear that there is more public spirit in the north of Germany than in the south, where there is not that spirit of unity, although there exists but one sovereign power. Two causes, nevertheless, excite a species of public spirit and patriotism in Austria—the love of their country and their sovereign; and, in fine, the happiness which every one enjoys under protecting laws. More addicted to husbandry than trade, the Austrians are excessively attached to their native soil; therefore the interests of the country are more dependant on the labourer than on the merchant, whose almost only aim is the success of his private speculation on which depends his precarious existence. Agriculture is much honored in Austria; and the sovereign himself feels of what importance it is to an empire where the land is so fertile.

The inhabitants of the south of Germany, and particularly in Austria, have a much calmer imagination than those of the northern parts. Generally less given to contemplation, they are less susceptible of enthusiasm. A purer sky, a more genial soil, and a less savage scenery soften rather than rouse their imagination: if they are little susceptible of enthusiasm in poetry and the fine arts, they are more alive to the dangers of their country. Their native soil, the land of their forefathers, the long line of kings who formed the happiness of their ancestors, and of themselves, and recollections of ancient and modern times, all are continually present to their view, and spur them on to generous sacrifices; nor are these sacrifices painful to them.

because they love their country: thus, though the Austrians have a calmer imagination than the northern Germans, they have notwithstanding a romantic tendency in their affections.

The Austrian women are very ideal in their sentiments; and their heads are warm at the expense of their repose. They love passionately, and with all the ardour of their nature; and, though christians, love far from appearing a weakness to them seems a virtue; they think it needs no excuse. As in all peaceful and thoughtful nations, the Austrian women abandon themselves without fear to their sensibility, and think nothing extraordinary that contributes to the happiness of him they love: equally generous and affectionate, even when they are deceived, they sigh in secret, but seldom abandon themselves to despair. It has been thought in France, though upon slight foundation, that the German women were easy of access, because some of them might have been weak; but it was not considered that they are not prepared like the French women against seduction. The German women, in their simplicity of mind, cannot comprehend that a man of honour can ever feign sentiments he does not feel, or ridicule the noblest affections of the soul.

The Austrian nation is, perhaps, the most moral in Europe. If its political conduct has not always been guided by honour, it may be justly said of them, as of the English, that they are far from approving every act of their government. The Austrian people are much too grave to easily adopt that levity of manners, which is too common in other nations, and which turns the arms of ridicule against every thing that is sacred. The sanctity of marriage is still respected in Austria. The conjugal leads to maternal love, and the Austrian women are all, or almost all, excellent mothers.

They are not more ostentatious in their attachment to their children than in their tenderness for their husbands. Divorce, which introduces into families a species of anarchy, has never been allowed by the Austrian laws; and this is not the least advantage of their legislation. The Austrian women in their simplicity

and goodnature have a charm that is peculiar to them; a mild sound of voice, an air of candour and goodness, flaxen hair, a dazzling complexion, and large blue eyes, would render them too seducing, if their simplicity and modesty did not enforce respect and temper, by the charm of virtue, the too lively impression caused by their beauty; they please the stranger by their sensibility, while they interest him by their imagination.

Without cultivating the fine arts and literature too much, they are not strangers to them; and, when their confidence is gained, they evince considerable knowledge, of which they never make a display. Their presence in society is as agreeable as that of Frenchwomen, and it may be said, that they seem to be more necessary to it. The men are less agreeable than their wives, and generally less amiable. The Austrian women speak with nearly equal facility all the European languages; and French is peculiarly delightful in their mouths. They have much less influence in the world and in society than the French women, but happiness does not depend upon exterior. Family love and tranquillity of mind never tire, and these alone are what they appreciate. The German girls have much more liberty than the French; this liberty, which they never abuse, gives them a greater knowledge of the world. It is to be remarked that, in general, women in Germany have a marked superiority over the men in society. It is astonishing how little agreeable men, and even clever men, are in conversation; neither their ideas, nor their choice of expression can convey a conception of what they are capable of in silence, solitude, and meditation. The most distinguished men are so little in the habit of conversing, that without women there would be no society.

Scandal, which is but too often the subject of conversation in our societies, would soon have destroyed that politeness which distinguished the German women, if they had fallen into this vice so common to little minds; but they have preserved the purity of their primitive manners through the goodness of their dispositions, as well as the excellence of

their institutions. They are never bigots or fanatics; their religion is as pure and simple as their hearts, and supports them in the miseries of life.—What has been said here of the Austrian women relates to the higher classes of society.

As to the lower orders of women, M. Mancel knows none who have purer and better manners. It is very rare in a village to find a single family that is not in the most perfect harmony. Maternal love is so forcible in these good countrywomen, that it preserves them from faults, so common elsewhere; their work and the duties of religion entirely occupy them, and thus they are preserved from all the vices that idleness engenders. In some cantons, however, they may be reproached for being too much addicted to strong liquors, which destroys their health and fortune.

The Austrians, like the Germans, are rather serious than gay; and the men of superior intellect have more genius than wit, and more originality than taste. It is to this want of tact that the monotony of the society in southern Germany may be attributed; but this monotony is not apparent in the familiar intercourse of domestic privacy.

When a person is fortunate enough to be admitted as an intimate friend into a family, he finds a charm and fascination that the stranger cannot meet with, who only sees the German in circumstances where their natural timidity and respect for custom restrain and paralyse their faculties. In seeing them as they really are, it is delightful to meet with men of such pure and excellent hearts in an age so demoralized. It is necessary to see the Germans frequently and long, to find out the extent and solidity of their knowledge. The stranger finds more pleasure in the society of the inhabitants of the north of Germany than of the south. The gentlemen of the northern provinces are not satisfied with seeking the society of the literati, for many of them excel in the sciences and in the higher classes of literature. Princes, and even sovereigns, have rivalled each other in their efforts to give that lustre to letters which they claim from civilization. Thus any little

capital, which might otherwise remain forever in obscurity and almost unknown, acquires celebrity by producing learned men. Gotha, Weimar, and Göttingen are become the Athens of the north, and the centre of instruction to the greatest part of Europe; in a short time the same may be said of Munich.

A nation generally good, and possessing integrity, can not be otherwise than charitable, and no nation was ever more so than the German. In the large cities there are fewer mansions and fine private edifices than in France, or especially in Italy; but charitable establishments are greater in number and better superintended. Many of these establishments, founded at first by associations of individuals, have acquired by degrees immense riches, which are employed in the service of the sick and indigent. It is said that at Vienna there is one hospital capable of receiving, in case of emergency, *fourteen thousand* beds. In spite of this prodigality of assistance for the indigent, which apparently would encourage idleness and consequently mendicity, there are but few beggars in Austria; where every man, who can work so as to gain his livelihood, would be ashamed to live at the expense of others. The different charitable establishments, and the work-houses which exist in almost all the cities, and sometimes even in the smallest villages, have greatly contributed to extirpate mendicity.

The cleanliness of the Germans, which charms all travellers, has the happiest effects upon their charitable institutions; it preserves health, diminishes the causes of mortality, and favours the love of economy: the people are indebted to it for a kind of dignity closely allied to decency and propriety; for cleanliness favors, as much as food and climate, the development of the human powers. Perhaps it is chiefly owing to this cause that nearly all the Germans are tall in stature, with strong and well proportioned limbs and fresh florid complexions; but they have in general no delicacy of feature, and but little expression of countenance. Though there are but few ugly men amongst them, yet there are still fewer really hand-

some; that is to say, of that noble and manly beauty which is seen in the inhabitants of the south of Europe, and which served as models for the fine statues of the ancients. The modern Germans are what Tacitus describes their ancestors to have been: they are almost all pale and insipid, and their mind has not the energy to be expected from their strength and tall stature. In consequence of the progress of civilization and concentration of power, they will certainly acquire, says M. Maréchal, more vivacity of mind, and more vigour of character.—Amongst the projects conceived by Joseph II. that of ameliorating the treatment of the insane is worthy of distinction: he gave considerable sums for the establishment of an hospital, where the insane might receive all necessary assistance; and this hospital is supposed to be better regulated than any in Europe.

Though the Germans travel a good deal in the interior of their

country, there are not so many conveniencies for travelling as in England, or even in France. The Germans, who do every thing negligently, are never quick enough for travellers; besides the roads are not well kept in repair, nor are the post-horses good enough for expedition. The proper time for travelling is when the snow is on the ground, and the sledges can be used; then all obstacles disappear, and the severity of the cold obliges the guide to second the impatience of the traveller. It is not uncommon to go a league in twenty or twenty-five minutes, and sometimes in less; in these sledge-journeys it is very essential not to give way to sleep, which softly steals through the veins. If the traveller sleeps the cold overpowers him, and he perishes a victim to the severity of the climate.

In this analysis we have only mentioned the principal objects; the work itself offers many other very interesting details.

SKETCHES OF POPULAR PREACHERS.

(Continued from page 34.)

THE REV. JAMES RUDGE, D. D.

Dr. Rudge is the minister of St Anne's, Limehouse, and evening lecturer of St. Sepulchre's. His defects as a reader are numerous, some of them are physical, and, therefore, irremediable, while others are merely the consequence of bad taste and inattention. His voice is sufficient to fill the church of which he is the evening lecturer, and I am inclined to believe that there are but few larger in London; while the obstacles, which the dense mass of human beings, with which it is always crowded when he preaches, presents to the conveyance of sound, must considerably increase the difficulties of the clergyman's duties. Dr. Rudge's voice, every other quality was equal to its power, might satisfy the most fastidious, but it is monotonous and harsh; yet for these imperfections no blame is attributable to Dr.

Rudge; industry itself cannot accomplish impossibilities. His reading frequently degenerates into a drawl; in the pulpit, however, he is tolerably exempt from this defect. There is great room for improvement in his pronunciation, which I am convinced is partly the result of carelessness, as he often pronounces the same words correctly and incorrectly on the same evening. The aspirate he sometimes places where it had no previous existence. Another of his bad habits is the use of action in reading, which, to say the least of it, is unnecessary. Besides, Dr. Rudge suits the action to the word, both in the desk and in the pulpit; for instance, if he is speaking of heaven, he will point upward, and, if he is describing the emotions of the heart, he will place his hand upon his breast. These errors may be consid-

dered by many persons as trivial, but as a breath will sully the lustre of a gem, so inconsiderable faults will sometimes impede the development of real talent. Of levity or inattention it is impossible to accuse him; he is solemn and devout while reading, earnest and impressive while preaching: some may even be of opinion that he is unnecessarily so, but this extreme is infinitely preferable to the other, as it usually owes its origin to the excess of religious feeling.

His sermons are not distinguished either for their beauties or defects; they are usually practical, and contain earnest exhortations to the discharge of the different moral and religious duties, scriptural expositions of the doctrines of christianity, and vivid representations of the pernicious results of a deviation from rectitude. He never dazzles by the brilliancy of his style, or the splendour of his ideas. As a theologian he is not remarkable either for the depth of his researches, or the novelty and ingenuity of his illustra-

tions. He rarely interests the feelings, or displays what may properly be termed eloquence. In passing over such a mind as Dr. Rudge's, the critic must only lament its near approach to sterility, for, where the principal weeds are carefully eradicated and the soil refuses to produce or nourish many flowers, the sunshine and the storm are equally unnecessary.—He evidently does not restrict himself to the study of theology only, the good effects of this are visible in his sermons, which present a variety entirely unattainable by those who pursue an opposite course.

The highest praise to which Dr. Rudge can aspire is that of a plain, sensible preacher; he selects those subjects for discussion which have the most general application, and explains them in a manner perspicuous to the meanest comprehension; he is, therefore, to the poor and uneducated classes of society a valuable and instructive teacher.

THE REV. JAMES MOORE, L. L. D.

Dr. Moore is the vicar of St. Pancras, London. His sermons are particularly remarkable for their inequality in merit. Some are original in their conception, beautiful in their execution, vivid in their delineations, forcible in their arguments, and ingenious in their solutions. Others, again, mock the efforts of industry to extract any thing from them to admire or to praise: exempt from such gross errors as would expose them to a rigorous castigation, they supply criticism with no materials whatever. Those among his discourses, which are composed by the irradiating hand of genius, are not confined to any particular subject. He vindicates the truths of revelation by irrefragable reasonings from the calumnies and misrepresentations of infidelity; a selection of those arguments best adapted to strengthen his cause, and a felicitous arrangement of them, are the chief excellencies of this class of Dr. Moore's discourses.

Those, which are intended to impress on his hearers the obligations

to moral actions, display the line of conduct he is advocating in the point of view most favourable to the development of its advantages. But there is no subject upon which Dr. Moore has delivered better sermons, than upon the sorrows incidental to mortality, those darker threads in the many-coloured web of human destiny. His descriptions of the woes, which render existence a desert, are replete with reality, interest and pathos. They are adapted to all the Protean forms of misfortune, and each individual may recognize the calamity which has preyed upon, perhaps destroyed his peace.

His eloquence is still more conspicuous in his consolatory addresses to the afflicted; deriving his arguments for resignation, from 'Him who bore our griefs, and carried our sorrows,' and borrowing for their assistance every charm of diction, every grace of language, he appears the delegated conservator of the heart from the inroads of despair.

In describing the characteristics of this gentleman's preaching, I

should be guilty of an omission if I neglected to mention the powerful manner in which he sometimes excites and interests the feelings: this may partly be attributed to his impressive mode of delivery.

He is likewise pre-eminently distinguished for undaunted courage in the service of the cause he is engaged in. Though placed for years in the situation perhaps most dangerous to the independence of the preacher, (I allude to his employments at the Proprietary Chapels) he never for an instant sacrificed the freedom of his spirit, or yielded to the selfish admonitions of interest. Though he preached at one of the most fashionable chapels in the Metropolis, he was the untiring, unrelenting castigator of fashionable vices and follies in all their ramifications. He never wasted his eloquence in expatiating upon the enormity of those crimes, which the majority of his hearers had no temptation to perpetrate, but fearlessly attacked those delinquencies, which it was probable many of them were in the frequent habit of committing. For this trait Dr. Moore is entitled to the approbation of every one, who values independence or loves truth. To pass at once from the matter to the manner of his preaching. His sermons derive additional attractions

from the extreme gracefulness of his delivery. His voice, though monotonous and sepulchral, is full and powerful, and is so admirably modulated, that every sentence he speaks appears harmoniously constructed, and unnumbered with a single superfluous word. His action is elegant, his deportment solemn and dignified, his manner of speaking animated and energetic. He appears perfectly conscious of the high importance of the mission he is entrusted to execute, and deeply imbued with a sense of the dignity and authority of his office. Instead of limiting his exertions to merely reading his discourses, he commits a considerable portion of them to memory, and consequently approximates to that freedom from restraint, which constitutes so great a charm in extemporaneous speaking.

With a full-toned and well-modulated voice, a distinct enunciation, and correct emphasis, his reading must be good; but, in consequence of the increased latitude allowed by the pulpit to animation of manner, he is there heard to much greater advantage; in addition to this he reads too rapidly. Upon the whole Dr. Moore, as a preacher, is inferior to few if to any of his contemporaries, and is very superior to many of them.

CRITICUS.

ODE FROM HORACE.

DARE not, Leuconóe, to enquire,
(Presumptuous is the fond desire)
How long that term of life may be
The gods shall grant to you or me;
Nor of Chaldean numbers ask,
For vain and fruitless were the task.

Rather with patience let us bear
The ills we may be doom'd to share;
Whether high Jove more winters give,
Or this shall be the last we live,
Which dashes now Etruria's wave
Against rocks which many a tempest brave.

Oh then! be wise, prepare the wine,
Abridge your hopes, their flight confine,
And ever let those hopes remain
Proportion'd to life's transient reign.
Whilst now engaged in converse gay,
Time steals with envious haste away.
Seize then to-day ere yet it fly,
Nor on to-morrow dare rely.

S. R.

MEMOIR OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

LATE EMPEROR OF FRANCE.

THAT state of society and of literature, in which indiscriminate and excessive praise of Kings and Conquerors gave history the complexion of fable, has long past away; neither impunity whilst living, nor subsequent apotheosis, is the necessary portion of the hero; nor can his fame be permanently tarnished by the spirit of party, nor by popular ingratitude; the rulers of the earth are now weighed in the balance of intellect and virtue, and their fame is commensurate with the greatness of their exploits, and with the wisdom of their administration. The divine right of kings is now considered as the jargon of a barbarous era—Sovereigns and Conquerors are now but men and magistrates of the Commonwealth, each action is investigated at the bar of public opinion, and if the passions of the age soften offence or depreciate greatness, the page of history is the mirror which restores every thing to its natural proportions. The historian, therefore, contemplates even a mighty character like Napoleon but as a fellow-man, immeasurably elevated in point of intellect, but subject to the same specific standard of contemplation—a being of superior mind, but of his own passions, wants, and frailties, and whose biography is, therefore, of the utmost utility to mankind.

In writing the following memoir it is our desire to be scrupulously impartial and accurate, remembering that what is an error or a mistatement with contemporaries becomes a falsehood to futurity, and is a moral turpitude in the historian or biographer.

Napoleon Buonaparte was born at Ajaccio, in Corsica, on the 15th August, 1769. The noble origin of the family of Bonaparte or Buonaparte is well attested by the records of the fourteenth century; and its more modern dignity might be estimated by the fact, that in 1776 Charles Buonaparte, the father of Napoleon, was chosen as the representative of the nobility of Corsica in the deputation which that island then sent to the Court of France.

Eur. Mag. Feb. 1823.

The Buonapartes were originally from St. Miniato in Tuscany, and Letitia Ramolino, the mother of Napoleon, was likewise nobly born; she was distinguished for beauty, for dignity of demeanour, and for great powers of intellect; she gave birth to eight children, of whom Napoleon was the second.

It may be said that the infancy of Napoleon passed without sports and his youth without pleasure, although not without attachments. His nature seemed to press forward to the goal of manhood, and the precoc maturity of his mind, and the seriousness of his habits and of his application to studies, were remarkably in contrast with the usual dispositions of boyhood. He was sent to the military academy at Brienne by the Count de Marbeuf, governor of Corsica, where he continued to evince his disposition to study and deep reflection. Plutarch was to him a recreation after the military and mathematical exercises of the day were over; but in after life his delight was in works of the imagination, and Plutarch yielded to the poetry of Ossian. It was at the military academies of Paris and Brienne that Napoleon evinced the germ of that profundity of genius, and of that stupendous elevation of character, which are almost exclusively his in the page of history. The early complexion of his mind appears to have been most extraordinary. He seems to have prescribed to himself some imaginary standard of heroism as the object of existence to himself, and to have abstracted himself from dissipation, and even from the amusements of youth, in the ambitious contemplation of greatness and fame; even literature and the fine arts were discarded, and apparently wrapped up in the profundity of thought; even as a boy he was contemplated with admiration as one distinct and superior to his fellow-students. But these singular traits of character were unaccompanied by moroseness or malevolence, or by that arrogance and display of superiority which excite jealousy and engender hatred.

T

Professor Leguile said, in the report which he had to make of his pupils, entitled "The Academy of Brienne, statement of the King's Scholars' eligible by their age to the public service, or to proceed to the Academy of Paris." "M. de Buonaparte, (Napoleon) born 15th August, 1769; height four feet ten inches, ten lines (or twelfths of an inch); has finished his fourteenth year, of good constitution, excellent health, obedient, well-behaved and grateful, regular in his conduct, and has always distinguished himself by his application to mathematics. He is moderately acquainted with history and geography, rather deficient in accomplishments and in Latin, in which he has finished only the fourth form; he will make an excellent Naval Officer, and deserves to be admitted into the school at Paris." This document is now in the possession of Marshal de Segur. The professor had added in a note "A Corsican by birth, and a Corsican in disposition—he will be eminent if circumstances prove favourable."

The military career of Buonaparte began in 1785, when his examination for the artillery was so honourable to his talents, that he was appointed a sub-lieutenant in the regiment de la Frere. It is related, as characteristic of Napoleon, that a lady, about this time, reproaching the memory of Turenne for his destruction by fire of the Palatinate, Buonaparte replied, "Well, madam, what did it signify, if the conflagration was necessary to his plans."

Buonaparte was only 20 when the commencement of the revolution opened for him a field adapted to his great genius. At this period his correspondence with Paoli, then in England, breathed an ardent spirit of liberty, soaring almost to enthusiasm; but, unhappily for mankind, this spirit of freedom faded before the less hallowed flame of ambition and y. In 1792, Paoli was created a lieutenant-general in the French service, and appointed to the command of the twenty-third military division. In the same year we find Napoleon, a lieutenant of artillery, appointed acting commander of one of the battalions of National Guards, raised in Corsica. That island was then agitated by the

party which had long resisted the domination of the Genoese, and which equally opposed the re-union of Corsica to France. Ajaccio was the focus of these partisans; and it fell to the lot of Napoleon, at the head of his battalion, to subdue by force the municipal troops of his native city. The tumult had taken place on Holy Thursday, 1792. Peraldi, one of the principal partisans, was an ancient enemy of the Bonapartes; and in Corsica hatred is hereditary and interminable to a proverb. Peraldi accused Buonaparte to the government, of having himself instigated the tumult, which he had suppressed by military force. Buonaparte was summoned to Paris, and triumphantly refuted the accusation. He was a witness of the horrors of August 10th in the French capital, and he returned to Corsica in the following month, impressed with the justice of the popular resistance against the persevering corruption and crimes of the government; and adopting, as a principle of duty, a devotion to the then incipient cause of freedom. His friendship with Paoli was at this time severed by his finding to his surprise, that that general was the secret source of these then considered treasonable plots to render Corsica independent on France. A design springing from unworthy motives in Paoli, although in itself patriotic and just, but too noble and virtuous to be practicable in the then, or even in the present imperfect state of human sentiments. A squadron under vice-admiral Truguet, being an expedition against Sardinia, at this time arrived at Ajaccio. Buonaparte was ordered to join this expedition, and was specially directed, with his battalion, to subdue the small islands situated between Corsica and Sardinia; but the expedition was unsuccessful. Buonaparte returned to Ajaccio. Paoli and twenty other generals had been proclaimed traitors by the French, and a price had been set upon their heads. With a view, therefore, to his personal safety, as well as to effect his favourite object of liberating his country, he raised the standard of resistance to France in May, 1793. He was elected by his partisans Generalissimo, and President of a Council which assembled at

Corte, and of which the present eminent Russian Ambassador, Pozzo di Borgo, was the secretary. The party of Paoli was assisted by England, and great excesses were committed between that faction and those who adhered to the French interests. It is related that Paoli connived at, and even promoted numerous plots for the assassination of Napoleon, all of which he escaped, and eventually formed a junction at Calvo, with Salicetti and Lacombe-Saint-Michel, the representative of the people, and who had disembarked with troops. These forces were directed against Ajaccio, but their efforts were unsuccessful and Napoleon, succeeding better in his plans for rescuing his family from the vengeance of Paoli, finally left his native country and disembarked at Marseilles, a soldier of fortune, under the banners of freedom.

He placed his family at Toulon, and joined his regiment, the fourth foot artillery, at Nice. In July, 1793, he was promoted to the captaincy of the 20th company by seniority. It was in this and in the following year that the mountain party, triumphing equally over royalty and freedom, levied 14 armies to resist foreign invasion, and to support their own usurpation of the political power which they wielded with such sanguinary violence. The Convention determined to inflict upon Toulon similar horrors to those, which they had perpetrated upon the unfortunate inhabitants of Lyons; and Salicetti, Albitte, Feron, Ricord, Robespierre, and Barras, were appointed commissioners to superintend the siege of Toulon. That city, on the 27th August, 1743, had been treacherously surrendered by the royalists to the English, Spanish, and Neapolitan forces. Of 18 sail of the line, 11 had been delivered to the English, and the white flag of the Bourbons hoisted in the city. Captain Buonaparte was dispatched to Lyons to obtain powder for the siege—he even repaired to Paris for this object, and on his return to Toulon was appointed to the command of the artillery and of the engineers. He immediately displayed consummate judgment and vigour; and on 19th of December the recapture of Toulon was the

result of his exertions. In reward of his services he was on the day of the capture promoted to the rank of General of Brigade, and appointed to the command of the artillery of the army of Italy. The astonishing effects of his genius were displayed by the influence which he rapidly acquired over the minds of the troops, of the Commander, and of the Commissaries of the Convention. But on the 9th Thermidor, 27th July, the mountain party or Terrorists, at Paris, were destroyed, and General Buonaparte was arrested at Nice by the order of Salicetti and Albitte, the Commissaries at Toulon, to whom he owed his extraordinary promotion. Fifteen days after, Buonaparte resumed his rank in the Army of Italy, in consequence of Salicetti and Albitte reporting to the Committee of Public Safety, that it was impossible to carry on the military operations without the talents of Buonaparte. The capture of Oneille, and of Le Col du Tende, with the victory at Cairo, are the successes in Piedmont consequent on Buonaparte's re-appointment.—The Commander in chief, Dumerbion, after the battle of Cairo, wrote to the Commissaries of the Government; "It is to the talents of General Buonaparte that I am indebted for those able dispositions which have procured us the victory. "The extensive grasp of Napoleon's mind was now displayed by his suggesting and pressing the plan of carrying the entrenched camp at Ceva; and he gave in that plan for the invasion of Italy, which was then rejected, but which he subsequently carried into execution, to the glory of his name, and to the establishment of his own subsequent supremacy. The army of Italy then rejected that plan, and the victory of Cairo terminated the campaign. The jealousy of a rival now contrived that Buonaparte should be snatched from this scene of grand and enlarged warfare, and he was appointed to the command of the artillery of the army of the West; destined to subdue the honest, but fanatical and mistaken partisans of *La Vendée*. Buonaparte refused the appointment, and when the same council contrived his nomination to the command of a brigade of the line,

after vain remonstrances to Barras and Freron, he declined the commission, and retired to Paris. Napoleon might now have lived unnoticed, and have died unknown to history; but the Deputy Pontecoulant rescued him from his obscurity, by employing him on the plan of a campaign then in contemplation; and the goodness of Napoleon's heart was subsequently evinced by his patronage of this man. After the retirement of Pontecoulant from office, Buonaparte was again neglected, and he conceived the design of offering his services to Turkey. From this intention he was deterred by subsequent events, but what astonishing results might have ensued to the Eastern parts of Europe, and to Asia, had he proceeded in his design. Perhaps his life might have been equally glorious, and his death more happy than it has been. It was during this retirement in Paris that he had opportunities of appreciating the merits, and forming a passion for Madame de Beauharnois.

The 13th Vendemiaire, the sections of Paris revolted against the Convention. Barras commanded the troops, and, recollecting Buonaparte's abilities displayed at Toulon, he employed him as a General of Division, and the safety of the Convention was effected by a loss of lives insignificant to what might have been consequent upon obstinacy or vigour, unaccompanied by discrimination and talents. From this success of Buonaparte arose, in the year three, the government of the Directory, under which he was nominated Commander in Chief of the Army of the Interior, succeeding Barras, who became one of the Directory, and did the honours of the Republic with great pomp. Six years after he married Madame Beauharnais, and at length, by the sagacity of Carnot, was appointed Commander in Chief of the Army of Italy.

At this crisis, so awful to France, there was a coalition against her of England, Austria, Piedmont, Naples, Bavaria, and of all the smaller states of Germany and Italy. In this emergency, the fine plan of an Italian campaign which Buonaparte had given in after the battle of

Cairo, in Piedmont, was entrusted to his execution; and, a few days after his marriage with Madame Beauharnois, he set out for Nice. It is now well known that Napoleon had conceived those gigantic plans of personal aggrandizement, which his stupendous power of intellect subsequently enabled him to carry into effect. At the age of 27 he had to appease the jealousy, and to conciliate the opinions of the many able and renowned officers, who, although veterans, were rendered subordinate to him by his appointment to the supreme command of Italy. He found among the superior commanders Augereau, Massena, Laharpe; Kellermann, now in years, commanded the division of the Alps, and Serrurier the army of observation. His discernment of merit restored to command General Scherer, who had just sustained the fine fight of Vado. Napoleon found the troops young and enthusiastic, but the army was without money, provisions, clothing, and almost without arms; destitute of artillery, and with a discipline too relaxed to sustain defeat, or to resist the allurements of so rich and luxurious a country as Italy. Opposed to him was a numerous army, highly disciplined, well appointed, advantageously situated, and possessed of every collateral advantage. The position of the French army was bad, and its center and its right were in the greatest peril. Four years had the French army been cooped up in the rocky districts of Lagaira—discontent pervaded the ranks, and anarchy paralyzed the commanders. "Comrades," said Buonaparte on his arrival at the army, "amidst these rocks we are in want of every thing; behold those rich plains at your feet; they are our's; let us march and take possession of them"—and the army was electrified by his tone of confidence.

The stratagem of Buonaparte's campaign was to separate the Piedmontese army, commanded by Provera and Colli, from the Austrians commanded by Beaulieu and Argentau; and this Napoleon effected by the most masterly and daring manœuvres. At the moment of Napoleon's surprising their point

of junction, he found his center attacked by Argentau, and a movement on his right by Beaulieu. By a fine manœuvre he threw his whole force upon Argentau and overwhelmed him, obliging Beaulieu to repair to the support of his comrade; after six days fighting, Napoleon had effected the separation of the two armies, he had possessed himself of the rich country they had previously occupied, and had captured 40 pieces of cannon, had destroyed 12,000 Austrians, and had taken the strong fortresses of Coni, Ceva, and Alexandria, in Piedmont. The King of Sardinia was obliged to sue for peace; and the triumphant Napoleon chased the Austrians within their own territories of upper Italy. These fine battles astounded military men with the vast superiority of Napoleon's concentric system over the excentric or deployed system of the old school. Massena, Joubert, and Augereau gained their laurels in this campaign. It was but one month after Napoleon had assumed the command of this disorganised army, that he wrote an account of his victory to the Directory, adding, "to-morrow I march against Beaulieu, I shall oblige him to cross the Po, I shall immediately follow him, I shall possess myself of all Lombardy; and before one month, I hope to be on the mountains of the Tyrol, to communicate with the army of the Rhine, and, in concert with it, to carry the war into Bavaria." The throne of Austria trembled. The invulnerable Mantua was the key to Austrian Italy. Napoleon judged it to be insufficiently garrisoned, and resolved to throw his whole army against it by a rapid march. The manœuvre was perilous, and Salicetti, the Commissary of the Directory, and Berthier prevented the design; but subsequent events proved that Napoleon's views had been correct; and he resolved in future to submit to no such interference. The Po was now to be crossed; and by a movement upon Valencia he distracted the attention of the enemy, and threw his army, by a rapid movement, upon Plaisance, and forced the passage of the river. He then marched upon Lodi. The

enemy defended the long narrow bridge with heroic bravery. Massena and Berthier exerted themselves to the utmost — amidst the most murderous fire, Napoleon himself planted two cannon in the critical direction. The French were victorious; the Adda was crossed, and Lombardy was the prize of the fight. Pizzighitone and Cremona fell three days after the battle of Lodi, and Napoleon was thus in possession of the whole of the Milanese. The Directory became jealous of his power, but Carnot prevented their sacrificing the national success to their personal apprehensions. A treaty of peace was signed with Piedmont; all the strong places in that kingdom, as well as Savoy, Nice, and Tende being yielded to France. An insurrection of the Italians took place against the French, which Buonaparte suppressed by dint of promptitude and severity. The citadel of Milan, with a hundred pieces of cannon, surrendered to his forces. He crossed the Mincio, drove General Beaulieu out of Italy. Massena held the Austrians in check in the Tyrol; Serrier had carried the suburbs of Mantua, which he blockaded. Augereau crossed the Po, and compelled the Pope to sign a treaty with General Vaubois, who captured Livourna from the possession of the English. The whole of Italy from the Alps to the papal territories was in possession of the French, whilst Naples, Modena, and Parma, accepted of a peace at the dictation of Napoleon.

But the siege of Mantua was the object on which Napoleon bent all his thoughts. The possession of this strong fortress was necessary to the security of his little army in the extensive line of country he had acquired, and it was indispensably necessary to the magnificent plans which he cherished of carrying the war into Austria by the side of the Tyrol. By the capture of Milan, Ferrara, Bologna and Fort Urbin, he had at length acquired a sufficiency of heavy cannon for the siege; but in the mean time Austria had thrown 13,000 troops into Mantua, and General Wurms, with an army of 60,000 men marched to its relief. Napoleon with but 40,000 men had

to cover the siege, and to guard all the passes from Brescia to Verona and Legnago. The danger to the French was imminent, when, to his surprise Napoleon learnt that the Austrians had divided their force, marching 25,000 men upon Brescia under General Quosdanovich, and 35,000 upon Mantua, through the valley of the Adige, under Wurmser. The idea struck Napoleon to beat them in detail. Abandoning all his artillery before Mantua, he rapidly concentrated his army upon Roverbella, defeated Quosdanovich in the two fine fights of Sals and Lonato, and drove him into the Tyrol. With incredible rapidity he fell back upon General Wurmser, and totally defeated him by a masterly battle at Castiglione, and by his exquisite manœuvres cut him off from the Mincio, and obliged his shattered forces to take the direction of Tenda. Augereau subsequently took his ducal title from this battle of Castiglione. These battles were all fought between the 1st and 5th of August, and the Austrians lost 20,000 men, and 50 pieces of cannon. Napoleon pursued the Austrians into the Tyrol and beat them at Serravalle, St. Marco and Roveredo, and in the defiles of Calliano. Wurmser could form no junction with Quosdanovich, but he succeeded in reaching Mantua.

Napoleon now found time to drive the English from Corsica, to check the designs of the aristocratic partisans in Genoa and Venice, and to check the machinations of the Pope, who had openly violated the peace of Bologna. The success of Austria upon the Rhine, enabled her to despatch to the relief of Italy 45,000 men under the able and fortunate Alvinzi. This general led 30,000 men upon Mantua, by the States of Verona, whilst he ordered the remaining 15,000, under Davidovich, to descend through the valleys of the Adige. Napoleon could bring but 33,000 men into the field, and of these he left 3,000 in garrison at Verona. With the remainder he rapidly marched upon Ronco, threw a bridge over the Adige, crossed the river, and directed his course to Arcola. Never, perhaps, was Napoleon's genius and mental courage so severely tried as at this point. Massena, Lannes and Augereau were

his commanders. He anxiously surveyed the enemy, and resolutely formed his plan of action. He ordered the troops to march promptly against the narrow cause-way of Arcola and to carry the bridge: his column of grenadiers was thrown into confusion by the terrific fire upon its flank. All was lost! Napoleon threw himself from his horse, seized a standard, rallied the grenadiers, and led them to the charge. Lannes was wounded, Murion fell dead at Napoleon's feet, who still pressed on, till he was entangled in the marshy ground. The troops were again staggered by the enemy's fire; General Belliard pointed to them their general in advance, they rushed to his rescue and bore him from the enemy: Napoleon wished to take advantage of the momentary enthusiasm, and to lead them again to the charge, but they refused to follow, and the battle of Arcola was a negative victory to the Austrians. Napoleon, however, fertile in resources, concealed his manœuvres by continuing a heavy fire upon Arcola, and threw himself upon Ronco, attacked the main body of Austrians under Alvinzi, killed 5000, and took 8000 prisoners with 30 pieces of cannon, and drove him beyond Vicenza. The next day he drove into the Tyrol the second corps under Davidovich, and obliged Wurmser to shut himself up in Mantua. Alvinzi and Provera however united the scattered Austrians in the Tyrol and marched again to attack the French. Joubert retreated to Rivoli, Napoleon was at Bologna, 40 leagues distant; he intuitively saw through Alvinzi's plan and quickly sent a message to Joubert to maintain his post at Rivoli *coute qui coute*. Alvinzi, confident in victory over Joubert's little corps, attacked it with his chief force, and carried the fortified point or plateau of the position, moving a corps, under Lusignan, round the mountains to take the French in the rear. Napoleon had, by rapid marches, completely surrounded the different bodies of Austrians. Alvinzi, to his astonishment, found Napoleon at Rivoli to support Joubert; he was entirely defeated; Lusignan was himself attacked in the rear and taken, with all his forces, by Massena. Provera thought to form a junction

with Wurmser at Mantua, and follow up the anticipated success of Alvinzi, but was fallen upon by Napoleon, and obliged to surrender. Wurmser was driven back into Mantua, and, 27 days after the victory of Rivoli, Mantua itself fell into the hands of the French. In three days Austria had lost 45,000 men. Napoleon imposed the treaty of Tolentino upon the Pope, despising his anathema.

In less than one year, Napoleon, at the age of 28, had successively destroyed four powerful Austrian armies, commanded by the first generals in Europe; he had annexed a part of Piedmont to France, established two republics in Lombardy, and had subdued all Italy from the Alps to the Tiber, imposing treaties upon Naples, Rome and Parma. The Austrian cabinet was astonished by these reverses; and at the moment when the Emperor, availing himself of his better fortune on the Rhine, was about to invade France, he found his capital menaced by a warrior whose name now struck terror into his forces, and whose gigantic mind seemed to spurn all the petty plans of former warfare. Under the ablest general, Prince Charles, Austria assembled the flower of her victorious army of the Rhine at Tagliamento; Napoleon saw the gathering storm; his forces were increased to 53,000 men, besides the divisions of Delmar and Bernadotte. Napoleon, at the head of 37,000 men, carried Tarvis which he intended to make his point of stratagem, he then beat the Archduke, in person, at Tagliamento, and drove him upon the Isonzo, captured Palma Nova, carried the entrenched position of Gradisca, whilst Massena captured Villach, and threatened Vienna by the routs of Saltzbourg and Frioul. In four days Austria lost a quarter of her Army, and the Archduke was obliged to abandon Klagenfurth and the line of the Drave. In the mean while Napoleon's divisions, under Joubert and Bernadotte, had respectively conquered the Tyrol, and had captured Laybach. On 31st March, Napoleon, at Klagenfurth, offered the enemy peace, which was refused with disdain, but the subsequent successes of Massena accelerated the crisis of a decisive battle, and

Austria signed an armistice at Judenburg on the 7th of April, and the preliminaries of peace, at Leoben, on the 15th of that month.

It was at this period that Napoleon's complaint to the directory of Moreau's want of activity, in the command of the army of the Rhine, produced an hostility between these great captains. Moreau had not supported Napoleon's operations, having crossed the Rhine to his assistance only on the 19th of April, four days after Napoleon had conquered the peace of Leoben. In Napoleon's dispatch of the 19th of April to the Directory, he says, that had he followed the directions of his government, so far from being at Vienna, he should have ruined the Republic; and he proceeds to state that his victories, "are an infallible presage, that she can, in two campaigns, subjugate the continent of Europe." "I have not levied a single contribution in Germany; there is not a single complaint against us, and I feel that the time will come when we shall derive our advantage from this prudent conduct;" of himself he says, I have never regarded myself in my operations; I have thrown myself upon Vienna, having acquired more glory than is necessary to happiness, and having left the superb plains of Italy behind me." From this it is evident that Napoleon then contemplated the subversion of the ignorant and tyrannical government of Austria, and the happiness of the people.

In the mean time the Priests of Venice and of Italy had stimulated the superstitious populace to the massacre of the French; the sick, the wounded, whether military or civilians, were indiscriminately the victims of religious enthusiasm; and, as a climax of religious crime, Easter day was that of the massacre. Napoleon, in consequence of these scenes, on the 16th of May, 1797, destroyed the odious oligarchy of Venice, and established a more popular Government in that city, as well as in Genoa. He founded the Ligurian republic in Italy, and united the whole of the Austro-Italian states into one government under the name of the Cisalpine Republic; intending to establish Republicanism throughout all Italy.

(To be continued)

THE FINE ARTS.

HISTORY OF ENGRAVING.

~~We proceed to the fourth and last~~
~~of the principal branches of the Fine~~
~~Arts, of which we expressed our in-~~
~~tention to give our readers a notice~~
~~before.~~ Engraving is an art of the highest value; for, as has been justly observed by a very ingenious professor of it,* in a series of lectures, from which we shall take the liberty of borrowing largely on the present occasion, "a print is the translation of a picture, legible to every eye, and current in every country; distributing the admirable productions of art into the hands of thousands who, but for engraving, must have lived and died in ignorance of their worth, because unacquainted with their merits."

Engraved inscriptions, principally on stone, are probably co-eval with the invention of letters, or even of hieroglyphics. Herodotus speaks also of the delineation of maps on tablets of brass, as one of the most ancient purposes to which engraving was applied. From that inferior office, it probably proceeded to the representation of figures; first in simple outlines, afterwards with slight shadows. In fact, examples of this kind, from which impressions forming rude prints might actually be taken, are frequently met with on ancient tombs.

The discovery of printing from plates of metal (for the preceding invention of letter-press printing had been accompanied by wood-cuts, which are a species of prints) was reserved for Thomas Finiguera, a goldsmith, at Florence, about the middle of the fifteenth century. This ingenious man, having finished some ornamental work wherein engraving was employed, and having filled the strokes with a black substance to give it conspicuous effect, was examining what he had done, when some wax from the taper he held in his hand accidentally dropped on the cold metal and hardened. On

being chipped off, the interior surface of the wax presented a transcript of that part of the engraving on which it had fallen; and suggested to Finiguera the idea that some method might be found to take the same kind of impression on paper; an idea which he afterwards successfully realized. Finiguera's engravings, which are of course rare, are chiefly in imitation of drawings with pen and ink; and in that respect he was followed by Andrea Mantegna, a painter of high and deserved repute at that period, who appeared to copy his own drawings with the most minute precision, blots and all. One of the first instances of a book receiving the embellishment of copper-plate prints is an edition of the works of Dante, with head-pieces to some of the cantos by Baldini, and Botticelli.

But the earliest great name, which we meet with in the records of the art of engraving in Italy, is that of Marc Antonio. This original artist, like many of his predecessors, was a goldsmith; which occupation he quitted for the profession of an engraver. His first efforts were copies from the productions of Albert Durer (who flourished at the same time in Germany) but his talents soon attracted the attention of Raphael, on whose inestimable performances he was ever afterwards employed. The chief excellence of Marc Antonio lay in his outline, which is absolute perfection. His extremities are marked with the truest precision; and the character of his head denotes the accomplished master. Of light and shadow he has little to boast. Indeed, he seems to have thought all the qualities of art, which did not come under the denomination of *form and character*, unworthy of his consideration. Marc Antonio was immediately followed by George Ghisi Mantuanus, another fine engraver of the same description, who

* The late Mr. Robert Mitchell Meadows; an able artist, and an excellent man.

transferred to his coffer the sweeping contour of Michael Angelo, in all its tremendous sublimity. Subsequently the art of engraving rather declined in Italy. It is true that the Italian engravers slowly improved in mechanical execution, but what they gained in that respect they lost in their original distinction—fine drawing;—until at length, in the beginning of the last century, Giacomo Frey united in his works something like an equal knowledge of outline and of finishing. Since that time the Italian engravers have been unceasingly improving in all that can contribute to give excellence to their profession; and at the present moment enjoy a very high reputation.

The oldest German engravers, whose names have been transmitted to us, are Martin Schoon and Israel Van Mech. They drew in the gothic style of the ancient painters of their country, and their drapery has the appearance of having been studied from paper. Yet, even in that infant state of the art, the German school began to disclose something of the ingenuity in mechanical skill, which it afterwards so fully developed. At the beginning of the sixteenth century, when Marc Antonio flourished in Italy, the leading artist of Germany was Albert Durer, a man of extensive abilities but narrow education. He had great command of the graver, and carried finishing much farther than his Italian contemporaries; but his ignorance of the antique left him far behind them in every more important particular. Engraving gradually improved in Germany until the beginning of the seventeenth century, at which time Goltzius, Muller, Spranger, &c. having acquired extraordinary freedom of hand, and divested their drawing of much of its gothic stiffness, brought the art to a height to which it had never before attained; although it must be allowed, that, in their pursuit of spirit and sublimity, they frequently ran into the wildest extremes of extravagance and bombast. After their era, engraving rose no higher in Germany, and it has now sunk into insignificance.

Of the Dutch engravers few have been occupied on sublime and clas-

sical subjects, and still fewer with any success. But in the domestic scenes of low life their works are replete with national character, and are marked with all the fidelity of their painters. The Dutch engravers were also among the first who distinguished themselves in landscape; and for portrait they possessed, in Houbraken, an artist who, except in the French school, never was excelled. The Flemish school of engraving manifested a higher rank of merit in the works of Vosterman, Pontius, Bolswert, and others, who, in the superior departments of the art, exhibited the same style, the same principles, and almost the same power, as Rubens and his disciples displayed on the canvas. This is conspicuously the case with Bolswert, who, in executing the noble compositions of Rubens, seems to have been animated by a congenial spirit.

In France, engraving attained to a degree of excellence, far surpassing the expectations of its most zealous encouragers in that country. The hard, dry, mechanical manner of the former schools gave way, in the hands of the French engravers, to softness and richness. The most exquisite execution was diversified with every possible variety of texture and surface. Drawing, character, and expression, combined either with the utmost boldness and vigour, or with unparalleled delicacy and neatness, for a long time set all competition at defiance. Mason and Drevet carried finishing to the highest point it ever reached. In portrait, Nantueil and Edelinck achieved wonders that no nation can ever hope to exceed. Historical engraving received all its due interest and importance from Poilly, Bloemart, and the Audrans; especially Gerard Audran, who, led by his own bold feelings, and despising the frivolity of applying immoderate neatness and elaborate finishing to works of grandeur and sublimity, shook off every shackle, and produced those master-pieces of art, where drawing and character, expression and sentiment, energy and animation, conspire to astonish and delight every beholder. During the whole of the seventeenth and part of the eighteenth century, the engrav-

ers of France held undisputed superiority over the rest of Europe. French genius seemed then, however, to lose its vigour, and to fall into decay. Ballechon and Wille have, since that period, been the chief champions for its reputation.

We now come to the consideration of the progress of engraving in our native land. The early English engravers were of a very inferior description. Little merit in that art appeared before the seventeenth century, towards the middle of which, Hollar, Faithorne, Marshall, and some others put engraving on a more respectable footing. The force and freedom of Hollar's etchings reflect on him the highest credit as an artist, and give proof of abilities that would have been an ornament to any country, in any age. His vast powers were, however, often wasted on subjects unworthy of them. History, portraits, landscape, beasts, birds, buildings, and ornaments, all were executed with equal attention, and all evinced the hand of a master. But the national troubles of those times soon disturbed the repose of the arts, and at length frightened them quite away. After that, a tasteless court influenced a tasteless people. Genius was discouraged; and the tide of art sunk to a lower ebb than ever. Such was the depressed condition of engraving that, early in the last century, a work being projected, consisting of fine portraits of all the great men whose talents had been an honour to this nation, no Englishman could be found capable of engraving the plates; and it became necessary to send them into Holland, where they were admirably executed by Houbraken. It is consoling to add, that, before the end of the same century, the Dutch sent pupils into this country to learn the same art from the English, with the view of retrieving it for the sake of its commercial advantages.

From the period just mentioned, we may date the gradual rise of English engraving. Verelst had engraved the portraits of the English monarchs, of the same size, and apparently with a view to rival Houbraken, to whom, however, he was inferior, although certainly entitled to claim a rank above mediocrity. Dorigny engraved the Cartoons,

taking Gerard Audran for his model; whom he also by no means equalled in drawing, and in giving the style of the master. Nevertheless, Dorigny possessed considerable merit, which was rewarded with knighthood; it being the first instance of an engraver receiving that distinction at the English court. These were succeeded by Vandergucht, Ravenet, Baron, and that glory of his country, Hogarth, whose exquisite compositions of characteristic humour, both on the canvas and on the copper, place him at the head of that department of the arts, without even the approach of a rival. A little before the middle of the last century, books began to receive the embellishment of genuine art from the hands of Grignion, who may be justly considered the father of all the splendid decoration, that has of late distinguished the literary productions of this country.

Soon after the middle of the last century, a memorable revolution, (as we have observed in our former historical sketches on these subjects) took place in the state of the English arts; and in none more unequivocally than in Engraving — Three of the most distinguished of the artists, who, by their admirable talents, contributed to give that superiority to English prints, of which they have ever since retained undisturbed possession, deserve particular notice.

The first is Sir Robert Strange, who, had his knowledge of drawing been equal to his knowledge of engraving, would have left no room for improvement in the art. His eye for colour, the richness of his flesh, both in tone and texture, and the firmness and freedom of his graver, produced all the effect of the highest finishing. The next is Woollet, whose transcendent abilities originally discovered themselves in his landscapes, in which line he far surpassed all that the world had then seen. His modesty led him, in the first instance, to conceive himself inadequate to the task of engraving figures. At length he ventured to undertake an historical plate; and excited the admiration of all Europe by the production of that noble performance, the 'Death

of General Wolfe'; a work surpassed only by his subsequent and inimitable plate of the battle of 'La Hogue'. For variety of surface, boldness of contrast, force of effect, accuracy of execution, and richness of texture, Woollet never had an equal. The last member of this distinguished triumvirate is that mighty master of his art, Bartolozzi, whose high example, during his long residence in this country contributed above all things to the improvement of British engraving; and whose best works being executed in England, and therefore considered as English prints, in no small degree enhanced the reputation of British art through all the rest of Europe. His incomparable productions are beyond all controversy the finest specimens of grace, taste, and beauty that the world has ever beheld.

Among our living engravers are many individuals of the highest talents; a fact abundantly manifest in the Exhibition in Soho Square, noticed in the last number of the European Magazine. In execution,

the English engravers equal, if they do not excel, all their competitors; and as to the true system of chiaro-scuro, to harmony of colour, and to brilliancy of effect, by English engravers alone have those qualities been introduced into the art, practised, and brought to perfection. English engravers have produced, and still continue to produce, historical prints which, take them for all in all, form more complete works of art than any other country has or ever had to boast of; portraits, that France alone in her brightest day has been able to equal; and landscapes, that leave no question of their superiority to every thing of the kind ever seen. Indeed, whether we search the portfolios and cabinets of the curious, survey the decorated walls of the splendid mansion, or inspect the embellished libraries of the literati, we must be convinced that engraving has acquired in Great Britain an elevation and distinction unparalleled in the annals of the art.

THE BRITISH GALLERY.

The eighteenth Annual Exhibition of the works of British artists, placed in the gallery of the British Institution, is now opened. It consists of 336 works of art, contributed by no fewer than 181 artists! As usual, many of these works have been already before the public at Somerset House; but there is a sufficient infusion of novelty to render the Exhibition very agreeable and interesting.

We are by no means sure that it is a fact discreditable to the English nation, but, whether it be so or not, it is a fact which cannot be concealed, that a warm and unaffected love for what may be termed the epic in art is entertained but by few; and that the artists whose original bent of mind, whose studies and whose means enable them to gratify that refined passion, are still fewer: yet no country, in ancient or modern times, has afforded more frequent examples in action of the truly heroic, moral and physical, than Great Britain. The infrequency therefore of this

aptitude for the highest walks of art does not arise from any deficiency in the power of estimating extraordinary mental dignity, or extraordinary bodily achievement. Nor is it universal. Sometimes we meet with an artist, and sometimes with a judge, the one capable of executing, the other capable of appreciating the most elevated conceptions of the imagination. Such splendid exceptions, however, are scarce. They only prove the correctness of our general remark, that the present taste of the country is of a more bland and domestic nature; and, as our readers know, *de gustibus non*;—but "the proverb is rather musty."

Into these reflections we were unavoidably led by the first glance which we cast round the walls, on entering the British Gallery. Works of high pretension, we speak as to subject, are rare; and it is with pain we are compelled, by an adherence to truth, to add, that the value of the assemblage would not have been diminished had they been

more so; but this absence of the exalted and severe in art is, in a great measure, we dare not say entirely, atoned for by a multitude of admirable productions of less elevated rank, but which irresistibly appeal to the more social and amiable feelings. Affecting, elegant, familiar, and ludicrous scenes in real life, are represented with a pathos, a taste, and a gaiety of pencil, which evince an intimate knowledge of the workings of human nature, and a singular skill in their development and expression. The beauties of English landscape, whether half veiled in the modest grey of morning light, or glowing in the gorgeous hues cast on them by the beams of the setting sun,—whether reposing in

delicious and uninterrupted tranquillity, or partially disturbed by the awful agitations of the tempest,—are exhibited in all their variety with a truth, a delicacy, and a vigour, which may fearlessly challenge the competition of the world; and even the minor departments of animal painting and still-life can boast of several delightful specimens of character and finishing.

The limits to which, in a Miscellany like ours, every particular subject must be confined, prevent us at present from going into any details; but we intend, in our next Number, to make a few observations on those works in the collection which appear to us to be the most entitled to regard.

CATALOGUE

Of the Works of British Artists in the Gallery of the British Institution, Pall-Mall, for Exhibition and Sale. 1823.

The Numbers on the Pictures commence at the upper end of the North Room, on the left hand.

R. A.—denotes Royal Academician.

A. R. A.—Associate of the Royal Academy.

N.B.—No work of art can be admitted for more than one Season; nor can any work exhibited in the British Gallery be afterwards admitted into the Exhibition at Somerset House.

NORTH ROOM.

North End.

- 1 A Group of Cattle
J. Ward, R.A.
- 2 Cattle Piece - - - *W. Carac*
- 3 Pass of Glenior, Lochaber
Mrs. Terry
- 4 The Salcey Forest Oak
J. G. Strutt
- 5 Landscape - - - *J. Stark*
- 6 Scene near Houghton Hall
P. Reinagle, R.A.
- 7 View near Dole, south of France
G. Cooper
- 8 Dutch Prizes off Yarmouth
J. S. Cottman
- 9 A Banditti Chief asleep
C. Eastlake
- 10 Arethusa - - - *W. Willes*
- 11 Mill near Farnham *A. Wilson*
- 12 Woman relieving a Peasant of Sonino
C. Eastlake
- 13 View on the Reigate Road near Dorking
P. Reinagle, R.A.
- 14 Cottage Children opening a Gate
J. Burnett
- 15 View on the Wootton Road near Dorking
P. Reinagle, R.A.

- 16 Girl at her Devotions
G. S. Newton
- 17 Cottage Scene: Forenoon
P. Reinagle, R.A.
- 18 Scene on the Beach at Hastings
Miss Landseer
- 19 Ducks, after Nature *T. Fielding*
- 20 Hampstead Heath *W. Walsh*
- 21 Interior of the Gallery at Castle Howard
J. Jackson, R.A.
- 22 Landscape - - - *T. Watts*
- 23 Landsc. from Nature *F. R. Lee*
- 24 The Market-place, Malmsbury
W. Wate
- 25 Landscape: Mercury and Iô
S. Smith
- 26 Cattle Piece - - - *W. Carac*

East Side.

- 27 Boy with a Blow-pipe
W. S. Watson
- 28 Corin and Philida *H. P. Bone*
- 29 Burnt Island, Fife-shire
J. Wilson
- 30 A Mother and Child
M. A. Shee, R. A.
- 31 Landscape, Composition from Beattie's Minstrel *T. Watts*

- 32 Storm, Composition *T. H. Williams*
 33 View from the Old Brighton Road *D. Wolstenhome, Jun.*
 34 An Artist in his Study *G. Watson*
 35 Landscape *J. Constable, A.R.A.*
 36 A Banditti Chief looking over a Rock - - - *C. Eastlake*
 37 Prospero releasing Ariel *H. Howard, R. A.*
 38 View of the Hour-glass Brewery *D. Wolstenhome, Jun.*
 39 The Pool of London *J. Ward*
 40 Evening; Pirates landing their Cargo - - - *A. B. Johns*
 41 Peasant Girl of the Canton of Berne - - - *J. Green*
 42 Royal Banquet at the Coronation of George IV. *G. Jones, A.R.A.*
 43 A Woman throwing herself between the Fire of Soldiery and a wounded Chief of Banditti *C. Eastlake*
 44 Caliban plagued by the Spirits of Prospero *H. Howard, R. A.*
 45 The Female Soothsayer deprived of her power by Paul *H. Singleton*
 46 View from the River: Richmond - - - *T. Watts*
 47 A Moonlight - - *J. Linnel*
 48 "From the heath-covered mountains of Scotia I come" *J. Partridge*
 49 Morning, after a Storm: a scene near Linton, North Devon *W. Linton*
 50 The Virgin teaching the Child to read - - - *T. Barker*
 51 Manfred and the Witch of the Alps - - *H. Howard, R. A.*
 52 Cottages at Eshing *C. R. Stanley*
 53 Scene on Cannack Heath *S. Malkin*
 54 The Veteran - - *W. McCall*
 South End.
 55 The Sportsman - *H. Walter*
 56 Scene on the Flemish Coast *J. Wilson*
 57 Paper-Mill, Godalming *C. R. Stanley*
 58 King Lear, Act II, Scene 4 *H. P. Briggs*
 59 Mont Blanc in the Valley of Chamouni - *W. De la Motte*
 60 Landscape, with a Cattle Ferry *J. V. Barber*
 61 View taken from Chelsea *J. T. Serres*
 62 View of Mr. Austen's Farm at Sapiston - - *H. Milbourne*
 63 Noon-day effect: North Wales *S. J. Stump*
 64 Othello, Act III, Scene 3 *H. P. Briggs*
 65 Chelsea Church from Cheyne Walk - - - *C. R. Stanley*
 66 Death of the Woodcock *E. Landseer*
 67 Stoats detected at their Repast - - - *J. F. Lewis*
 West Side.
 68 Study from Nature *J. G. Strutt*
 69 An Old Woman reading *J. Graham*
 70 Landscape, Sunset *H. Landseer*
 71 A View at Stoke, Som. *T. Watts*
 72 Acqua-Pendente, from a sketch by G. Cooper, Esq. *T. C. Hoiland*
 73 The Bowdewston in Borrowdale *E. Price*
 74 View of Abbot's Ford *Mrs. Terry*
 75 View on the Beach, Yarmouth *W. Joy*
 76 A Gleaner - - - *G. Watson*
 77 Matlock, Derbyshire *E. Price*
 78 Scenery in Wicklow *W. Cowen*
 79 Scene from "Les Precieuses Ridicules" *A. E. Chalon, R. A.*
 80 Italian Water-carrier *T. Barker*
 81 Cupid *H. Pickersgill, A.R.A.*
 82 "Love among the Roses" *Mrs. Analey*
 83 A Boat in a high Surf *T. Hastings*
 84 Evening, Composition *J. Gilbert*
 85 Upper Lake of Killarney *W. Cowen*
 86 Le Billet *A. E. Chalon, R. A.*
 87 Roman Youths at play *T. Barker*
 88 An Attack on a French Convoy and Escort near Guadaluxara by the Empezinado *D. Dighton*
 89 A Musical Party *G. Watson*
 90 A Brook Scene - *F. C. Lewis*
 91 Scene in Berkshire; Evening *J. Tennant*
 92 View of St. Bernard's Well; Evening - - - *G. Vincent*
 93 Juvenile Solicitude *W. S. Watson*
 94 A Bacchante - *T. Stewardson*
 95 View on Taunton Marsh *F. R. Lee*
 96 A tired Soldier *H. Singleton*
 97 The Infant Christ and St. John *H. Singleton*

- 98 Guardian Angels *H. Singleton*
 99 The Lap-dog - *J. F. Lewis*

MIDDLE ROOM.

North End.

- 100 Dovedale, Derbyshire *E. Price*
 101 Landscape: Evening *T. Barker*
 102 A Sleeping Venus *C. Sheriff*
 103 An Artist selecting a Sketch
T. Roth
 104 Moonlight - - - *J. Hollins*
 105 Travellers from Chamouni
J. J. Masquerier
 106 Landscape, Composition: Evening
 - - - *H. Landseer*
 107 Landscape - *P. Reinagle, R. A.*
 108 View of a Wooden Bridge near
 Loch-Katrine - *A. Nasmyth*
 109 Scene at White Knights
T. C. Hoiland
 110 The Prodigal Son *J. Graham*
 111 Young Bird-catcher *W. Davison*
 112 Lake of Lugano - *W. Cowen*
 113 Dovedale, Derbyshire *E. Price*
 114 Pass in favour *B. R. Faulkner*
 115 The Dancing Bear
W. F. Witherington
 116 Latimers, from Chenies, Bucks.
G. Samuel
 117 Lord Bolton's Game-keeper's
 Cottage, at Bazing *W. Lewis*
 118 Landscape - - - *J. Wauthier*
 119 Cottage at Rydal - *C. Deane*
 120 Cupid sheltering his Darling
 from the Storm - *W. Etty*
 121 Cottage at Hodsden Green
G. Hughes
 122 Morning; effect after a Storm;
 Regent's Park - *J. Hayter*
 123 View in the Valley of Cha-
 mouni - *W. De la Motte*

East Side.

- 124 Study of a Hunter's Head and
 Fox Hound - *H. B. Chalon*
 125 Warwick Castle *R. B. Harraden*
 126 Cattle; an approaching Storm
T. Barker
 127 North end of Calais Pier
J. Wilson
 128 Adam and Eve entertaining the
 Angel Raphael - *J. Martin*
 129 Toilet deranged - *J. Harrison*
 130 Study from Nature in Turzell
 Dean - - - *E. Hastings*
 131 Kentworth Castle
R. B. Harraden
 132 Cattle; Evening - *T. Barker*
 133 Fishing Boats; a Calm
J. Wilson

- 134 Study of two Old Men (still
 living) who fought at Minden
T. S. Good
 135 Dead Game - - - *G. Miles*
 136 Remains of a Castle on the Coast
 of Fifeshire - - *Mrs Terry*
 137 Mazeppa - - - *T. Foster*
 138 A Roman Beggar attended by
 a Woman of Sonino *C. Eastlake*
 139 Dead Game - - - *G. Miles*
 140 View on Loch-Lomond
Mrs. Terry
 141 Reading the News *T. S. Good*
 142 Courtship - - - *T. Clater*
 143 Peasant's Wife and Child
J. Graham
 144 Good Humour - - *A. Frazer*
 145 Edith - - - *T. Stewardson*
 146 Cupid - - *J. Jackson, R. A.*
 147 Grey-hounds resting
E. Landseer
 148 Yarmouth Jetty
J. Constable, A.R.A.
 149 Wedding Morning *T. Clater*
 150 Rebecca unveiling. Vide Ivan-
 hoe - - - *J. Graham*
 151 Mary Queen of Scots, with
 Rizzio, &c - - - *W. Ross*
 152 Cupid and Psyche - *D. Guest*
 153 Don't wake the Baby
T. Stewardson
 154 Possession in Jeopardy
T. Woodward
 155 Flowers - - *Miss E. Coppin*

South End.

- 156 Escape of the Mouse *J. Burnett*
 157 Dead Game - - - *B. Blak*
 158 Cottage in Cardiganshire
W. Payne
 159 Landscape: Evening *J. Hughes*
 160 A Party of Pleasure *R. T. Bone*
 161 Boy and Donkey *E. Landseer*
 162 A Hare, with red-legg'd Par-
 tridges - - - *G. Miles*
 163 Brenda Troil. Vide Pirate,
 Chap. III - - *Miss Jones*
 164 Portico of a Pavilion near the
 Lake of Geneva *Mrs. Terry*
 165 A Study - - - *H. Walter*
 166 A Grove Scene - - *E. Childe*
 167 Composition on Hampstead
 Heath - - - *E. Goodall*
 168 Windsor Castle: Moonlight
T. C. Hoiland
 169 Henry VIII. and Francis I.
 crowned Victors at the Tour-
 nament of the Cloth of Gold
F. P. Stephanoff
 170 Pointers - - - *J. F. Lewis*
 171 View near Tintern - *W. Payne*

- 172 Coast Scene, with Figures - *N. Chantry*
 173 Infancy - - *Miss E. Jones*
 174 Market-place at Orleans, with a Statue of Jeanne d'Arc - *G. Jones, A. R. A.*
 175 An Ass's Head - *N. Chantry*
 176 Head of an Old Man *J. Graham*
 177 Eltruda - - - *C. Bestland*
 178 The Bullfinch in danger - *Mrs. W. Carpenter*
 179 Fruit - - - *S. Platt, Jun.*
 180 Cash-account examined - *W. McCall*
 181 A Farm Yard - - *E. Childs*
 182 View on Crostwich Common - *J. B. Ladbroke*
 183 View of the Bay of Naples and Vesuvius, from Capo di Monte - *J. W. Morgan*
 184 Landscape - - - *T. Smith*
 185 Manfred stabs his Daughter by mistake, at the Tomb of Alfonso - - - *J. Taylor*
 186 Cheerfulness *Mrs. W. Carpenter*
 187 Knaresborough *T. C. Hofland*
 188 New Road to Matrimony; or New Marriage Act - *W. Ingalton*
 189 View in Bragwood *J. Linnel*
 190 Ale-house Door - *E. Childs*
- West Side.*
- 191 View of Dollgelly *J. Varley*
 192 View of Sunnin *P. Nasmyth*
 193 The Four Sisters, a remarkable Chestnut in Cobham Park - *J. G. Strutt*
 194 View in the Shrubbery, South End - *W. R. Bigg, R. A.*
 195 Scene near Blackwater - *A. Wilson*
 196 Scene near Lyndhurst - *J. Wilson*
 197 Sketch near Battersea - *H. Chapman*
 198 Distant View of Bamburg Castle - - - *E. Hastings*
 199 Scene at Malton *J. Tennant*
 200 View of Chelsea *Chas. Deane*
 201 A popular Actor in Henry IV. - *J. Jackson, R. A.*
 202 The Death of Priam *H. P. Bone*
 203 Study from Nature *H. Jones*
 204 View from Vauxhall *E. Childs*
 205 Vision of Zechariah - *W. Brookedon*
 206 Study from Nature - *R. R. Reinagle, A. R. A.*
 207 View near Stirling Castle - *C. Bayley*
 208 Moonlight - - - *G. Vincent*
- 209 Spaniels - - - *J. F. Lewis*
 210 Battle of Strigonium - *A. Cooper, R. A.*
 211 Head of a Polish Jew - *Mrs. W. Carpenter*
 212 Loading a Cart - *E. Childs*
 213 Evening; a Scene in Wicklow - *J. A. O'Connor*
 214 Landscape *P. Reinagle, R. A.*
 215 Afternoon in September; Composition - - - *M. Peacock*
 216 View on the Thames near the Patent Shot Tower *C. Deane*
 217 Death of Adonis *R. T. Bone*
 218 View on the Falls of Jumel - *G. Towne*
 219 Study of an Old Man's Head - *W. Emerson*
 220 Landscape; Composition - *J. B. Ladbroke*
 221 Landscape; Composition - *W. Willes*
 222 Maria Grazie, the wife of a Brigand Chief - *W. Brookedon*
 223 Landscape; Composition; Evening - - - *J. Barnicle*
 224 Scene near Sandhurst - *A. Wilson*
 225 Baggage halting *J. A. Atkinson*
 226 The Bird-nester - *T. Barker*
- SOUTH ROOM.
- West Side.*
- 227 Hare and wild Fowl *G. Stevens*
 228 Water-spout, near Albania; British Men-of-war *J. Cartwright*
 229 Shooting Poney and Pointer - *J. W. Lambert*
 230 Composition, from Sketches in the Vale of Llanilltad - *J. V. Barber*
 231 Forest Scene - - - *B. Barker*
 232 A Study - - - *Miss Adams*
 233 The Woodman - *E. Hastings*
 234 The Toilet - - - *J. Hayter*
 235 Game - - - *B. Blake*
 236 Salvator Rosa's Study - *W. Willes*
 237 Landscape, with Cattle - *A. B. Van Worsell*
 238 Landscape - - - *G. H. Phillips*
 239 Study from a Shepherd of Spoleto - - - *W. Brookedon*
 240 Dr. Primrose selling Blackberry - - - *R. B. Davis*
 241 Master Simon the Doctor, with Brumo, imposes upon Calandrino - - - *J. M. Wright*
 242 Annual Orations on St. Matthew's Day, at Christ's Hospital - - *T. Stothard, R. A.*

- 243 Fish-pond; Evening
Miss Landseer
- 244 Twilight - - - *H. B. Ziegler*
- 245 Market, and Fountain of the Innocents - - *J. J. Chalon*
- 246 Death of Moses in sight of the promised Land *E. Chatfield*
- 247 Study from Nature
J. R. Wildman
- 248 Fall of the River Llagwy, near Capel-Curig *H. B. Ziegler*
- 249 Belinda at her Toilet *Fradelle*
- 250 Battle of Naseby
A. Cooper, R. A.
- 251 View on the River Thames, at Hadley - - - *P. Nasmyth*
- 252 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea
C. Deane
- 253 Wood Scene in the Marshes, near Yarmouth *J. S. Cotman*
- 254 View on the Thames, near the Isle of Dogs - - *R. Adams*
- 255 Landscape and Cattle *J. Puller*
- 256 Tivoli - - - *J. V. Barker*
- 257 View on the Burtle, near Dulverton - - - *G. Samuel*
- 258 View of the Buller of Buchan, on the coast of Scotland
J. J. Masquerier
- 259 The Young Anglers *H. Smith*
- 260 Study of a Spaniel *H. Briggs*
- 261 An Oyster-shop - *A. Fraser*
- 262 The Artist's Study
E. V. Ripplingille
- 263 Selling Rabbits - - *W. Kidd*
- 264 Cottages in the New Forest
T. J. Judkin
- South End.*
- 265 Macbeth entering the Cave of the Witches *J. Barney, Sen.*
- 266 Mountebank Procession
R. B. Davis
- 267 Crossing the Stile *W. S. Watson*
- 268 Itinerant Musician *E. Harding*
- 269 Landscape - - - *W. Adams*
- 270 Lane at Blackheath *Mrs. Terry*
- 271 Interior of a Farrier's Shop
W. Kidd
- 272 Reading Kenilworth on the spot - - - *T. Fielding*
- 273 Swallow's Nest - *W. McColl*
- 274 Game - - - *B. Blake*
- 275 View from Lord Northwick's Villa at Harrow *W. Linton*
- 276 Shepherd's Boy and Pipe
R. Mendham
- 277 Composition - - *B. Barker*
- 278 Maniac visited by his Children
J. P. Davis
- 279 Girl with Fruit - *J. Graham*
- 280 Interior, with Game *B. Blake*
- 281 Girl with Flowers *J. Graham*
- 282 The eager Terrier *E. Landseer*
- 283 Watchman awake - *W. Kidd*
- 284 Horses in a Thunder-storm; a Sketch - - *T. Woodward*
- 285 View at Sunning *P. Nasmyth*
- 286 Poultry - - - *G. Vincent*
- 287 View from the Grounds of Lord Northwick's Villa at Harrow
W. Linton
- 288 Eloise - - - *T. Stewardson*
- 289 Scene in Devonshire
T. H. Williams
- 290 Landscape and Cattle *W. Cozens*
- 291 Which way are the Hounds gone? - - - *T. Woodward*
- 292 The Brook - - - *W. Walsh*
- 293 Study of a Terrier *M. T. Ward*
- 294 Mercury and Argus *J. Christall*
- 295 Village Scene, Old Bazing
W. Lewis
- East Side.*
- 296 Study of a Dog - *T. Hartley*
- 297 Woodcock Shooting
F. C. Turner
- 298 The naughty Child *A. Fraser*
- 299 Interior of Tintern Abbey
P. Williams
- 300 Eastnor Castle *J. Barnicle*
- 301 View at Miltown *J. A. O' Connor*
- 302 Cupid *S. Drummond, A. R. A.*
- 303 Davie Deans rejecting the Advice of Saddletree and Butler
H. P. Parker
- 304 Sea-piece - - - *C. Deane*
- 305 Cottage at River Head
J. G. Strutt
- 306 Moonlight; — Scene on the Thames - - - *J. Ward*
- 307 Lady Carlisle's Visit to Lilly
J. Cawse
- 308 Waiting for the Boat
W. Ingalton
- 309 View on Barnes Common
E. Childe
- 310 The two Marys visiting the Sepulchre of Christ *J. J. Halls*
- 311 Jenny - - - *R. Farrier*
- 312 The Kiss refused *S. Woodin*
- 313 The Old Man and his quarrelsome Sons - - *J. Cawse*
- 314 Samson and Dalilah *O. Sherriff*
- 315 North View of Bamburgh Castle - - - *E. Hastings*
- 316 Scene on the Via Triumphalis
M. E. Thomas
- 317 Bolton Abbey - - *C. Deane*
- 318 The Pedlar - - *R. Farrier*
- 319 A Study - - - *W. Wate*

- 321 Draught Players *W. Novice*
 322 Sailor singing at an Alehouse
 Door - - - *C. Harding*
 323 Cottage Scene, Sunset
 P. Reinagle, R. A.
 324 Landscape and Cattle
 J. H. Capper
 325 View at Lausanne *H. W. Burgess*
 North End.
 326 Landscape - - - *J. Tennant*
 327 The Post Horse *G. H. Laporte*
 328 Christ instituting the Last
 Supper - - - *P. A. Gauguin*
 329 The Race Horse *G. H. Laporte*
 330 Eruption of Mount Vesuvius
 J. M. Whichelo

SCULPTURE.

- 331 Panathenaic Procession
 J. Henning
 332 Andromeda - - - *J. Cundy*
 333 Bust of Lord Nelson
 C. Rossi, R. A.
 334 Adam and Eve lamenting over
 the dead Body of Abel
 J. Wood
 335 Ajax forcing Cassandra from
 the Temple of Minerva
 H. Rossi
 336 Venus at the Bath *C. Moore*
 337 Eve at the Fountain
 E. H. Baily, R. A.

INTELLIGENCE RELATIVE TO THE FINE ARTS, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

FOREIGN.

PARIS.—*Great Prize for Painting.*—The subject given by the Academy was Orestes and Pylades from the Iphigenia of Euripides. The Academy decided that there was no picture entitled to the principal grand prize, but they adjudged two secondary grand prizes; the first to M. Augustus Hyacinthe Debay, a native of Nantes, in the department of the Lower-Seine, eighteen years and a half old, and a pupil of M. Gros, a member of the Institute; the second to M. Francois Bouchot of Paris, twenty-two years old, a pupil of M. Le Thiers, member of the Institute. The Academy also voted an honorary mention and a silver medal to M. Sebastien-Louis Willen Noblin, a native of Warsaw, twenty-five years old, and pupil of M. Regnault. *Great Prize for Sculpture.* The subject given by the Academy was Jason carrying away the golden fleece. The principal grand prize was not awarded, but two secondary grand prizes were distributed, the one to M. Charles-Marie-Emile Laurie, of Paris, twenty-four years old, pupil of M. Cartellier, member of the Institute; the other to M. Louis Deprez, of Paris, aged twenty years, a pupil of M. Bosio, member of the Institute.

Great Prize for Architecture.—The subject of the medal was, a design for a hall of rehearsal, (salle définitive) for the Opera-house. This
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hall is to be erected near the centre of the city, where there may be the greatest number of convenient approaches. The first great prize was awarded to Emile James Gilbert, of Paris, twenty-nine years old, and pupil of M. Vignon (Barthelemi). The second grand prize was won by M. Peter Francis Louis Fontaine, a native of Pontoise, in the department of the Oise, pupil of Messrs. Percier and Fontaine, members of the Institute. The second prize (of the second class) was awarded to M. Jules Frederic Bouchet, of Paris, twenty-two and a half years old, pupil of Messrs. Debret and Guixepin, architect to the government. The Academy further voted an honorary notice and a medal to Mr. Leon Vaudoyer, of Paris, aged twenty-nine years, and pupil of Messrs. Vaudoyer and Lebas, architects to government; and the Academy decreed that in their public meeting, an especial notification should be made of the great satisfaction afforded to them by the general merit of the school of architecture.

The purchase of M. Drouetti's fine collection of Egyptian antiques having been refused by the French government, the whole of them have been carried to Turin, in consideration of a pension for life, granted to the proprietor by the Sardinian government.

The four pictures of L. M. Ducis,

entitled *The Arts under the Dominion of Love*, are now exhibited at Paris by *The Society of the Friends of the Arts*. "Vandyke and the Flemish Girl," representing *Painting* is already engraved: the "Propertia of Rossi," representing *Sculpture*, is in progress; "Maria Stuart," representing *Music*, will be finished in about two months, by M. Pauquet: and "Tasso reading to the Princess Leonora" representing *Poetry*, which completes the series, will be also engraved without delay.

M. Artaria purposes to publish a collection of the most celebrated living composers and professors of music and Italian singers. The portraits will be executed by the most distinguished Artists in the Academy of FINE ARTS at Brera. The collection will be divided into twelve numbers, each of which will contain four portraits. The first number has appeared and deserves the applause of amateurs.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Society of Painters in Water-Colours have at length procured a permanent establishment for their future Exhibitions at their New Gallery in Pall Mall East, next door to the University Club-house. This situation promises, from its central locality, to be one of the most eligible in London for the display of works of art; and the Society may esteem themselves fortunate in securing so desirable a position. The gallery is spacious and well lighted; the entrance is distinct and unincumbered with other exhibitions; and the visitors will no longer have their attention diverted from the contemplation of the pictures by Panharmonicans, or disturbed by auctions going on in the adjoining rooms. The two first Exhibitions of this Society were in Brook-street, the third in Pall Mall, the fourth in Bond-street, the twelve following were at Spring-Gardens, and the two last at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly; and the next, which will be the nineteenth, will be opened at the New Room in Pall Mall East. The members have been making a great exertion to present an exhibition, that may impress the visitors with a favourable opinion of the New Gallery. Several new associate exhibitors were added to their former numbers at the last election; and two artists, who formerly belonged to the Society, have also been joined to the present list of members. Mr. Cristall (the President) has just completed a highly finished and successful drawing of Scotch peasantry collected round a conduit; and Mr. John Varley is about a large classical composition, from Collins' Ode on the death of Thompson.

The Arts are about to receive a considerable addition in this country by the arrival of two of the most celebrated pictures of Corregio in Europe, the *Ecce Homo* and *l'Educatio del l'Amour*. These pictures were in the Duc d'Albe's collection at Madrid, but taken from thence by the Queen of Spain, and brought to Rome, whence Murat became possessor of them, and they have been lately at Madame Murat's residence near Vienna. We understand they were valued by M. Braun at Vienna, when the Emperor of Austria was about to purchase them, at 10,000*l.* sterling; and Sir Thomas Lawrence, it is reported, remained four hours fixed in admiration before the *Ecce Homo*, when he paid Madame Murat a visit at Foursdorff. These *chef d'œuvres* are on their road to Antwerp from Vienna. Lord Londonderry has purchased these pictures, and also several of the finest of Canova's statues; amongst others, the Theseus and Minotaur and the Danzatrice.

Wilkie's Picture of *The Reading of the Will*, from Waverly, exhibited the season before last at Somerset-House, is well known to have been painted for the King of Bavaria. In pursuance of this stipulation, an eminent artist is about to proceed immediately to Munich, to execute a plate of the work, who will reside in that city till it is completed, which will probably be a period of two or three years.

The monument lately erected by Mr. Westmacott to the memory of the late Mr. Perceval, in Westminster Abbey, consists of a full-length statue of that gentleman, lying on his back, in his full robes as Chancellor of the

Exchequer, with a scroll in his right hand. A full-length figure at his head mourning. Also full length figures of Truth and Virtue at his feet, weeping.—In the *basso relievo*, the Right Hon. Gentleman is represented in the act of falling after the act of assassination, supported by two persons; and Bellingham the assassin, is represented as being detected and secured: groupes of persons are visible, and several members are seen rushing out of the door of the House of Commons into the lobby.

Turner's large and beautiful picture *The Temple of Jupiter Pannellenius* (in the island of Ægina) *restored*, has been purchased for a very considerable sum, and is now engraving by one of our first artists. It will probably be two years before the plate is finished.

Mr. Samuel Beasley, who displayed such taste in reconstructing the interior of Drury-lane Theatre, has left town for Edinburgh, for the purpose of altering, improving, and decorating anew the Theatre of that city.

At a General Assembly of the Academicians of the Royal Academy of Arts, held at their apartments in Somerset House for the purpose of

filling up the vacancy in that body occasioned by the death of the late Joseph Farington, Esq. Mr. Ramsay Richard Reinagle was duly elected a Royal Academician.

The inhabitants of Weybridge have erected a monument to the memory of her Royal Highness the Duchess of York. It consists of a simple column of considerable elevation, and records on its tablet, in feeling and affectionate expressions, the virtues and great benefits this village derived from the superintending care of her Royal Highness. The column is placed in the broad way opposite Lord Portmore's estate, not far from the entrance to Oatlands Park, on the Weybridge side.

Mr. Allan Cunningham, the author, has offered the Burns' Club at Dumfries a Bust of Sir Walter Scott, cut by Chantrey, as an ornament for their club-room.

The celebrated whole-length portrait of his Majesty, recently painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, having been sent to the engraver's, a half-length copy, which retains the resemblance very successfully, has been substituted in Sir Thomas's exhibition-rooms for the gratification of his numerous visitors.

THE ARTISTS' JOINT STOCK FUND.

On the 22nd of last Month, at the Freemason's Tavern, was presented to Wm. Mulready, Esq. R. A. a Silver Cup by the Members of the *Artists' Joint Stock Fund*; for his unwearied zeal and attention to the interest of that valuable Institution, from its formation to the present time. The Cup was presented to him by Mr. Charles Warren, accompanied by a very appropriate speech; after which the persons present partook of a handsome supper, and the evening terminated with the "feast of reason and the flow of soul."—Among the painters present were A. Cooper, Esq. R. A. (in the Chair) H. Howard, Esq. R. A.; E. H. Bailey, Esq. R. A.; Wm. Daniell, Esq. R. A.; G. Clint, Esq. A. R. A.; Messrs. Charles Muss, J. Varley, C. V. Fielding, &c. &c. Among the engravers were Messrs. John Pyc, E. Scriven, W. Finden, E. Finden, T. Agar, &c. &c. &c.

We feel a high gratification in being able to lay before our readers the substance of the address delivered on this occasion. It does equal honour to the gentlemen whose sentiments it conveys, and to the eminent artist to whom it was so justly presented. Nothing can be more grateful to our feelings than a record of this description; it is a sure presage of the prosperity of this excellent Institution, which *must* flourish while it is conducted under such happy auspices. In the following address, unwearied zeal, eminent talent, and constant services, are honoured with their greatest and purest reward:—the admiration and gratitude of those, to whom that zeal is an incentive; that talent an example, and those services permanent benefits.

Address spoken to W. Mulready, Esq. R. A. at Freemason's Tavern, January the 22nd, 1823, on pre-

senting him with the Cup subscribed for by the Members of the Artists' Fund.

"Mr. Mulready—we have assembled this evening to gratify one of the best feelings of our nature. It is to pay a heartfelt tribute of esteem to you, for important services rendered to our useful Institution—*The Artists' Joint Stock and Benevolent Fund*. It devolves on me to convey the sentiments of this Meeting on the occasion; many might have been chosen who could have done it with more ability, but no one who could more justly estimate the value of those services; for no one has had a better opportunity of observing how highly your conduct has merited the mark of attention we are about to bestow on it. I have been your companion in nearly all the situations in which you have been placed, from the origin of the Society to the present time, and therefore best know the great exertions you have made for its advantage.

"You may justly claim the honour of being one of the Founders of this Society, for you were one of the nine Artist's chosen by the general meeting of the profession at the Gray's-inn Coffee-house, to form a constitution for it; also one of the four selected with the late Messrs. Davis, Randal, and myself, to perfect and arrange the laws for publication. Time and experience have proved their value.

"The Society, when formed, sensible of your zeal in the cause, elected you on their first committee, when much remained to be done to consolidate our infant Institution, much more than the members at this period can conceive. When it was our anxious wish to call the better part of our plan into action, I mean that branch for the relief of our widows and children, by appealing to the public to make it effective, you were amongst the foremost to promote that object, by becoming a steward at our first dinner. Six times have you filled that office of trouble and expense with unabated ardour, to the great advantage of the Fund, derived alike from your own purse and the influence you possess with your friends.

"To you, sir, the Fund is indebted for the powerful support it receives

from one of the best men in, or out of, the society, (I allude to Sir John Edward Swinburne.) Wishing to keep you in active service, we appointed you one of our representatives in the Benevolent Fund Committee, (a choice which has been justified by your usefulness) and our annual votes have retained you in that station to the present time. Sensible of your value, you were placed by the Society in the highest situation which was their's to bestow:—they appointed you chairman of the Institution—your conduct in that office induced them to call you to it a second time, as soon as their regulations permitted. Your unremitting attention to the duties of the chair and the urbanity of your manners have deserved, and received our undivided approbation. It is by exertions, such as I have noticed, that the Society has at length attained its present prosperity and stability; and, though ordinary means may now be adequate to support it, the members sensible how much its flourishing state has been promoted by you, and to shew that your services are not forgotten, have resolved on presenting you with a lasting memento of their sense of your merit.

"Mr. Mulready accept this cup from the Members whose names are inscribed upon it; not as a reward for your exertions—that, you will feel in the success that has crowned them: but as a testimony of our approbation and regard for the important services rendered by you to our Institution from its commencement to the present time. And I am sure I express the sentiments of all present, when I wish you long life and the greatest blessings that Providence can bestow—health, and a cheerful frame of mind to enjoy it. I may be allowed to add, we hope, when many of us cease to feel any interest in what passes on earth, and you are participating with your friends in those moments of conviviality of which this cup is a symbol, you will recollect with pleasurable feelings it was the spontaneous gift of seventy-three brother artists, who, while they admired your high professional attainments, knew how to appreciate your moral worth as a man."

LONDON REVIEW

OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS,

Foreign and Domestic.

QUID SIT PULCHRUM, QUID TURPE, QUID UTILE, QUID NON.

FOREIGN BOOKS.

Voyage en Suisse, &c.

Travels in Switzerland, made in the Years 1817, 1818, and 1819, by L. Simond, 2 vol. 8vo. 1822.

We must not class this work among the multitude of descriptions of Switzerland given by superficial observers. The author has already published his travels in England, which obtained a merited success, and this new work cannot but increase his reputation, notwithstanding a few singular opinions and slight inaccuracies.

M. Simond entered Switzerland by Pontarlier and Val-Traver; he travelled afterwards in different directions which it would be difficult to explain to the reader.

It appears to us that he has not observed much order in his travels, which, perhaps, is the best way of studying a country; for, if a traveller never deviates from the high roads, it is impossible for him to be acquainted with the physical and moral state of the country.

But Switzerland is not the only object of M. Simond's remarks; he gives us some interesting observations upon that part of France through which he travelled in his way from Paris to the frontiers. Arriving at Sens during the miserable famine of 1817, he was witness of some popular excesses, caused by the high prices of corn.

Here M. Simond makes some judicious remarks on monopoly. He truly thinks that, far from being unfavourable to the general interest, this system, on the contrary, is highly advantageous to it; and the vulgar prejudice existing against those who are engaged in the corn trade ought to be done away with. We

recommend the examination of this opinion to our political economists, for it is worthy of their attention. We shall only state that it is supported by two of the ablest economists of France and England, Adam Smith and M. Say.

M. Simond's work contains some good observations upon the manners and history of Switzerland. He gives fewer descriptions of the glaciers and other picturesque views of Helvetia than most travellers, but he enlarges more on the present state of society in that country; and Geneva particularly attracted his attention. This industrious city was well worthy of engaging the notice of such a traveller.

M. Simond, who lived there for some months, judges of the inhabitants impartially. The following characteristic trait will be sufficient to shew the taste of the Genevese for the arts and sciences. The celebrated Professor of botany, M. de Candolles, made use, in his lessons, of a considerable collection of drawings, representing the plants of Spanish America, which had been lent him by a learned Spanish botanist, M. Mosino. As he was obliged to return them almost directly, he expressed his regret to his audience. Some ladies who were present offered to copy them, or to have them copied by their friends in eight days. The work was finished in the given time, and contains thirteen folio volumes. Everybody was eager to perform the task; and thus *eight hundred and sixty drawings were executed by a hundred and fourteen ladies in eight days*; they considered it a pleasure to contribute in this manner to their own instruction, and to shew their gratitude to their learned professor. Perhaps there

does not exist another city in the world, containing only 23,000 souls, where this could have been performed.

The political constitution of Geneva also claims the attention of all who desire to study the social institutions of a people, though ever so small. M. Simond dwells upon it, and gives us his remarks. The new constitution of Geneva offers the singular spectacle of a democracy, tempered by a strong aristocracy, without a superior power to serve as an equilibrium between the two heterogeneous elements, and to protect the weaker against the stronger party.

One would think, in such a political system, there would be, as in the Roman republic, a continual and active struggle between the patricians and plebeians.

This state of things is, however, preferable to the ancient constitution; one of the principal resources of which, was a general Council, whose authority was often tyrannical.

At this time, the publicity of criminal prosecutions, the protection of individual liberty by a sort of Habeas Corpus, the publication of the annual budget, and the liberty of the press, procure for the Genevese the principal advantages of a good constitutional system; but many of them still very properly demand a better representation, and the publicity of the debates of the Council.

M. Simond perceives a radical defect in the judiciary power, as it is established at Geneva.

The judges are taken from the councils, and return to it after exercising their functions for a stated time, being subject to a sort of elimination, called *grabeau*, which deprives them of the advantages of being irremovable. They do not enjoy that perfect independence so necessary to the administration of justice. The tribunals are, therefore, properly speaking, only committees of Government, or temporary commissions; an inefficient guarantee to public confidence and to the rights of the accused.

As to criminal procedures, the author has given us a description which bears the impress of truth. He was present at a judgment

where two young thieves were under accusation. After reading the act of reference and the first interrogatory of the accused, the witnesses were examined by the President, the Attorney General, and the accused, or their defenders. This examination lasted three hours; after which, observations were heard on the part of the prosecution, and advocates, named by the Court, presented the defence. It appears that the deliberation of the judges, which lasted two hours, appeared long to M. Simond. The two accused were condemned, one to six, and the other to five years' imprisonment. Their sentence, says our author, was accompanied by an admonition to this effect: "*My children, you are two little rogues; and, in order to correct you, we intend to confine you for five or six years in a place where you will have no other society than people as wicked as yourselves, and nothing to do from morning to night but listen to their conversation. We flatter ourselves, my children, that, profiting by the lesson thus given, you will come from prison wiser and more industrious!*"

We may gather from this simple narrative of the sitting of a criminal tribunal, that the trial by jury is not now existing in this Republic. It was introduced there during the prevalence of the French power; but, on account of the hatred they bear to the French, the Genevese abolished it; at least this is what some of them confessed to M. Simond. Every thing has been said in favour of this noble institution; and the author of the work before us says, with great truth, that nothing can exceed the value of trials by jury.

In spite of the want of juries, the proceedings in criminal matters at Geneva are much preferable to those at Zurich. Nothing can be more cruel, nor at the same time more absurd than the Criminal Courts in this canton.

M. Simond relates what was told him on this subject. "Criminal processes are still conducted in a very arbitrary manner in this canton: there is no security for the accused against the ill-will or ignorance of his judge, who may keep him in prison as long as he pleases

without interrogation, which is made in secret without other witnesses than the tipstaff of the tribunal, the secretary, and, in case of inquisitorial interrogation, of the executioner who applies the rod. The manner of whipping criminals is different; sometimes the criminal stands before a column with the arms free, and sometimes he is suspended by his hands with his body in the air. At the first blow the blood flows, and, in extraordinary cases, they use sticks or the skin of an ox, instead of rods. The number of blows is not limited. It is also customary to put the accused for five, eight, or ten days, into a damp, cold, and small prison, where he can neither lie down, stand up, nor see a ray of light; and the consent of the accused to his own condemnation is absolutely exacted by the law, even when he is clearly proved to be guilty."

Since this work was written, a modification has taken place in criminal procedures in the canton of Zurich; and though torture is not abolished, nor blows with the ox-hide suppressed, yet the number of blows is not left as heretofore to the will of the executioner, but is fixed by the special order of the judge. This has been all that good sense and humanity could gain over custom and barbarity. The judges of the Russian tribunals are more humane towards their serfs, than the magistrates of Zurich are to their fellow-citizens.

We think that the best way of appreciating the moral state of a nation is to ascertain to what degree of perfection its legislation is arrived; and this subject, together with matters relating to public economy, form the principal features of the work before us. The agricultural institution of M. de Fellenberg, at Hoswyl, particularly attracted the attention of our traveller. He enters largely into the studies of the young people under the care of this clever and judicious master, and upon the discoveries of the learned agriculturist. We think M. Simond has already published this part of his travels in the *Edinburgh Review*.

M. Simond devotes his second volume to the history of Swit-

zerland. We very much approve this division, as it prevents the confusion of subjects and adds to the excellence of the work. The first volume is not, however, deprived of historical interest. It contains some curious anecdotes relative to historical facts. He mentions the military manœuvres of Generals Sowarof and Massena to take advantage of the best positions in the mountains, or to avoid the dangerous roads, scarcely accessible even to *Chamois* hunters. M. Simond also relates, on the authority of M. Ebel, an anecdote of French courage; when at the famous passage of Simplon, in March, 1800, General Bethencourt was sent with a thousand men, in order to clear the way for the army. They arrived at the edge of a precipice sixty feet wide; the bridge of which had been destroyed by snow and falling pieces of rock. A volunteer offered to attempt reaching the other side by the help of the holes in the rock, which formerly served to receive the beams of the bridge. Thus passing his feet from one hole to the other, he safely arrived to the opposite side of this frightful precipice. A cord, one end of which he had carried over, was fixed on the top of the two sides of the rock. General Bethencourt went after him suspended by the cord over the precipice, resting his feet in the holes of the wall. Soon after the thousand soldiers followed with their arms and knapsacks.

Five dogs, who were with this detachment, fell down the precipice; three of them were carried away by the impetuous torrent from the glacier: the other two struggled against the tide, and landed on the opposite shore; they climbed up to the top of the wall, and arrived excessively hurt at the feet of their masters.

M. Simond's work contains many interesting anecdotes upon various subjects. What particularly distinguishes it from other productions of the present day is, its freedom from party-spirit. We shall add no qualification to this praise, though the author appears to retain many prejudices relative to the French revolution; and he has, it appears, great reason to deplore

its excesses. M. Simond has been absent from France thirty years. This long space of time has been employed by him in visiting the North Americans and England, which has enabled him to judge of France, both as to her former and present state; and therefore a man, so enlightened as he is, ought to bless the great political reformation, even while he sheds tears over its accompanying misfortunes.

There are many faults in the style of M. Simond; and it is easy to perceive that he is but little acquainted with French literature. He mistakes when he supposes that Rousseau, in his *Nouvelle Héloïse*, makes St. Preux, on the rocks of Meillerie, see what passed at Clarens. Rousseau was too well acquainted with those places, which he describes with so much warmth and truth, to make such a mistake. It is not Clarens but Vevay, which the lover of Julia constantly observed when he was at Meillerie. These two places are directly opposite each other, only separated by the lake. Nor do we think that M. Simond's opinion of Madame de Stael's style would be adopted by people of taste.

His work deserves to be read; much instruction, as well as interest and amusement, will be found in it, for the author has profited by the celebrated precept—*utile dulci*.

Voyage en Perse, &c.

Travels in Persia in 1812 and 1813, by Colonel Drouville, in the Russian Service, 2 vol. 4to.

This work treats of the manners, customs, and religious ceremonies of the Persians; their military state, ancient as well as modern, and of every thing relative to the regular and irregular forces of that Empire. Notwithstanding the excellent work of M. Joubert, which was read with great avidity in France; the work of Sir G. Ouseley, so remarkable for its numerous and learned quotations; and Sir R. Ker Porter's travels, the first volume of which is so remarkable for the beauty of its engravings; yet, after all, these volumes by Colonel Drouville must be read with pleasure. A stay of three years in

Persia, the protection of the prince Abbas-Mirza, and the friendship of Askeri Khan, formerly Ambassador to the court of France, enabled this officer to make some interesting observations. Every thing relative to the military force of the Chah, his government, the extent of his empire, his last war with the Turks, his different connections with the Russian and English Embassies, are treated of in a very satisfactory manner; and a great many new and exact costumes form another merit of this work. We regret that we cannot bestow similar praise on that part of the work where the author treats of Persian literature and poetry, and particularly the different kinds of writing, the Taalik, the Neskhy, and the Chekesteh, which he calls Taleeb, Niski and Schek-estab. But these slight inaccuracies are redeemed by many new and interesting details.

Recherches sur l'origine des ordres de chevalerie du royaume de Danemark, &c.

Enquiries into the origin of the orders of Chivalry in the kingdom of Denmark. By Doctor Frederic Munter. 8vo. pp. 132.

The venerable author of these enquiries is well known to all Europe for his very learned works; amongst others, for his treatise on the religion of the Carthaginians, the second edition of which, enlarged, we are expecting. We were sorry not to find at the end of these inquiries a list of all the works of M. Munter, and of the very curious editions for which the public are indebted to him. He allows that the time is past when discussions upon the orders of chivalry might have had a political importance. But all that relates to ancient manners, customs and privileges, must interest philosophical observers, and those persons who are fond of exterior distinctions, independent on the functions of public utility. We are at a loss to conjecture the origin of the order of the Elephant, and of that of Dannebrog. On these points we have neither title, monument, nor historical relation exempt from contradiction; but it

pears from the traditions collected by M. Munter, that probably these two orders originated about the 13th century in one or two fraternities or religious congregations; one created for the purpose of fighting against the pirates, the other for the defence of the *Brog*, or the great standard of the Danish army formerly carried on a car upon a moving altar. French chivalry also began by fraternities of the virgin, instituted to maintain public peace in the midst of public or private wars, at least during the days of *La Trêve de Dieu*, and to protect those who were in danger of being robbed by the Great Men of that day or their dependants. But the author assures us that, in Sweden, there were no robbers that infested the highway; that no Danish gentleman ever attacked or pillaged any traveller. It was not thus in Germany, France, and elsewhere. However it might be, the most ancient orders of chivalry have every where derived their origin from simple fraternities, congregations, or ecclesiastical communities.

The pope and the king authorised them by diplomas, and both honored them with peculiar marks of distinction. The members of these corporations were clothed in a sort of uniform indicating their fraternity, and confessed solemnly, communicated, walked in procession, and even rendered themselves useful to the state by public services, and most of them gratuitously. But every thing changes with time! Sometimes their public services only consisted in making processions; and rents and pensions were assigned

to the fraternities generally, and even to individuals, as rewards for real or pretended services, and even as payment to hired spies. These public services ceased with the barbarity of the middle age in which they originated; but confessions, communions, and useless processions, are still left in catholic countries. Thus in France, if the number of *sinecurist* knights be not so numerous, yet still they are almost all pensioned, and every one of them decorated with orders, and subjected by a feudal oath to their king, although feudal law is abolished. This is, in few words, the exact history of European knight-hoods, and the reason of the contempt into which they are fallen. North America rejected them, the constituent assembly of France suppressed them; Napoleon thought necessary to revive them in order to facilitate his conquests, and the restoration of Louis XVIII. has confirmed and multiplied them. Throughout France are seen innumerable persons who belong to so many orders, that they have a great deal of trouble to fulfil the rigorous duty of wearing all their insignia. To ease their conscience in this respect, and to diminish the trouble and expense of their daily costume, it has been necessary to invent variegated ribbands with colours almost invisible, and little metal hooks to suspend their crosses upon. Many stupid *erudites*, *contemporaries of past times*, seriously employ themselves in the endeavour to discover the first traces of these brilliant bagatelles in the rusty monuments of the ages of ignorance and oppression. Oh! vanity.

ENGLISH BOOKS.

Peveril of the Peak. By the Author of *Waverly*, &c. Edinburgh, 1823, 4 vols. 12mo. pp.

It would be supererogatory at this period to enter into any critical analysis of the general merits, and demerits, of the author of what are called the Scotch Novels. The public judgment has long been passed, and we think accurately passed upon these works. We are not our-
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selves disposed to question the conclusion which the literary world and reading part of the community have come to upon the subject; and least of all, we conceive, can the author be inclined to disturb their decision; for it has allowed him a fame which we imagine he must acknowledge to be at least commensurate with his deserts. We must, however, concur with our brother critics in passing our severest censure upon the carelessness and rapidity with which

this fortunate author protrudes his works upon the *market*; and we condemn yet more seriously the eking out of volumes by the intrusion of uninteresting details and vapid dialogues, and by the wearisome dilutation of every part but those primary, scenes upon which the author seems to be aware that the success of each publication must depend.

Under the first head of this charge the author appears to us to be more guilty in the present novel than in any of his preceding publications. The work is replete with instances of most culpable carelessness and negligence. Numerous sentences are inaccurately, as well as inelegantly, constructed; vulgarity of idiom often offends our taste and judgment; the dialogues are sometimes loaded with the superfluous replications of "answered she," "said he," "replied he," &c. There are many misquotations; such, for instance, as a notorious passage from *Romeo and Juliet* at the head of the first chapter in the second volume, attributed to Otway; and there are yet more disgraceful errors; such, for instance, as printing "predecessors" instead of "successors" (page 53, vol. 2), and "*portmanteau*" instead of "*port-manteau*," (in page 215), and in other places of the same volume. In short, we much question whether more than the leading parts of this author's works are written by himself, and whether the interstices are not often filled up by some boarding-school relative.

But of the second part of the charge, that of spinning out the volumes by almost endless dilutations, it is the rock upon which this writer's fame will ultimately be, if not shipwrecked, at least most seriously injured. The same sort of tedious filling up of connecting, but uninteresting, links in the chain of stories has already so nearly consigned Richardson's novels to oblivion, that the few who now wade through them, form, in the estimation of booksellers, a class of readers *sui generis*, and are technically called in the trade "The readers of Richardson!" We are convinced that, as soon as the copy-

right of these Scotch novels is expired, they will be abridged to less than half their present bulk, and that the abridgment will throw the original works into disuse. How different in this respect are the works of Fielding, where almost every thing is expunged that is not absolutely necessary to the conduct of the story, or the few superfluous parts are made the vehicle of his humorous satire!

The present novel is preceded by an introductory letter of thirty-two pages, written in a style of attempted wit, which we must confess hardly compensates for the trouble of reading in thirty-two pages what might have been compressed into ten. But the object of the letter is to defend the author from the reiterated charge of violating the sanctity of historical truth, by selecting from history, subjects for the ground work of his novels, and for not strictly adhering to the original. This is a point which has been strenuously urged against his writings, but which, we think, has been swelled into unnecessary importance. No person, however dull or perverse of understanding, can enter upon these works without immediately perceiving that the plan is foreign to any precise conformity to historical facts. The author transports himself in imagination to the times and scenes in which his plot is laid; he sketches the characters of the day with some reference to their actions in history, but in a manner congenial to his imagination, and suited to produce a dramatic effect; and his incidents are often of a nature, and always filled up with a circumstantial minuteness and detail, which obviously never could have been transmitted to us by history. The apprehension that readers may confuse their notions of history by a perusal of these works, therefore, appears to us just as absurd as the charge of moral turpitude against Chatterton for his literary forgeries; or as absurd as the supposition that the readers of Tom Jones and Joseph Andrews should expect to find the Westerns and Sir Thomas Booby identical personages in the history of Somersetshire.

- Sir Geoffrey Peveril of the Peak is a descendant from William the Conqueror, and the knightly possessor of an estate near the Peake, in Derbyshire. The time of action is the reign of Charles the Second, with some episodal references to the more brilliant reign of Cromwell. Peveril is a staunch Episcopalian, and, of course, is in the interest of legitimacy; but he is drawn as a brave and loyal country gentleman of that era, rather than as the chivalrous cavalier which his rank would lead us to anticipate. He is loyal, brave, choleric, hospitable, large and powerful of body, and rude and boisterous of manner. His neighbour is a Major Ralph Bridgenorth, a sectarian, and a supporter of the Parliament; a man cool and circumspect, and naturally of a kind disposition and of upright principles, but rendered at first melancholy and afterwards malignant by the fanaticism and the perversions of Christianity which distinguished that era. Between him and Peveril no sympathy could exist, but nevertheless in the time of the triumph of the Parliament, the natural equity of Bridgenorth's disposition had befriended Peveril, and had created an intimacy between them. Bridgenorth has successively lost the whole of his children by disease; and at length his wife dies in giving birth to a sickly child. An habitual melancholy and despair seizes upon his mind, during which Lady Peveril takes his infant under her care; and by her maternal offices establishes the child in health. The friendship, created between the parties by this reciprocity of services, is suddenly interrupted by Bridgenorth's attempt to seize the Countess of Derby, whom he unexpectedly discovers in Lady Peveril's castle, and who, as reigning sovereign of the Isle of Man, had executed a Colonel Christian, the brother-in-law of Bridgenorth, and a commander in the parliamentary interest. The introduction of the Countess through a sliding door of the apartment is inartificial; and the dilated description of hereditary bravery in a child, of five years of age, seeing what he conceives to be a ghost coming from the pannel, is

absurd, and equalled only by a similar folly in the picture of lordly bravery in the infant Buccleugh in the author's poem of the Lay of the Last Minstrel. The delicate, yet resolute behaviour of Lady Peveril, upon Bridgenorth's attempted violation of the asylum of her house, to the Countess is very finely drawn; but the sudden and violent transition from friendship to hate in Sir Peveril against Bridgenorth, upon his hearing of the circumstance, is we hope unnatural, at least it appears so in the page of description. The child, Alice Bridgenorth, in consequence of this quarrel is now taken from the care of Lady Peveril by its father; and Sir Geoffrey Peveril's son Julian is about the same time sent to the Isle of Man to be brought up with the young Earl of Derby by the Countess, governing the Islands. After a lapse of years, with the usual probability of romance, Julian discovers Alice rearing in the family of the widow of the late Colonel Christian; who had fallen beneath the vengeance of the Governess of the island. His infant love for this companion of his boyhood now of course becomes love of another description; and, whilst in a stolen interview he is pouring out his soul to the object of his passion, the father, as if by the wand of the harlequin, interrupts their converse. So far from the lovers meeting with the parental violence, which is usual in novels upon such occasions, it turns out that the cool and calculating Major Bridgenorth earnestly wishes the union of the families, but for the impediment of the religious differences existing between them; and it is now his object to persuade Julian to embrace what the enthusiastic Major considers the only means of salvation. All this part of the novel, with the exception of one scene between Alice and Julian, is very heavy and dull. We have moreover introduced to the reader in this part of the story, a character of Penella, a female dwarf, both deaf and dumb, whom the Countess of Derby had bought of a set of strolling rope-dancers. We are cloyed to surfeit with these unnatural and absurd creations of a disordered fancy, which are to be found in

almost every work of this author; and we regret that he cannot remember the sensible observation, passed by Dr. Johnson in his admirable critique upon Macbeth, that he who should now introduce fairies, witches, ghosts or spirits in *scenes relating to common life*, would justly meet with the contempt of adults, and be consigned to the amusements of the nursery.

The appearance of Bridgenorth in the Isle of Man was, in consequence of revengeful schemes promoted at court by the brother of the executed Colonel Christian, to dispossess the Countess of Derby of her property of the Isle of Man, which in that event would devolve on the Duke of Buckingham, in right of his wife, the daughter of General Fairfax. The bold and vigilant Countess discovers her danger, and to defeat these machinations sends young Peveril with despatches to London, carefully sewed within his inner garment. Julian arrives at Liverpool, and on his road to London, via Derbyshire, he falls in with a man named Ganlesse, whose character and talents are sketched with spirit and judgment. This traveller, in spite of Julian's prudence and resentment, continues to dog him on his road, and eventually, to poor Julian's surprise, gives him convincing proof that he is acquainted with his name and family, and with his being the bearer of dispatches from the Countess of Derby to her partisans in London. This explanation induces Julian to become the *compagnon de voyage* of the stranger, who, amidst the wilds of the borders of Derbyshire, introduces Julian to a lonely house on the way-side; where, as if by magic, he is set down to a superb dinner, served upon plate, and with companions evidently of the highest description. The scene of this banquet, and of the gay conversation of the profligate hosts is spirited and entertaining. Julian's champaigne is drugged by his entertainer, and, in the sleep produced by the narcotic, his dispatches are taken from him, and blank papers are substituted in the seal-skin case which enveloped them. The next morning he proceeds on his way to Derbyshire, and arriving at the Peak, finds his father has been arrested on a charge of being ac-

cessory to the Popish Plot, by the famous Col. Topham, the bloodhound of Parliamentary persecutions. His efforts to rescue his parents are fruitless; they are conveyed prisoners to London, and himself is consigned to the custody of Major Bridgenorth, who had just foreclosed his mortgage upon the Peveril estates. At Major Bridgenorth's he unexpectedly finds Alice, whom he had just left in the Isle of Man, for the Author has a thorough contempt of all probability, in conveying his characters from one place to another. Julian discovers the profligate Ganlesse at the Major's table, under the disguise of a puritan, and in spite of his fervid remonstrances finds that the father of Alice is resolved to send his daughter to town in care of this abandoned hypocrite. Julian is rescued from the custody of Major Bridgenorth, and proceeds to London. In an inn upon the road he accidentally discovers that those, by whom he had been entertained on the way to Derbyshire, were the gay Lord Saville and Chiffinch, the celebrated pander of King Charles's debaucheries, who had been brought down to that neighbourhood by Col. Christian (Ganlesse) for the purpose of entrapping his niece Alice, whom this uncle Christian designed as a temptation to the King to detach himself from the influence of the celebrated and intriguing Duchess of Portsmouth. Julian in this inn overhears Chiffinch in a fit of intoxication divulge the whole scheme relative to Alice, as well as the robbery of the dispatches; these he subsequently recovers by assaulting Chiffinch on the high-way, and eventually arrives in London. By a sort of hocus-poens contrivance the Author makes Julian fall in with the Dwarf Fenella, who, by playing gambols in St. James's Park before the King, is the means of introducing Julian to his Majesty; and this *outré* sort of introduction enables Julian to rescue Alice from the rudeness of the Duke of Bakingham, and from the unhallowed intentions of the amatory monarch. The contrivance of all these rencontres is clumsy in the extreme, and we need not expatiate upon the dearth of invention of an author, who could devise no better method of rescuing

his heroine than by introducing his hero to a King, by means of a dwarf's playing antic tricks before his Majesty in the public walks of St. James's Park. Julian, in rescuing Alice, wounds a bully of the Duke of Buckingham, and is conveyed to Newgate. A description of Newgate is now given to us by this careless author, which every reader will immediately recognize to be servilely borrowed from the Beggar's Opera, and from the more admirable narrative of Booth's introduction to Newgate in Fielding's *Amelia*. In this prison, Julian Peveril is confined in a cell with another dwarf, the famous Sir Geoffrey Hudson; and, as if the author were determined to reach the very depth of futuity, he introduces, every dark night, into this hermetically closed cell of Newgate the original female dwarf, whose dumbness turns out to have been all fictitious; for "in a soft, silvery voice" she endeavours in the dark to induce Julian to abandon his love for Alice, of course as a preliminary step to his bestowing his affections on this Elfin miniature of womanhood. Except in the *Fairy Tales* or in the *Arabian Nights*, where such scenes and creations of fancy are legitimate to the nature of the works, we do not think that our language can produce any thing more trifling, or more out of taste and judgement, than this agency of the deaf and dumb dwarf; and the author is unpardonably culpable as he has already tried the public opinion upon such a fiction in his novel of the *Pirates*, and has met with the severe and just castigation of the able critic of his works in the *Edinburgh Review*. Julian and his father are tried before the infamous Scroggs, the Judge of Charles the Second's reign; but the character of the notorious Oates, the perjured witness of the times, was now on the decline, and the Peverils are acquitted. The lodgings of the Peverils, opportunely for the author's story, happen to be under the roof where the fanaticism of Major Bridgenorth has led him to contrive a plot for the attack of the palace. Colonel Christian is the wily agent of the Duke of Buckingham, and procures the Duke's participation in the scheme. The plot is revealed to

the King by the dwarf Fenella's contrivance of sending the male dwarf, Sir Geoffrey Hudson, into the palace, shut up in a violincello-case: the case being with great probability carried up into his Majesty's drawing-room, and unpacked or opened in the presence of the assembled company. Sir Geoffrey, of course, walks out of the fiddle-case to the astonishment of all present, and reveals to the Sovereign the mighty mischief which is hatching against his royal person. The *denouement* now of course take place. The Duke of Buckingham is first reproached, and then pardoned by the Monarch. Fenella resumes her voice in the full company, proves to be the daughter of Christian, and to have been employed by him about the Countess of Derby's person for the purposes of treachery, assuming, by his order, both the defects of dumbness and insensibility to sound, with a view of aiding his designs. She and Christian are banished to America by the King. Julian Peveril, of course, espouses Alice Bridgenorth, and the estates of the two families are united, and all is restored to harmony and enjoyment.

The talents of this author are confined to insulated description; and the present work confirms the observation that his plots are invariably confused, and inconsistent. The character of Fenella is supposed to have been suggested by that of the celebrated dwarf impostress Carabos, who was eventually confined in the prison of Devonshire. It is drawn with talent, and would have been a good creation of fancy for the Castle of Otranto, or for one of Monk Lewis's tales, but is out of all keeping with the delineation of real life and manners in so recent an era as the reign of Charles. Her long assumption of want of speech, and of hearing, is unnatural in the extreme; and her ardent passion for Julian Peveril, who is described as scarcely less mighty of limb than old Sir Geoffrey, appears both ludicrous and absurd. The reader may recollect that we have recently had one dumb dwarf in the novel of the *Pirates*, an Elfin dwarf in the *Lay of the last Minstrel*. Another dwarf in *Kenelworth*. A black dwarf in the novel of that

name, and now in this one novel of *Peveril of the Peak*, we have two dwarfs, both of mighty agency in the conduct of the plot. We must observe that the scene between Julian and Deborah, the vexatious old nurse of Alice Bridgeworth, is a palpable plagiarism of the scene between Juliet and her nurse on her return from the lady's message to Romeo.

Having thus in the spirit of candid criticism animadverted upon the faults of this novel, we have now left to us but the pleasure of dwelling upon its brilliant merits. There may be little or no pathos in the work and nothing to excite breathless anxiety, nor is there much of wit; but there are numerous scenes drawn with admirable spirit and truth to nature, and diversified characters conceived with the creative powers of genius, and the individuality of which is preserved in a manner evincing the nicest talent of discrimination. Neither the hero nor heroine are much indebted to the author's pencil; they excite comparatively but little interest. Sir Geoffrey Peveril, however, with the character of Major Bridgeworth, are in fine keeping; and the sagacity, prudence, and kindness of Lady Peveril render her an object of solicitude to the reader to the last of the novel, although she is brought forward but little after the action of the piece becomes material. The great powers of the author are most displayed in his characters of Ganelle or Christian, and in that of the profligate, vacillating, magnificent Duke of Buckingham. In the interviews between these personages, the acute villainy and shrewd dexterity of Ganelle, in contest with the court tact of Buckingham, are painted with the hand of a great master; whilst the voluptuous magnificence of this royal favourite equals in description the gorgeous fictions of imagination, which have rendered eastern stories so captivating to every taste. *Peveril of the Peak* approximates in its class of merit more to the *Fortunes of Nigel* than to any other work of this author,—but it is useless we apprehend to draw comparisons between the separate novels; the work before us,

if irregular or unequal in its parts, is, as a whole, a splendid production of a mind of no ordinary powers.

December Tales. London, 1823. 12mo. pp. 231.

We are inclined to think that there is a misnomer in the title of this little volume; for, if it be well adapted to the object thus avowed, or at least implied in its baptism, that of cheering the December fire side, we much doubt whether it will not be often selected as the companion of the summer ramble, and become the associate and friend of the rural loiterer. Were the great critic of the *Rambler* now alive, and were he to put his usual question, "have you, sir, read it through," we should certainly be able to answer in the affirmative, in spite of that inquisitorial tone which would imply the Doctor's habit of impatience in getting through a work, and the doubt that others could be more persevering than himself. The volume before us would, however, prove no such tax on our patience; for we have perused it with pleasure, and have been induced to read it with more than usual attention by the amusement it has afforded us. We have here eleven tales of diversified description, in which the author is often amusing, often pathetic, always interesting, and never prolix or dull. The style is natural, but we are prompt to deny it the praise of elegance, because we think that whatever defects there are, either in the style or in the stories, they arise not from a want of natural power or of acquirements in the author, but evidently from want of care. For instance, the author succeeds in his first story, *Mary Stukeley*, in creating a mixture of pathos and curiosity in the reader with a useful excitement of impatience; but the effect of it is rather marred, and the reader leaves the story with less of satisfaction, from the improbable and unaccountably sudden death of Mary, and still more so, from the abrupt disposal of the other female character. In the beautiful story of the *Falls of Ohiopyle*, the abrupt transition from his convalescence to his marriage makes an

unpleasing chasm, and the reader regrets that a hand that paints so well should have hurried the picture to its termination. The Englisher's story displays a similar fault; it is beautifully told, but the catastrophe is too trite and novel-like; and in the Test of Affection, the *naturalness* of the tale is injured by carrying the ghost-scene too far into the regions of nursery fiction. We think, indeed, that the author has in his literary disposition some little love of the romantic, and a tinge of what has been called Monk-Lewisism, although his good sense prevents his carrying them to too great a length. We must, however, retract our praise for good sense, and decidedly condemn the author's bad taste and want of judgment in his praise of his literary companions in the piece entitled "The Theatre." Independent of a probable difference of opinion in the public, the praise of contemporary and monthly writers seems like an invitation to be praised in return; or, at best, will be viewed by the public as the injudicious expression of individual partiality. Interspersed in these Tales are many judicious and admirable observations, uttered with a freedom from affectation or even of design, which gives them a more striking and pleasing effect. For instance, in the first story of Mary Stukely, speaking of Eliza, whose character is admirably sketched, the author observes, "her discourse was interesting, fluent and animated, perhaps too much so, for it was interspersed with remarks whose general truth and well directed pun-

gency scarcely atoned for their freedom and boldness, which I did not altogether admire." Who does not see in these few words the full length portrait of the *mens masculina in femina*, with its ordinary unpleasant effect upon the other sex. Again, speaking of the same character the author observes, "Her faults (perhaps I am making use of too lenient an expression) were those of a strong mind, unrestrained by prudence or the force of early restriction." This is well in keeping with the first observation: our gallantry will not allow us to assert that the application of the passage can be made more frequently to intellectual ladies than to gentlemen; but who is there that has kept literary and intellectual society, who has not often had to observe the effects of "a strong mind unrestrained by prudence,"—so often perhaps as almost to lead to the supposition, that there is a natural repugnance between prudence and that peculiar cast of intellect, which is usually meant by the expression of a "strong mind." We are convinced that there are two or three very eminent characters at this moment, to whom every reader will be able to apply the remark.—Our limits oblige us to take leave of our author; we leave him, however, with the anticipation that we shall have to renew our acquaintance; for he, who has been able to write the volume before us, will not be long before he again challenges the attention of the critic, and establishes his claim to the public approbation.*

* When we first received "December Tales," we hesitated to review them, doubting the propriety of passing judgment on tales, some of which have already appeared in our Magazine; however, not to omit doing justice to the youthful and vigorous pen of the author, and at the same time to do our duty honestly as public servants, we sent the volume to a Critic who knew not that any part of it had appeared in our Magazine, and on whose judgment and impartiality we could rely. We hope the author will resume his pen; and, under his lately-adapted name of Cinna, soon favour us again with his esteemed effusions. Ed.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE,

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

AMERICA.

Mons. de Venancourt, a Captain in the French Navy, and Governor of the Establishment at *Terra Nuova*, was ordered, in 1821, to survey the coasts of that island. In the fort of St. George he found two tribes of Indians of about 100 families. The first had originally come from Cape Breton, and the other from Labrador. These savages lived by the chase and by fishing, and the tribes were respectively known by the names of *Miomake* and *Montagnards*. They were all Catholics, of mild dispositions, and were attached to the French. Amongst them were the descendants of many fishermen from *Les Basques*, (Gascony,) who had been left on the coast when the French carried on their fisheries in these seas. Mons. de Venancourt speaks of their extraordinary attachment to their religion, and of their even refusing to eat meat on a Friday. This officer attended their place of worship and found them chanting the mass out of a book written by themselves. It is supposed that some Missionaries must have translated for them the principal prayers of the Catholic service. They have an altar with an image of Christ, and have also a portrait of the King of France, and a painting of the Marriage of the Duke of Berry. Mons. de Venancourt taught them the *Domine salvum fac regem*.

According to the last Census, the 18th Congress of the United States of America consists of 212 representatives, and 48 members of the Senate or Upper House.

SOUTH AMERICA.

The Gaeta de Columbia, published at Bogota, computes that there are 2,644,000 inhabitants of the Seven provinces of Orenoes, Venezuela, Sulia, Bayacca, Cundinamara, Cauca, and Magdalena. These provinces, which formerly composed the province of Quito, now return 28 senators and 93 representatives to the Legislature of the Republic.

WHITE SEA.

There have been erected in the district of Kala, on the coast of the White Sea, two light houses; one on Cape Orloff at 66 fathoms, the other on Cape Pulongue at 125 fathoms from the shore; the base of the latter is 42 feet above the level of the sea. These two towers are painted white.

INDIA.

The newspapers of India inform us,

that the liberty of the press, although so recently established in that vast country, has had such an extensive effect, that at the last celebration of the great Idol Juggernaut there were so few pilgrims, that there was a difficulty in drawing the car of the Idol; and the Bramins were consulting about the removal of the image to districts farther from the dissemination of knowledge.

SANDWICH ISLES.

Mr. Ruggles, a Missionary from the United States of America to the Sandwich Islands, relates the following anecdote of Athoi, the King of one of the islands, who had learnt from the whites to drink ardent spirits, but who had recently reclaimed himself from the habit. "Suppose," said the King to the Missionary, "you were to hold 4,000 dollars in one hand and a glass of rum in the other, and were to say, drink the rum and I will give you the money—I would not drink it; and if you then said, I will kill you, still I would not drink it."

EGYPT.

The Pacha of Egypt, Mahomed Ali, who constructed the great canal Mah-mudie, now purposes to restore the canal anciently constructed under Darius and Ptolemy, and which will form a junction between the Nile and the Red Sea.

The late Mr. Rich, the English Consul at Bagdad, had drawn a plan of the Ancient Nineveh, and had discovered the ruins of the palace and garden of Sardanapalus.

All persons who travel in this country agree in attributing to the Viceroy all the qualities of a statesman. The Christians living under his laws owe him many obligations, and men of all religions and of every nation may now travel through Egypt with a security before unknown in the Ottoman dominions. The fortifications of Cairo are still in progress; Alexandria is surrounded by a second enclosure of walls and with a large deep ditch. This place is defended by strong bastions upon the accessible points, as well by land as sea. The rock Aboukir and the coast conducting to the cisterns of Marabuth, whence the ships in the port of Alexandria take in water, are now fortified in the European style. The army of the Viceroy is only 45,000 strong, infantry, cavalry, and artillery included. His navy is composed of

22 ships, and the navigation of the Nile is protected by a great number of gun-boats, each carrying 40 men. The revenues of Mahomet Ali, as Viceroy, amount to 25 millions of Spanish Pistres. They proceed from customs, taxes upon the manor, successions devolved to the treasury, tolls, fishing-boats, demesnes of the state, contributions from conquered provinces, and from caravans. The Viceroy pays 100,000 pounds sterling to the Sultan; and sends the same amount to the treasury at Mecca; also 800,000 measures of grain, rice, &c. to Constantinople; he visits the Caravan of Cairo, holds a brilliant court and often sends presents to the Sultan, and the favourite Sultana, as well as to the ministers and persons in favour at the seraglio. The present population of Egypt does not exceed three millions; there are 2486 cities and towns; 957 of them in Upper Egypt, and 539 in the Delta.

GREECE.

At the recent capture of Chios by the Turks, these ruthless barbarians destroyed by fire the public library, the place for gymnastic exercises, the chemical laboratory and the printing establishment.

SWEDEN.

Archæology.—A Swedish soldier, working in a field upon the frontiers of the province of Dalsland, found some bars of gold weighing 27 marks, and a statue of silver weighing 23 pounds. This treasure has probably been hidden in the ground ever since the time when the Scandinavians made long maritime expeditions, and brought into the north the spoils of the provinces of the south of Europe.

DENMARK.

Duchy of Holstein, Fredericks gate Colony of the Poor.—This rising establishment was formed by means of a joint stock consisting of 180 shares, each amounting to 100 rix dollars (about 20*l.*), by annual subscriptions of about 5*s.* each, payable for four years, and by donations of unlimited amount. In November, 1821, all the shares were disposed of. The canal subscriptions produced 600 rix dollars, (about 120*l.*) and the donations 700, (about 140*l.*) so that the whole money obtained amounted to 1300 rix dollars, (about 2,600*l.*) the directors of the establishment have entered into a contract for the construction of twenty houses for the colony, at the rate of 300 rix dollars (about 60*l.*) each, stones and mortar not included. At the time of this agreement, that is to say, at the beginning of 1823.

ning of 1822, four houses and one stable were finished; sixteen other houses, as well as that of the inspector were far advanced. In the mean time they are grubbing up the timber on the land belonging to the colony. This beginning, fortunate in many respects, has not proved favourable to the cattle, a great part of which have perished.

GERMANY.

The Jesuits have attempted to purchase a Convent at Rhab in Hungary, but have been prevented by the government. They have met with a similar fate at Vienna, but in the different towns of the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily they are in possession of as many as 25 colleges.

The largest collection of what are denominated early printed, or *block*, books are in the Royal Library at Munich. The very intelligent and learned librarian at the Court of Bavaria has printed a specimen or *fac-simile* of one of the most curious, which he liberally distributes to foreigners who may happen to visit the library, and are anxious to obtain possession of so rare a relic.

RUSSIA.

The Chevalier de Filistry has published at St. Petersburg an abridgment of the Russian History, and has in consequence received very liberal presents from the Emperor and Royal Family.

A traveller who had remained some time at Nowaja Semlja, and who has just returned to St. Petersburg, has given an account of the peculiar consequences arising from the division of the days and nights in that latitude. The country is covered with frozen snow, and enveloped in darkness from the middle of October to the end of February. The inhabitants live by the chase and by fishing, and having no watches to mark the approaching transitions from darkness to light, or from light to darkness, they have contrived the following means of marking the time. In each cabin there is a pot filled with oil from the sea-dog; and which is made to burn as a lamp for exactly twenty-four hours, and is replenished with great punctuality. Nothing can be more magnificent than a summer's night in these regions, the sun appearing in the horizon with an immeasurable disk, and presenting to the naked eye the deep red hue of burning coal.

Columns of the Church of Isaac. The enormous columns of granite destined for the portico of this new church

are very remarkable. To shew their size, we will here give the comparative size of the known ancient and modern columns. 1st, The column of Alexandria, called *Pompey's Pillar*, occupies the first rank. It is of red granite, its height is 67 feet 4 inches, 11½ lines; 2dly, are the columns of the church of Isaac, the height of which is 56 feet; 3dly, the ruins of a column found near Mount Citorio at Rome, 52 feet 4 inches; 4th, the columns of the portico of the Pantheon, 46 feet 9 inches, 11 lines in height; 5th, the columns of the cathedral of Casan, at St. Petersburg, 42 feet high; 6th, two columns of St. Paul's Church at Rome, 38 feet 4 inches, and of the same height are the columns of the bath of Dioclesian, and those of Caracava now at Florence near the bridge of the Trinity.

According to the resolution of a committee named for the *enfranchisement of serfs*, a quarter of those living in Livonia recovered their liberty on the 10th of October last. New enfranchisements will take place from year to year; and in 1925 personal slavery will be entirely abolished in this province, all the inhabitants of which, restored to the dignity of men and citizens, will enjoy their natural rights.

The Russian Academy at St. Petersburg, founded in imitation of the French Academy, has already finished a Dictionary of the Russian language which will appear in six volumes.

ITALY.

M. Michele Leoni continues to publish his excellent translation of Shakespeare. He has neglected nothing in order to do justice to the richness, variety and sublimity of the original. His powers are superior to the generality of translators, and he never weakens Shakespeare's thoughts by feeble expressions or a verbose style.

SPAIN.

The French Charta has been translated into Spanish with notes, in which the translator endeavours to prove that it is greatly inferior to the Constitution of the Cortes of Cadiz.

NETHERLANDS.

Chess.—An amateur of chess in Brussels has discovered the secret of the Automaton Chess-player, which, he says, consists in concealing under the table a person who directs the moves. He has constructed a machine representing the table, and the drawer in which the pieces are kept, in order to

prove that the real player may lie concealed in a recess behind that drawer, while the interior of the table is exposed to public view, and quit his hiding-place as soon as the doors of the table are closed; and it is declared that he has, by repeated exhibitions, convinced thousands of persons of the practicability of such an arrangement.

FRANCE.

Mons. Casati, a traveller recently returned from Egypt, has brought from that country, amongst other antiquities, sixteen rolls of papyrus, two of which are in the Greek character, one in the Greek and Egyptian characters mixed, and the rest are in hieroglyphics or hierotiques, accompanied by symbolical figures. M. Casati has also in his possession many MSS. on papyrus, torn and injured by the awkwardness of a priest. These antiquities were from the island of Elephant. These latter fragments appear to be written in Latin, the letters are large, but so overloaded with flourishes and lines that it is difficult to decipher them. The three MSS. described above were procured from Thebes, and were sold to M. Casati by the Arabs, who assured him they were discovered at the same time with the Contract of Ptolemy, published by M. Boekh, and with the other Greek MS. in possession of Messrs. Salt and Drouetti. According to the account of the Arabs, the whole of them were found in the same earthen vessel in the sepulchral caverns of the capital of the country. The first of these MSS. is ten feet six inches long and eight inches broad, and is covered from one end to the other. The second MS. is only two feet long by one foot broad. The third MS. although of great antiquity, is far less ancient than the preceding. Mons. St. Martin has made a report upon these MSS. to the Institute, and which may be seen in the *Journal des Sçavans*, for September last. The MSS. have been purchased for the Antiquarian Department of the King's Library, and Messrs. Raoul, Rochette and St. Martin purpose to have them printed.

Great Zodiacs of Esné and Dendera.—M. Champollion, jun. by means of his alphabet, with which he can interpret the hieroglyphics, fixes the former to the reign of Claudius, and that of the latter, to the reign of Nero.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Mr. Ackermann has just issued a periodical publication in Spanish, under the title of *Periodico Trimestre, intitulado Variedades; o Mensagero de Londres*, which contains a number of plates, exhibiting striking landscapes, buildings, furniture, and fashions.

A Catalogue of the library of Napoleon, late Emperor of France, which was removed from St. Helena, by order of his Majesty's government, has just been published. The books, it seems, have been purchased by Bossange and Co., and are now on sale. Many of the works are illustrated and adorned with notes and observations in the hand-writing of the exile.

Exploratory Travels; or an Account of an Expedition from Pittsburgh to the Rocky Mountains, performed in the years 1819-20, by order of the government of the United States of America, is compiling from the notes of the Gentlemen composing the Party by Mr. Edwin James the botanist and geologist of the Expedition.

The subject of the next novel by the author of *Waverley* is said to be *The Gunpowder Plot*.

Mr. Dunlop, the author of *The History of Fiction*, has in the press, a *History of Roman Literature from its Earliest Period to the Augustan Age*.

Mr. W. J. Baukes, M. P., has presented to the University library several valuable books recently printed at Milan and Venice, among which are classical works edited by Angelo Maio, the learned librarian of the Vatican; the Chronicle of Eusebius, by Aucher; Ciakciak's Italian, Armenian and Turkish Dictionary; and Aucher's Armenian and English Grammar. Most of these rare and curious works are on fine paper, and are rendered more valuable from the limited number of copies which were printed, in some instances only twenty having been struck off.

The Royal Library.—We congratulate the learned upon the King's gift of the library, collected by his late Majesty, to the British Museum. There are few collections enriched with so many rare books, as well as books intrinsically valuable. It embraces every branch of literature, especially dictionaries, early printed books, and old English Poetry.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Major Long's *Exploratory Travels to the Rocky Mountains of America*, in 3 vols. 8vo. illustrated with Maps and Plates.

A Treatise on Mental Derangement, being the Substance of the Gulstonian Lectures delivered in the Royal College of Physicians, in May, 1822. By Francis Willis, M.D. 1 vol. 8vo.

The King of the Peak, in 3 vols. 12mo. By the Author of the Cavalier, &c.

Wine and Walnuts; or, After Dinner Chit Chat, 2 vols. 12mo. By a Cockney Greybeard.

The Third Volume of the Transactions of the Literary Society of Bombay.

Shortly will be published, in small 8vo, Body and Soul. Vol. Second, containing Filial Affection—The Suicide—Philosophy and Religion—The Recovery—The Excursion—Pastoral Visits—Grace—The Rector's Death—The Penitent Woman. Also a new edition of Vol. First.

A Poem, entitled the Judgment of Hubert, is about to make its appearance.

Fifteen Years in India; or, Sketches of a Soldier's Life. Second edition. Being an attempt to describe Persons and Things in various Parts of Hindostan. From the Journal of an Officer in his Majesty's Service, in 1 vol. 8vo.

The Edinburgh Annual Register for 1819 and 1820, are nearly ready for publication.

Dr. Pring, of Bath, has in the press, An Exposition of the Principles of Pathology, and of the Treatment of Diseases. In one vol. 8vo.

Mr. Bird, author of the Vale of Slaughden, &c. has a volume in the press, entitled Poetical Memoirs.

Mr. J. H. Wiffen has in the press a Translation in English Verse of the Works of Garcilasso de la Vega, surnamed the Prince of Castilian Poets, with a Critical and Historical Essay on the Rise, Progress, Decay, and Revival of Spanish Poetry, and a Life and Portrait of the Author. Printed of an uniform size with Lord Holland's Lives of Lope de Vega and Guiller de Castro. It will be published in March.

A new Volume of Hansard's Parliamentary Debates is on the eve of publication.

Sir William Gell's Tour through the Morea, in one vol. 8vo., and Mrs. Stothards Memoirs of her late Husband, Charles Alfred Stothard, F.S.A. will appear in a few days.

The Annual Biography and Obituary for 1823, will be published early this month.

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE, ITALIAN OPERA.

THE first masquerade for this season has taken place. The house was transformed, in the manner usual upon such occasions, into a species of amphitheatre, on the arena of which the candidates for whimsical fame exhibited their motley characters, or tripped it on the "light fantastic toe" to the music of two bands, which alternately played during the night. The boxes around were also partially filled with spectators, and the gallery crowded to overflowing. In consequence of the arrangements which had been previously made by Mr. Ebers, the number of *characters* at this masquerade exceeded what we have been accustomed to see at such exhibitions; a circumstance which gave an appearance of picturesque variety to the whole assemblage, and rendered it more gay and pleasing to the eye, and also more animated than we should otherwise have found it. Almost every notorious part that ever was represented on a stage, from the deepest tragedy to the buffoonery of Billy Waters, might be seen dressed at least, if not performed, among the crowd. There might also be discovered, among the masks and dominos, several persons of distinction in the fashionable world, some of whom appeared to have courted the jests which were sported on them by the transparency of their disguises.

We have to notice a new dance, under the imposing title of a "comic ballet," named *La Noce du Village*, composed by M. Aumer, the ballet-master, whose *Carnaval de Venise* made a very strong impression in his favour, and prepared the public to expect every thing from his talent. The *Noce du Village* is a mere *divertissement*, confined not only to a single act, but to a single scene. It is, nevertheless, a very pretty *divertissement*, and is the vehicle of some good dancing by M. and Madame

C Vestris, Mademoiselles Mercandotti and Varennes, and of some picturesque grouping by the Corps de Ballet. The solitary scene, too, is well imagined and skilfully arranged, much to the credit of Signor Zara, who has been for some years attached to this theatre, and is one of its best supports.

La Donna del Lago, by Rossini, has been brought out at this theatre. The story is well known to every body who is likely to feel any interest in an Italian opera, being formed upon, or rather is an abridgment of, Sir Walter Scott's poem, which it follows closely, and is tolerably well dramatized by Signor Tottola, of Naples, where it was first and quite unsuccessfully performed. Madame Ronzi de Begnis was the heroine of the piece; and if her figure derogated in a slight degree from the portrait drawn by the poet, her excellent acting and singing removed every other impression. We have heard her in more perfect voice, but never more gifted with the beauties of style and expression. Signor Curioni, as the *Knight of Snowdon*, exhibited much energy. Signor Porto, who was *Douglas*, gave a bass song, in the first act, with considerable spirit, which produced an *encore*. Signor Reina, the last new tenor, personated *Roderic Dhu*: *Malcolm* was represented by Madame Vestris with success, particularly in the duets with Madame Ronzi de Begnis; the voices contrasted well and harmonized finely with each other. Some of the dresses are in good costume, that of Madame Vestris in particular. The only new scene was the first in the piece, exhibiting a view of Loch Katrine and the surrounding mountains, but it was an extremely fine one. This was by far the best performance, and the most attractive opera, of the present season.

DRURY LANE.

Goldsmith's comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer* was brought forward to introduce Liston for the first time on this stage in *Tony Lumpkin*. The interest of the performance was somewhat lessened by the apology made at the commencement of the evening for Munden,

who had been disabled by an attack of illness from undertaking the part of *Hardecastle*. The place of this great master of broad grins was supplied by Terry, who performed the part with his usual correctness and ability, but we missed more than once the aspect

of Munden, whose laboured, strongly marked humour would have so finely contrasted and set off the rich plumpudding countenance of Liston, bursting with spontaneous drollery. It is needless to follow Liston through all the scenes of his excellent performance. Mrs. Davidson was *Miss Hardcastle*, and performed it with undiminished spirit. The rest of the Play was well got up.

All dramatic performances being forbidden on the night of King Charles's Martyrdom, a part of *The Messiah* was given at this house, with one act of Miscellaneous Music, and a Sacred Opera by Rossini, under the title of *Cyrus in Babylon*, or *Ciro in Babilonia*. This is one of his early productions, and many of his fifty-times-repeated passages may be recognised in it. There is a certain airiness running through it, and in places it is almost pretty; but it has nothing of the grandeur which should be found in this species of musical drama, and contains not a single thought that can be recollected after the voices and instruments have ceased sounding.

The tragedy of *King Lear* has been performed, for the first time this season, under circumstances which could not fail to add considerably to its attraction. The text of Shakspeare was in some instances restored, and the original catastrophe, as written by our immortal Bard, afforded Mr. Kean an opportunity of making one of the most powerful appeals to the heart which the stage has ever boasted. No language can do justice to its excellence. The audience hung with breathless attention upon every word he uttered, and many a tearful eye bore testimony to the power with which he represented the agonies of a broken heart.

The musical play of *Guy Mannering* attracted an overflowing audience, and Miss Stephens made her appearance in the character of *Lucy Bertram*. In addition to the songs which properly belong to the drama, Miss Stephens introduced "The last rose in summer," and "Leeze me on my soldier's love." She was in excellent voice, and was much applauded in all her efforts. The only novelty, however, was a new

Dandie Dinmont in the person of Mr. Sherwin, from the York Theatre. Mr. Sherwin displayed not only a just conception of the part he had undertaken, but a good deal of that humour which peculiarly belongs to it. His voice we thought deficient in strength, and his accent in richness, but, taken altogether, the effort was highly respectable, and certainly it was attended with a good deal of applause. Mr. Liston's *Dominie Sampson* was, as usual, a source of high entertainment. Mr. Braham and the other performers sustained in their respective degrees the reputation which the public had long since assigned them.

A new farce under the title of *Deaf as a Post*, amounts to little more than a re-cooking of an old piece of a similar description, called *The Deaf Lorer*. As its continuance in this world will be but of short duration, a detailed account of it is unnecessary.

Artaxerxes was performed at this theatre to a crowded house, who witnessed the exertions of Miss Stephens and Mr. Braham, as *Mandane* and *Arbaces*, with as much satisfaction as there petition of an opera, which begins to fatigue from its want of novelty, can be expected to elicit. Nothing could exceed the delightful execution of the well-known Irish air, introduced by Miss Stephens, which was loudly encouraged.

Rossini's opera *The Lady of the Lake* has been introduced at this theatre, adapted to English words. The whole opera was not attempted to be given; only a selection from it forming one act of the Oratorio. The best part of the *finale* to the first act, comprising a triple chorus that is capable of producing a powerful result, was omitted. The first part of the Oratorio was well put together, and Mrs. Salmon, Miss Stephens, and Mr. Braham, sung some charming songs from the *Redemption*; the chorusses went off well; and at the end of it, Madame Camporese gave, in a very superior manner "Tu ch'accendi," and Mr. Moschelles played a very animated Piano-forte Concerto, being his first appearance in London this season.

COVENT GARDEN.

THE greatest novelty of the month at this theatre has been a new play in five acts, called *Nigel, or, The Crown Jewels*; dramatized from the Scotch novel, entitled *The Fortunes of Nigel*.

The plot departs from the novel in most of its details. *Dalgarno*, a gay nobleman, subservient to *Buckingham*, is the hero of this play; and his tools are, the bully *Peppercote*, and *Skourlie*,

a scrivener, who, though of middle age, has contracted a passion for *Margaret*, the object also of *Dalgarno's* lawless desire. Her preference for *Nigel*, and the circumstance of *Nigel's* being assisted by the *King*, who was his father's debtor, with jewels, whereon *James* authorises him to raise a sum for paying off a mortgage of his estates (pledged greatly below their value, nominally to *Skourlie*, but in secret for *Dalgarno's* use), are considerations which irritate *Dalgarno* against *Nigel*; who, for having drawn his sword within the Royal precincts, in rescue of *Margaret* from an attempt of *Dalgarno* to force her off, is fain to take sanctuary in Whitefriars (alias Alsatia), at the house of *Trapbois*, the usurer, who is to raise the money on the jewels. To prevent the completion of the payment within the few remaining hours of the mortgage term, *Dalgarno*, who on failure of redemption would become sole lord of *Nigel's* fortunes, comes, masked and cloaked, with *Peppercole*, into the usurer's house, with a view of seizing and secreting the jewels. *Trapbois* is gagged by *Dalgarno* with a scarf, and, in his struggle, the noose of the scarf sliding, becomes entangled round his throat, and strangles him. *Dalgarno* is wounded by *Nigel* in the wrist, but escapes with the jewels. The play now deviates still further from the track of the novel. *Nigel*, being proved to have suddenly quitted the fatal scene, with the old man's daughter and some valuable property, is next morning, at *Dalgarno's* suggestion, charged with the murder: a charge corroborated by the non-appearance of the daughter at the inquest held by *Hildebrod*. A few minutes only before the expiration of the term, the mortgage is paid off to *Skourlie* by *Strappet* from a secret source: while *Nigel* is brought from the tower, and examined by the *King* in the presence of *Margaret*: she having claimed, under suspicious circumstances, and in the disguise of a Scottish page, a promise which *James*, when she had sung before him in that dress at a mummery, had made, that he would grant the page a boon; which boon she wishes to receive in the shape of *Nigel's* pardon. The evidence of the murder now pressing *Nigel*, *Skourlie*, who has before unsuccessfully sought the hand of *Margaret*, promises that on her consenting to bestow it on him, he will acquit the accused. She, in agony, is yielding, when the rich usurer's daughter arrives, accounts for her absence from the inquest, by explaining how she has secretly been employed in raising the

redemption money of her deliverer's estates; and, finally, by the scarf which is identified for *Dalgarno's*, as well as by the wound on his wrist, proves him the real felon. *Margaret* is thus rescued from *Skourlie*, and united to *Nigel*. Of this adaptation we regret that we cannot say the judgment was equal to the liberality. No expense has been spared in the getting up of the piece with adequate splendour and effect, but the manufacture of the plot was so injudicious, that no actual attraction of "pomp and circumstances" could make full amends for the intellectual deficiency. The dramatist had, perhaps, the ambition to share the praise of originality with the novelist, and we believe he so far succeeded that the latter would find it difficult to recognize his own production. The deviations, purposely made from the story, have been made for the worse, and have only the effect of rendering the *denouement* more improbable, or more tedious. The powerful character *Dalgarno* was played with much spirit and propriety by Mr. C. Kemble. As *Skourlie*, Mr. Farren was peculiar and effective. Mr. Fawcett gave vivacity and humour to *Strappet*. Mr. Farley performed *Peppercole*, a second *Pistol*, with that broad burlesque which suited the part. Mr. Bartley was very animated in *King James*, but was more like a jolly, blundering alderman than a scholastic King, and rather too vulgar in his accent and manner. *Lord Nigel* found in Mr. Abbot a precise and stately representative, but nothing more. *Trapbois* gave Mr. Blanchard an opportunity of shewing, with a painful fidelity, the habits of a veteran usurer. Miss Foote played *Margaret* interestingly. *Bridget* was performed in character by Mrs. Chatterley; and Miss Lacy, as *Martha*, reached the heart, and commanded the feelings of the audience. The Prologue, or induction, as it is more logically than dramatically called, was recited by Miss Foote and Mr. Yates, and though unattractive in itself, received some favour from the effect of their delivery.

The opera of *Love in a Village* has been brought out of at this theatre, principally for the purpose of bringing out Miss Paton in *Rosetta*, although it was also made the vehicle of introducing a Mr. Larkin in the character of *Young Meadows*. The *Rosetta* of Miss Paton is a performance of no common kind. The taste and feeling of her musical execution were never more apparent. The voice of Miss Paton is not only melodious, but in its compass includes the highest tones and the clearest articulation. These qualities

were rendered peculiarly conspicuous as "How blest the Maid," "The Traveller benighted," "Young I am and sore afraid," and "Go, naughty Man;" of which the last two, in addition to being admirably sung, were acted with a degree of *naïveté* and archness which gave the highest finish to the brilliant vivacity of the composition.

The new performer, Mr. Larkin, is a native of Dublin, and a pupil of Mr. Bishop. We fear we must pronounce his powers to be inadequate to the extent of a London Theatre. That he possesses a respectable portion of musical science is evident, although falling far short of masterly and high finish. Some of his lower notes are rich, but as he ascended he became wiry; nor is his falsetto agreeable. His best song was "Still in hopes to get the better," which was deservedly encored. His introduction of "The Thorn" was also honoured in the same way. Mr. Larkin

possesses a genteel figure, and was very well received.

A new after-piece has also been produced at the theatre, called *The Duel*; or, *The two Nephews*. This piece is in the *Pierre Egan-ish* style of caricature, and has been very favourably received.

It was the intention of the manager to commence the Lent Concerts with a new opera, entitled *The Lady of the Lake*, but on account of the sudden indisposition of Miss M. Tree, *The Creation* was substituted as most of the audience were ignorant of his alteration, although the usual notice had been posted at the doors, considerable discontent was manifested. The overture was well performed, and Mr. Nelson sustained the recitative very efficiently. Madame Bulgari, who made her first appearance on this occasion, has a clear and correct intonation and a moderate extent of compass. She displayed considerable cultivation.

POLITICAL DIGEST.

BRITISH PARLIAMENT—HOUSE OF LORDS.—On the 4th of February the United Parliament was opened by Commission, and his Majesty was prevented by indisposition from opening it in person; the Commissioners were the Lord Chancellor, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Earl of Harrowby, the Earl of Westmorland, and the Earl of Shaftesbury. We are sorry that we have not space to insert the Speech which was delivered by the Chancellor, as it plainly indicates the favourable disposition of Government towards the Spaniards, and pledges the Ministry to a system of reduction of taxation, which has already been acted upon by Mr. Robinson, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer. The passage in his Majesty's Speech, relative to the impending war between France and Spain, is not less honourable to the Ministry than grateful to the feelings of every independent man in the kingdom. "Faithful to the principles which his Majesty has promulgated to the world, as constituting the rule of his conduct, his Majesty declined being a party to any proceedings at Verona which could be deemed an interference in the internal concerns of Spain on the part of foreign powers." The sentiments expressed in the Speech were ably enforced by Lord Liverpool in the course of the debate that followed; that nobleman did ample justice to the wisdom and moderation

of those illustrious men, in whose hands are now deposited the destinies of the Peninsula. His lordship said, "the policy of the British Government rested on the principles of the law of nations, that allowed every country to be the judge of how it could be best governed, and what ought to be its institutions; and the exceptions to the rule must stand on their own particular merits. The Spanish Constitution had been acknowledged by England; and Spain, however she resisted foreign interference in her own internal affairs, had distinctly disclaimed any desire to effect any changes in other countries. Whatever defects might exist in the institutions of Spain, there had been a less taint of blood, of crime, and of violence, throughout the career of those who had conducted its affairs, than was afforded by any example of a similar revolution in modern times."

Feb. 7th.—Lord Ellenborough gave notice of a bill to remedy the mistakes in the late Marriage Act, and Lord Redesdale and the Lord Chancellor promised their assistance towards framing the intended bill.

Feb. 17th.—In answer to an allusion made by the Marquis of Lansdown to the Austrian Loan, the Earl of Liverpool had no hesitation in saying, that the principle of an arrangement for the repayment of the loan had been agreed to by the Austrian Government. He

trusted he should soon be able to announce that the arrangement had been finally concluded.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—On the 4th of February the Speaker having read a copy of the Speech, an address was moved by Mr. Child, which was seconded by Mr. Wildman. Sir Joseph Yorke expressed himself as to the Spanish cause in a manner that drew forth a high eulogium from Mr. Brougham, who immediately followed in a speech, which for eloquence, sound argument and constitutional feeling, has seldom been exceeded. During the course of his speech he gave the Ministers a very high and deserved commendation; he said that "he felt extreme gratification, in common with every thinking man in the House, at the sound and liberal views which Ministers had taken. He was sure that the communication would diffuse universal joy throughout England; that it would diffuse spirit and confidence throughout Spain, that it would carry comfort to all independent States, and proportionate dismay to the Allies calling themselves Holy, who had issued a Manifesto against liberty in the abstract and wherever it was to be found; and who now were arming their barbarous or half-civilized bands to carry their Manifesto into execution."

In reply to Mr. Peel, Sir James Mackintosh, in an irresistible and argumentative speech, exposed the danger that would inevitably visit this country, if the Holy Allies on the Continent, now leagued against liberty, should succeed in their designs against Spain. He clearly proved that "the Despots of the Continent avowed principles subversive of the Law of Nations, destructive of the rights of Independent States, involving Europe in hostilities, affecting the security of his Majesty's dominions and the honour of his Crown, and levelled directly against the glory, liberty, and safety of Great Britain."

Feb. 10th. — Mr. Goulburn stated, that the Irish Government had, from the first moment of its arrival, been sedulously anxious to discover some just mode of removing the evils which arose from the present system of collecting tithes. In a short time he should have a proposition to submit on the subject, on the part of the Irish Government. After this Mr. Peel thought that Mr. Hume should postpone the motion of which he had lately given notice, till the proposition of his Right Hon. Friend (Mr. Goulburn) had been brought before the House. But Mr. Hume saw no reason why he should

give way upon this subject, and, after some severe reflections on the delays that had taken place on this subject, stated, that he should propose first, a Resolution to express that the Church Property of Ireland, which was in the possession of Bishops, Deans, and Chapters, was much too large. He should then submit, in the second place, instead of absentee Clergymen, with 2,000*l.* or 3,000*l.* per year, and starving Curates, that every Clergyman should have sufficient to support him respectably. He would undertake to shew, that if the Church Property of Ireland were properly let, it would produce three or four millions a year, and that this might, abolishing tithes altogether, go to a general fund to pay all the clergymen so as to allow them to live like gentlemen, and make them useful.

Feb. 14.—Sir Thomas Lethbridge expressed his regret that the King's Speech did not hold out some specific relief to the Agricultural Interest; which drew from Mr. Secretary Canning a manly and candid avowal of the sentiments of Ministers on this important matter. He regretted, as much as the Hon. Baronet, that Ministers had been unable to give in the Speech any promise of specific relief; but all would admit the unfairness and imprudence of holding out expectations which must be afterwards disappointed. The only measure directed to the relief of the Agriculture of the country, which it is the intention of Ministers to propose, will be comprised in a remission of direct taxation.

Feb. 18.—The discussion of the Catholic Question, to be moved by Mr. Plunket, was postponed till the 17th of April.

Feb. 19.—Mr. Hume moved a Resolution, which stated that the recent appointment of Lord Beresford to the office of Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance was inconsistent with the recommendation of the Commissioners of Military Inquiry; at variance with the professions of economy from the Throne, and without a due consideration of the situation of the country, which required every possible reduction. After a speech from Mr. Ward and Mr. Canning, followed by an Amendment proposed by Mr. Macdonald which was negatived, Mr. Hume's motion was put to the vote, when there appeared for it 73, against it 200; majority, 127.

Feb. 20.—Lord John Russell, in pursuance of a notice, moved the appointment of a Committee to inquire into and report upon the Right of Voting, and

BIRTHS.

SONS.

The Lady of Herbert Barret Curteis, esq. of Sussex, M. P.
 The Lady of Benjamin Burton, esq. Gloucester-place, Portman-square.
 The Lady of J. Buxton, Ensham Hall, Oxon.
 The Lady of the Rev. W. L. Buckle, at Watlington, Oxon.
 The Lady of J. C. Maddison, esq. at Halsh House, Dorsetshire.
 The Lady of Captain Edward Harvey, R. N. at Sandwich.
 The Lady of Lieut. Henry Campbell, esq. at Huntly, Aberdeenshire.
 The Lady of Henry Fisher Bidgood, esq. Rock-bear Court, Devon.
 Lady Harriet Jones, at Lansaintread, Mon.

The Lady of Money Wigram, esq.
 The Lady of Sir Thomas Whelan, at Torquay, Devon.
 The Lady of S. H. Israel, esq. Kepple Street.
 The Lady of John Lock, esq.
 The Lady of David Lonsada, esq. Gower street.
 The Lady of Dr. Seymour, at Florence.
 The Lady of Thomas B. Williams, esq. Paddington.
 The Lady of George Dickson, esq. St. George's Hill, Everson.
 Lady Jane Peel, Stratton-street.
 The Lady of R. Dalton, esq. Gibbing Hall, Sussex.
 The Lady of William Woolurich, esq. Croxley House, Herts.

DAUGHTERS.

The Lady of the Rev. J. D. Preston, at Askam, Yorkshire.
 The Countess of Uxbridge, Grosvenor-place.
 The Lady of Sir James Lane, Dorset-street.
 The Lady of Wm. G. Kirkpatrick, esq. Isleworth, Middlesex.
 The Lady of John Campbell, esq. Duke-street Westminster.
 Lady Morris, at Bryu, Glamorganshire.
 The Lady of C. B. Wilson, esq. Woburn-place.
 The Lady of Capt. J. N. Burton, at Barnham Wood.
 The Lady of Miles Marley, esq. Vigo-lane.

The Lady of Francis Vincent Marins Moreau, esq. Berners-street.
 The Lady of Alexander Thompson, esq. Naples.
 The Hon. Mrs. Charles Boulton, Chapel-street, Grosvenor-square.
 The Lady of the Rev. J. Swice, Doncaster.
 The Lady of Thomas F. Reynolds, Wallington.
 The Lady of the Rev. J. Oliver, Clifton.
 The Lady of Samuel Platt, esq. Queen-street, Mayfair.
 Mrs. J. Broad, Upper Cadogan-place.
 The Lady of J. R. Bernard, esq. Port-au-Prince.
 Mrs. S. Child, Walworth.

MARRIAGES.

Bartlett, Thomas, esq. of Buckingham, to Handsome, Miss E. Newport, Pagnell, Bucks.
 Beckwith, Rev. Hen. A. Vicar of St. Michael le Bellfry's, to
 Powell, Miss M. Hatton-garden.
 Brandram, F. Holes, esq. of the Albany, to Bedford, Miss M. Elmhurst, near Bath.
 Breach, Mr. W. of Tulse Hill, Surrey, to Ulyate, Miss Sarah, Clapham-road.
 Buller, J. B. Yard, esq. of Lupton-h. Devonsh. to Wilson, Miss E. Wootton-park, Staffordshire.
 Bull, Mr. S. T. of Holles-court, Cavendish-sq. to Mansal, Mrs. F. E. Kentish Town.
 Bugden, Capt. of Holmes-h. Nutfeld, Sarry, to Moore, Miss C. Twickenham.
 Baynes, Rev. E. of Week St. Mary, Cornwall, to Conran, A. daughter of Maj.-Gen. H. Conran.
 Cuyler, Major Sir C. Bart, of St. John's Lodge, Herts, to
 Halifax, Miss F. daughter of the Rev. R. F. H. Crichton, Rev. A. of Badlesmere, Kent, to Sims, Miss S. daughter of the Rev. W. B. Sims, Rector of West Bergholt, Essex.
 Chisholm, Rev. C. Vicar of Preston, to Pattenison, Miss M. daughter of the late R. C. T. Pattenison of Ibornden, Kent.
 Daube, H. esq. of Manchester-st. Manches.-sq. to Mathias, Miss A. of New-Burlington-street, Saville-row.
 Fenshaw, Capt. Henry, R. N. to Luttrell, Miss C. Devonshire-st. Portland-pl.

Hibbert, T. esq. of Brittas Hall, Cheshire, to Cholmondeley, Miss C. H. Knutsford.
 Lawson, A. esq. of Aldborough Lodge, Yorks. to Sherlock, Miss M. A. M. daughter of T. S. G. Member for Suffolk.
 Lloyd, L. esq. of New Norfolk-st. Park-lane, to Champlon, Mrs. M. Grosvenor-square.
 Middleton, Rev. R. of Gwynnynog, Denbighs to Farmer, Miss L. daughter of the late Sir G. W. F. Bart.
 Manley, Rev. J. of Wrotham, to Moore, Miss C. M. daughter of the Rev. G. M. Rector of Wrotham.
 Nordenskjold, Capt. C. R. to Lindsay, Miss M. daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Lindsay, Grove Hall.
 Plunkett, W. esq. of Southampton, to Browns, Miss M. A. of Lymington, Hants.
 Robinson, G. esq. of Fegchurch-street, to Vanderstgen, Miss F. Cane-end House, Oxon.
 Roberts, Capt. W. G. R. N. to Wyndham, Miss F. Dinton, Wilts.
 Shaw, Mr. J. of Essex-street, to Oliver, Miss, of Gower-street.
 Warwick, Guy, esq. of Lincoln's-inn, to Slee, Miss E. C. Hatton-garden.
 West, Rev. H. Rector of Berwick, to Barker, Miss L. daughter of the late Sir R. Bart.
 Walpole, Rev. J. H. of Sutton Valence, Kent, to Meriton, Miss S. of Peckham, Surrey.

DEATHS.

Angerstein, J. J. Esq. Woodlans, Blackheath, 91—Alston, Thomas, esq. Harold-house, Bedfordshire, 68.
 Bulcock, J. esq. Bath—Blake, R. esq. M. F. Lynster, Sussex and Essex-street—Miss C. A. daughter of the late A. Baildon, M. D. of the Hon. E. I. Service, St. Helena—Bruce, Rev. S. M. A. Vicar of Inglesham—Brooke, Mr. G. Ed-

bury-street, Chelsea, 101—Bucknall, Hon. H. Rector of Pitmarsh—Butty, Ann, wife of Dr. Batty, Fairlight-lodge, near Hastings.
 Concannon, Lucius, esq. M. P. Regent's park—Cole, Hannah, the wife of W. Cole, esq. London-house-yard, St. Paul's, 33—Sarah, M. daughter of B. Curry, esq. Great-george-street, Westminster, 9—Catharine Anna, daughter o.

the late A. Baildon, D. M. of the Hon. E. I. Company's Service, St. Helena—Cadicote, J. esq. Stamp-office—Caulfield, Lord, only son of the earl of Charlemont, at France, in his way to Paris, 20—Carr, Lady, relict of Sir R. Carr, late of Hampton—Cowper, the Hon. E. Spencer—Alice, Mrs. wife of W. Crawley, esq. Charterhouse-square

Danson, R. esq. Barrister, Middle Temple, 66 Evans, J. esq. Tooting, Surrey, 71—Edwards, G. esq. M. D. Barnard-castle, county of Durham—W. Joyner Ellis, esq. Berkeley—Elwyn, Anna wife of Mr. G. Elwyn, Hythe, 41—Adock Austen infant daughter of Mr. J. Forbes, Mecklenburg-square—Forbes, J. esq. Tavistock-place, Russell-square, 72

The infant son of A. Gordon, esq. Clapham—Garratt, Marianne, wife of F. Garratt, esq. Ella Combe, near Torquay

Hilton, Sophia, the wife of J. Hilton, Croome's Hill, Greenwick—Hutton, C. L. L. D. and F. R. S. Bedford-row—Mrs. relict of the Rev. G. Hodgkins, Stoke Newington, 58

Jenner, Dr. Berkeley, 74—Jones, James, D. D. Archdeacon of Hereford, Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, 92—Johnson, Charles, esq. son of J. Johnson, esq. of Danson, Kent

Kemp, Arthur, Admiral of the Red, Valmouth, 80—Kannen, Dr. M. of West-end, Hampstead—The infant son of Neven Kerr, esq. Pennsbury-place, Clapham

Lister, Gen. Col. St. Alwins, near Fairford, Gloucestershire—Lewis, William, esq. Hendon—Littford, Lady, Clifton

Moore, Rev. T. Rector of North and Foot's Cray, Kent, 86—Mead, Rev. W. Rector of Dunstable, Bedfordshire—Mason, Mrs. relict of the late W. Mason, esq. Amcott's-house, Ratford—Magdalen, Countess Dowager of Dysart, Piccadilly

Ogle, Lieut. Col. of the E. I. Company's Service, St. Helena

Powell, esq. of Wilson-street, Finsbury-sq.

72—Parrell, Mrs. Mary, wife of S. Parrell, esq. Deptford, 71—Price, T. esq. Highgate, 64—Phillips, Mrs. widow of the Rev. G. Phillips—Pryce, Edward, esq. East-place, Lambeth, 76

Robins, Matthew, esq. Denmark-hill—Rupert, Sir G. Bart. Willesden-house, Middlesex, 74—Rumbold, Lady, widow of Sir T. Rumbold, Bart. Harley-street—Anna Maria, daughter of A. T. Rawlinson, esq. Chadlington, Oxfordshire—Robinson, J. esq. Stamford—Mary, daughter of Sir Hew D. Ross, Stonehouse, Cumberland—Bowerby, J. esq. Puttidge, Bury—Smith, W. esq. Surrey-square—Slade, Mr. Thomas, Barnard's-inn, 73—Scally, Mrs. Jane, wife of H. Scally, esq. Haydon-square—Slaughter, H. esq. Kensington, 67—Sapsworth, S. esq. Claremont-terrace, Pentonville—Skinner, Rev. J. D. D. Rector of Poulshot, New-lodge, Salisbury—Ann, daughter of Mr. G. Steel, Canonbury-lane, Islington

Tatham, Mrs. widow of the late T. Tatham, R. N. Highgate, 69—Trevelyan, W. esq. Hollybush, near Litchfield—Tickell, Mrs. daughter of the late H. Tickell, esq. London

Voocht, Mrs. C. relict of W. Voocht, esq. Westham-abbey—Vincent, Mrs. wife of G. Vincent, esq. Berkeley-square

Wolfe, Mrs. Lucy, wife of J. Wolfe, esq. Woodhall, county of Essex, 71—Weston, J. esq. Fenchurch-street, and Upper Homerton, 63

Waghorn, Mrs. Sarah, wife of T. Waghorn, esq. late of the Stock Exchange, 86—Woodthorpe, Jun. Mr. Henry Hallowsy, 73—White, Rev. R. Y. D. Valence, Hants—Samuel R. the infant son of the Rev. R. Webb, minor canon of St. Paul's cathedral—Alexia, widow of the late Matthew Wise, esq.—Whittington, Mrs. Jane, daughter of the late Col. F. Martin, Devizes, 59—Mrs. Ann, wife of Dr. Charles Wake, Warwick

Mrs. widow of J. Young, esq. Moria-place, Southampton

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(London, Feb. 25.)

COTTON.—The demand for Cotton since our last has been brisk and extensive; an advance of fully $\frac{1}{4}$ d. per lb. on the Cottons of the late India House sale has been freely realised. The purchases since our last exceed 9000 bags, the greater proportion taken on speculation. The following are the particulars; 4000 Bengals, $\frac{5}{8}$ d. and $\frac{5}{4}$ d. ordinary, $\frac{5}{8}$ d. a $\frac{5}{4}$ d. fair, $\frac{5}{8}$ d. and $\frac{5}{4}$ d. good fair; 2000 Surats, $\frac{5}{8}$ d. and $\frac{5}{4}$ d. middling and fair, $\frac{5}{8}$ d. and $\frac{5}{4}$ d. good fair, $\frac{6}{8}$ d. and $\frac{6}{4}$ d. good; 1000 Madras, $\frac{5}{8}$ d. and $\frac{6}{8}$ d. good fair and good; 18 Bourbon, fair 11d.; 600 Pernam, fair 12d. good 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.; 600 Bowed, $\frac{7}{8}$ d. fair, 8d. and $\frac{8}{8}$ d. good; and 500 do. at public sale, $\frac{7}{8}$ d. and $\frac{7}{4}$ d. ordinary, $\frac{7}{8}$ d. and $\frac{7}{4}$ d. fair, $\frac{7}{8}$ d. a $\frac{8}{8}$ d. good and prime; all in bond.

SUGAR.—The demand for Muscovades continued brisk and extensive till towards the close of the market last week, when the request became limited, no doubt owing to the immense sales lately effected; the late advance in the prices was fully supported.

COFFEE.—The public sales of Coffee last week were considerable, consisting of 939 casks and 685 bags; the whole

went off without briskness, and all descriptions (with the exception of Demerara and Berbice, which are much wanted for home consumption) sold about 2s. per cwt. lower than the previous prices by private contract; good ordinary Jamaica extensively 106s. a 109s.; fine ordinary, 111s. a 113s. 6d.; fine fine ordinary, 114s. a 117s.; ordinary middling, 119s. a 122s.; 167 casks 218 bags St. Domingo, of a very good quality, sold 107s. a 109s. 6d. The Demerara and Berbice fully supported the previous prices by private contract; ordinary middling, 124s. a 126s., middling, 126s. a 130s., good and fine middling, 132s. and 137s.

CORN.—The vessels which had been so long detained by the late stormy weather arrived last week, and brought the largest supply of Wheat, Flour, Malt, and Oats that we have had since harvest. The sales were so extensive last week, that very little remained over; and having but a small fresh arrival of Wheat, and some distant buyers, the trade was very brisk, and the finest runs have been taken off at an advance of 2s. a 3s. per quarter, with some improvement in inferior qualities.

LIST OF BANKRUPTS AND DIVIDENDS,

FROM SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, TO SATURDAY, FEB. 15, 1823.

Extracted from the London Gazette.

N.B. All the Meetings are at the *Court of Commissioners, Basinghall-street*, unless otherwise expressed. The Attornies' Names are in Parenthesis.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Bradshaw, R. Bolton, cotton-mannufacturer.
Matthews, T. Starston, Norfolk, farmer.

Douglass, J. & D. Russell, Fleet-street, drapers.
Eastwood, J. Meltham, Yorkshire, clothier.

BANKRUPTCIES ENLARGED.

Allen, C. Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, wool-len-draper, from Feb. 4, to March 23.
Heath, W. T. Cushion-court, Broad-street, merchant, from Feb. 4, to Feb. 15.

Shackle, J. Milk-street, Cheapside, hosier, from Jan. 18, to March 8.
Johnson, B. J. Houndsditch, cabinet-maker, from Dec. 17, to Feb. 4.

BANKRUPTS.

Adams, J. Stamford, Lincolnshire, liquor-merchant. (Handley and Wing, Gray's-inn-square.
Allen, A. jun. Topping's-wharf, Tooley-street, provision-merchant. (Tanner, Fore-street, Finsbury-square.
Armstrong, W. Arundel-street, Strand, tailor. (Young, Poland-street, Oxford-street.
Atmore, W. C. Wood-street, Manchester, warehouseman. (Clabon, Mark-lane.
Arnold, C. Axminster, Devonshire, surgeon, (Santer, Chancery-lane.
Blair, G. and W. Plimpton, Lower Thames-street, seedman. (Dawes and Chatfield, Angel-court, Throgmorton street.
Bowman, J. Salford, Lancashire, dyer. (Appleby and Sergeant, Gray's-inn-square.
Bainbridge, J. Queen-street, Cheapside, woollen-draper. (Hodgson and Ogden, St. Mildred's-court, Poultry.
Bradshaw, L. Adlington, Lancashire, dealer. (Norris, John-street, Bedford-row.
Birch, J. Birmingham, Jeweller. (Alexander, Carey-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields.
Barton, J. Freenkenham, Suffolk, innkeeper. (Dixon and Sons, Gray's-inn-square.
Blunden, W. sen., East Malling, Kent, farmer. (Brace and Selby, Surrey-street, Strand.
Brecknell, S. of Whitstones, Claines, Worcestershire, hop-merchant. (Cardale and Co. Gray's-inn.
Boulton, J. Rowarth, Derby, publican. (Makin-son, Middle Temple.
Boyle Eliza, Leicester-square, printer. (Brook-ing, Lombard-street.
Backhouse, J. jun. Frome-Selwood, Somerset, dyer. (Ellis, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn.
Bickers, W. Great Titchfield-street, Oxford-street, linen-draper. (Bell and Brodrick, Bow Church-yard.
Barlow, W. & J. Sheffield, razor-manufacturers. (Tilson and Preston, Coleman-street.
Byrne, T. King-street, Bryansstone-square, tailor. (Robinson and Hine, Charterhouse-square.
Brown, W. Burton-upon-Humber, nurseryman. (Hicks, Gray's-inn-square.
Blount, G. Liverpool, iron-merchant. (Clarke, Richards, and Medcalf, Chancery-lane.
Beaumont, J. Hunter-street, Branswick-square, coach-maker. (Richardson and Pike, Golden-square.
Culverhouse, C. Walcot, Somersetshire, flour-factor. (Egan and Waterman, Essex-street, Strand.
Chalk, J. Blackfriars'-road, coach-maker. (Young, Hughes, and Co. Mildred's-court, Poultry.
Cumming, A. J. High-street, Southwark, cheese-

monger. (Hutchinson, Crown-court, Thread-needle-street.
Child, J. of Bristol, grocer. (Vizard and Co. Lincoln's-inn fields.
Collins, R. Regent street, Oxford-street, carpet-dealer. (Fisher, Furnival's-inn.
Donlan, M. J. J. Cleveland-court, St. James's-place, St. James's-street, tailor. (Maples, Pearse, and Hunt, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry.
Davis, E. Chancery-lane, victualler. (Arundell, Furnival's-inn.
Dewsnop, W. C. St. Bride's-court, Bridge-street, Blackfriars, painter. (Keeling and Beck, Tokenhouse-yard.
Dudley, T. Brighton, carpet-dealer. (Munday, Furnival's-inn, Holborn.
Elam, T. W. Bradford, Wiltshire, clothier. (W. and D. Richardson, Walbrook.
Evans, R. P. Bernard-street, Russell-square, merchant. (Knight and Fyson, Basinghall-street.
Fork, F. W. Whitechapel-road, baker. (Wright, Fenchurch-street.
French, J. jun., Keyford, Somerset, clothier. (Ellis, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn.
Fitzgerald, T. Lawrence Pountney-hill, merchant. (Deane, Lincoln's inn fields.
Gaddar, C. E. Lime-street-square, insurance-broker. (Browne, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square.
Green, J. Great Yarmouth, brick-maker. (Francis, New Boswell-court.
Goodrich, S. Painswick, Gloucestershire, baker. (Dax, Son, and Meredith, Guildford-street.
Grestex, C. B. Aberley, Worcestershire, apothecary. (Norton and Chaplin, Gray's-inn-square.
Green, J. & J. Somerleyton, brick-makers. (Stevens, Maples, Pearse, and Hunt, Frederick's-square, Old Jewry.
Hallen, S. Bradley, Stafford, iron-merchant. (Hurd and Johnson, Temple.
Hamilton, R. Liverpool, merchant. (Taylor and Roscoe, Temple.
Holahan, P. London street, Fenchurch-street, wine-merchant. (Lang, Fenchurch-street.
Harrison, H. Southwark-bridge, Stone-wharf, stone-mason. (Hayward, Took's-court, Cur-sitor-street.
Havell, H. Bucklebury, Berkshire, baker. (Hamilton and Twining, Berwick-street, Soho.
Isherwood, Worthley, Yorkshire, cloth-manufacturer. (Mackinson, Middle-Temple.
Johnson, W. Addington-place, Camberwell, butcher. (Castle, Middleton-street, Clarks-well.
Jones, J. S. Frome-Selwood, Somerset, linen-draper. (Ellis, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn.

- James, T. Chelstow, Monmouth, grocer. (Bourdillon and Hewitt, Bread-st, Cheapside.)
 Jameson, J. Little Queen-street; coach-maker. (Saunders and Bailey, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square.)
 Jarman, J. Cumberland-street, New-road, upholsterer. (Knight and Fyson, Basinghall-street.)
 Johnson, D. Nantwich; Cheshire, druggist. (Wilds, Chancery-lane.)
 Kelsey, W., and T. Kelsey, of Heckdyke, Misterton, Nottinghamshire, hemp and flax dealers. (Hicks, Gray's-inn-square.)
 King, W. Edgeware-road, cheesemonger. (Popkin, Dean-street, Soho.)
 Ladbalestier, J. and J. Warwick, New Basinghall-street, wine-merchants. (Butler, Watling-street.)
 Littlefield, J. Portsea, plumber. (Young, Poland-street.)
 Lane, T. Chandos-street, oil-man. (Dawes and Chatfield, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street.)
 Lester, S. and W., and W. Walker, Lawrence-lane, Cheapside, warehousemen. (Pringe, Queen-street, Cheapside.)
 Lovell, W. Kilnwood, Somersetshire, linen-draper. (Hurd and Johnson, King's-bench-walk, Temple.)
 Lewis, G. London, merchant. (Clark, Richards, and Medosif, Chancery-lane.)
 Mercer, G. Basinghall-street, woollen-draper. (Towers, Castle-street, Falcon-square.)
 Morganti, P. Brighton, jeweller. (Mayhew, Chancery-lane.)
 Mason, C. Birmingham, druggist. (Norton and Chaplin, Gray's-inn-square.)
 Martelly, L. H., and J. Dayrie, Finsbury-square, hants. (Wilde, Rees, and Pencock, College-hill.)
 Mitchell, T. Bungay, Suffolk, stationer. (Chipindale and Yallop, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields.)
 Morehouse, J. Wells, Somersetshire, cabinet-maker. (Dyne, Lincoln's-inn-fields.)
 McGrath, E. Winchester-row, New-road, dealer. (Cooke and Wright, Woodbridge-house, Clerkenwell.)
 Manning, H. R. Backville-street, tailor. (Robinson, Half-Moon-street, Piccadilly.)
 Munn, E. and J. Hodgskin, Maidstone, grocers. (Saunders, Heawood, and Mathews, Upper Thames-street.)
 Nathan, J. Liverpool, watch-manufacturer. (Addington, Gregory, and Faulkner, Bedford-row.)
 Noel, L. J. J. Great Ormond-street, bill-broker. (Russen, Crown-court, Aldersgate-street.)
 Newland, J. Liverpool, boot-maker. (Chester, Staple-inn.)
 Needham, E. Fore-street, Cripplegate, warehouseman. (Knight and Fyson, Basinghall-st.)
 Osborne, H. New Brentford, fishmonger. (Brookling, Lombard-street.)
 O'Brien, J. Broad-street-buildings, merchant. (Knight and Fyson, Basinghall-street.)
 Osborn, R. Goswinton, Norfolk, shopkeeper. (King, Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street.)
 Rummen, C. Rainham, Kent, wine and brandy dealer. (Rippon, Great Surrey-street.)
 Pinniger, R. Watchfield, Berkshire, corn-dealer. (Slade and Jones, John-street, Bedford-row.)
 Porter, H. Taunton, draper. (Ashurst, Sambrook-court, Basinghall-street.)
 Stephenson, J., and J. Carleian, Abingdon, bankers. (Fisher, Furnival's-inn.)
 Symes, W. Crewkerne, Somerset, linen-draper. (Jenkins and Co. New-inn.)
 Sampson, J. H. Sealecoates, Yorkshire, merchant. (Rosser and Son, Bartlett's-buildings.)
 Spice, R. G. Drury-lane, dealer in ham and beef. (Bousfield, Chatham-place.)
 Salter, J. and J. S. Foster, Kingston, Surrey, brewers. (Rippen, Great Surrey-street, Blackfriars.)
 Scammell, R. Frome-Selwood, Somersetshire, fuller. (Williams, Red Lion-square.)
 Sprinks, W. Brixton, Surrey, baker. (Chippendale and Yallop, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields.)
 Stevens, J. Newgate-street, carpet-warehouseman. (Pasmore, Warrford-court, Throgmorton-street.)
 Spencer, J. Eagle-street, Red Lion-square, lively stable-keeper. (Shirriff, Salisbury-st. Strand.)
 Smith, T. Watling-st. warehouseman. (Brookling, Lombard-street.)
 Safford, S. late of Mettingham, Suffolk, farmer. (Clark and Co. Chancery-lane.)
 Stirk, W. Beaton, Yorkshire, woolstapler. (Wilson, Greville-street, Hatton-garden.)
 Stevenson, W. jun. Bawtry, Yorkshire, cooper. (Rodgers, Canterbury-square.)
 Scobell, J. Hinton St. George, Somersetshire, builder. (Patten, Hatton-garden.)
 Shauds, W. Old Change, baker. (Stevens and Wood, Little St. Thomas Apostle, Queen-st.)
 Smith, J. Hulme, Lancashire, common-brewer. (Addington, Gregory, and Faulkner, Bedford-r.)
 Smith, H. of Tooting, victualler. (Plaisted, East-place, Lambeth.)
 Stinson, B. of Dudley, Worcestershire, grocer. (Collett and Co. Chancery-lane.)
 Stephens, W. Oxford, liquor-merchant. (Ellis, Verulam-buildings, Gray's-inn.)
 Wagstaff, D. and J. H. Skinner-street, Snow-hill, carpet-warehousemen. (Knight and Fyson, Basinghall-street.)
 Wright, J., of Stanwick, Northamptonshire, horse-dealer. (F. Jeyes, Chancery-lane.)
 Williams, J. of Finner's-hall, Old Broad-street, merchant. (Swain and Co. Frederick's-pl. Old Jewry.)
 Wright, R. Hatfield Broad Oake, Essex, grocer. (Cole and Wragg, Ave-Maria-lane.)
 Willington, J. and E. Birmingham, cabinet-case-makers. (Swain, Stevens, Maples, Pearse, and Hunt, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry.)
 Winscom, J. Andover, linen-draper. (Bousfield, Chatham-place.)
 Wade, W. Gloucester-street, Queen-square, carpenter. (Knight and Fyson, Basinghall-st.)
 Walker, W. Rosedale, Lancashire, woollen-manufacturer. (Ellises, Walmesley, and Gorton, Chancery-lane.)
 Wagstaff, S. and T. Haylis, Kidderminster, carpet-manufacturers. (Fisher and Munday, Furnival's-inn.)
 Wighton, J. Basinghall-street, woollen-warehouseman. (Knight and Fyson, Basinghall-street.)
 Upsall, H. Wood Enderby, Lincolnshire, cattle-jobber. (Eyre and Coverdale, Gray's-inn-sq.)
 Unitt, G. Taddington, Gloucestershire, farmer. (Collett, Wimburn, and Collett, Chancery-l.)
 Vere, C. Cloth-fair, draper. (Brown, Commercial Sale Rooms, Mincing-lane.)
 Young, W. Bernard-street, insurance-broker. (Larvie and Olliverson, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry.)

DIVIDENDS.

- Atherton, J. Warrington, cabinet-maker, Mar. 4.
 Bennett, S. A. Worship st. Shoreditch, coach-manufacturer, Feb. 22.
 Blagley, G. Roadilly, milliner, Feb. 25.
 Bamber, W. T. Bury, and T. Cochran, Hayton, Luptonshire, calico-printers, Feb. 25.

- Bullman, J. and T. Milnthorpe, Westmorland, mercers, Feb. 24.
 Brysh, J. Paternoster-row, bookseller, Feb. 15.
 Barnaschina, A. Gravesend, hardwareman, Feb. 11.

- Blyth, G. W. and F. Birmingham, merchants, Feb. 18.
 Birmingham, F. Charles-street, City-road, common brewer, Feb. 16.
 Burgie, J. Mark-lane, carpenter, Feb. 22.
 Ball, R. of Bridge-road, Lambeth, linen-drap. Feb. 22.
 Bird, J. S. Liverpool, wholesale grocer, Feb. 20.
 Billing, J. H. and Co. Paddington, corn-dealers, March 11.
 Croaker, C. Crayford, Kent, farmer, March 1.
 Cuffe, J. Regent-street, Westminster, jeweller, Feb. 22.
 Clarke, W. Leicester-street, Leicester-square, tailor, Feb. 15.
 Clements, R. Coventry, ribbond manufacturer, Feb. 27.
 Clarke, H. and F. Grundy of Liverpool, merchants, Feb. 26.
 Cruickshanks, J. Gerrard-street, St. Anne's, Westminster.
 Court, H. Fish-street-hill, straw-hat-manufacturer, Feb. 22.
 Cann, W. Oakhampton, Devonshire, ironmonger, March 7.
 Davison, T. Hinchley, Leicestershire, draper, Feb. 27.
 Delvalle, A. York-street, Covent-garden, wine-merchant, March 8.
 Eldorado, sash-manufacturer, Feb. 18.
 Elmore, R. Edgbaston, Warwickshire, corn-dealer, March 7.
 Edmunds, T. of Castle Bugged, in Lampeter Pontstephen, Cardiganshire, tanner, Feb. 12.
 Furlong, W. and J. Bristol, haberdashers, March 5.
 Foulkes, J. Chester, grocer, March 7.
 Galt, Sir R., J. Railton, J. Railton and J. Young, London, merchants, Feb. 25.
 Gould, W. and F. Grensley, Maiden-lane, Wood-street, Cheapside, hosiers, Feb. 22.
 Goodman, T. Witherley, Leicestershire, Feb. 25.
 Gibson, T. Jun. Liverpool, ship bread-baker, Feb. 21.
 Handford, W. Tavistock, Devon, linen-draper, March 11.
 Hyde, W. Earl-street, Blackfriars, merchant, Feb. 22.
 Hawksley, J. Birmingham, merchant, March 14.
 Hodson, J. and M. Bargeaves, Liverpool, timber-merchants, Feb. 26.
 Harrison, J. Mount-terrace, White-chaple-rd. flour-factor, Feb. 28.
 Harrison, J. F. Tower-street, merchant, Feb. 22.
 Hinde, J. Liverpool, merchant, Feb. 26.
 Hardisty, G. and J. Cowing, Bedford-court, Covent-garden, woollen-draper, Feb. 4.
 Jones, A. W. Brentford, corn-merchant, Mar. 11.
 Jeffs, H. Coventry, shop-keeper, Feb. 27.
 Jackson, J. Easingwold, Yorkshire, merchant, Feb. 26.
 Jarvis, E. Norwicks, carpenter, March 11.
 Keen, W. Aldersgate-street, cork-manufacturer, March 11.
 Ketcher, N. Bradwell, near the sea, Essex, shop-keeper, March 8.
 Ladd, W. Leye, Leicestershire, victualler, Feb. 27.
 Lockwood, G. Huddersfield, York, woollen-draper, March 8.
 Lancaster, T. J. Cateaton street, merchant, March 8.
 Monsey, T. Burgh, Norfolk, farmer, Feb. 24.
 Marchant, J. Maidstone, carpenter, Feb. 25.
 McLeod, J. C. Huntley-hotel, Leicester-fields, merchant, Feb. 4.
 Masters, R. Coventry, tailor, Feb. 27.
 Mather, J. Jewin-st., wine-merchant, Feb. 15.
 Nicholson, W. of Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant, Feb. 11.
 Palfrey, W. Hinchurch, Gloucestershire, farmer, Feb. 25.
 Potts, W. Sheerness, linen-draper, Jan. 22.
 Porter, S. London, stationer, Feb. 22.
 Prior, J. H. London-road, Southwark, corn-dealer, Feb. 22.
 Rudkin, T. H. Charlotte street, Islington, Malster, Feb. 22.
 Rout, J. Whitechapel, linen-draper, Feb. 15.
 Rodd, C. W. Broadway, Worcestershire, maltster, Feb. 15.
 Rucker, S. Old South-sea-house, Broad-street, merchant, Feb. 22.
 Randall, W. Leeds, merchant, Feb. 20.
 Reddough, R. Liverpool, inn-keeper, Feb. 18.
 Rodd, C. W. Broadway, Worcestershire, maltster, Feb. 25.
 Ritchie, R. and J. Bigsby, Deptford, brewers, Feb. 15.
 Reynolds, H. Cheltenham, sadler, March 15.
 Ripley, J. Wapping, High-street, mathematical instrument-maker, March 8.
 Sutherland, R. and R. Birmingham, gun-makers, Feb. 24.
 Slater, J. J. and J. Stater, Yeaton, Yorkshire, clothiers, Feb. 24.
 Sherwin, W. J. Paternoster-row, bookseller, March 1.
 Sythgoe, J. Liverpool, timber-merchant, Feb. 18.
 Schofield, T. Kingston-upon-Thames, maltster.
 Spence, J. Providence-row, Hackney, merchant, Feb. 4.
 Shannon, W. Whitehaven, draper, Feb. 21.
 Sheriffe, J. Farnham, Surrey, grocer, March 8.
 Thwaites, S. Staplebury, Kent, tallow-chandler, Feb. 22.
 Taylor, G. Barsted, Kent, paper-maker, Feb. 22.
 Thompson, J. Mappleton, Derbyshire, farmer, Feb. 28.
 Tate, M. Chalford, Gloucester, clothier, Mar. 11.
 Tarleton, J. Gloucester-pl. merchant, Feb. 27.
 Taylor, T. Bristol, tobacco-dealer, March 7.
 Twycrocks, J. Westbourn, Sussex, fellmonger, Feb. 21.
 Witchurch, J. Worship-street, Finsbury-square, coach-master, Feb. 22.
 Wood, W. Hollin-farm, Yorkshire, cattle-jobber, Feb. 18.
 White, J. C. Mitre-court, Fenchurch-street, merchant, Feb. 1.
 Wigfall, H. Shoffield, ale-maker, Feb. 24.
 Wheatley, H. Coventry, silk-dyer, Feb. 27.
 Watts, J. Totness, Devonshire, linen-draper, March 6.
 Wilson, E. H. and J. Westmorland, Liverpool, spirit-merchant, March 10.

VARIATIONS OF BAROMETER, THERMOMETER, &c. AT NINE O'CLOCK, A. M.

From JANUARY 28, to FEBRUARY 25, 1823.

By T. BLUNT, Mathematical Instrument Maker to his Majesty, No. 22, CORNHILL.

Bar.	Ther.	Wind	Obser.	Bar.	Ther.	Wind	Obser.	Bar.	Ther.	Wind	Obser.
28 29.40	43	S.	Fair	8 29.38	32	S.W.	Ditto	19 29.08	40	S.W.	Fair
29 29.10	45	S.	Ditto	9 29.60	34	S.W.	Ditto	20 29.77	35	S.W.	Ditto
30 29.36	43	S.W.	Cldy	10 29.44	41	S.W.	Ditto	21 29.63	40	S.	Cldy.
31 29.16	40	E.	Ditto	11 29.10	41	S.W.	Ditto	22 29.48	43	S.W.	Rain
1 29.80	39	N. E.	Ditto	12 29.30	46	S.W.	Ditto	23 29.27	40	S.W.	Fair
2 28.79	40	N. E.	Ditto	13 29.54	35	S.W.	Fair	24 29.50	44	S.W.	Ditto
3 28.73	42	N. E.	Foggy	14 29.34	41	S.W.	Ditto	25 29.62	37	S.W.	Foggy
4 29.25	29	S.	Fair	15 29.73	39	N.	Cldy.				
5 29.58	27	N. W.	Ditto	16 29.93	36	N. E.	Ditto				
6 29.58	28	E.	Cldy.	17 30.19	34	N. E.	Ditto				
7 29.13	33	E.	Ditto	18 29.70	36	S. E.	Ditto				

PRICE OF SHARES IN CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, MINES, &c.

FEBRUARY 25, 1823.

Canals.	Per Share. £ s.	Div. per Ann. £ s. d.	Bridges.	Per Share. £ s.	Div. per Ann. £ s. d.
Ashton and Oldham	120	4 10	Southwark	17	—
Barnesley	200	10	Ditto, New	55	7½ pr. ct.
Birmingham (divided)	600	24	Ditto, Loan	—	5
Bolton and Bury	105	5	Vauxhall	24 10	—
Brecknock and Abergav.	80	4	Waterloo	5	—
Carlisle	—	—	Water-works.		
Chesterfield	120	8	Chelsea	—	—
Coventry	1070	44 & 3	East London	110	3
Cromford	270	14	Grand Junction	60	2 10
Croydon	3 3	—	Kent	35	1 10
Derby	140	6	London Bridge	50	2 10
Dudley	63	3	South London	30	—
Ellesmere and Chester	63	3	West Middlesex	69	2 5
Erewash	1000	58	York Buildings	25	—
Forth and Clyde	480	20	Insurances.		
Grand Junction	240	10	Albion	50	2 10
Grand Surrey	52 10	3	Atlas	5 5	6
Grand Union	18 10	—	Bath	575	40
Grand Western	4	—	Birmingham Fire	340	25
Grantham	145	8	British	50	3
Hereford and Gloucester	—	—	County	43	2 10
Lancaster	27	1	Eagle	2 15	5
Leeds and Liverpool	374	12	European	20	1
Leicester	295	13	Globe	135	6
Leicester & Northampton	75	4	Guardian	12 10	—
Loughborough	3500	170	Hope	4 10	6
Melton Mowbray	220	10	Imperial Fire	99	4 10
Monmouthshire	165	8	Ditto, Life	11 5	9 6
Montgomeryshire	70	2 10	Kent Fire	57 10	—
Neath	400	22 10	London Fire	20 10	1 5
Nottingham	200	12	London Ship	20 10	1
Oxford	740	32	Provident	20	1
Portsmouth and Arundel	33	—	Rock	2 10	2
Regent's	43	—	Royal Exchange	258	10
Rochdale	66	2	Sun Fire	—	8 10
Shrewsbury	170	9 10	Sun Life	23 10	10
Shropshire	125	7	Union	40 10	1 8
Somerset Coal	120	7	Gas Lights.		
Ditto, Lock Fund	105	5 15	Gas Light and Coke (Chast		
Staffords. & Worcestershire	700	40	Company	69	4
Stourbridge	260	10 10	City Gas Light Company	127	8 10
Stratford-on-Avon	17	—	Ditto, New	70	4 5
Stroudwater	495	22	South London	138	7 10
Swansea	200	10	Imperial	15	—
Tavistock	90	—	Literary Institutions.		
Thames and Medway	20	—	London	28	—
Thames and Severn, New	25	—	Russel	11	—
Trent & Mersey	2000	75	Surrey	5	—
Warwick and Birmingham	220	10	Miscellaneous.		
Warwick and Napton	210	8	Auction Mart	23	1 5
Worcester & Birmingham	27	1	British Copper Company	52	2 10
Docks.			Golden Lane Brewery	8	—
London	108	4 10	Ditto	5	—
West India	182	10	London Com. Sale Rooms	16	1
East India	150	8	Carnatic Stock 1st class	85 10	4
Commercial	84	3 10	Ditto, 2d ditto	73	3
East Country	30	—			

THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

MARCH, 1823:

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF
APRIL.

Embellished with an excellent Engraving of

THE GROUP OF CHILDREN, FROM THE MONUMENT IN LICHFIELD
CATHEDRAL, BY FRANCIS CHANTREY, ESQ. R.A.

AND

AN ENGRAVED OUTLINE OF MR. GEORGE HAYTER'S GREAT PICTURE OF
THE LATE QUEEN'S TRIAL.

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LONDON:

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[PRICE SHILLINGS.]

EDITOR'S NOTICE.

217. We feel it due to certain of our Readers to apologize for some faulty impressions of the Lithographic Plate in our last Number; we allude to the Engraving of the SCAFFOLDING, &c. from whence Mr. Horner took his *View of London*. In our desire to illustrate a portion of the Letter-press by a sectional representation of that grand scientific structure, the time was too limited to admit of every impression being as faultless as could be wished. To supply this partial defect our next Number will contain a similar sectional View, but executed in a far superior style.

Communications received since our last.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. Ferguson.—The Orphan, from Maria Anne. Love and the Rose.—A hint relative to Greek and Latin quotations.—Poem from R. E. I. L.—Invocation to Fancy, from W. T.—Ellen to Emma.—Lines from Mrs. Hughes.—Prose and Poetry from S.—The Shipwreck, from I. M. K.—Fragments from B.—Letters from Lichfield. Letters from R. D.—Fragment composed like Lightning.

Several other Correspondents, who have favoured us with their addresses, will be answered by post.

THE
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND

LONDON REVIEW.

MARCH 1823.

THE GROUP OF SLEEPING CHILDREN,

By F. CHANTREY, Esq. R. A.

With an elegant Engraving,

Drawn expressly for this work by H. CORBOULD, Esq. and engraved by J. THOMSON.

WE have the pleasure this month to illustrate the European Magazine with an engraving, which we trust will very vividly recall to the imaginations of our readers the exquisite little group from the chissel of Mr. Chantrey, which was so deservedly attractive in the exhibition six or seven years ago, and which is now a principal ornament of Lichfield Cathedral.* Beauty, in one of its most delightful shapes, that of infantile grace and simplicity, is its distinguishing quality. It is the beauty of pure nature viewed by the eye, and transferred to marble by the hand of refined art. A celebrated philanthropist, who was remarkably fond of children, used to call them "innocent little men and women," and, certainly, if the innocence of their character is at any period more especially visible than at another, it is during their hours of peaceful slumber. The exuberant and unsuspecting gaiety of childhood is full of charms, but the real intefest of infancy is perhaps never so irresistably felt as in the contemplation of a sleeping cherub-countenance,

in which neither guilt nor sorrow has yet laid its unseparing hand. The perception of what it is, is inseparably combined even in the most sanguine minds, and under the most auspicious circumstances, with the anticipation of what it may possibly become, after years of vicious indulgence or of worldly difficulty and misfortune have impressed their deep and deforming traces; and we are almost tempted to wish, that the present moment of delicious tranquillity might be perpetuated. That moment—that transient moment, Mr. Chantrey has fixed and perpetuated. Whether we consider the sweetness of the composition and the perfect ease and repose which breathe through the whole, or, regarding the work with a colder and more critical eye, examine the well-selected and felicitous forms and details of the various parts, we are alike sensible of Mr. Chantrey's extraordinary powers; and find it difficult to determine, if they have been more successfully manifested in the conception or in the execution of this most interesting subject.

* This interesting group forms part of a Monument erected during the Autumn of 1816, in Lichfield Cathedral, to the memory of two children of a Mrs. Robinson, now Mrs. Acland.

MONUMENT TO MR. FOX.

We have the pleasure to give, in our Magazine of the present* month, a representation of the Monument to the memory of the Right Hon. Charles James Fox, which has been recently erected in the north transept of Westminster Abbey; within a few yards of the spot where his mortal remains almost mingle with those of his mighty contemporary and rival. The expense of this noble testimony of veneration for departed greatness has been defrayed by the principle members of that political party of which Mr. Fox was the acknowledged and powerful leader; and it is highly creditable to the warmth and generosity of His Majesty's feelings, that he contributed no less a sum than a thousand guineas towards this memorial of one of the most intimate and attached of his "early friends."

The following distinguished noblemen and gentlemen were appointed a Committee to carry into effect the object of the subscription, viz.

THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

LORD HOLLAND.

EARL GREY.

LORD BESBOROUGH.

LORD ROBERT SPENCER.

THE EARL OF UPPER OSSORY.

W. ADAM, ESQ.

GENERAL FITZPATRICK.

It is a singular fact, and one very honorable to the individual, that the same accomplished sculptor has been selected to commemorate, in the same sacred edifice, the two most eminent statesmen of their day. The monument to Mr. Pitt, placed over the principal Western entrance into the Abbey, has long been known to, and admired by the public; and it is with great pleasure we express our conviction that the present production of Mr. Westmacott's masterly chisel will add to his well deserved celebrity.

The monument consists of a finely composed group of four figures, of heroic dimensions. The dying Patriot is supported in the arms of Liberty, towards whom his last and tenderest regard seems to be directed. The resemblance of the features to

those of Mr. Fox is very striking, and the languor of approaching dissolution which pervades the limbs is admirably expressed. At his feet reclines the figure of Peace, lamenting over the fate of her invariable and eloquent advocate. By his side kneels an African, his hands firmly knit together, and his countenance and manner strongly indicative of grateful interest towards the benevolent being, one of the most memorable acts of whose brief administration was the achievement of that object so long desired by every friend to humanity—the abolition of the slave-trade. We consider this African to be one of Mr. Westmacott's masterpieces. The anatomical details are exquisite; and we were especially struck by the skill and taste with which the expression has been softened, and even dignified, without the abandonment of the distinguishing traits of national character.

We were much surprised however, and dissatisfied at the situation in which this fine marble is placed. We said that it had been "erected;" we recall the word. It has been merely "deposited." Squat on the pavement, huddled into a corner, and with the varnished wood-work of the choir serving as an incongruous back-ground, it seems as if it were still in the exhibition room of the sculptor, rather than in its appropriate station in our venerable abbey. The injurious effect of this degraded position is much increased by the almost ostentatiously lofty bearing of some of the neighbouring monuments. The verger told us that, at the coronation, one of the temporary platforms passed over the place in which Mr. Fox's monument is situated; and, therefore, that it was necessary the monument should not exceed its present height; which is, in all, eight feet from the ground. If this be the case, let the monument be removed to some part of the abbey where no such impediment exists to its assuming that dignity to which it is in every respect so justly entitled.

* This plate was included in our last number.

ANALYSIS OF M. JOMARD'S EDITION OF M. CAILLIAUD'S FIRST WORK ON EGYPT.

THE name of M. Frederic Cailliaud of Nantes is well known to all those who are engaged in the study of the antiquities of Egypt, and the geography of Africa in general. He returned to Paris in the month of February 1819, and the report of his curious discoveries in the deserts east and west of the Thebaid had preceded him, and the series of new observations that he made known excited amongst the learned men of that capital an interest as lively as it was general. Encouraged by their suffrages and the protection of the government, M. Cailliaud determined to resume his travels in the East; he prepared himself to make them with more effect, and, providing himself with resources that he wanted in his first expedition, he set out in the month of September 1819. Always fortunate, at least up to that time, he arrived in the month of June 1821, at 350 leagues beyond the Southern borders of Egypt, ascending the Bahrel-Abyad, or white river, which appeared to be the principal branch of the Nile, and which possibly might lead to its real source.

But, not to anticipate those facts which we shall make the subject of another relation, we proceed to the first journey of M. Cailliaud, which M. Jomard undertook to revise and publish. Interesting himself principally about mineralogy, M. Cailliaud, at the age of twenty-five, had travelled over Holland, Italy, Switzerland, and a part of Turkey in Europe. Attracted by the renown of Egyptian wonders, he repaired to Constantinople in the beginning of the year 1815, and landed at Alexandria on the 12th of May of the same year. Being well received by M. Drouetti, consul general of France, he made a voyage with him to the second cataract, and soon after his return, honored with the confidence of Mohamed Aly Pacha, he undertook for him a commission to search for mines in the neighbouring deserts of Egypt. In the prosecution of which he had the rare good fortune to obtain, as inter-

preter, one of the frenchmen who, after the departure of the army of France from the east, had entered the service of the Mamelukes; and he set out on the 2nd of November 1816 with six men, eight dromedaries, and provisions for a month, directing his course to Redesveh, upon the right side of the Nile, towards the borders of the Red Sea. This is the first excursion of the French mineralogist, which is described in this first itinerary.

After six days march in the desert, he arrived at Mount Zabarah, and found again the famous emerald mines, which were only known from the suspicious accounts given by the Arabs; but this traveller saw them in the state the engineers of the ancients had left them; he penetrated through a great many excavations of vast depth, where in some parts 400 men must have worked at once; and the cords, baskets, tools of various kinds, and even the lamps were there still after so many ages. Near this is a little town, which had been some time forgotten; a great many houses are still standing, and in the middle of them are temples built in the Egyptian style, and some parts of walls covered with Grecian Inscriptions.

Still farther on, upon the borders of the Red Sea, he discovered a mountain of sulphur, formerly worked, and the evident marks of an ancient volcano.

In these countries there is a tradition relative to an ancient commercial road, which conducted in an oblique direction from the North to the South East, from Coptos upon the Nile, to Berenice on the Red Sea. In crossing the desert, which separates the river from the sea, twice, at different places, M. Cailliaud thought he recognised several stations destined to receive caravans, and reservoirs to allay thirst, belonging to this same commercial road to India through Egypt, and which, according to his direction, is at the place where d'Anville and M. Goselin fixed the ancient Berenice.

To these topographical observa-

tions, M. Cailliaud adds a great many others relative to the constitution of the mountains, and the soil of those remote countries, and the manners of the Arab tribes which inhabit them; and, what is of great importance, he gives the drawings of the monuments he discovered, and copies of the inscriptions that decorate them. At length, after having taken, as the first of his trials, a few emeralds, he returned to Cairo, which he entered on the 10th of January 1817; but scarcely had he presented the Pacha with the produce of his labour, than he received an order to prepare himself for a second journey. The preliminaries necessarily taking up a great deal of time, M. Cailliaud went to Upper Egypt, employed himself in searching for antiques in the ruins of Thebes, and, after an interval of nine months, he departed from Cairo on the 3rd of November 1817; and regained the desert taking with him sixty workmen, an hundred and twenty camels, provisions, tools, and besides fifty Arabs Ababdeh to take care of the camels. Going a little out of his first route, he discovered other stations on the road from Coptos to Berenice; more to the South than the Mount Zabarah, other emerald mines were found, at length still more to the South were the ruins of a little Greek city called now by the Arabs Sekket Bendar and Kebyr, where five hundred houses of pebbles are still standing, and where the traveller found designs of three temples either cut out of the rock or constructed of stone close at hand in a style like that of the Egyptian monuments, and copied several Grecian inscriptions engraven upon the walls. After several excursions upon the borders of the Red Sea M. Cailliaud, having collected ten pounds of emeralds, determined to return to Cairo, and departed from the environs of Zabarah on the 11th of January 1818. Arrived at Esné on the 20th, he went by land to Thèbes, where he met many Europeans, and even some English ladies either visiting or exploring the subterranean antiquities of this ancient capital with a zeal and courage, which the heat of the climate and privations of every kind rendered very remark-

able: he departed from thence on the 14th of February; on the 20th he went to Cairo, and on the 29th to Alexandria, where the Pacha then resided.

Such were the circumstances, and such were the various results of M. Cailliaud's travels to the East of the Thebaid, which he gives an account of in his first journal.

The second relates to a journey in the West, and the reader will follow him in this with as much curiosity and interest; he speaks of those islands of verdure, disseminated in the midst of the seas of sand in Libya: he expected to find there a new civilization, and the ruins of that which Egyptian power had formerly introduced and brought to perfection.

"Wishing for some time," says M. Cailliaud in his second itinerary, "to visit the great Oasis, which had not yet been seen but by travellers passing by, I took advantage of the moment when my presence was not necessary at the emerald mines to make this interesting journey; I quitted Cairo in consequence on the 26th of March 1818, and went to Syout to Mohamed Bey, governor of Upper Egypt; he willingly gave me orders to take camels, dromedaries, and guides.

"After a long navigation upon the Nile I arrived at Esné, where the death of Ahmed Bey, son-in-law of the Pacha, retarded my voyage. As a Frenchman, I was called in to see him, for in Egypt a European is always considered as a physician.

"When I arrived; he was no more, an inflammatory fever had carried him off: I found him covered with a cashemere (*shawl*), surrounded by his Mamelukes and two dervises, who were in waiting to make the accustomed prayers, though I assured them he was dead. For eight days there were processions of weeping persons, at the end of which time the burial took place with great pomp, with the sound of drums, accompanied by the cries and shrieks of all the women in the town. Ahmed Bey was much esteemed for his goodness of disposition."

M. Cailliaud was fifteen days before he could depart from Esné. On the 25th of June 1818, he set out from thence for the West to-

wards the Oasis of Thebes, where he arrived on the 29th in the evening, after having traversed fifty leagues across the desert. Several Europeans had visited it, but none of them mentioned there being any antique monuments, though M. Cailliaud discovered several of the greatest interest; in the Western part of the Oasis, near Beyrys, a temple quite in the Egyptian style, the façade of which is entirely ornamented with hieroglyphics, and the sanctuary has an arched roof, which has not been remarked in any other Egyptian monument; to the west of this Egyptian building there is a Roman temple of brick, which seemed as a place of worship for the Coptic christians; at Byehy-jou, to the north of Beyrys, are some Roman ruins; a little more to the north is an Egyptian temple, the inside of the walls decorated with hieroglyphics; at El-Kargeh, the chief town in the Oasis and peopled with about two thousand inhabitants, are the ruins of a small Egyptian temple; a little to the west, are more than two hundred Roman tombs of bricks, in the form of arcades; and, towards the north west of the town, another Egyptian temple worthy for its grandeur and magnificence to be placed in the rank of those in the Thebaid, its length being 191 feet without counting three PYLONES which precede it at long intervals, and are entirely covered with hieroglyphics carefully executed and painted; more to the north-east is a large fortified Roman castle, the walls of which are 45 feet high and twelve thick with buttresses: at different places are other ruins of various ages, equally worthy of interest, and upon different temples are several Greek inscriptions, one of which has more than nine thousand letters. In traversing the Oasis from the south to the north M. Cailliaud discovered, measured and sketched monuments that no European in modern times ever saw before him. All these discoveries were made before the 11th of July, and on the 12th the traveller set out for the Nile, going along the road from El-Kargeh to Fârchout, which appears to have been frequented by the ancients.

From thence M. Cailliaud went again to Esné across the Libyan mountains, and, having learnt that for want of water the emerald mines did not produce much, and desirous of seeing his family and country, he resolved to return to France. He went then to Cairo, took leave of the viceroy promising to return, and, provided with the most honorable recommendations from Mr. Salt the English consul general, and from the venerable Nestor in French erudition M. Dacier, perpetual secretary of the royal academy of Belles-Lettres, he embarked at Alexandria on the 6th of November and arrived at Marseilles on the 28th of the same month; rich in recollections and happy, he says, in adding something to the labors of learned men and French artists.

His wishes have undoubtedly been accomplished; and the history of his modern discoveries in the country of the old Egyptian dominion gives M. Cailliaud, though preceded in publication by an English traveller who notwithstanding did not see these places till after him, the priority of observation; and it is an honorable claim to have been the first who risked his life to seek in the heart of deserts and in the midst of a superstitious and cruel population the ancient traces of Egyptian genius.

Other travellers have gone to the Oasis, following the steps of M. Cailliaud, and it is to give each of them their share of zeal and success, that in this analysis we have so carefully marked the dates of the principal excursions of the French traveller.

A little to the north-west of the Oasis of Thebes, there is another smaller one, known by the name of El-Dakkel: there is a way to go to Manfalout upon the Nile, or rather to the Oasis of Thebes, in setting out from El-Kargeh; and M. Drouetti, consul-general of France, having made a journey by this route, and having seen some considerable Egyptian, Greek, and Roman ruins, that no European ever saw before, sent his itinerary to M. Jomard, who annexed it to that of M. Cailliaud.

It is to him, indeed, that we owe

the writing and publication of M. Cailliaud's travels; it is by his itinerary, and calculation of time in walking, that M. Jomard drew the two maps of the deserts, to the east and west of the Thebaid, maps which he presents, particularly the first, as an Essay upon the geography of the environs of Egypt, and which may be perfected by some ulterior observations.

Most of the chapters in the work are by M. Jomard; the first contains the explanations of the plates and maps, and in the fourth he has reprinted the inscriptions already engraven after the drawings of M. Cailliaud, in the copper-plates 3, 8, 23, and 24. The most ancient are in hieroglyphick characters the others in Greek, in Coptic, in Latin, and Arabic; and to the inscriptions found to the east and west of Thebes are added some other inscriptions, copied by M. Cailliaud, in Upper Egypt, and amongst these is that on a pedestal at Philae, so clearly explained by M. Letronne, member of the Institute, and which is thought to have some connection with the Obelisk at Philae covered with hieroglyphicks, upon which M. Champollion, jun. has already published his observations. In general the inscriptions known by the copies of M. Cailliaud will offer many difficulties to the critic, who shall endeavour to explain them; this traveller not being properly prepared for the difficult task of exploring these monuments. This is not the place to enter into any details on this subject, it will be sufficient for us to say, that most of these inscriptions bear historical dates, name several sovereigns who were masters of the country, mention the worship of several divinities, and that the large inscription, copied from the Temple of El-Kargeh, contains new and curious facts upon the interior administration of Egypt. It is in the time of the Emperor Galba, and dated the *second year of his reign*; yet every body knows that Galba only reigned seven months, from the 9th of June, 68 to the 16th of January, 69. But the beginning of the Egyptian year, fixed in the time of Augustus, at the 29th of August, was used in counting the

years of the Emperor's reign, each new Egyptian year being that of a new year of the reign: and the time, however short, which had elapsed between the accession of the Prince, and the renewal of the year, being counted as the first of his reign.

Galba mounted the throne on the 9th of June; the time from this day to the 29th of August, was counted as his first year, and the second began this same day, the 29th of August, and lasted to his death, which took place the 16th of the following January. It is thus easy to comprehend, how a public act, made under Galba, could be dated the second year of his reign. Some Coptic inscriptions, copied by M. Cailliaud, are given in a very bad state, and criticism will scarcely be able to restore them. One of them is not quite in such a bad state, and we shall here insert the translation by R. Champollion, jun. in order to give our readers an idea of the writings, left by the venerable fathers of the desert in their own tongue: it is taken from the catacombs of Faras, in Nubia. *Gospel according to Mark. Beginning of the gospel of Jesus Christ, Son of God, according to what is written in the Prophet, Isaiah.* M. Jomard has given explanations of all these inscriptions in a recent publication, wherein he has enumerated the principal discoveries made in Egypt from the commencement of the nineteenth century, and described the state of preservation of the monuments and the present government of Egypt; he has also made remarks on the emerald mines and the old Commercial-road, and observations on the Oasis in general; he has likewise given an explanation of the copper-plates, and a catalogue of the antiquities collected by M. Cailliaud for the French King's cabinet: and lastly, an appendix, containing different things relative to this traveller, and some details upon the first results of his new excursions in the Oasis, in Nubia and Abyssinia; where he is accompanied by the ardent wishes and the just anxiety of all the lovers of literature, who know his zeal and the dangers that menace him in regions almost unknown.

EPISTLES BY MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

MARY to RIZZIO.—February 1566.

Come, I command thee! all thy terrors calm!
 "The king dislikes thy visits to his queen?"
 Would Darnley rob me of the only balm
 That flows for me in life's now sterile scene?
 Musick's a balm so innocent, so pure,
 E'en thoughts corrupt before its influence fly;
 And thy rare minstrelsy alone can cure
 The wounds discover'd by thy piercing eye.
 But if 'tis jealousy * of thee that fires
 The hate which now in Darnley's bosom lives,
 Still come! for just revenge the wish inspires,
 Let Darnley *feel* the jealous pangs he *gives*,
 And, wouldst thou Mary's grateful plaudits move,
 Convince her JEALOUSY is proof of LOVE.

Epistle from MARY to her surviving UNCLES.—April 3, 1566.

No. III.

Friends of my heart, by absence made more dear,
 If ever Mary's injuries claim'd your tear,
 If e'er her heedless youth your pity mov'd,
 And her your wisdom blam'd, your kindness lov'd,
 Now to my direst tale of wrongs attend!
 Now prove my fame's defence, my misery's friend!

* There are sufficient historical documents to prove that Morton, and the other conspiring nobles, endeavoured to make Darnley jealous of Rizzio's intercourse with Mary, and that they succeeded in their attempt; but I cannot allow that these confederates believed themselves the calumny, which for their own base designs they chose to promulgate, as both external and internal evidence were invincibly strong against its truth.

In the first place, though she had been educated at the Court of France, it was at a time when the utmost decorum of manners and strictness of morals prevailed there, as the influence of Catherine de Medicis had not yet superseded that of her predecessor, or of the many virtuous, accomplished Princesses who still graced the court. In the second place, she came to Scotland at the age of nineteen with an unblemished character, and, though it was well known that she had been the object of more than one romantic passion, her cruelty, and not kindness, had exposed her to censure. In the third place, she lived a widow from the age of nineteen to twenty-two, and during that time, though exposed to the vigilant and uncandid observations of her enemies, not even their remorseless hatred could discover an opportunity for slandering her fair fame, a circumstance wholly inconsistent with the unhaste inclinations which were afterwards imputed to her. In the fourth place, at the age of twenty-two, she married the man she loved, the man of her own free choice, and had been a wife only a few months, and was within twelve weeks of being a mother, when she was accused of intriguing with her secretary Rizzio, an ill-looking, and, some say, elderly Italian adventurer. No, not even the bitter malignity of party-spirit, could believe so improbable a calumny, though it delighted to propagate it for its own purposes, nor could Darnley himself, in his cooler moments, be in my opinion deluded by it.—*Vide Miss Benger's interesting Memoirs of Mary.*

Eur. Mag. March, 1823.

B

I have a scene to paint, will rouse such rage !
 I with such guilt must stain this spotless page.*
 'Twas night, Argyle's kind wife with Rizzio sought
 To steal this aching heart from anxious thought,
 While Rizzio sung to cheer his queen's repast,
 And o'er my woes the spell of musick cast.
 When lo ! his face with angry crimson flush'd,
 Darnley, the King ! within our circle rush'd ;
 Behind him, cloth'd in mail and fit for blood,
 Supreme o'er other ruffians, Ruthven stood.
 The conscious Rizzio from that rugged brow
 Foretold the coming fate, the murderous blow,
 And vainly call'd on me, alas ! to save,
 For murderer's love a woman's tears to brave,
 Nor would the actors in that bloody scene
 Deign to respect the person of their Queen ;
 But from my hold the screaming wretch they tore,
 And from my powerless presence struggling bore,
 While I, in fruitless rage and wild alarms,
 A prisoner lay within my husbands arms,
 Who vow'd, too welcome plea ! that jealous love,
 Made him the base, the ruffian deed approve.
 But while I, shuddering, saw on every side,
 With blood, with streaming blood, the floor was died ;
 In vain the King, his innocence maintain'd,
 Proclaiming still his hand with blood unstain'd ;
 In vain he pleaded long, or pray'd and wept,
 My soul indignant its just anger kept.
 Still, still the victim seem'd to meet my eyes !
 Still my ears rung with murder'd Rizzio's cries !
 Still his vain grasp of agony I felt,
 Still on his last appealing look I dwelt,
 'Twas madness all !—but, as in mercy sent,
 One little hope my frenzied brow unbent ;
 Who would not e'en the *weakest* tale believe,
 Who would not bless e'en accents that deceive,
 If fond credulity's beguiling art
 Can save from frenzy's grasp the tortur'd heart ?
 " Yes—I exclaim'd—be Darnley's word believ'd :
 'Tis Mary's interest now to be deceiv'd ;
 Thou art my husband still, whate'er thy shame,
 Whate'er thy crimes 'gainst Mary's injur'd fame !
 Perhaps too much by weak resentment led
 Thy jealous fears of Rizzio's power I fed !"
 'Then by self-blame to more indulgence mov'd,
 I tried, to think, he err'd because he lov'd.

But what new agonies o'erwhelm'd my soul,
 Indignant agonies that mock'd controul,
 When Ruthven, Morton, stain'd with Rizzio's blood,
 Again, triumphant, in my presence stood !
 Nay, with their followers dared the palace fill,
 And forced their Queen to own their lawless will :
 Dar'd proudly justify their victim's death,
 And chide their Sovereign with rebellious breath.

* The date and what follows are chiefly taken from Mary's own letter to her ambassador in Paris, the Arch-Bishop of Glasgow.—Vide Chalmer's life of Mary Stuart. p. 163.

At length the King with wondering eyes beheld
 The dark events his jealous rage impell'd;
 And mourned to see his injur'd Queen betray'd
 By lawless rebels thus a prisoner made.
 Gladly I saw the virtuous feeling rise,
 Nor sought my secret wishes to disguise;
 But seiz'd the moment when with yielding heart
 He mourn'd with tenderest tears his treacherous art;
 And hid by night, by faithful Bothwell led,
 With me to freedom and Dunbar he fled.
 There faithful Bothwell's* followers throng around,
 My standard there is rais'd on loyal ground;
 And while around me zealous crowds are seen,
 Once more your Mary looks and moves a Queen

Here must I pause—my bloody tale is told,
 And you my dangers and my wrongs behold!
 But though my husband talk'd of jealous love,
 And dar'd by ruffian deeds his passion prove;
 Though Rizzio's favor in their Sovereign's sight
 Made envious subjects in his death delight;
 Proclaim to all who of this outrage speak,
 No self-reproach with blushes stain my cheek;
 But let this truth, my friends, with comfort fill,
 However wretched, *I am guiltless still.*

THOUGHTS ON WOMAN'S LOVE.—A FRAGMENT.

Holyrood-House, April, 1566.

Affection's patient victim! what can tear
 From woman's heart an image planted there?
 When heaving high tumultuous billows roar,
 And cast some casket from a wreck on shore;
 Could that fierce sea efface, how'er it rav'd,
 One single letter on its gold engrav'd?
 No, every letter would unchang'd remain,
 And endless seas would o'er them sweep in vain.
 So is true love indelibly impress'd
 Upon that precious ore, fond woman's breast;
 E'en injury cannot from her heart remove
 The deep cut characters of early love.
 He, who engrav'd them there, may change—may fly,
 Bid sorrow steal the lustre from her eye;
 But still the impression unimpaired will live,
 And *woman's heart* be ready to forgive.

A. OP15.

* James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell—Whatever were Bothwell's motives for his conduct, he uniformly deserved to be stiled by Mary, during her long acquaintance with him previous to her disastrous marriage, "faithful and loyal;" and he seemed to have transferred to the daughter the love and devotion which he had felt and openly professed towards her mother, Mary of Guise; for there is the greatest reason to believe, that this *supposed gallant* of the youthful Mary was at least sixty at the time of her faucied connection with him.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS IN LONDON AND PARIS.

LETTER XIII.

FROM SIR CHARLES DARNLEY, Bart. to the MARQUIS DE VERMONT.

Paris.

MY DEAR MARQUIS,

THOUGH you are somewhat severe in your remarks on that high and mighty power, the *certain set* of London, your last letter has pleased me much; because, in your picture of the family of Mr. Gourville, I recognize a society in which, above all others, I wish you to pass your time; for you will find in that respectable and also numerous circle (for in London many persons of good families, large fortunes, and extensive information, live only for themselves and their friends, and decline all intercourse with what is called "the gay world") the best antidote to the follies and vices which may disgust you among the more notorious, but less virtuous members of this *certain set*.

Indeed, I believe that no person ought to form an opinion of national manners, unless he has been long enough in the country which he is visiting to be admitted *behind the scenes*, if I may be permitted to use the expression.

You tell me that already you begin to be reconciled to many customs in London, which at first appeared to you most improper and unbecoming. As my acquaintance with Paris increases, I not only find many things to admire, but, even in those which I cannot commend, much to palliate and soften their impropriety. In my last letter, I complained of the gloom which seemed to pervade the evening parties of your most distinguished houses. I have since endeavoured to account for a *trait* so inconsistent with the general character of the French, and, I believe, I have discovered it in that attention so generally paid to the observance of *la bienséance*, a word which cannot be literally translated, but which means, I believe, an outward appearance of decency and correctness, which, in the words of our celebrated Burke, "takes

from vice half its deformity in stripping it of all its grossness."

I am told that, however intimately persons of opposite sexes may have passed together the preceding hours of the day, when they afterwards meet at one of these *soirées*, they exchange the most formal bows, observe the strictest decorum, and address each other with all the etiquette of frigid civility. Now, though your countrymen are, as I have before observed, the best actors in the world, so unnatural a part cannot be played without much restraint on the feelings of the performers—and hence that general stiffness and dullness which have surprised me so much in these assemblies. In England, you have occasionally remarked and censured the too great familiarity with which unmarried young people converse together in public. That impropriety (if it be one), is occasioned by the difficulty which they find of meeting in private, owing to the extreme strictness of our manners. When, therefore, two persons are mutually attached, and accidentally thrown together in one of our crowded galas, it is impossible to check the ardour of youth—one speaks, and the other listens, in spite of all the dictates of prudence and propriety, and in spite too of the presence of a thousand observing and criticising lookers-on. All this is reversed in France; most of the ladies who form your society are married women; and if one of them is indiscreet enough to receive an admirer (pardon the supposition), she has so many opportunities of receiving her Lothario *chez elle* that both parties would be equally foolish and indecent, were they to tell their tale of love in the presence of all their acquaintance. Yet it must require no trifling command both of countenance and feeling, after spending the morning *tête à tête*, to meet in the evening like acquaintances newly introduced.

A propos, I must not forget to tell you of a curious discovery which I lately made in the annals of gallantry. I happened a few evenings since to be standing at one of these assemblies, near the beautiful *Vicomtesse de —*, when Mr. — (whose gravity you know almost amounts to primness) approached her with the usual ceremonious bow, and spoke to her for some minutes with distant coldness. As, however, the conversation grew animated (forgetting, I suppose, where he was) in a fit of absence, he said, "*Mais, ma chère—*;" she coloured and frowned—the rest of the company stared, and Mr. — perceiving his mistake made a thousand apologies to the *Vicomtesse*, who indignantly asked him what had induced him to address her so familiarly, while, by way of excuse, he told her that he had been spending the morning with his sister in the country, and talking to her on family affairs of great importance, which so filled his head that he really thought he had been still speaking to her.

I mentioned this occurrence on the following day to a French friend well acquainted with *la carte du pays*, who was extremely amused, and quickly observed, "as Mr. — is the coldest and most cautious of men, I am indeed surprised at his being guilty of such a violation of *les usages du monde*: I never should have expected that he would call *Mde. la Vicomtesse* by so endearing a name in public, but all Paris knows that he has long enjoyed the privilege of doing so in private."

Indeed, though I cannot compliment you by saying that I think your morals purer than our's, I confess you set us an example as to the appearance of propriety; and I am every day more and more surprised at the external decency which the manners of all classes assume, at Paris, as the strongest proof which I can adduce of their general attention to outward decorum. I shall now beg leave to relate a circumstance which lately happened to myself.

An English friend well acquainted with your manners offered to take me to a ball about to be given by a female acquaintance of his, and brought me an invitation in the usual form. At the appointed time

he called for me in his carriage, and we drove to a splendid hotel in one of the best streets of this city. The mansion, containing a numerous suite of rooms, was scarcely less in dimensions than the palace of Carlton-House; and the furniture, decorations, and attendance, all bore the appearance of the establishment of a person of the highest rank. We were received by a middle aged lady of polished manners.

Among the company assembled, I observed several gentlemen decorated with stars and other badges of French and foreign orders; and the female members of the society, whose dresses were both correct and elegant, were seated as usual, side by side, in two rows of armed chairs. When the musicians, consisting of an entire band, struck up a favourite air, the dancers selected their partners, led them with due ceremony to the centre of the room, and, at the conclusion of the quadrille, re-conducted them to their places.

Nothing could be more decorous than the conduct of all the persons who formed the party. Not a word was said at which the coldest prude could have taken offence, nor was even a meretricious look exchanged between any of the company. Yet after I had given my friend and introduced a fair opportunity of enjoying his joke, by commending on this occasion (as I had often done before) the superior decency of French manners, he informed me that, in spite of all this display of exterior correctness, the place we were at was a common gaming house (such as we call in London a *Hell*), and was part of the establishment of the too-well known *Salon*: that the elegant lady who presided was the celebrated Madame de N—, (whom, in a report of the gaities of Paris, our *Morning Post* thought fit to call a Duchess;) that the ladies, whose proper conduct I had so much commended, were either kept girls or public women, belonging to the Palais-Royal; and that the elegant dresses which they wore on the occasion were hired from an adjoining masquerade warehouse.

After this example of attention to appearances, even in the most profligate, it must be acknowledged

that, if you are not votaries of virtue, you involuntarily show your respect for it by assuming its garb.

Whether the boasted *bienséance* operates in the way which the words of Mr. Burke already quoted express; or whether, in decorating vice with

the attributes of propriety, we hide its disgusting form, and thereby assist its progress, is a question in morals which I shall not stop to discuss.

Adieu.

C. DARNLEY.

LETTER XIV.

From the MARQUIS DE VERMONT to SIR CHARLES DARNLEY, Bart.

London.

MY DEAR SIR CHARLES,

AGREEABLY to the promise with which I concluded my last letter, I now resume the subject of that *certain set* who appear to me the dictators of London society, and who yet are no less implicitly obeyed than if they received the most legitimate authority for their usurped omnipotence. To be thought a person of fashion, or, in other words, to move in this magical circle, is the grand object of the vain; and in what assemblage do not the vain form the majority? For this purpose, ruinous expenses are incurred, debts contracted, friends neglected, and the most abandoned characters not only received, but courted and admired. The consequence of this prevailing weakness is no less fatal to rational conversation, than to morals and dignified independence.

Not only are costly entertainments given, often with great inconvenience to the donors, for the sole purpose of exhibiting in the number of their guests a galaxy of K. C. B.'s, lords, ambassadors, and cabinet ministers, but the topics discussed at these tables are all chosen with a view of displaying an intimate acquaintance with what is called the *great world*; but which is, in fact, a very little and very contemptible one. The mistress of the house asks, perhaps, the duke who sits next her, whether his Grace is going to the Almack's Wednesday ball, or the Friday's French play at the Argyle-street Rooms. The mention of these places sets the whole party on the tip-toe of expectation. Some few of the company, more favoured than the rest, are members of this all-ennobling society, and greedily join in the conversation, in

order to prove to their less fortunate and envious neighbours that they possess that advantage. Some who, after various attempts, had proved unsuccessful candidates, maintain a gloomy silence, and tremble every moment lest an awkward question addressed to them should force a reply which might betray their disappointment. Others again of humbler pretensions, but equally tinctured with vanity, listen with painful attention; and, treasuring up every word which falls on the *important* subject, lay up a borrowed fund of useful information, by the aid of which, when invited to a city or a country party, *they too* may be enabled to talk of the dear Argyle-street Rooms; and, shining with lustre not their own, may hope to give themselves all the importance of initiated members.

And now, my dear Darnley, allow me to express to you my surprise that, at a moment when the general diffusion of science and useful knowledge of all kinds is rapidly overturning, on the Continent, those hateful distinctions by which one portion of the same people is marked and separated from the other, that England, viewed by all the world as presenting the model on which all other national improvements must be made, should suffer in its capital the establishment of a society, the foundation of which can be directed but to one object; namely, to draw an insuperable barrier between the nobility (carrying in their train a few of their servile satellites) and the rest of their equally well born, equally well educated, equally well mannered, and equally independent countrymen. If I may be permitted to paraphrase the well known expression

of Joseph the Second, I should say: "*Mon métier à moi est d'être aristocrate.*" I cannot, therefore, be supposed to entertain any prejudice against a class of persons corresponding with that to which I belong in my own country; but while I acknowledge that there is not a public or a private virtue of which most honourable living examples may not be found among the Members of your House of Lords, what I have already seen of English society compels me to add, that, in these particulars, they possess no exclusive privilege. The most amiable—the most enlightened, and the most distinguished of your peers have no pretensions to superiority over innumerable commoners who might be named; whether we try their respective merits by the standard of talent, knowledge, moral rectitude, polished manners, landed property, public services, or even ancient descent. Such being the perfect equality existing between the parties in every thing but *rank*, is it not the very acme of absurdity that, in the nineteenth century, and in the metropolis of the freest country of Europe, such an institution as that of the Argyle-street Rooms should spring into existence, for the sole purpose of separating the nobility from the gentry of England? The pretext of excluding improper company is too shallow to impose on any one. It is true that such is the alleged motive for which a few high-titled ladies are arrayed with arbitrary power in choosing the members of the society; but it is evident from the lists of the company, so frequently published in *The Morning Post*, that vice, however notorious, if clothed in exalted rank, is never excluded; and modest unassuming merit, however estimable, rarely, if ever, admitted. Nobody, who has not visited this town, can believe the importance which the difficulty of becoming a member of it has given to this institution.

The wives and daughters of your most respectable country gentlemen no sooner arrive in London, than, forgetting all the high feelings of conscious virtue and hereditary pride, they seem anxious, at any price, to purchase the honour of belonging to "The Argyle-street

Rooms," and going to "the Wednesday balls at Almack's." To obtain this far-sought prize, there is no trouble they will not give themselves, and no baseness to which they will not submit.

Even mothers of unblemished families, who have gone through life with untainted reputation, if unable to gain the envied distinction themselves, will condescend to court the patronage of women of very different characters, and to entrust their daughters,

"In flower of youth and Beauty's prime,"

to the care of peeresses, whose indiscretion would have banished them long since from all association with their own sex, had not their respective lords been conveniently blind to all their faults.

No costs or pains are spared to propitiate these deities of fashion. Hot-houses are stripped of their pines, and manors of their game; art, manœuvre, intrigue, and solicitation, are all tried in turns; and when, after various attempts and frequent disappointments, the fair candidate obtains at length a license, signed by one of the noble directresses, authorising her, on the payment of *seven shillings*, to enter this *sanctum sanctorum*, what is the pleasure beyond that of having conquered opposing difficulties, which, in return for all her trouble, she enjoys?—She sees quadrilles and waltzes not at all better danced than they are at five hundred other assemblies, while these exhibitions are rendered here still more insipid than elsewhere by the apathy and *sang froid* of the noble performers.

She finds little to admire, and much to disgust:—youth conceited and forward; and age painted, bedizened, and frivolous;—high rank without high principles, lofty titles contaminated by degrading conduct, boorish shyness mixed up in the same character with excessive pride, and a scorn for every body else expressed by those who have merited the contempt of all mankind.

Satisfied with the honour of basking in the sunshine of fashion, she must not hope to be entertained, and may think herself fortunate if she retires *unquizzed*; for your nobility have, I find, the detestable

habit of attempting to ridicule whatever is new to them; and the most elegant female, unless her costume is servilely copied from that of one of the *infallible* leaders of the society, rarely passes unhurt through the ordeal of a first appearance at a Wednesday's Almack's. It happens, sometimes, when refused admittance to these balls, the candidate is allowed to purchase a ticket for the French play (for the latter is considered a minor honour); and in this case, supposing that she is acquainted with our language and has never seen a performance of the kind before, she may derive some amusement from the entertainment. But here, again, if she listens too attentively to the actors, she will scarcely escape the lash of her censorious neighbours; for though your leaders of the *ton* insist on having French plays exhibited before them, very few are qualified to enjoy them; and all are so worn down by the labours of a life of pleasure, that to appear interested in what is going forward on the stage proves the person, in whom these feelings are yet visible, to be a novice in their circles.

À propos, I suppose you have heard of the trick lately played on this noble society by one of our provincial actors. Tempted by the offer of a salary at least twenty times greater than that which he received at home, he consented to come over to England, and to appear on the boards of the Argyle-street Rooms. In performing a new proverb, the words of which he had carelessly learned, he forgot his part; and, trusting partly to his own impudence and partly to the ignorance and inattention of his noble auditors, he said to the female comedian with whom he was carrying on the dialogue (while he spoke with increased rapidity): "*Je me suis oublié—n'importe:—continuously toujours de jaser. Ces Messieurs GOD DAMNS ne comprennent pas un mot de ce que nous disons:—il suffit que nous parlons.*"

But enough, and perhaps too much, on the subject of the Argyle-street Rooms; yet I cannot drop the topic without entreating you, my dear Darnley, whenever you return to England to exert all your influence against the growing popularity of this establishment.

What say you; would it not be both very wise and very feasible to turn the tables on these aristocratic usurpers, and to form a "Subscription Coterie," to which no persons should be admissible of higher rank than that of baronets and their families? If a society of this kind were established, and so regulated that no dishonoured man, and no woman of even *doubtful* character should be found on its lists, I think it would prove a dangerous rival to that of the *Argyle-street Rooms*; and there can be no doubt that, among the numerous well born, well educated, and wealthy commoners who frequent London, so ample a supply of taste, beauty, elegance, and refinement might be obtained, that nobody would miss the Peers, Right Honourables, and Honourables, who would be excluded by the rules of the institution.

I speak with warmth on this subject, perhaps with greater than it intrinsically deserves, but you know I am an enthusiastic admirer of your Constitution, in the preservation of which all mankind are interested; and manners are so intimately connected with laws and institutions, that, if the nobility are to be allowed to dictate in private society, they may by degrees arrogate to themselves the right also of assuming a superiority in the discussion of your public affairs—little suited to a mixed form of government. I know this would not be submitted to by the nation at large; but if such a spirit is not checked at first, it may cost you no little trouble to subdue it afterwards.

Adieu.

DE VERMONT.

THE HERMIT-ESS IN LONDON.

O cheerful, darling London! hail once more to the industry and bustle of thy active inhabitants: welcome once again the sight of thy *dirty streets, windows, and brick houses*! Here may I rest from all my cares on this side the grave; and, amid thy busy haunts, find once more social converse and food for the mind.

The Hermit-ess in London sends greeting to the Hermit of London:

DEAR BROTHER HERMIT,

THEY say great wits jump; now, long before I saw your work, I had adopted my present designation: you have jumped *first* into print; and I, you see, step by step, in the European Magazine, am jumping after you. What effect our appearance may have upon the public time must shew.

If I had not admired your work, I should not have followed your example; and though I had some notion that the following conversations might be useful in the sphere of life I thought many were jumping out of, who had better remain where they were, I know not that I should have had courage to have sent them to the press, if I had not met with your example to have leaned upon.

You have most ingeniously shown the manners of high life, and very deservedly ridiculed many of the follies of it. I humbly take up a different class of society; but one of the most useful and necessary, and a truly respectable class whilst they continue *in it*, and do not attempt to jumble those things together that the real good of society never meant should be combined.

The honest, respectable tradesman has his pleasures and his comforts; but they do not, and ought not to be those of a class greatly superior to himself:—like your “Fancy Balls,” they are ridiculous but where they ought to be, and are suited to.

Now there are many hundreds, I may say, of people who find fault with, and see the inevitable consequences attending thus heterogeneously mixing things which should ever be kept separate; such as Miss, coming from her piano behind a little dirty shop to serve treacle, soap and candles, &c. &c., yet know not how to stem the torrent, how to

begin in their own families to counteract prejudice, pouts, tears, quarrelling, and all those agreeables upon contradiction to favourite points not easily to be given up.

Where families have good sense enough to set out right at first, and bring their children up properly, it is easy and pleasant work, as in Conversation II: but where things have got to a head in the wrong line, and nothing but ruin, they cannot shut their eyes to, with the *Gazette* full in sight, the work of reformation is hard enough.

Therefore, in the following discourses I have endeavoured *pleasantly* to shew people how much they have it in their power to alter things, if they knew but how to set about it; for unfortunately most people have an exceeding aptitude for doing *right* in a *wrong* manner. I have opened a way for good sense to act upon. As example is more effectual than dull, dry declamation, or positive authority exerted with passion and rigour, I have wished to convince people how much happier they would be in the straight-forward path of duty and propriety: that keeping within their proper line of life will ensure them comfort, pleasure, and the true esteem and respect their neighbours would award them: by which they would escape the many envyings, bickerings, and all those concatenations of scandal, slander, and ill-will that so plentifully abound in every sphere of life. For though others are doing the very selfsame things, living a life their circumstances do not allow, yet they can censure most severely all their neighbours and acquaintances who are doing only what *they are doing themselves*. But when people go on in a right path, give no heed to foolish remarks, or fashionable counsels to ruin themselves with the utmost expedition, like the good

man in the Scriptures, in time they will find "Even their enemies shall be at peace with them."

Did those things only ruin their circumstances, and bring them to deserved distress, why let them smart for it, and lament for the rest of their lives that, instead of rising in the world by such *genteel conduct*, they have toppled themselves down to a more inferior station than that which Providence had assigned them. But the mischief they have done their souls, and the souls of their children, and all belonging to them, is the most irreparable, and the most shocking to good hearts to see and to lament—such errors, too often, never to be repaired; for when once the mind and heart are vitiated by false allurements, it is easier to repair even a broken fortune than to repair a mind thus ruined by fatal indulgencies, false views of this world, and, alas! no views at all of another!

These are the sentiments which have actuated my heart and mind to pursue this purpose in these discourses. The good that may be done, as the worthy Quakers say, "We must leave:" the wish to be of service to my fellow-creatures is the groundwork I have laid; if I have failed in the superstructure, it is from a want of ability, not from want of good intention.

As you have chosen to give a kind of account of yourself to the public, perhaps I ought to do the same: I may therefore, Brother Hermit, for what I know, be your *elder* sister. The experience of a tolerable long life, and some very intolerable vicissitudes in that life, have been the source from which my reflections have arisen. The receipt by which I have overcome all my difficulties, misfortunes, &c., I here wish to

communicate to others, by which those things which would have broken the hearts of many, drove others to despair, or have soured their tempers for the rest of their lives, have rendered me a reasonable, rational mortal; I do not add *religious*, for fear it should be called *vant*—but content with what Providence has still graciously accorded me; so that you cannot live more comfortably on the *shady* side of Pall-Mall, than your Sister Hermit-ess does on the sunny side of a street very little further from St. James's Palace.

I was born and bred amongst the higher circles, and have never felt "at home" in society since I have left them; but that did not depend upon myself. And I have fully proved what Dr. Johnson said to Dr. Maxwell, when he lived near Twickenham, about his neighbourhood: "Sir, they have lost the civility of tradesmen, and not acquired the manners of gentlemen."—So amongst those I have perforce mixed with, and many who have thought themselves highly accomplished and most *singularly fine*—they have been as rude as bears—impertinent as monkies—as ridiculous as ———; in short, there is nothing in *nature* to compare them with; for every creature *but* man is what they were created to be, and keep to their station.

I do not ask you to come and see me, Brother Hermit, lest, as Dr. Johnson says, I might find you a very different being from your book: and Horace Walpole, you know, advises never to be acquainted with an author till he be dead. So no more at present, dear Brother Hermit, from your loving sister,

THE HERMIT-ESS IN LONDON.

CONVERSATION I.

Hermit-ess and Friend.

Friend. So, Mrs. Hermit, good morrow to you; how I have laughed at your note! And so you are come to Hermitize in London?

Mrs. Hermit. Even so.

Friend. And yet most Hermits live in caves and rocks, and such

charming out of the way places, where no one can get to them, unless by a chance they have lost their way, and then a Hermit is popped upon to set them right.

Mrs. H. Ah! those sorts of Hermits are misanthropists, and wish to

avoid their species: now I only wish to avoid the ridiculous and troublesome; and you can do that no where so completely as in London.

Friend. Truly so; for if one has a dear *friend* in London who do not visit in our circle, we shall never find him if we do not purposely go look for him. But instead of hermitizing, I heard that, for the sake of society, you were going to board in a large family.

Mrs. H. Yes; and it is that very circumstance which has driven me into Hermitizing, as you call it.

Friend. How so?

Mrs. H. I was persuaded to try the boarding scheme, and I never gave way to the *persuasions* of other people that I had not cause to repent it.

Friend. But well—how was it?

Mrs. H. Having, as you know, lost all my dearest connections by various means, those that still tarried on earth dispersed wide as the poles asunder. I was first *persuaded* to settle at Bath, having folks I knew there: to Bath I went, where I found every body living in what they called pleasure and society; but what with their magnificent hurries of dressings—the rooms—the balls—the private great parties, &c. I saw none I knew but by snatches of minutes and half hours: On all these things I put an absolute *reto* for engaging in myself: I had had enough of that sort of life to be long sick of it, and it was only for the sake of others I ever gave into it. Now being independent of such trammels, I was determined to emerge, and, at my time of life, to go no where but where I liked; and where it was I thought proper for an old woman only to appear. Old *men* have or take a licence to be ridiculous to the last stile or gate of life they arrive at; but the dignity of my own sex, and their propriety of conduct, especially in elder life, I have preached up in vain for many years, and to *many congregations*, therefore I wished to show them in my own practice. Thus there was nothing open to me as rational in public but the theatre or a concert, yet I could not live there every night in the week you know. If I called *cards* society, I might have thrashed away like my neighbours,

and lived upon *chaff*.—So I was *persuaded*, *secondly*, to this fine boarding scheme!

Friend. As I have all my life profited more by your experience, my dear friend, than my own; and, hearing that you had adopted boarding, I was tempted to follow your example, and was going to write to you in consequence;—was it at Bath, or near it?

Mrs. H. Oh, no; it was a great way from thence—recommended to me very strongly, with all the requisites I wanted. I was to be accommodated with every particular to my mind, and of course to pay a very handsome salary. However, having lived long enough not to believe implicitly from other people's feelings, I luckily agreed for one month's trial—and off I set;—I arrived;—and, like one of the prophets of old, I sat in astonishment and silence for the first *seven* days.

Friend. Mercy on us! could that be you! (*Laughing*.)

Mrs. H. Yes; it was identical I, and me myself I. (*Laughs*.) But, instead of laughing, I was ready to cry my heart out for vexation, for having taken such a long journey, useless and expensive, and to get amongst such a crew! How I consoled myself it was not at sea—or going perhaps a delightful long voyage to India; it is but for a month, and, if I can contrive it, for *less*, and then good bye to ye gentle-folks!

Friend. Prithee let's know what your *land-crew*, however, consisted of.

Mrs. H. Imprimis. The master of the house, an absolute *gourmande*, so that he could eat and drink of the best in the cheapest way, by boarding others at high prices; his wife of the same opinion and propensities; his custom was to be out all day diverting himself with all the country sports, genteel and vulgar, and also their votaries—to come home, to eat, and to guzzle—to holla and laugh—get half tipsey, and finish his evening with cards and a hot supper.

Madame was enjoying herself all day, up to her elbows in grease and in cooking in the kitchen with her maids, the only company she was fit for. The boarders were left to entertain themselves till dinner-

time, and, next to *eating*, cards and chattering were *her* highest pleasures. Both she and her husband spoke a lingo of which I did not understand one word in ten though they bawled it most vociferously into my ears. There were four lady boarders besides myself, who talked as loud and as unintelligibly; one was a London lady, east of Temple-Bar; yet with her v-s and her w-s, and the rest of her elegant phrases, I understood her very little better than the rest of them. This was the genteel, elegant society I was led to expect. Added to the home-groupe, there were three boor companions of the squire, viz. the curate, the apothecary-doctor, and a gentleman farmer. Farmer he might be; but, as to the *gentleman*, we will say no more on that head. The parson was the only one of the group who could speak English, yet I soon found he was every thing but what he ought to be; and the apothecary-doctor was so very clever that I found it would be totally impossible to trust my *soul* or my *body* with either of them; and to me, who wished to set myself down for the rest of my life, this idea was particularly comfortable.

Friend. But what could they be who could recommend you to such a place?

Mrs. H. Why only a lady and gentlemen who had tried it, and boarded there.

Friend. I'm astonished! What sort of people could *they* be?

Mrs. H. Very clever and very genteel; ay, you may stare; don't you know many people, especially clever ones, like to be the head of their company? That was their case; there was good eating and drinking, cards, talking and laughing, every one easy in their circumstances, and that was called *society*; but not being that society I coveted, of sensible, well-informed people, shut up in the country where I could not command or get at better, you cannot wonder that I walked off as soon as possible.

Friend. No, in truth, but yet I should think there might be places found where you would meet such society as might be called society.

Mrs. H. I have tried it so long and failed, both in town and coun-

try, that I will try it no longer; and though I can laugh and entertain myself with the absurdities and self-consequence of idiots, &c. I can by no means submit to *live* with them. One day the city lady, to shew her own consequence as she thought, and by a *side-mind* to let these, her co-mates, know how *grand* she had lived in London, thus accosted me.

Mrs. W. I think, Ma'am, I have had the pleasure of seeing you at my Lady Mayoress's balls?

Mrs. H. I fancy not, Madam; for I never was at a city ball in my life.

Willing to step a foot higher, she continued.

Mrs. W. I'm sure then, Ma'am, I've seen you at most public places?

Mrs. H. I have certainly lived much in public life, Madam, but I have never been any where since I have had this face.

Mrs. W. Dearest me! I doesn't understand you, Ma'am! Why can one change one's face?

Mrs. H. No necessity for that: surely you know one's face changes of its own accord. (*smiling*)

Mrs. W. Why, to be sure, every body don't carry their years alike. (*Bridling up*)

Now the finest fun of all was, that I was the youngest looking in the company, except the daughter of the people of the house.

Mrs. W. But certainly, Ma'am, I've seen you at Court. (*This crowned all.* Goodness, thought I, where could you be stuck up there, good woman.)

Mrs. H. I fancy not, Ma'am, (*smiling*, for I suppose she thought, *old or young*, one must appear *there*.) It is now above twenty years since I was last there, and ten years ago I don't think any one there would have remembered me till they had heard my name.

I suppose she thought the deuce was in me, for sticking to it, that I was old and altered.

Miss S. Dear me! if you are so altered as you say, Ma'am, how amazingly handsome you must have been; so handsome as you now are, and with such an uncommon beautiful elegant figure.

Mrs. H. My dear Miss Simpson, I thank you greatly for your com-

pliment, but I perfectly agree with Mrs. Rowe.

Come, gentle age, to me thou dost appear

No cruel object of regret or fear;
Thy stealing step I unreluctant see,
Nor would avoid, or wish to fly from thee.

But still age is age; a sensible woman will be the first to perceive its advances, and it is our own fault *alone* if age ever appears ridiculous, when by false disguises, and aping to be young, she renders herself so; otherwise, poor thing! how can she help having been born a great while ago; but when she thus tries to conceal what every one else perceives, then lies common sense enshrouded in a bed of roses. This created a laugh.

Well, Ma'am, says one of the gentlemen, you have put common sense into a *sweet* situation, however.

Mrs. H. If they were not *artificial* roses, Sir; but even in *real* roses, that is not her place; and, as Heaven created every thing in its proper place, I am one who wish to keep them there as much as possible.

Bless me! says the prig of a parson, what a scrambling now a days would your system occasion, Ma'am, if that was to be the case; as much as we shall have at the last day, when we are all looking for our limbs. Hey, Doctor! and some, perhaps, that *you* and your fraternity may have dissected, and can't be found. (*Laughing at his own wit*)

Mrs. H. There I differ with you, Sir,—I don't imagine there will be any such fuss; for as it is Heaven's appointment, and as God is not the author of confusion, so I think there will be none but what is occasioned in the minds of those who can't so readily find their hearts and their accounts in their right places.

This gave a check to the Parson's wit, whether it gave any to his con-

science I can't tell; but he looked at me as if he would have eaten me with a grain or two of Lot's wife.

Friend. Well, but now, my friend, tell me, what is the order of the day for this Hermit's life you are going to pursue?

Mrs. H. Thus situated as you perceive, near all the parks, and most of my old friends still left me in London, these apartments I occupy upon a plan that leaves my time as completely my own as I can wish. I shall, therefore, if I meet with agreeable people at the tables of my friends, invite them to come and eat Hermit's fare with me. If I meet such as I do not like, I shall ask them no such question. I shall roam about—see every thing I can like—avoid every thing I cannot. Of which rambles I shall ever wish you, my dear Friend, to partake.

Friend. Most assuredly, I shall ever be happy to attend your summons. But pray do you know that you have got a *Brother* Hermit in London, a very clever fellow whoever he is?

Mrs. H. Yes, I met with his book t'other day, but I don't intend to be acquainted with him, though he lives so near me.

Friend. Why so; methinks he would be an acquisition to our strolling parties.

Mrs. H. No, no,—let him keep to his parties, and I keep to mine. Besides, he lives too much in the great world for me; 'tis too late now for me to re-enter those scenes, and you know I was always most dreadfully afraid of your lady and gentlemen authors; and never wish to encounter any of them but through the booksellers and the circulating libraries, where I may return them without any further trouble, be pleased with their company whilst I may, and return them at once if I like them not.

A TWILIGHT DREAM.

AN ALLEGORY.

"In voluptatis regno virtus non potest consistere."—CICERO.

I LAY beneath the shade of spreading trees
 In silence and in solitude: the sun
 Cast his last smile along the ocean's cheek,
 And hasten'd 'neath the wave to seek the couch
 Of timid Twilight, who from his embrace
 Rush'd, with the blushes still upon her brow,
 To seek a shelter in the cloudless skies.
 And, having heard her tale, the heav'ns themselves
 Blush'd still more deeply at their sun's rude acts.
 The birds sang farewell carols to the day,
 And sought their mossy pillows. The bright streams
 Flow'd calmly by, as moments well employ'd,
 And scarcely stirr'd the reeds which, in their course,
 Sprang verdantly and wild. The winds were hush'd,
 And could not shake the dew from violets,
 Whose tender forms hung fondly o'er the stream,
 And whose blue eyes seem'd gazing on each wave
 That lazily pursued its silent course
 Beneath the light of autumn's dying smile.
 I gaz'd on nature's visage with delight
 Until my eyes grew languid at the view
 Of her mute beauties; and my soul resign'd
 Its conquer'd energies to powerful sleep.
 Two forms appear'd before me in a dream,
 And both were beautiful: but, Oh! they were
 Dissimilar as twilight and the noon.
 The one was habited in spotless white:
 A loose and flowing robe was thrown across
 The meek and quiet beauties of her form;
 Her face alone was open to the sight,
 And that was mild and placid as the stream
 That near her calmly slumber'd. On her brow
 Were mingled shades of tenderness and grace,
 And truth and feeling, and kind heartedness.
 She moved along, majestic as the swan,
 Over a tranquil river. Then I turn'd
 To gaze upon the other, who advanc'd,
 Clad in a sun-bright garb which barely reach'd
 Her well-formed ancle, and through which her limbs,
 Of nature's fine proportions, dimly shone,
 Like lilies thro' a thinly-lattic'd bow'r
 When daylight's soft and parting glances cast
 A pale red tinge upon them; her brown hair
 Was bound with living roses, which were torn
 From the dark forehead of an Arab youth
 Who once had follow'd her, and died with grief
 That he could not obtain her. Her blue eye
 Was dark as night, but sparkled with the fire
 That shines not in the temple of true love:
 And in her hand she bore a golden wand,
 Surmounted by a diamond, so bright
 That all who gaz'd on it with earnest eyes
 Were dazzled by the lustre of the gem.
 The first, in silence, beckon'd me to follow;

But I was young, and could not find delight
 In calm and loveless eyes. The other plac'd
 Before mine eyes her light and glitt'ring wand,
 And instantly I felt my brain turn round;
 Impell'd by passion's whirlwind,—I had fall'n,
 But that her arms, white as unspotted snow,
 Sustain'd my weight. She strained me to her breast,
 And, O! I felt her heart against mine own
 Throb with voluptuous transport and delight.
 She spoke; and then my lost, lost soul drank in
 The music of her words; and, like the swan,
 Seem'd to die with it. "I will follow thee,"
 I cried, "where'er thou ro'v'st!"—She led the way;
 And, as I wander'd where the river's banks
 Sloped gently to the tide, I look'd around
 And saw the form that I had left
 Browning full on me; whilst a crystal tear
 Trembled beneath her eyelid, and then fell
 (Like dew from heav'n) upon a rose's breast.
 But I could not recede. My lovely guide
 Still lur'd me onward thro' enchanting vales
 And smiling fields, which yet retain'd the bloom
 Of vanish'd summer. And we came at last,
 With panting bosoms, to an ancient wood
 (Like that of Thessaly, which th' exil'd bard
 Has by his verse immortaliz'd*); for there
 A foaming river dash'd resistless on,
 And many smaller streams rush'd o'er their banks
 To join their ancient sire. We journey'd still,
 Until the sound of falling waters died
 In the still lap of distance. I was so hush'd
 That, as we onward trod, I heard no sound
 Except the beating of my own wild heart.
 The solitude and beauty of the place
 Awoke desire within me, and I rush'd
 To clasp my fair conductress,—but she fled;
 And, with her bland and fascinating smile,
 Still lured me forward. Then, at length, we reach'd
 The outskirts of the forest; where a voice,
 In accents of entreaty, cried "Return!"
 The sound of that sweet voice fell on my heart,
 And died there;—for again all sounds repos'd.
 My resolution waver'd; and a dread
 Came like the chill of death across my soul.
 I turn'd to fly; but the fair one came
 And plac'd once more her wand before mine eyes:
 My senses fled; and when, at length, I woke
 To reason and perception, I beheld
 A scene of lonely horror. Not a tree,
 Nor bush, nor flow'r, nor solitary shrub
 Gave life or verdure to this wilderness,
 Through which a waste of blood-red waters flow'd,
 And ghastly figures stalk'd across my path,
 Devouring human hearts. My soul grew sick.
 I strove to free myself from her strong grasp,
 But strength had left me; and she bore me on

* Est nemus Hæmoniæ, prærupta quod undique claudit
 Silva. vocant Tempe: per quæ Penæus ab imo
 Effusus Pindo spumosis volvitur undis.

Until we gain'd a steep and dangerous rock,
 Up which she sprang and dragg'd me like a weed
 Which some rude torrent hurries to its fall.
 We reach'd the summit, which impervious clouds
 Envelop'd with the majesty of night.
 No objects to the eye were visible;
 But, Oh! in that brief moment my dark soul
 Gaz'd from the lonely precipice, and saw
 A scene of horror, solitude and death.
 I stood a while in darkness and in dread,
 When suddenly the clouds dispers'd to nought,
 And, where I turn'd me, desolation sat
 And frown'd o'er all in sullen loneliness.
 "Here must our journey end," with alter'd voice
 Cried my conductress, "and now turn and view
 The star which thou hast followed." I obey'd:
 Her features then had undergone a change
 As awful as the scenery; and her eyes
 Were deeply sunk, but still retain'd some fire;
 Yet not of love, and languishment, and bliss,
 As they were wont: no! Brooding vengeance cast
 From those pale eyes death's lightning on my soul.
 I shriek'd with terror. "Fool!" she cried, "thou add'st
 Another reptile to the endless list
 Of my lone victims. Thousands have pursu'd
 My steps that lead to gloom and death. But know,
 That since the sun first cast his brilliant rays
 To light a world as pleasureless as vain,
 None have obtain'd me yet. And thou, a slave,
 A low, ambitious mortal would'st aspire
 To win the goddess, PLEASURE, to thine arms.
 Look down, proud youth! the stream that glides below,
 Has gain'd its waters from my victims' blood;
 And thine must add another to its waves.
 See'st thou yon Dæmon sitting 'neath the rock
 With folded arms? He now awaits thy heart
 To make his rude insatiate repast.
 Thy time is come." She ceas'd, and pluck'd a thorn
 From out the roses which adorn'd her brow,
 (For Pleasure's roses bear a poison'd one,)
 Then thrust it in my side, and hurl'd me from
 The dreadful precipice. Against a crag
 That jutted out below I should have fall'n,
 But felt myself supported by an arm
 Of kindness and of power. I turn'd and saw
 The silent form whose warning I had scorn'd.
 She wore the same mild smile and placid look,
 And ev'ry feature bore th' external stamp
 Of real, true, and fix'd internal worth.
 "Thou hast despis'd my counsels, mortal youth,"
 She said aloud, "but I can save thee still.
 Dangers surround thee here at every step;
 But lean on me, and thou may'st brave them all."
 She led me over sharp projecting rocks,
 Which mortal feet had never trod before,
 Until we came to where a river cast
 Its troubled waters in the stony laps
 Of far outstretching crags.—"Now follow me!"
 She cried, and with a sylph-like airiness
 Straight glided in the current. I obey'd;
 And, like a blest protecting Deity,
 She buoy'd me safely till we gain'd the shore.

Then thro' the narrow opening of a rock
 She guided me in silence. And a scene
 As lovely as th' enthusiast's mind e'er drew
 With fancy's glowing pencil met mine eye ;
 For there were citron groves, where, all the year,
 The humming-bird with bright and golden wing
 Flutter'd around the blossoms and the fruits ;
 And where the ring-dove, sever'd from her mate,
 Sigh'd the lone hours away. It was a scene
 O'er which the mind most loves to moralize
 When it is most at peace with all the world.
 I gaz'd around in silent ecstasy,
 And long'd to dream away the term of life
 In that contented vale. "This happy spot,"
 Cried my protectress in a grateful tone,
 "Is my retreat from trouble and the world,
 Here do I reign supreme ; and they who live
 To feel another's sorrows as their own
 Find in this region happiness and peace.
 Thou art but young ; the failings of thy youth,
 Repentance and a better life may blot
 From the dark records of the sins of man ;
 Then shalt thou dwell with me for ever—here.
 She ceas'd, and led me to the quiet shades
 Where I had first beheld her heavenly form,
 Then pluck'd the rose on which her tear had dropp'd
 When I pursu'd frail Pleasure's dang'rous steps :
 "Here, take this flow'r," she said, "it bears a tear,
 The first that VIRTUE's eye hath ever shed
 For thy past errors : let it be the *last*."
 She said, and vanish'd o'er a path of flow'rs,
 Nor stirr'd their leaves, so lightly did she move.
 I sank upon the earth, and with my eyes
 Follow'd the fading goddess till the trees
 Conceal'd her from my sight. I breath'd a pray'r
 Of thankfulness to Heav'n, and then—awoke."

AZAR.

SKETCHES OF POPULAR PREACHERS.

(Continued from page 144.)

THE VERY REV. ROBERT HODGSON, D. D.

THE Rev. R. Hodgson is the Dean of Carlisle, Rector of St. George's Hanover Square, and Vicar of Hillingdon, near Uxbridge. The most striking feature in the preaching of Dr. Hodgson is the apparently absolute identification of his mind with his subject. In him can be discerned neither negligence nor indifference ; he seems totally absorbed in the execution of his duty ; his energy and earnestness rivet the attention, and command the admiration of his hearers. He is a graceful, impressive speaker, and the *Eur. Mag.* March, 1823.

tinetness of his enunciation in some measure atones for his custom of lowering his voice towards the conclusion of a sentence, till it is inaudible at a distance. He reads the beautiful services of our church with unaffected solemnity. His language is correct, forcible, and polished but not poetical. His similes are appropriate, and always illustrative of his subject, though this is an ornament he very rarely employs. In discussing theological subjects, he evinces acuteness and discrimination ; he elucidates what is ob-

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secure, explains what is difficult, and reconciles apparent contradictions. In expounding any of the sacred narrations, when the silence of the historian permits the conjectures of the imagination, Dr. Hodgson selects the most probable circumstances, to complete the narration, and seldom fails to supply the links which are wanting in the chain of events entirely to the satisfaction of his hearers. This remark particularly applies to his interpretation of the parables, which displays the researches of a mind well versed in Biblical learning and labouring, by its ingenuity and industry, to harmonise those discrepancies which operate as obstacles to the sceptic in recognizing the authenticity of the sacred writings. In detecting and exposing the sophisms of deism the subject of the present article is pre-eminently successful. A sincere and candid believer in the truth of Christianity, he assiduously defends it from the daring assaults of the avowed infidel, and from the insidious attacks which are made under the disguise of friendship that the wound may be more securely given. He unravels the subtleties of fallacious ratiocination, restores to truth the plumes of which wilful error had deprived her, and presents her in her native irresistible loveliness. Secure of the righteousness of the cause he is advocating, he fearlessly dashes into atoms the ill-constructed defences of infatuated prejudice, and triumphantly repels the obloquy she had heaped upon Christianity.

As a preacher of Charity Ser-

mons there is but little in him to admire; he assumes too confidently the benevolent dispositions of his hearers, and does not sufficiently employ those powers of persuasion which he can command;—perhaps he conceives the ornaments of eloquence to be supererogatory when his aim is only to induce wealth to surrender a portion of her superfluities for the relief of suffering; but he should remember, that it is only in the more perfect of human spirits that the chord of benevolence is so constituted as to vibrate instantly when the fear of misfortune falls upon it; how much more frequently does it happen that apathy, pleasure, or selfishness, has frozen the strings of pity, and that all the exertions of the preacher, all arguments which religion or passion can dictate, are required to dissolve them.

The last characteristic I shall mention of Dr. Hodgson is, that he is decidedly a Christian preacher: I urge on his hearers the necessity of resorting to the Bible for the highest motives to virtuous actions; he applies to Christianity alone for peace in this life, and for happiness in the next; he derives from its doctrines resignation to support affliction, firmness to resist the seductions of prosperity, and that hope of eternal bliss which gilds every season of life, from the period when reason first bursts into perfection, to the hour when she is driven from her throne by imbecility or madness, or resigns the form she had animated to the silence and the sadness of the tomb.

THE REV. JOHN ROGERS PITMAN, A.M.

THE Rev. J. R. Pitman is the alternate morning preacher of Belgrave and Berkeley Chapels, and the alternate evening preacher at the Chapels of the Magdalen, and the Foundling Hospital. Mr. Pitman's voice is deep-toned, monotonous, and very ill-modulated; it is, I should think, sufficiently powerful for any Church in the Metropolis; but either from want of flexibility, or an harmonious ear to direct it, is harsh and abrupt; this defect necessarily extends itself to his reading, which

is the more to be regretted as his emphasis is remarkably correct. The harshness of his voice has likewise another pernicious consequence—that of imparting an apparent ruggedness to the construction of his periods, when, perhaps, their arrangement is at the same time perfectly smooth.

His manner is energetic and animated; bearing the impress of heartfelt earnestness and sincerity. In consequence of an optical defect he commits his sermons to memory, and

therefore unites the accuracy of previous composition with the ease and freedom of extemporaneous speaking. His style is oratorical, perspicuous, and frequently poetical, sufficiently ornamented yet not decked with that meretricious glare which imparts disgust rather than delight, except to those who regard tropes and metaphors as the sole beauties of language.

He exercises a powerful control over the feelings of his hearers, and occasionally completely isolates their attention;—subduing the stern by his pathos, exalting the sordid by his sublimity, and excoriating self-complacent guilt by his irony: the last weapon he wields with the hand of a master; it is caustic and pointed, but is only employed when the castigation of vice and error justifies its use. As nature has liberally adorned his mind his ideas are frequently original, with less tautology than might be expected, as his resources appear to be generally self-derived. His love for originality, however, sometimes betrays him into language totally inappropriate to the pulpit; though he has considerably reformed this fault it still occasionally disfigures his very best sermons. In considering a subject, if his view is not always the most correct, it is invariably the most novel, which implies talent of no common rank; for the path of Divinity has been so frequently traversed, that scarcely a flower remains to reward the exertions of industry. To insipid mediocrity Mr. Pitman is a total stranger;—genius is the light by which he is guided; and though she sometimes invests truth with an appearance rather different from its reality, she never fails to communicate a radiance to every object with which she comes in contact.

In explaining and enforcing the

purest morality he is admirable; but has many deficiencies as a theologian; he rather skims the surface of a question than dives into it: and though his quick discrimination will always adopt the right sense of a subject which can be comprehended at a glance, he appears bewildered by intricacies, and, when various solutions present themselves, is not very skillful in his selection. Another defect in some of his sermons is, neglecting to assign sufficient importance to Christian motives of conduct. I do not recommend a preacher to resort to religion only for every argument to enforce morality, but those which she supplies should invariably constitute the prominent, and not the subordinate features in an address to a Christian congregation, which is sometimes the case with Mr. Pitman. In his views of the human heart he displays an intimate knowledge of its mazes, its recesses, and its deceptions; he exposes the subterfuges of crime, and drags it self-condemned to the bar of conscience; if time and sophistry have cicatrized the wounds inflicted by remorse, he cauterizes them, instead of administering opiates, to produce an imaginary security. To conclude—Mr. Pitman may be pronounced an accomplished Christian orator; the clearness of his elucidations, and the correctness of his conclusions, seldom fail to assimilate the opinions of his hearers to his own; he renders, by the influence which his talents must exercise over the minds of a large proportion of his hearers, benefits to them and to the circles with which they are connected, deep, essential, and extensive; resembling, in their consequences, the fertilizing operations of the majestic river, as it rolls onward to the bosom of material nature's emblem of eternity.

CRITICUS

ORIGINAL LETTER OF GENERAL KRASINSKI.

MR. EDITOR,

I FEEL a pleasure in offering to your valuable publication, the inclosed official and interesting documents,

At a moment when public opinion is so highly excited, and expresses, with the warmest feelings of sympathy, the interest it takes in the success of the independent cause, for which the Spaniards are now making so noble a struggle, any official document expressive of similar sentiments must be considered valuable; particularly when emanating from countries immediately under the control of Sovereigns exercising the most despotic influence, not only over their own states, but extending alike its dispositions, and manifesting the same subjugating spirit, to the destruction of free opinions and independence in every other.

That the mind may be roused and animated by the perusal of such documents, our own experience and the relations of history fully admit, when they are addressed with a fearless and patriotic motive directly to those great and self-created arbiters of our destinies. And however ineffectual the expressions contained in the inclosed letter may have been in regard to that country of which it speaks, and which has made such repeated and energetic efforts in its own behalf, we cannot but admire

the ardent and honourable feeling that pervades it, and regret that a people possessed of such high and generous sentiments should have failed in the attainment of the independence they so deservedly claim. But the local situation of Poland, the opposing and overpowering interests which surround it, have left to her an ineffectual resistance, and but the phantom of an unrealized hope.

The inclosed letter, addressed to the Emperor Alexander under circumstances the most critical, will serve not only to illustrate the character of the Polish nation at that period, but shew, notwithstanding the subduing and arbitrary system on which he acted, that Buonaparte had the art of keeping alive those hopes which animated the bosom of that country, and attached to his person, to the last hour of his political existence, the bravest and most patriotic of her sons; or in the more emphatic language of the letter, "As guards we have not quitted his throne, until he himself quitted it." Then it was, as the last act of sovereign power, he signed the following Decree, which was afterwards confirmed by the Emperor Alexander, uniting the whole of the Polish troops in the French service under the command of General Count Krasinski, and accompanying it with a letter of thanks for their faithful services.

COPY OF THE DECREE.

Napoléon, Empereur des Français, Roi d'Italie, Protecteur de la Confédération du Rhin, Médiateur de la Confédération Suisse, etc. etc. etc.

Nous avons décrété et décrétons ce qui suit :

ARTICLE Ier.

Le Général de Division, Krasinski, prendra le commandement de tous les Polonais qui servent dans nos armées.

ARTICLE II.

Le Major-Général est chargé de l'exécution du présent Decret.

(Signé) NAPOLEON.

Pour ampliation,

Le Prince Vice-Connétable, Major-Général.

(Signé) ALEXANDRE.

Pour copie conforme,

Le Général de Division, Commandant-en-Chef
le Corps Polonais.

COPIE DE LA LETTRE DE SA MAJESTÉ.

Monsieur le Général Krasinski,

Vous recevrez un Décret par lequel je réunis, sous votre commandement, tous vos compatriotes qui se trouvent dans l'armée : je désire que vous témoigniez, de ma

Fontainebleau, le 1 Avril 1814.

part, à ces braves Polonais la satisfaction que j'ai de leurs bons et fidèles services.

Cette lettre n'étant à autres fins, je prie Dieu qu'il vous ait en sa sainte garde.

(Signé) NAPOLEON.

Pour copie conforme,

Le Général de Division, Commandant-en-Chef
le Corps Polonais.

Buonaparte having retired to Fontainebleau, accompanied by the Polish guard, they, two days previous to his abdication, received an order from the Russian Autocrat to lay down their arms, which called forth the following eloquent appeal and patriotic reply on the part of the General-in-Chief:—a reply as

honourable to himself and countrymen as the sacred principle it inculcates, and for which they were ready, rather than abandon it, to sacrifice their lives.

Suffice it to say, the appeal was felt and acknowledged. They returned to their homes, bearing their arms and honours with them.

LETTRE DU GÉNÉRAL COMTE KRASINSKI, COMMANDANT-EN-CHEF LES TROUPES POLONAIS.

A Sa Majesté l'Empereur de toutes les Russies.

SIRE,

JE crois de mon devoir de m'adresser droit à Votre Majesté, à vous, Sire, dont l'Europe entier reconnaît les vertus.

Libre de mes engagements commandant le reste de l'Armée de Pologne, j'ai demandé les vœux de tous mes compatriotes qui ont embrassé la même cause : ils ne veulent rendre leurs armes honorées de leur vaillance à personne.

Si nous sommes coupables, votre grande âme fera notre excuse, et

l'honneur sera notre protecteur. Polonais, nous avons servi l'homme étonnant du siècle, qui fit briller l'épée d'espérance pour notre patrie ! Gardes, nous n'avons quitté son trône que lorsqu'il le quitta lui-même !

Sire, permettez nous de rentrer avec honneur dans nos foyers, et soyez sûr de notre fidélité que nous avons conservée dans les circonstances les plus critiques au Souverain que nous avons servi.

Je suis, Sire,

De Votre Majesté Impériale,
Le très-humble et très-obéissant Serviteur,

KRASINSKI.

Fontainebleau, le 11 Avril 1814.

That you may be satisfied of the authenticity of these documents, I beg to state they were placed in my

hands by General Krasinski himself,* with a wish they should be made known on my return to Eng-

* We have seen these documents in the possession of Mr. Guert, and also a verification of their authenticity in the hand writing of General Krasinski, as follows:—Ed.

“ Je vous envoie la copie de la lettre que vous avez désiré d'avoir, en vous priant d'agréer l'assurance de ma considération.”

“ KRASINSKI.”

land; and I feel happy in offering them at the present moment, not only to prove to the gallant Pole I have not neglected his wishes, although some time has elapsed, but also that I think they bear an intrinsic interest as historical documents. I had the pleasure of his friendship during my residence in Paris on the first entry of the Al-

I have the honour to remain, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

DOUGLAS GUEST.

Feb. 28, 1823.

26, Charles-street, St. James's-square.

A JOURNEY FROM LONDON TO PARIS.

AFTER the splendid quarto volumes of titled travellers in the various countries of Europe, the very mention of a sober journey from London to Paris, in the depth of winter, when there is no sun to warm the imagination and give fertility to invention, will, perhaps, be sufficient to forbid general attention to the following pages.

As there are thousands, however, whose earthly peregrinations reach no farther than from Bow Church to Notre Dame, and not a few who consider a trip from Margate to Calais, with one day's dinner at the table d'hôte at *Meurice's*, more than sufficient to introduce them to genteel society, as men who have seen the world, and are qualified for the Traveller's Club in Regent-street; my tour is not unlikely to be read, and, conceit would say, admired.

Every body knows or ought to know, which is the same thing, that Chaplin's coach leaves the Spread Eagle in Gracechurch-street in the morning, and after a tedious journey arrives at Dover in the evening. There is nothing new in this information, and it will be as little news to say, that the coachmen and the guards on the Dover road are like the coachmen and guards on other roads, very fat, very silly, and very uncivil. I believe it is pretty generally known, that the road to Dover is through Rochester and Canterbury, and some other towns. There are some people, perhaps, who would go by another road, like the man who wished to go to Hastings and took his place in the coach to Lancaster, but as this is a mere

lies, and I feel a gratification in making known to a British public the distinguished merits of an individual, who was once the favourite and confidant of Napoleon;—raised to the office of Chamberlain of his household, Colonel of his guards, and General-in-Chief of all the Polish troops serving as allies or incorporated in the French service.

matter of taste, and as every man in England has a right to please himself in his own way, public example always considered, we will first put an end to supposition on this subject; and taking a very short road, in which we avoid all tiresome repetitions about coaches and coachmen, inns and innkeepers, and guards and blackguards, fancy ourselves driven to the King's Head Inn in Dover, and safely lodged in Young Podevin's coffee-room, ordering rump steaks and potatoes, a good fire, and a glass or two of what the French call *Vin de Porto*. The night is passed at Dover; the next morning is taken up with reflections about impositions and dread of seasickness, and the next evening, after having been tossed about and medicinally agitated, without and within, in the thing called a steam-boat, which engineers tell us goes forward without motion, we are landed at Calais upon fishermen's backs for want of water in the harbour.

Now let us suppose that we are in the Hotel de Bourbon, kept by Mr. Rignolles; who, from the humble station of a barber in London, has raised himself to the dignity of an innkeeper in Calais, providing food and lodging, attention and civility, for *milords Anglais*, at the moderate charge of 500 per cent. upon primo cost, which is full 3½ per cent. under the *en conscience*, at *Mr. Meurice's*. Gentle reader, hitherto we have gone hand in hand—you have travelled with me to Dover—sailed with me to Calais—like me rendered tribute to the vasty deep, and landed with me on the pier, at that vene-

rable spot where the large brass foot commemorates the restoration of that good, fat, jolly-looking Louis XVIII. who so nearly killed himself with a surfeit; but the newest as well as the oldest acquaintances must part. *We* have travelled together to Calais in imagination; it was a quick mode of travelling, and I did you the favour of including you in my passport; but *we* are to meet no more. You may suppose yourself still at the Hotel de Bourbon, if you please, but not an inch farther do you penetrate with me into the French territory. *We* travelled together comfortably to Calais, but I must proceed alone to Paris.

Having, for the sake of regularity, assumed the first person, I shall now inform the reader, that after paying the bill at the inn, and giving a hearty *god-dam* to the custom-house officers, police clerks, and commissioners, who are all of a kidney, I stepped into that tremendous machine called a diligence, and proceeded to Boulogne. Gentle reader, fancy yourself with me in this *Paradise* of the English—this refuge of black-legs, bankrupts, demireps, and decayed baronets.—Come with me to the *Hotel de Londres* the best inn in Europe, where we have a delightful coal fire, and dine *en seigneur* at 4 francs a head. Now we are seated at dinner, and François, the waiter, who has served in the *Grande Armée*, is serving up the woodcocks. Ask François about the scandal of the place. The prudent dog shrugs up his shoulders—we know what he means, and admire his precaution. François is like the man at the show—all things to all men; but now we have dined, come with me into the streets, we shall meet some of the refugees, and as I know them nearly all, you shall have their portraits.

Bless my soul, who is that pretty English woman in the cassimere shawl? That is Mrs. B——, Parson B's lady, and the tall gentleman at her heels is a gallant colonel who fought a duel with her husband. The good parson, fancying that the colonel and his lady were on terms of too great intimacy, watched them into a house, and then sent a message to his lady, by way of intimating that he knew her

secret, but very considerably offered no interruption to the *tete à tete*. The parson, however, though he cared little, as it seems, about preserving his wife's virtue, being a *man of honour* challenged the colonel. They met, and the parson fired. The colonel refused to return the fire, and the antagonists separated; honour and justice were satisfied; but the offence was soon afterwards repeated, and a friend of the parson wishing to preserve the character of the cloth became his champion. The colonel, who as luckily escaped the fire of the deputy as he had done that of the principal, refused to fire in return, and they separated. What could now be done? The parson took the advice of his friends, and placed the lady upon a separate allowance. He is in England, and she is here, you see, under the protection of her gallant colonel; but I forgot the best of the joke. Two months before the *claircissement*, the parson was at Dover on a visit to an acquaintance; one afternoon a gentleman, recently from Boulogne, called at the house where the parson was staying. B— inquired the news of Boulogne, the gentleman who did not know him, replied "There is no particular news, the scandal of the place when I left was that parson B's wife was quite happy with colonel K. whilst her good husband was fancying her miserable at his absence." The poor parson was struck with wonder. The next day he left Dover for Boulogne, and soon learned that his informant's news was authentic.

You see that lady turning the corner, it is Mrs. St. — who has one of the best natured husbands in the world. I shall say no more about her. Yonder is the knight who came out of the whale's belly, or, in other words, whose name is very much like that of the prophet who came out of it. Every body knows how he served the pawnbroker who held his plate, previous to his departure from Ireland. The knight invited a large party to dinner, and amongst them the pawnbroker, who consented to lend the plate on condition of its not being taken out of his sight. *Two to one*, as the *elegantes* of Tothil-fields call a pawnbroker, was delighted to find

himself among lords and barons, and by no means uneasy about the plate, which was constantly before his eyes; but the knight was too keen for the money lender, and so effectually plied him with wine that, in an hour or two, he was senseless. Whilst he lay on the ground like a pig, the knight's servants packed up the plate, and sent it forward to Boulogne; and, on the next day, the knight followed it.

That is the house where the man lived who had a *rencontre* with his servant. Whilst the servant lay upon the ground weltering in his blood the master's friends were busy in getting him into a carriage; but he refused to go before the washer-woman brought home his collars. He was at length persuaded to go, with an assurance that his collars should be sent after him to Calais. When he got there he wrote a letter to his friend, Parson M—, declaring that he would not budge without his collars; and, although the life of the servant was despaired of *effectivement*, as the French have it, he remained at Calais until his collars reached him. But I shall waste all my time upon the English in Boulogne instead of getting into Paris.—Good bye; and now let me soberly abjure scandal, and offer myself as a new and sure guide to the Englishman visiting the Continent. After having paid my bill at the *Hôtel de Londres*, which, considering the hotel is the best in Boulogne, was very moderate, I took my place for Abbeville.*

The distance from Boulogne to Abbeville is about fifty English miles. The diligence leaves Boulogne at about one o'clock in the day, and arrives generally at about ten o'clock at night. Abbeville is a large dirty French town with a few manufactories, which are by no means in a flourishing condition.

Several English families are resident there, and a great number of English youths of both sexes are placed in academies at Abbeville for their education. The inhabitants are for the most part a very worthy set of people, fond of the English, and anxious to imitate them in the various domestic duties for which our nation is remarkable. The principal hotel in Abbeville is the *Tete de Bœuf*, or, as it is also called, the *Hôtel d'Angleterre*. Like most hotels in France which aspire to the preference of the English, the *Tete de Bœuf* is by no means celebrated for low charges. The regular diligence continues its route to Paris, after supping at Abbeville; but a great many travellers prefer sleeping on the road, and stop there. After taking a comfortable night's sleep, the journey may be continued on the following morning, by one of these routes:—Amiens, Dieppe, or by Neufchatel to Rouen.

As these roads are very little known to the English, I shall state the particulars respecting them. The coach to Rouen by Neufchatel has been very recently established: it leaves Abbeville between five and six o'clock in the morning, and arrives in Rouen at seven o'clock in the evening. The fare is only nine francs. On arriving at Rouen the traveller may, if he pleases, proceed to Paris the same evening, or the next morning. The fare is 15 francs from Rouen to Paris. There are several very good inns at Rouen. One of the best is the *Hôtel Vatel*, in the *Rue des Carmes*, near the cathedral. As there is a very excellent theatre in Rouen, I recommend every Englishman who stops a night at Rouen to visit it. The coach to Amiens leaves Abbeville in the morning at seven o'clock, and reaches Amiens at twelve. The fare, including conductor and postil-

* The *Hôtel de Londres* is a first-rate inn, and the charges may be expected to be enormous. It is only an act of justice to the landlady to state, that a very excellent dinner is charged only 4 francs, and very good Bordeaux wine 2 francs 10 sous per bottle. I dined in my own room alone one day, as follows, for 4 francs. Soup, fish, fricandeau, a roast chicken, a pair of snipes, a tart, and a good dessert.

For a very large coal fire, which was burning from eight o'clock in the morning till twelve at night, I was charged only 3 francs per day. Breakfast of tea, coffee, and eggs, is charged 2 francs.

lion, is only 4 francs and 16 sous. A *diligence* leaves Amiens in the evening at 5 o'clock for Paris, and arrives at eight on the following morning. The fare is 15 francs; but if the traveller wishes, during the journey from Calais to Paris, to sleep on the road, he must take the *malle poste* (mail coach) from Amiens to Clermont, a distance of about forty miles. The *malle poste* leaves Amiens at two o'clock, two hours after the arrival of the coach from Abbeville, and reaches Clermont at nine in the evening, or earlier if the roads are good. The fare is 12 francs 13 sous. On the following morning a *diligence* leaves Clermont for Paris between six and seven o'clock, and arrives in Paris at three. The fare is only 6 francs, the conductor not included; he expects another franc. The *Hôtel de la Poste* at Amiens, where the coach from Abbeville stops, is a very good one—so is the *Hôtel de l'Épée* at Clermont, where the *malle poste* stops, and from whence the coach to Paris sets out.

At Amiens there are several things worth seeing, particularly the Weeping Boy in the cathedral, which is one of the finest pieces of sculpture in France. At Clermont, nothing is lost by arriving at night, and setting out very early in the morning. The coach to Dieppe leaves Abbeville at about one o'clock in the day, and arrives at Dieppe in the evening. The fare is 6 francs, including all charges. As there is not one hotel in Dieppe which I would recommend, the reader will excuse my saying more than this—the coach stops at the *Hôtel de Londres*, at which house, for a single night, the traveller may perhaps be as well as at either of the others. The *diligence* to Rouen leaves Dieppe at ten o'clock in the morning, and arrives in Rouen at three o'clock in the afternoon. The fare is 7 francs.

I shall now give a scale of the travelling expenses from Calais to Paris by the four modes, viz. direct by Amiens, by Dieppe, and by Neufchatel. There are three conveyances to Paris from Calais direct. The *grande diligence*, the *Hirondelle* coach, and the *malle poste*. The former leaves Calais morning and evening, and is about thirty-two

or thirty-three hours on the road. The latter leaves late at night, and is twenty-seven or twenty-eight hours. The fares by the first two are alike—40 francs; by the *malle poste* the charge throughout France is at the rate of 30 sous per post of two leagues. As there are thirty-four posts from Calais to Paris, the charge is 51 francs; but no other luggage than a travelling bag is allowed by this conveyance.

	Fr.
From Calais to Paris by the <i>diligence</i>	40
Conductor and postillions	8
Expenses on the road	14
	<hr/> 62

By Neufchatel.

From Calais to Abbeville	18
From Abbeville to Rouen, by Neufchatel	9
From Rouen to Paris	15
Dinner at Boulogne	4
Inn bill at Abbeville	6
Ditto at Rouen and on the road	12
Conductors	6
	<hr/> 70

The time required for this journey is three clear days; sleeping one night at Abbeville and one night at Rouen.

By Dieppe.

From Calais to Abbeville	18
From Abbeville to Dieppe	6
Dinner at Boulogne	4
Inn bill at Abbeville	6
Ditto at Dieppe and on the road	10
From Dieppe to Rouen	7
Inn bill at Rouen	10
From Rouen to Paris	15
Conductors	6
	<hr/> 82

In this, four days are necessary to avoid travelling at night.

By Amiens.

	Fr.	sous.
Calais to Abbeville	18	
Abbeville to Amiens	4	16
Dinner at Boulogne	4	
Inn bill at Abbeville	6	
Dinner at Amiens	4	
Malle poste to Clermont ..	12	13
Inn bill at Clermont	3	
Coach from Clermont to Paris	6	
Expenses on the road	2	
Conductors	6	
	<hr/> 66	9

In this, three days are necessary; sleeping one night at Abbeville, and one night at Clermont.

The road by Dieppe is about sixty miles farther than direct to Paris, and can only be recommended to persons who have business in Dieppe, or who wish to see the beautiful country between that place and Rouen, which is the finest in France. Those who travel for pleasure will take great interest in this route; if, however, they are able to bear the imperative long sea voyage from Brighton to Dieppe. They have nothing to see on the Calais Road, which is the most dreary in Europe. The route by Neufchâtel is also much longer than the direct one, but by no means so long as by Dieppe. By Amiens the difference is very trifling, about four or five leagues only.

My last journey was by Amiens and Clermont, and my expenses were something under the scale given in this article. When once away from the direct road frequented by the English, the charges are by no means high. At Clermont, where I slept and took coffee at night and breakfast in the morning, my Inn bill was as follows.

	Sous.
Coffee and bread and butter at night	12
Bed	1 10
Breakfast	16

Fr. 2 18

Or in English money 2s. 5d.

On the road from Clermont to Paris, where the passengers dine, my bill was, Soup	6
Ragout of veal, very excellent	14
Bread	3
Half a bottle of very good Chablis	15
Coffee and brandy	10

Fr. 2 8

In English money, 2s.

A dinner on the high road, with bad wine and without coffee, is charged 4 francs. On French roads, where the English do not abound, the mode of dining is always very economical. The traveller goes into the kitchen and takes his choice of any joint or poultry on the spit, or from the contents of the stew pans. Each article is charged separately;

a person who will content himself with one copious dish and the ordinary wine, and do without coffee, may dine very well for 34 sous or 16d. English. The same mode is adopted by Frenchmen as to breakfast. Instead of ordering a regular service of coffee, &c. they call for a *bolle de café*; which is a good sized basin full, with bread and butter. The charge is—coffee and bread 12 sous, butter, 2 sous; or, in some places, 4 sous. If eggs are ordered they are charged three sous each; thus, instead of paying 2 francs for a breakfast, the expense is only 22 sous, or, according to the general charge, 20 sous, which is just one half. An Englishman's travelling expenses in France are usually 15 or 20 francs a day, or if he is economical in his own way about 12 francs. A Frenchman will live better, or at least quite as well, for 6 francs. In the south of France a Frenchman will travel at one third of the expense which falls upon an Englishman, who is ignorant of the proper modes; because in that part of France the regular charges at the Inns are lower than those of other parts, whilst the charges to the English are higher than those in Picardy and Normandy.

Before I left smoky, dirty, but to an Englishman, still dear London, I heard much of the clear air and serene sky of Paris, and was full of anticipation. The sun always shines at Paris, said the little deputy of Cripplegate Ward, who, with his wife and two overgrown daughters, had taken a trip to the Capital in the beautiful month of August. It is never cold in Paris, said my frenchified uncle, who had resided a winter there in one of those mild years which now and then revolve, and when there is no severe weather even in England. With what delight did I enter this place on a fine warm day in the early part of November. The sky too was cloudless, the wood-smoke rose rapidly from the chimnies, and in an instant was lost in hydrogen or pure ether. The people in the streets, inhaling the pure atmosphere as they walked along, seemed to me as full of fun and frolic as Dr. Thorntons's pupils after inhaling his nitrous oxide. The deputy was right—my uncle

was right, said I, in rapture, as our old crazy vehicle rolled through the Rue St. Denis. There is no winter in Paris. I had either forgotten, or did not chuse to remember, that four days before this, when I left my little cottage at Kensington, the sky was clear and the air pure in England; I was in France and breathing a fine French air, had become for the moment quite a Frenchman.

The ancients said that a coward, after eating a lion's heart, became a lion. In my own days I have seen honest little Capeas, the lawyer of Hammersmith, who is naturally mild and gentle, and above all, fearful of his wife, after drinking a good bottle of Xeres, become as haughty and full of ire as a Spaniard. Pluck-quill, the wealthy poulterer of Newgate-street, who walks along the streets of London, looking as black and taciturn as the front of St. Paul's Church, no sooner has taken a few glasses of claret, than he begins to jabber in French phrases; and Brazier, the tinman, when he has swallowed a bumper of Hollands, is as surly and obstinate as a Dutchman. I suppose it was something in the French air that gave me a high opinion of the French climate and character. I lost the John Bull so completely, that before I reached Maurice's Hotel, in the Rue St. Honoré, I had amused my travelling companions with a long eulogium upon France and French manners. If I had taken a dose of laudanum at Calais to set me asleep for the whole journey it would have been more to my credit than this ridiculous mania, but I have had time to repent, and have repented most heartily.

For a few days, climate, manners, dress, every thing was delightful. If the streets were a little dirty, I admired the neatness of the ladies, who held up their petticoats and walked along without soiling their shoes and stockings, instead of being disgusted by their want of modesty. When I saw two Frenchmen in the Thuilleries Gardens saluting each other, and talking together with their hats off for an hour together, I praised their politeness instead of censuring their affectation. In short, every thing French was delightful, and the recollection

of English habits, English customs, and English climate detestable, whilst the weather continued fine, and I could walk about in a clear atmosphere. But the delusion was of short duration; the weather soon became foggy—the sky was hidden by clouds, and a dense mist rendered walking for pleasure impossible; if I ventured out, my eyes were in pain from the wood-smoke which descended from the chimnies, and my feet were wet through in a moment.

December came.—In the first week the weather was tolerable, and I became a little reconciled. In the second week, the cold was excessive. How did I then long for old England, and my good coal fire in my snug cottage at Kensington! On the 15th of December the ice was three inches thick, and hundreds were skating in the Thuilleries Gardens. On the 16th it thawed and froze again; the pores of one's body were opened at one moment, and perspiration checked at another; at this moment the weather is what an Englishman calls *muggy* overhead and chilling under-foot. Every body has a cold, two out of six have their faces wrapped up, and all this in Paris, dear delightful Paris, where there is no winter. I am no longer a Frenchman—with the fine weather I lost my spirits—I have no longer elasticity of body or of mind—I am a miserable Englishman, shivering over a wood fire, cursing my uncle and the deputy, and all the rest of the fools who either were silly enough to be delighted with Paris, or who, like soldiers who repent of their folly in becoming such, advise others to do the same, merely that their folly shall not laugh them out of countenance. If, however, by sincere repentance, and exposing myself like a scarecrow to warn others against misfortune I can expiate my fault, I shall be perfectly satisfied.

Here I am, however, locked up by gout and rheumatism for the winter, heartily tired of the French, and anxious to see Old England again with all her fogs and other disadvantages.

Whilst I remain in Paris I will give you the news faithfully, which is more than any of the newspapers can say; and when I find an honest

Frenchman I will send you word, but I fear that if I were to keep back my letter for a postscript, stating that I had found one, you would never receive either letter or postscript. In the literary way all that we have new that is worth notice will be found in the "*Trois mois en Portugal*"—" *Le Commerce de la France*," by the Count de Vaublanc, and the letters of M. Gastinel upon the Saving Banks and Insurance Offices. An English work called the *Voyage of Polyctetus* is in the press, and report speaks of it very favourably. The "*Three Months in Portugal*" contains an account of Mr. Bowring and Sir Robert Wilson, of the former it is said, that he speaks all the languages of Europe. 'I wonder they did not say of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, and of the latter, that although he has been deprived of his commission by an ungrateful Sovereign, he is still in commission by the people of every nation. The work on the Trade of France is more important in as much as it proves that, notwithstanding the boast of the French ministry, the resources of France are far from considerable. M. de Vaublanc, speaking of the balance of trade, says that the French annual exports exceed the imports only three million francs annually, and he then proceeds in detail to shew the general unfavourable state of French commerce. Having heard so much of the resources of the great nation, I am surprised to find these facts stated by a Frenchman; but it appears that they are facts which cannot be refuted. From what has fallen under my own observation I see that their manufactories are in a bad state. The common calico, which we make for 8d. a yard, is here at 30 sous, and yet, even at that price, the workman cannot earn 40 sous a day. A lace very inferior in quality and appearance to that which we buy in England for 6s. per yard, is here 15 francs: and, indeed, every thing of that description is dear in the same proportion.

An anecdote is stated of the Duke de Cazes and the Duke de Richelieu, which is very curious; it tends to shew the difference of character between these ex-ministers, one of

whom has paid the debt of nature. When the King was advised to accept the resignation of the Duke de Richelieu to make way for de Cazes, the former was waited upon by M. de—who very politely, and with an affectation of sympathy, told him that he was desired to ask for the portfolio of office. The Duke appeared thunderstruck, and for many minutes was incapable of speaking; at length in a fit of indignant rage he said, "Go, Sir, and tell the King that I regret to leave him in the hands of a set of scoundrels." Some time afterwards, when De Cazes was turned out, or, in the courtly phrase, had his resignation accepted, the same personage waited upon him, De Cazes was in bed, and, on hearing the name announced, desired his servant to "undraw the curtains." M. de—who had received many favours from the Duke, was still more cautious with him than he had been on a former occasion with M. de Richelieu. He took a chair by the bedside, regretted to find his excellency indisposed, remarked how unpleasant a task he had to perform, trusted that things would come round, uttered a great many unmeaning sentences of compliment and condolence, and ended by stating that his Excellency was no longer his Excellency. De Cazes heard him patiently, and without expressing more surprise or agitation than if he had merely been informed of the state of the weather. When the message was completed he called his servant to "draw the curtains," and fell asleep as if nothing had happened.

This anecdote I have mentioned because I thought it worth notice for its singularity: I must now give two merely on account of their absurdity, such *precious* morsels ought not to be lost to the British public. They are fine specimens of French literature, French folly, French servility. In order that nothing may be lost of these important communications, I will give you a correct translation from the articles as I find them in the *Ruke d'Aquitaine* of the 15th, a Bordeaux newspaper, published under the patronage of the Royal Family, and edited by M. Alphonse de Beauchamp, a gentleman who is considered one of the props of the Royalist party.

CONTEMPORARY ANECDOTES. — Great hopes rest upon the two children of the illustrious and unfortunate Duke de Berry; one of them, His Royal Highness the Duke of Bordeaux, is the precious pledge of our future happiness. France will find in him a worthy successor of the heroic Prince whom she has lost. This child of heaven will be the pride and joy of his noble and courageous mother. Her Royal Highness, Mademoiselle, will one day prove herself the worthy sister of the young Henry; in the mean-time she is destined by her sex to form the happiness and consolation of the august widow of the martyred Prince. She will certainly fulfil this sweet task. All that we hear of her announces that she is kind, amiable, and full of grace and vivacity. We hear that she utters words full of wit and *naïveté*; that she performs the most striking and pleasing actions, which are wonderful in so tender an age. The two following anecdotes which we have, among others, from a person worthy of confidence, and who has the felicity of being near the sweet infant, display with equal charms her good sense and character.

The young Princess had been reading the fable of the Fox and the Crow; she asked what was meant by a flatterer; a flatterer, said her governess, is a person who praises without cause and discretion the beauty and good nature of children, which you frequently experience when you are overwhelmed with eulogium—you must be on your guard against such eulogiums. Mademoiselle remembered this definition, which had been conveyed to her in terms suited to her age. A few days afterwards a lady of the Court paid her a visit; seduced by the amiable and gracious manners of the child, this lady could not help praising her in terms which bordered on exaggeration: at first the royal child heard her with astonishment; but finding there was no end to her compliments she turned towards her governess, and, in a sweet expressive tone, said "*I think, Madam, this lady wants my cheese.*" This anecdote has been applied at least a hundred and fifty times to different children: but our sapient editor of the Ruke d' Aquitain is either ig-

norant of the fact, or imagines that there is no danger of his royal patrons supposing that he wants *their* cheese.

The Bourbons are accustomed to large doses of flattery, and no man who would stand upon trifles ever made an advance in their favour. The second anecdote related by the editor is more ridiculous even than the first.

A lady of the Court, who has a very pretty daughter of the same age as the princess, had taken her with her on a visit to the Chateau: in order to repress the turbulence of her child she was told that, out of respect to the princess, she must stand perfectly quiet in the august presence. When the princess saw a new companion of her own age, holding the maternal gown in silence, and perfectly straight, she ran to her, and in the most amiable manner invited her to join in her amusements. The child, who remembered the severe admonition of her mother, remained mute and motionless. In vain were all the playthings exposed, in vain did the young princess exhibit her doll upon springs, and offer to make it walk—the same want of motion, the same silence. Mademoiselle, naturally lively, was on the point of becoming angry; but suddenly, by an inspiration perfectly original, she took her doll and desired the child to touch a spring; the doll was instantly in motion, the child laughed, Mademoiselle threw her arms round her neck and kissed her, and they instantly began to play together.

M. Belzoni's Egyptian tomb, on the Boulevards, has been numerously attended since its opening. Several members of the Institute have visited it, and two distinguished members of the Royal Family have promised Mr. Belzoni to honor his exhibition with an early visit. It is impossible not to wish this enterprising and indefatigable man success in his undertaking, but I much fear, that he will find a difference between a Parisian and a London public, by no means to the credit of the former. It is generally believed, and indeed I know from an unquestionable source, that Mr. Belzoni realized upwards of five thousand pounds by his exhibition in London after paying the expense previous

to the opening, and all the subsequent charges. It is reported that M. Belzoni intends to make another excursion in Egypt, but I understand that he has no such intention; he has made arrangements for the purchase of a small estate in his native country, Italy, upon which he proposes to pass the remainder of his life. However the friends of science may desire the further researches of this intrepid and discriminating traveller, we must want generosity and feeling, if we do not approve of his proposal to enjoy the fruits of his labours in the bosom of his family, whilst he is in the vigor of life to have a proper zest for enjoyment. M. Belzoni has a younger brother, Mr. Francis Belzoni, a gentleman of good education and gentlemanly manners, who is likely to follow up the discoveries made by Mr. John

Belzoni. He is, I believe, under the immediate protection and patronage of Mr. Salt, the British Consul in Egypt, and of several distinguished members of the Antiquarian Society.

The discovery of a temple, and a great number of beautiful statues, in a field in France, has excited the attention of the philosophers in Paris. The discovery was made by a peasant, who struck his spade against a finely sculptured head of black marble. A gentleman of fortune in the neighbourhood who heard of the circumstance agreed to purchase the whole field, and instantly set a number of persons digging; in a few hours he found several statues, and the walls of a Roman temple; we are promised a scientific account of this discovery.

JEALOUSY.—A DRAMATIC SCENE.

Bertha. Good morrow, gentle friend,
Thou hast mislaid thy better looks to-day;
'Tis that ill-fashioned guise which misbecomes thee.

Constance. Ay, thou sayst rightly, it doth misbecome me.
For what have I to do with gaudy trappings?
I will have robes of black and suits of mourning,

So be my garb the colour of my fate;
O! give me widow's weeds, for I am a widow,
A wretched woman who hath lost her husband.

Bertha. And truly were't a husband made me wretched
I'd take his loss for gain: Nay, do not weep.

Constance. Not weep? have no enjoyment? Would to Heav'n
Life were a juice I could exhale in tears;
A vapour, that I might by one long sigh
Abridge the breath of all my days to come.

My lord! my lord! I've lost his heart for ever.

Bertha. Thinking it lost is not the way to win it.
To love thy husband thou defraudest thyself,
And art a prodigal to his deserts,
A miser to thine own; and, therefore, 'tis
Doubting thyself which makes thee doubt thy lord.
Sweet friend, be calm, and I will shew thee comfort.

Constance. Comfort? what comfort—why he hath not two hearts?

Bertha. No more—this must not be, so young, so sad,
I marvel any should be found so witless
To cherish sullen care, th' ungrateful churl
Will break the very heart that fosters him.
In truth, it paineth me to mark how he
Hath been at havock on thy blooming form,
Hath grav'd with rigid finger on thy brow
His crooked characters, and left the trace
Of his hoar breath among thy raven hair.

Constance. I'm glad of it, these ravages shall be

Signals hung out to catch death's icy eye
Who mowing round with an industrious hand,
As to get forward in his endless task,
May take me in the desolating sweep,
Forget my date of years, and think me old.

Bertha. If thou dost love me, talk not thus, my Constance;
Make me a partner in thy grief, and so
Diminish sorrow, by dividing it.

Constance. Divide! ah, never may'st thou feel as I do;

My brain is bloated with unwholesome thought;
My blood so wildly traverseth my veins
That ye may hear it rushing; in my breast,
Feeding and festering on the core of life,
There is a scorpion with a thousand stings;
And ev'ry sting of a peculiar torture.
Heav'n in its vengeance on primeval sin
Condemn'd our race to toil, and shame, and anguish,
A needless sentence sure, had God pronounc'd
This comprehensive curse, *let man be jealous.*

Oh! what have I now done to my St. Leon,
That he should fly my empty arms so long?
Is then my rival such a peerless witch,
Her speech so eloquent, her wit so rare?
A dainty thing to look on, I'll be sworn,
That so his eyes find fair excuse at least
Doth he not prate of her surpassing beauty,
And wear her at his side for ornament,
Is she not meat, and mirth, and health, and life to him.

Bertha. Be more advis'd, my Constance; 'tis not well

To creep into St. Leon's inmost mind,
And with the subtle key of dark suspicion
Unlock its avenues and secret springs,
And set thy fears to watch its every movement;
Leave this to meaner souls, and take this counsel,
Be wise and trust, and in thy trust be happy.
In truth, I ween St. Leon's outward seeming
Hath ever been most fond, and kind, and courteous.

Constance. Canst thou be so deceiv'd? Nor knowst how oft
The most kind husband is the most inconstant.
His fondness is but asking for forgiveness;
But I have wrought me to a resolution
Shall even startle his indifference.

I will unmarry me:

Divest my finger of this golden link,
Break it in two, and render it to his hand
To tell the story of his broken faith.
Ah! magic ring! ah! necromantic circle!
What breadth of bliss, and what a drear extent
Of mis'ry, will thy narrow compass span.
Ha! see, he comes, he comes, my lord!
Mark how his haughty soul intrusts his bearing,
Dictates his step, and rears his lofty brow:
Nature was made a bankrupt at his birth
To mould a form at which the gods should envy;
That voice, that smile, those eyes made out of Heaven
Of the sun's brightness and the ether's blue.
O! look at him, dear Bertha, look at him.
'Tis wise to whip my ambitious spirit,
To rob me of himself a little while,
Lest I should grow too proud in my possession.
O! how my heart reproves my tardy foot,
And leaps to meet him. Would I were his shadow.

MEMOIRS OF DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNERS.

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

(Continued from page 151.)

NAPOLEON, on the 17th October, 1797, signed the celebrated treaty of Campo Formio, by which the French Republic acquired all the Austrian Netherlands, and Austria consented to acknowledge the Cisalpine Republic, better known under the name of the Lombardo-Venetian Republic. On the 1st of December following, Napoleon, at the Congress of Rastadt, signed, with the Count de Cobentzi, the military convention relative to the reciprocal evacuation of the French and German territories. In the preceding month (November), the Directory had appointed Napoleon Commander-in-Chief of the armies destined to the invasion of England.

On Napoleon's return to Paris from Rastadt, the popular sentiment in his favour rose to enthusiasm. The Directory now saw that the mighty genius of this young conqueror would infallibly place him at the head of the nation. They foreboded their own downfall; but, although replete with jealousy, they had not the courage to oppose the public feelings, and they therefore voted a great national fête in honour of Napoleon. The directory received Napoleon with theatrical pomp, and dressed in magnificent antique costumes; the conqueror eclipsed their splendour by the simple uniform of Lodi and Arcola. The Consuls of the Republic gave him a national fête equally magnificent, and decreed that the street in which he resided (La rue Chanteraine), should be called the Street of Victory. The Institute chose him as successor of Carnot, then proscribed as a royalist; Talleyrand, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, gave him a great public fête; and the homage of royalists and republicans was equally offered at his shrine.

Napoleon, having inspected the army on the coast, was convinced of the impracticability of invading England, and he returned to Paris with

a resolution of proposing the invasion and permanent occupation of Egypt, a project which he had conceived, and the plans of which he had matured even during the activity and exertions of his campaign in Italy. This was a gigantic conception of attacking Great Britain in the East where she was more vulnerable; and the Directory, influenced by an anxiety to get rid of a man whose presence concentrated every ray of national admiration and esteem, immediately fitted out the expedition for the invasion of Egypt. Forty thousand land forces and ten thousand marines were assembled in the ports of the Mediterranean, and thirteen sail of the line, fourteen frigates and four hundred transports and smaller vessels were put under sailing orders at Toulon; the fleet was under the command of Admiral Brueys, and Vice-Admirals Villeeneuve, (who subsequently commanded at Trafalgar), Duchayla, Decres, and Gantheaume. The land-officers were, Berthier, Caffarelli, Kleber, Desaix, Regnier, Lannes, Damas, Murat, Andreossy, Belliard, Menou and Zayonscheck, afterwards Vice-Roy of Poland. One hundred members of almost every branch of art and science were attached to the expedition. Among Napoleon's aide-camps were his brother Louis, Duroc, Eugene, Beauharnois, the son of the director Merlin, and Sulkowski, a brave and noble Pole. The squadrons of Genoa, Civita-Vecchia, and Bastia were ordered to join the Toulon fleet. Talleyrand was dispatched to Constantinople to conciliate the Divan. Even the smallest minutiae of this celebrated expedition were exclusively planned by Napoleon.

But on the eve of its departure the whole of these plans were nearly frustrated by a threatened rupture between France and Austria; the populace of Vienna had assaulted the hotel of Bernadotte, the French

bassador, who failing to receive protection or satisfaction from the Government, demanded his passports, and had left the German capital. In this apprehension of a war the hopes of all France were directed to Napoleon, and he was invested with unlimited authority to treat with the Austrian cabinet. He assumed the most dictatorial tone in his correspondence, and brought the dispute to a speedy and favourable termination. It was on this occasion that in a violent dispute with the Directory Napoleon threatened his resignation, and when the Director Rewbell is said to have presented him with a pen, desiring him at once to sign it.

Napoleon arrived at Toulon on the 9th of May, 1797, he made one of his usual bold and comprehensive addresses to the soldiery, told them not where they were going, but promised them victory, and the value of six acres of land to each private on his return. On the 9th of June the fleet reached Malta, the army disembarked, and the next day this impregnable fortress surrendered to Napoleon. Thus terminated the Order of the Knights of Malta, after it had existed 268 years. Napoleon liberated all the Mahomedan captives that the Catholic cruelty had kept prisoners in Malta.

On the 22d of June, the Arabian towers and the minarets of Alexandria announced to the army the destination of their voyage; four and twenty hours before, the fleet of Nelson had touched at Alexandria, in quest of the French. Napoleon appreciated his extraordinary good fortune in thus escaping by so short an interval, and he immediately ordered the landing of the troops, when a strange sail was seen in the offing—"Fortune," exclaimed Napoleon, "wilt thou abandon me! I ask of thee but five days." The sail, however, was not of Nelson's fleet, it was a French frigate; Napoleon and Kleber landed together, and that night planted the tri-coloured flag at Marabout. In order to strike terror into the inhabitants, and to impress the people with an idea of the vigour of European armies, Napoleon did not wait the total disembarkation of the troops, but with one division, at two o'clock that

morning, he took the town of Alexandria by assault. His proclamation to his troops commanded them to respect the manners, customs, and even the superstition of the country. He prohibited pillage and violence to females, and his orders were dictated by the most enlightened policy and liberal principles. His fear of our fleet induced him to hurry the landing of the army; and he gave those orders to the admiral, that had they been executed would, it has since been proved, have rendered its destruction by Nelson a matter, if not impossible, at least of great difficulty.

General Desaix, with one division and two pieces of cannon, passed the desert, and arrived the next day at Demeinhour, fifteen leagues from Alexandria. Kleber being wounded was left in command of the latter city, and General Dugua marched upon Rosetta, which he captured, in order to protect the entry into the Nile of the French flotilla, which was to accompany the army marching on the left bank to Cairo. Napoleon arrived and concentrated his troops at Demeinhour, and appeased the seditious spirit which they had manifested against him. At break of day he marched upon Rahmanieh; the troops were exhausted with excessive thirst and with the heat of the burning sands of the desert, when they suddenly perceived the Nile. They spontaneously rushed into the water, but had scarcely assuaged their thirst when they were attacked by the Mamelukes, who, however, were defeated by General Desaix's cannon. The French waited two days at Rahmanieh, when the flotilla having come up, they proceeded in the night towards Cairo. The flotilla in its passage up the Nile was attacked by a very superior force, which it beat off, capturing the armed vessels of the enemy. Napoleon hearing the cannonade on his left marched to support his vessels, and fought a very severe action at the village of Chebreis, where the Mamelukes left 600 men dead on the field. The army rested a day at Chebreis, and arriving the next day at two o'clock in the afternoon at Embabé saw the Mamelukes drawn up before the village, the pyramids being in rear of their left, and the

majestic Nile with the city of Cairo appearing behind their right. The French were animated by this *coup d'oeil* of ancient scenery, but they were almost dropping with fatigue and thirst, and the enemy were too sensible to allow them any repose. The Mamelukes inspired with rage and religious enthusiasm, and from their ignorance of discipline holding infantry in great contempt, threw their beautiful cavalry against the solid square of French foot. European discipline had the ascendancy; the Mamelukes left 3000 dead on the field, Embahé was carried at the point of the bayonet; 40 pieces of cannon, 400 camels, with all the arms, baggage, provisions, and treasure of the Mamelukes, were taken by the French. This desperate fight was called the battle of the Pyramids, and lasted nineteen hours. In the night, General Dupuy entered Cairo, and marched through its long, strait, and silent streets.

Cairo had been abandoned by the two Beys who ruled over Egypt. Mourad Bey took the route of Upper Egypt; Ibrahim Bey marched upon Syria. Desaix was ordered to pursue Mourad, and to carry a fortified camp four leagues before Giza; he took up his position at old Cairo and at Boulac. A corps was sent to Elkanka (spelt in the map Elhanka) to watch Ibrahim. The army, headed by Napoleon, joined this corps, intending to drive Ibrahim out of Egypt. At Belbeis they fell in with a caravan, and rescuing the merchants from the Arabs escorted it safely to Cairo. At Salahie, Napoleon defeated Ibrahim, and drove him into Syria. He established Regnier's division at Salahie and returned to Cairo. On his route he heard of the destruction of his fleet at Aboukir. Thus shut up in the land that he had conquered, with a powerful army under his command, and with the means of founding seminaries of literature, of science, and of art, it is to be lamented that Napoleon did not direct his views to becoming the Sovereign of Egypt. He might have reclaimed the inhabitants from their erratic and predatory modes of life; have brought the country under a regular and established government, and Egypt being civilized might have been the

focus from which the rays of civilization might have spread through the surrounding nations of Asia and Africa, giving a totally different character to the inhabitants of those beautiful but almost devastated regions.

At the approach of the overflowing of the Nile, the people of Cairo preserve an ancient superstition of celebrating the deity or genius of the river. Napoleon skilfully availed himself of this opportunity to gain an ascendancy over the minds of the inhabitants. He presided at the festival in company with the Pacha of Egypt—he himself gave the signal for throwing the statue of the marriage of the Nile into the river—he scattered gold among the people—bestowed the Cafetan on the principal officers, and performed the ceremony of putting the black pelisse upon the Molah or guardian of the Mekias, in which is enclosed the statue of the Nile river god. The air was rent with cries of Mahomet and Bonaparte.

Shortly after, the birth of Mahomet was celebrated with the usual magnificence. Napoleon appeared at the ceremony in an eastern costume, he did all the honours of the ceremony, and accepted the title of Ali Bonaparte. At the departure of the caravan from Cairo to Mecca, he afforded it his protection, went through the ceremonies of the occasion, and with his own hand wrote a letter to the Scheriff of Mecca. But amidst all these ceremonies he was vigilant in establishing a vigorous government, yet having no means of supporting his army but by levying contributions, it was impossible to preserve the attachment of the inhabitants. Ibrahim and Mourad by their emissaries excited insurrection, which put the skill of Napoleon and the valour of his army to the severest test. The people, accustomed to the most degrading slavery, were insensible to the benefits which a regular government would have conferred upon them; and the military executions, and the destruction of whole towns in the revolted districts, roused the strongest hatred throughout the country. Independent of which, the Koran expressly denounces vengeance against all innovations in the laws

and system of government; and which obstacle even the assumption of the Koran by Napoleon could not overcome: the French, therefore, maintained themselves solely by their superior force.

On the 22nd September, 1798, the establishment of a republic in France was announced to the army, and Napoleon resolved to celebrate it with splendour. He constructed in Cairo an immense circus; it was surrounded by 105 columns, each bearing a flag with the name of one of the departments. In the middle was a colossal obelisk covered with inscriptions; seven antique altars were also loaded with trophies, and with lists of the names of those who had fallen in battle. At the entrance was a triumphal arch ornamented with a representation of the battle of the Pyramids, and amongst other inscriptions in the Arabian character was that of "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet." The fact is, that Napoleon's situation was critical, and he saw the necessity of flattering the conquered as well as the conquerors. Hymns were, however, sung to him by the people, the burden of which was, that Allah had sent him to rescue the Egyptians from the yoke of the Mamelukes.

Napoleon established at Cairo a Divan, composed of the most considerable citizens, and formed similar municipal bodies in the other towns. He established also the Institute of Egypt, with classes for mathematics, natural philosophy, political economy, literature and the fine arts. These formed a library, a cabinet of natural history, an observatory, a botanical garden, a laboratory, a cabinet of antiquities, and a menagerie. Egypt was now explored by the *Savans* with great zeal. Napoleon ordered them to ascertain the difference between the standards of the French and Egyptian weights and measures, and to compose vocabularies of French and Arabian words, as well as an Egyptian, Coptic, and European calendar. Two newspapers, the "Decade Egyptienne," and the "Courier d'Egypte," were daily published; and, in short, Cairo seemed as if by magic to have been converted into a European capital.

The French soldiery were assimilated as much as possible to the inhabitants, and all natives, indiscriminately, from the age of 16 to 24, were admitted into the French ranks. Three thousand seamen who escaped from the battle of the Nile reached the French army in safety, and were formed into a nautical legion. The gates of Cairo were closed every night to protect the city from the Arabs, and the numerous cloisters were destroyed, from the protection they might afford to the inhabitants in the event of insurrection.

These precautions were absolutely necessary, for the situation of Napoleon was critical in the extreme. Mourad Bey maintained his position in Upper Egypt in spite of the efforts of the sagacious and indefatigable Desaix. The English attacked the maritime towns possessed by the French. Generals Menou and Dugua could scarcely retain possession of Lower Egypt. The Arabs joined to the Felahs were in arms in the deserts, and the Directory of France, instead of performing their duty by negotiating for the neutrality of the Turks, left their countrymen in Egypt to their fate. The English circulated throughout the country the sanguinary proclamations of the Turks, exciting the people to a religious war of extermination, and amidst all these difficulties, on the 22nd of October, 1798, the Cheicks excited the inhabitants of Cairo to rise *en masse* and massacre the French. Napoleon was at Old Cairo, when the people of Cairo assembled at the grand mosque, at the call of the priests. Arming themselves, they massacred General Dupuy, the commander of the town, and the brave General Salkowsky, the friend of Napoleon. The French, without distinction, fell victims to the fury of the populace, who closed the two gates of the city, repulsing Napoleon's attempt to enter by that of Cairo, and who at last forced his entrance by the opposite gate of Boulak. At this moment, what is a phenomenon in Egypt, the skies were obscured by clouds, and peals of thunder struck the superstitious Egyptians with terror, they conceived it to be an interference on the part of heaven in favour of their enemies; they implored the mercy

of their conquerors, but the French had forced an entrance into the city and took a summary and a dreadful vengeance for their slaughtered companions. The cannon destroyed all their mosques, the gates of the city were beaten down, several of the chiefs or priests were sentenced to be shot, the city was deprived of its municipal Government, was put under that of the military, and was further subject to a heavy contribution; finally, the press was made the engine of subduing the people by disseminating Mahomet's anathemas against sedition. These measures were so effectual that this proved the last insurrection against the French. Napoleon afterwards brought Lower Egypt under his thorough command, and formed advantageous treaties with the Bedouin Arabs. He again gave to Cairo a municipal Government, consisting of sixty of the principal inhabitants; and, considering his authority as established, he set out on an expedition to Suez to discover the remains of the great canal of Sesostris, which was intended to unite the Mediterranean with the Red Sea.

His caravan consisted of 300 men, commanded by Berthier and Dammartin, and he was accompanied by Berthollet, Monge, Dutertre, Castaz, and Caffarelli-Dufalga. After three days travelling in the deserts he arrived at Suez, inspected the coast, crossed the Red Sea, and visited the fountains of Moses. He established more equitable custom-duties at Suez, communicated his orders to the Scheriff at Mecca, and received deputations from the Arabs, who solicited a peace from the French. Two leagues from Suez he discovered the remains of the great canal, which at two leagues farther was lost in the sands. Returned to Suez, he learned that the advanced guard of Djezzar, Pacha of Syria, had occupied El-Arish, which is situated ten miles in the desert, and is the frontier defence of Egypt. This measure of the Pacha convinced Napoleon that war must have been declared between the Turks and the French. He hastened to Cairo, ordered on his way a corps of dromedaries to be formed, and marched directly with

10,000 men into Syria; Generals Bon, Kleber, Lannes and Regnier commanded the infantry, Murat the cavalry, Dammartin the artillery, and Caffarelli-Dufalga the engineers. Vice-Admiral Perez, with three frigates, was to cross to Jaffa, and to carry the battering train; the army had 50 other pieces of artillery with them. In a few days Regnier took the town of El-Arish, destroyed a part of the garrison, forced the remainder into the castle, defeated the Mamalukes of Ibrahim Bey, making himself master of their camp. The English attempted a division by bombarding Alexandria, but Napoleon penetrated their design, and despising their efforts proceeded to El-Arish, arriving seven days after his departure from Cairo. He took the castle of El-Arish, part of the garrison entered the French ranks, and after a dreadful march of 60 leagues the army arrived at the beautiful plains of the ancient Gaza; Gaza was captured, and in five days the French were before Jaffa. The town was well fortified, and garrisoned by numerous and choice troops. A breach being made, Napoleon sent a Turk, summoning the town to surrender, his messenger was beheaded; the town was then carried by assault, and the infuriated French committed a dreadful carnage in the garrison. The numerous dead infected the air and produced a plague. Napoleon established at Jaffa a Divan, a Grand Hospital, and garrisoned the place. Alarmed at the despair which the plague was spreading throughout his troops, Napoleon, accompanied by Desgenettes, the chief physician, and by Berthier and others, visited the infected; touched their sores, and thus inspired confidence into their troops. The army, after the numerous battles at Saffet, Nasareth, Sour (the ancient Tyre,) Loubi, Sedjarra, and Mount Thaber, and after capturing Kaiffa, arrived at Acre. The town resisted the French for 60 days. During this time the Firman of the Turks had raised against the French the whole population of Bagdad, and of the banks of the Euphrates. A large Turkish army was about to be transported into Syria by the Turkish fleet, another was assembled at

Rhodes to attack Napoleon in Egypt. He learned that the whole Delta had risen in arms against him; the English assailed him on the coast, and Mourad Bey disputed every inch of ground with General Desaix. In this desperate state of his affairs it was absolutely necessary to capture Acre, but the works were incredibly massive, and the frigates with the battering train had not arrived. The besieged had repulsed two assaults, but in a grand sortie were driven back with great slaughter. Napoleon was obliged to march part of the besieging army to Mount Thabor to relieve Kleber, who, entrenched in the ruins with 4,000 men, had been resisting the furious attacks of 20,000 Turks.

Napoleon's fine genius won the famous battle of Mount Thabor. With the cavalry of Murat he scoured the banks of the Jordan. Generals Vial and Rampon established themselves at Naplouz, and Napoleon threw himself between the great Turkish army of the Pacha Damas and their magazines. Damas thus attacked in every direction lost 5000 men, and all his tents, camels, and provisions.

In the mean time the French Admiral Perré had landed nine large guns at Jaffa, and Napoleon was resolved to capture Acre. In two desperate assaults the French were repulsed, and in one of them Caffarelli-Dufalga lost his life. At length a Turkish fleet appeared in the offing, and Acre would be invulnerable after these succours should be poured into it. Napoleon ordered a general attack, it was the fifth assault; the French were wrought to the most desperate pitch of valour. The ramparts were carried, and the Turks driven into the city, but Sir Sidney Smith, with the men of his fleet, inspired the inhabitants with courage to defend their streets and houses; three successive and brave assaults proved ineffectual; the carnage of the French was terrific, and Napoleon was obliged to raise the siege. "Soldiers!" said Napoleon, "after having, with a handful of men sustained a war for three months in the heart of Syria! After having captured 40 pieces of canon, 50 stands of colours and 10,000 prisoners! After having destroyed the

works of Gaza, Jaffa, Kaiffa and Acre, we will now return to Egypt." We must notice that the defender of Acre, besides Sir Sidney Smith, was the celebrated Phelipeaux, who had been Napoleon's companion at the Military Academy, and who had escaped from the prison of the Temple at Paris.

Napoleon, in this retreat, by dint of his own personal efforts, succeeded in carrying away his sick, except about 60 left at Jaffa, and the fate of whom has been the subject of so much controversy.

Napoleon fortified El-Arish and Tuich, and left a corps of troops at Cattich, making a line of defence for the frontier of Egypt. After this memorable campaign of four months in Syria he arrived at Cairo, having lost 600 men by the plague, 1200 in battle, and bringing back 1800 wounded.

Arrived at Cairo, Napoleon learned that Mourad Bey had baffled the pursuit of Desaix, and had descended from Upper Egypt at the head of a large force; and at the same time he received intelligence that a large Turkish fleet had arrived at Abouker, with a military force destined to attack Alexandria, and commanded by Seidman Mustapha, Pacha of Romelia, who was in communication with the two Beys, Mourad and Ibrahim. Napoleon marched at the head of 18,000 men, and found Mustapha entrenched at Abouker, and defended by a numerous artillery. He defeated the enemy, 10,000 of them were drowned in the sea, and Mustapha, his son, and all the chief officers who had escaped the fight, were afterwards taken by Murat, who greatly distinguished himself in this memorable battle.

This great battle completed the conquest of Egypt, and left Napoleon solely the duty of keeping possession of the country, and of tranquillising it. His active mind, therefore, turned to the great events which were then agitating France. He learned by the papers that the military glory of his country had been tarnished since he had left Europe; that his own name was the object of hope and admiration with the French, and that his countrymen were oppressed by an imbecile

government. He resolved to return to Europe, and pretending to take a journey to the Delta, in order to conceal his intentions of leaving the country, he quitted Egypt, taking with him the *Scavans*, Monge, Bertholet and Denon, and Generals Berthier, Murat, Lannes and Mar-mont.

A proclamation, dated 25th August 1799, announced to the army, that Kleber was their Commander in Chief.

The four ships, bearing Napoleon and his suit, as if by a miracle, escaped the numerous English cruisers in the Mediterranean, and arrived at Ajaccio, on the 1st October, 1799. A contrary wind detained them in Ajaccio for 7 days, and, on their attempting to sail on the 8th, ten English ships appeared in the offing. Admiral Gantheaume proposed manœuvres which would have led to the capture of his squa-

dron, but Napoleon's fine appreciation of circumstances, even in a profession distinct from his own, saved his little squadron from capture; on 9th October, at break of day, he entered the harbour of Fie-jus, after being 41 days on a sea almost covered with English cruisers.

The reception of Napoleon by the populace was enthusiastic. He found a civil war raging in the West of France, and threatening to spread into the Southern provinces. Italy, since his departure, had been reconquered by the Austrians, Joubert had been killed, whilst his own companion in arms, Massena, had just destroyed the last corps of Suwar-row in Switzerland. The government was detested by the whole country, and Napoleon arrived at Paris with General Berthier, having on the road from Frejus been received in every town with almost sovereign honors.

(To be continued.)

ODE. TO SPRING.

Spring, lovely maid, returns again
And clothes in verdant garb the plain,
Diffusing gladness round.
Nature's first-born, fairest child,
Whose great Creator said and smil'd,
"In thee all good is found."

Fair emblem of our youthful days,
To thee I'll tune my choicest lays,
And make the vale resound;
Thou cheer'st the heart of drooping age,
And do'st pale grief and pain assuage,
"In thee all good is found."

All nature feels thy genial power,
Each plant, each tree—herb, fruit and flower;—
In thee their source abound,
The feather'd people of the grove
Now chant in amorous lays their love,—
"In thee all good is found."

O! thou whose universal sway
All nature and her laws obey;—
Thou who'rt in glory crown'd,
Grant that by us when life is o'er,
And ancient Time revolves no more,
Eternal Spring be found.

THE FINE ARTS.

THE BRITISH GALLERY.

IN fulfilment of the intention announced in our last number, we proceed to make some observations on a few, and only on a few of those pictures now exhibiting at the Gallery of the British Institution, which appear to us to be most entitled to our regard. In these, as well as in all other remarks which we may from time to time offer on the various productions of the Fine Arts, we trust that we shall never shew ourselves influenced, either on the one hand by that silly, ineffective, and indeed injurious good-nature which praises equally imbecility and excellence; or, on the other hand, by that fastidious, and in some instances we fear, malignant feeling, which passes hastily and slightly over merits, and dwells with complacency, if not with bitterness and exultation, on defects.

9. A Banditti Chief asleep, watched by a woman. 36. A Banditti Chief looking over a rock, a woman pulling him back. 43. A woman throwing herself between the fire of soldiery and a wounded Chief of Banditti. All painted at Rome.—C. Eastlake.

We congratulate Mr. Eastlake on his great and rapid advance in the art, and we look forward with confidence to his becoming a distinguished ornament of the English school. These are three highly interesting performances, embodying in some of the numerous and delightful shapes in which they indicate themselves the tender, and at the same time the heroic, affection and self-devotion, of which woman has so often shewn herself capable. The compositions are simple; the drawing is generally correct; the expression, though energetic and unequivocal, is perfectly unforced; and the colouring is rich and warm, but sometimes degenerates into foxiness. The execution is singular. We confess that we are not displeased with its breadth and solidity;

but we have heard good judges of art speak of it as not sufficiently finished.

278. A Maniac visited by his children. Painted at Rome.—J. P. Davis.

This mournful composition consists of five figures, rather larger than life. The scene is a dungeon. In the fore-ground is the maniac, in a crouching position, unconscious of what passes, his eyes fixed and glaring, with the character of incurable insanity. His head and shoulders are in a very grand style of art; although less of muscular power and marking would perhaps have been advantageous. Beside him kneels his daughter in intense affliction. Her countenance possesses considerable delicacy and sweetness; but parts of her figure, and especially her arms, are very deficient in drawing. Close to her is a youth, who participates in her grief; and clinging to him is a child, in whom terror has o'er-mastered filial love, and who thus introduces a valuable variety of expression. The keeper, in the back-ground, contemplating the sad groupe with a compassion which even the habits of his life cannot wholly repress, reminds us strongly of the firm and vigorous pencil of Opie. The Caravaggio effect of the picture is very suitable to the subject. The deepest shadows, however, are much too sooty. Most of our English artists would do well to attend to the fact, that as the tones of the great colourists become dark, they become warm.

128. Adam and Eve entertaining the Angel Raphael.—J. Martin.

There is no living artist who can more successfully convey the idea of almost unbounded space in his pictures than Mr. Martin. In the present fine and varied composition, the eye is lost in endeavouring to trace the infinite undulations and intricacies of the beautiful and out-stretched landscape. Every object glitters with the gay and sunny hue, which there can be no doubt was prevalent in Paradise. Some of the positive

colours however will, in our opinion, be benefitted by the mellowing hand of time.

66. *Death of the Woodcock.* 147. *Greyhounds resting.*—Edwin Landseer.

We almost envy the animal and feathered creation the devotion of such talents as those which Mr. Landseer manifests. And yet it is gratifying to see the interest which genius can communicate to forms and circumstances, not of the most promising nature. For instance, it is difficult to conceive a more pathetic little picture than "The death of the Woodcock." In fact, it is rather too much so. The writhing body, the closing eye, the gasping bill, stained with "gouts of blood," the dragged and helpless leg, the floating feathers which the struggles of escaping life have disengaged, all indicate a degree of agony that it is painful to contemplate, even in a bird. We are not sportsmen, it is evident; but if we had any disposition that way, this admirably executed picture would effectually damp it. The "Greyhounds resting" is of another and a more cheerful quality. The dogs in repose are beautifully painted; and nothing can exceed the fire and animation of the fine creature, who seems to have been suddenly roused by the perception of some distant object, and to be ready instantly to start off on a fresh pursuit.

It surprises us that, in this age of literary adventure, no enterprising publisher has devised the plan of a magnificent edition of *Æsop*; illustrated by the pencil of Landseer and the graver of Scott. It would be a most amusing, and we are persuaded a most profitable undertaking.

42. *Royal Banquet, at the Coronation of His Most Excellent Majesty George the Fourth.*—G. Jones, A.R.A.

When we state that the size of this picture is only five feet by four and a half, our readers must be aware that it can give but a general notion of the gorgeous and august spectacle which it has been painted to commemorate. In that respect we think it eminently successful. No man knows better how to treat such subjects, where individuality is not required, than Mr. Jones. It is in them that

his pencil luxuriates, and that he is enabled to develop that masterly management of tone and effect, which appears like the result of magic to the uninitiated.

49. *Morning after a Storm; a scene near Linton, on the North Devon coast.*—W. Linton.

Mr. Linton is a very improving artist. He is evidently one of those who make nature their principal model; and who look at art chiefly for the purpose of enabling themselves to detect in nature that which might otherwise have eluded their observation. There is much grandeur, and great truth in this difficult effort. The effect of the retiring mist, partially obscuring the lofty cliffs of the middle distance, is extremely faithful; and the grey hues of that part of the picture are skillfully contrasted with the deep-toned fisher's huts of the nearer ground.

The same artist has two smaller works in this Exhibition. They are views from Lord Northwick's villa at Harrow; and are very pleasing, but somewhat monotonous.

201. *A popular Actor, in the character of Henry IV.*—J. Jackson, R.A.

A rich-toned picture. Mr. Jackson has represented with fidelity the deep pathos with which Mr. Macready's powerful mind "informs" features, not the most favourable for refined expression.

222. *Maria Graze, the wife of a Brigand Chief.*—W. Brockeden.

There is great energy in this lady-robber, and the tone of colour approaches very nearly to that of a fine old Venetian picture.

11. *Cottage Children opening a Gate.*—J. Burnett.

A charming little composition; warmly but harmoniously coloured. The uniform and converging direction of the eyes of the interesting little groupe towards some one, who has not yet approached near enough to step within the boundary of the picture, is a circumstance happily imagined.

64. *Othello. Act III. Scene 3.*—H. P. Briggs.

Carefully, firmly, and chastely painted; but the subject, namely, the interview between Desdemona and Cassio, in which the former promises to exert all her influence

with her husband in behalf of the latter, is not of sufficient interest for the canvas.

16. A Girl at her Devotions.—G. S. Newton.

The object of the young lady's adoration is the miniature of a military hero, on which she gazes with infinite tenderness. We would just hint to Mr. Newton, that pictorial puns of this description are rather dangerous. It is a pleasing and clever picture nevertheless, but not faultless in the drawing.

211. Head of a Polish Jew.—Mrs. W. Carpenter.

Highly creditable to the talents of the fair, amiable, and accomplished artist.

153. "Don't wake the Baby."—T. Stewardson.

A very touching exhibition of maternal vigilance. The child's head is sweetly painted.

141. Reading the News.—T. S. Good.

This little work is a companion to that extraordinary and celebrated picture (also in the present Exhibition) representing two old men, who fought at the battle of Minden; which, although oddly stuck in an angle of the great room at Somerset House last year, attracted more public admiration than any of its neighbours of much haughtier pretensions. Mr. Good's new production is not equal to the one we have just mentioned, but it shews the same strict attention to truth, especially in the head of the old man who is reading,

which is a master-piece of natural expression. May we be allowed to suggest to Mr. Good, that a little more massing of his lights and shadows need not in the slightest degree diminish the minute fidelity of his pencil, while it would materially strengthen the general effect of his works.

257. View on the Burle, near Dulverton, Somersetshire.—G. Samuel.

A pleasing landscape, thoroughly English in every respect. The interest of this and another production from the same pencil (116. Latimers, from Chenies, Buckinghamshire) is painfully increased by the sudden death of the artist, which has taken place since the opening of the Gallery. Mr. Samuel was a painter of considerable and improving talents, and was warmly and deservedly esteemed by an extensive circle of friends.

241. Master Simon, the Doctor, with Brumo, imposes upon the credulity of Calandrino; Boccacio, de Cameron.—J. M. Wright.

Truly humorous.

235. Game.—B. Blake.

Equal to Gerard Dow in point of high finishing.

But we must close our remarks; in doing which it is but justice to say, that we have been obliged to pass without notice many works highly deserving of praise. This has been compulsory on us. It has been a matter of choice that we have abstained from any observations on others of an opposite character.

MR. HAYDON'S GREAT PICTURE OF THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

Now exhibiting at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

WE have long thought that there never was a more striking instance than has been afforded by the various occurrences and considerations connected with the career of Mr. Haydon, as an artist, of the wisdom of the brief but expressive prayer,—“Protect us from our friends!”—That Mr. Haydon has suffered deeply, both in his own powers and in the public estimate of them, by the injudicious zeal of certain of his admirers, no calm and impartial observer of the events in the world of *virtù*, during the last twelve or fifteen years, can

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deny. In fact, we doubt whether any genius, less vigorous and persevering than his, could have triumphed over the numerous impediments which have been thrown in his way by individuals, who, while they evidently meant well to him, had not sagacity enough to be aware, that to praise enthusiastically and indifferently beauties and defects, and continually, and ostentatiously, to proclaim their favourite the sun of British art, around whom, all his contemporaries must move in a kind of planetary subjection, was not

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exactly the way, either to render Mr. Haydon really an excellent painter, or to induce the public cordially to allow him the rank to which he was justly entitled by his merit. It would have been surprising if the tone of Mr. Haydon's own mind had not been injured by his association with the little junto to whom we have alluded, and who have the modesty to believe that they monopolize the judgment and taste of the world. That it was so injured has been manifested in several instances;—in none more strongly than in his frequent forgetfulness, that the muse of painting is too jealous a nymph, to admit of any rival in the attachment of her votaries, and that

“ ’Twas not by words Appelles charm’d mankind.”

For ourselves, from the appearance of the “*Dentatus*,” which we believe was the first picture, or the first of any importance, which Mr. Haydon exhibited at Somerset House, we have been the steady assertors of his genius. We especially recollect that when his “*Macbeth*” adorned the walls of the British Gallery, while we could not be blind to the strange and exaggerated action of the Thane of Cawdor, and to the unhappy introduction of the diminutive figure of his “dearest chuck” in the back-ground, we endeavoured, through the medium of the press, to draw the public attention rather to the exquisitely conceived, and admirably executed repose of the venerable Duncan, and to the extraordinary knowledge of grouping, colouring, and effect evinced in the “sleepy grooms.” When the “*Judgment of Solomon*” followed, while we were compelled to admit the blemishes of the composition, we warmly applauded its many and preponderating excellences. From that time we frankly confess that in our opinion Mr. Haydon's pencil gradually degenerated, and that it did so we most conscientiously attributed to the cause which we have already described. To the same source we ascribed certain proceedings on the part of Mr. Haydon which, were it not for the respect we entertain for him, we should unquestionably denominate “quackery.”—Still, however, we hurried

to see any new work of his with feelings of hope and expectation similar to those, which impelled us to run to Albemarle Street for the earliest copy of a new poem by Lord Byron, or to squeeze into the pit of Drury Lane theatre to witness the performance of a new character by Mr. Kean.

After what we have said, we trust we shall have full credit for the sincerity of our declaration, when we express the high gratification with which, on entering the exhibition-room at the Egyptian Hall the other day, we found ourselves in the presence of a production, which appears to us to be at once Mr. Haydon's *chef-d'œuvre*, and an honour to the country. We heartily congratulate Mr. Haydon on having broken the spell under which he seems to have been for some years labouring; and which dwarfed his efforts. His mind has resumed its natural dimensions.

The general effect of this fine picture on the first glance,—that critical, and agitating, and decisive moment!—is powerful and grand; and the impression thus favourably made is considerably strengthened by contemplation. Of the manner in which the awful and interesting subject is treated, the descriptive catalogue (which is rather incorrectly written) thus speaks:

“In the centre stands Christ, resting firmly on the left leg and foot, and easing his right foot by bending a little the right knee; his right arm is lifted up, the hand bent and beckoning, as suiting the words, ‘come hither;’ his left arm hangs easily. Tranquil power and tender affection are what I have wished to convey by the action and expression; as if in the turbulence of the scene he, only, was not alarmed or doubtful. Right opposite is Lazarus, that instant come to the entrance, tearing back the grave-clothes that obscure his sight, (the first impulse of life being to see) and instinctively looking towards the Being who has restored him, with no distinct impression of what has been done. I wish to convey the idea as if his face still retained the unmoved, unliving air of death, while his eyes shine with bewildered re-animation. His mother, on the left, impelled by

her feelings, darts forward to embrace him; while his father, not yet sure of his actual existence, keeps her back till he has ascertained the nature of the figure. In the foreground are the grave-openers; one of whom has seen him, and, covering his eyes, as if haunted by the vision, drops his lever and dashes on without being sensible where he will run; the other sees him, and I wish to convey by his action and muscles the instant motion of a start. On each side of our Saviour kneel the two sisters, Martha and Mary. Martha suddenly lifts her head at Christ's voice, as if awakened from a sob; and half believing, wondering and delighted, sees her brother; while Mary, tender and pathetic in her affections, muses in total abstraction on her loss; for though she believed if Christ had come sooner her brother would not have died, she was not perfectly sure he would again be re-animated. Behind Martha is St. John, bowing down with passionate piety at this new proof of his divine Master's power, while St. Peter is bending forwards, affected with awe, and putting his hand to his forehead in sign of his reverence. Between St. John and Christ are a Pharisee and a Sadducee; the Pharisee, who believed in resurrection, regards Lazarus with spite and doubt; the other, a Sadducee, who denied resurrection, won't look at all, but turns his head away as if in joke and contempt. They wear phylacteries on their foreheads, with quotations from scripture, as was their custom; and, as expressive of that hypocrisy with which they were continually reproached by our Saviour, I have given each a quotation the reverse of his look and expression. That on the frontlet of the Pharisee is, 'Lying I abhor;' while that on the Sadducee is, 'Thy commandments I keep;' when the one is meant to look as if he did not abhor lying, and the other as if he did not keep God's commandments. Immediately behind is a young woman coming in with water on her head, unconscious of what is doing; next to St. Peter is an old woman with the unmoved care of age, begging a younger, who is grieving, not to be so affected; a father and two sons are above these;

the father thanks God for such a miracle; the eldest boy, with the impetuosity of youth, points out Lazarus with both hands; while the younger boy clings, alarmed, to his father. Directly over the Pharisee is a young man out of danger, and who is eagerly investigating the look of Lazarus. The back-ground is meant to be the tone that envelops the sky at a thunder storm; and the figures are supposed to be lighted by a sudden flash before the foreground. In this description it is simply intended to convey to the spectator the painter's notions of all the characters and expressions; the visitor is still left to the decision of his own judgment, as to the success of the execution."

We proceed, with no other confidence than that produced by our determination to state fairly, and without undue influence of any kind, the opinions, such as they are, which a close examination of the details of Mr. Haydon's picture induced us to form.

The action of Christ is very indicative of the feeling by which Mr. Haydon conceives that our Saviour must have been at the moment inspired. We are not however satisfied with the expression of the features. The forehead and nose are delicately and characteristically marked; but the receding under-lip conveys an idea of feebleness inconsistent with divinity. The proportions of the figure also are not quite correct. The left arm is rather too long, and the raised right hand is rather too large. These may seem to be trifles, but they are materially injurious.

In Lazarus himself we think Mr. Haydon has been completely successful; and it is a success achieved in defiance of great difficulties. It must have required consummate skill to represent a human being, the instant after exhumation, without producing an exhibition of horror. Here there is nothing of the kind. Enough of the state from which Omnipotence has just delivered him remains in the countenance of Lazarus to attest the miracle of which he has been the subject, but there is sufficient manifestation of returning life to prevent the spectator from experiencing the slightest disgust or aversion.

The parents of Lazarus are admirable. The eager look and gesture of the mother are Siddonian; and the manly discretion which induces the father, himself agitated between hope and fear, to repress an emotion that he considers premature, affords an excellent contrast between the two qualities of feeling and judgment, by which the sexes are respectively and advantageously distinguished.

The entire abandonment of the gentle Mary to the grief which overwhelms her, while kneeling by the side of Christ with pale complexion, tearful eyes and clasped hands, she gazes on the earth in utter unconsciousness of all that is passing, is also finely contrasted by the sudden joy which beams from the face of Martha, who views the reviving form of her beloved brother with astonishment and admiration.

Of Mr. Haydon's St. John we are unable to speak in terms of praise. We are perfectly aware of the amiable character assigned to that favourite disciple in scripture; but we think that, as represented in Mr. Haydon's picture, his person and action are feminine, and his countenance full of affected rather than of genuine sensibility.

In the middle-ground, the veneration of St. Peter, the scowl of the Pharisee, the sneer of the Sadducee, the sorrow of the daughter, the consoling attention of the mother, the

energetic piety of the old man, the earnestness of the elder son, and the natural apprehension of the younger, are all depicted with great and various power. Nor can we extol too highly the beautifully tranquil and ingenious countenance of the female water-bearer, on which the artist has designedly shed an apparently accidental ray of light; and which, thus innocent and illumined, serves as a most agreeable relief for the eye and mind, after they have been busily wandering among the powerful, tumultuous and contending expressions of most of the principal individuals in the scene. We had nearly forgotten to mention the grave-openers, who are in the very nearest part of the fore-ground; forming a mass of deep shadow, eminently serviceable to the chiaro-scuro of the piece. The excessive alarm which on such an occasion would naturally seize persons of their occupation, who had never before beheld "the graves give up their dead" pervades every member of their fear-stricken frames. Perhaps the extraordinary activity, which one of them displays to escape from the object of his terror, is calculated to excite an emotion rather hostile to sublime expressions.

The drapery and the other accessories of the picture are firmly and finely painted; the colouring is harmonious; and the general tone is rich, but historical.*

MR. HAYTER'S PICTURE OF THE LATE QUEEN'S TRIAL.

Now exhibiting in Pall Mall, (with an engraved Outline).

Mr. George Hayter has just finished, and is now exhibiting in Pall Mall, a capital historical picture of her late Majesty's Trial in the House of Lords. The time chosen is during the cross examination, by Earl Grey, of the Italian witness, *Majoeri*, on the 6th day of the trial, and the artist has availed himself of that moment of time, as being the most suitable for a complete representation of the imposing scene, for it presented the opportunity of his exhibiting the business of the House within the bar at an interesting point, and at the same time of giving portraits of the distinguished coun-

sel engaged in the cause, who, being relieved from the examination of the witness by the interrogatories then putting by the Peers, were enabled to turn round from the bar and face the spectators.

It is difficult to conceive a subject more uninviting for a painter than that which Mr. Hayter has executed. In poetry and in painting the imagination is generally excited, and filled with a rapid and vivid delineation of a single object or groupe; and a general description is rather given by a brief and very limited selection, which leads the mind more to supply what is omitted from the in-

* We hope to be able to present our readers with an elegantly engraved outline of this admirable picture in our next number.—Ed.

dex already given, than to look for and find it in palpable and elaborate details. It was, therefore, with some degree of anxiety that we heard of the progress of a work, to be executed with all the minutiae of portrait painting, comprehending such a numerous body of the Peerage and public characters of the kingdom, all engaged in the discharge of a duty likely to call forth such an infinite variety of expression and display of individual character.

The exhibition of this great historical work, (for it refers to an event which must figure in the page of history) has removed the anxiety which we previously felt for the arduous undertaking of a meritorious artist. Those who had not access to the House of Lords during the Queen's trial have, in this picture, a most accurate view of the whole scene; a better view, indeed, than any person could have had during the trial, for in Mr. Hayter's work the spectator's eye at once embraces the whole of the proceedings: the order and arrangement of the Peers and of the House, and the respective situations of the Queen, her counsel, the witnesses, &c. &c. in the most palpable and interesting detail. The singular merit in the composition and execution of this picture is, that the eye never tires in surveying the crowded, yet still distinct grouping of which it is composed. The House of Lords, as a building, is very little adapted for pictorial effect—there are no architectural beauties to relieve or embellish a picture; the cross lights from the small side windows, the monotony of colouring of the tapestry and decorations, and the erection of the temporary side galleries for Peers during the trial, were still less calculated to aid the painter's work. The parallel lines formed by the Peers' seats, the cross benches, the sunken position of the woolsack, the brass rods supporting naked cornices, and the fence-railling of the side galleries, (all secure and commodious enough for the accommodation of their Lordships) presented a combination of difficulties in the composition and execution of an historical work, where accuracy of details must not supercede that general simplicity and imposing effect as a whole; which is indispensable to invite and secure permanent attention.

A light and partial panoramic sketch of such a subject might be, and perhaps has been executed; but neither of that nor of any other event in British History are we aware, that a record has been preserved like the present; entire in its comprehension of the actors and the action in the scene, faithful in its particular representation, and most curious and interesting from the great variety of authentic portraiture of eminent characters in different ranks, and the contrast and arrangement of attitudes, which denote in no small degree the force of individual habits, and the degree of interest which, in many instances, they may be supposed to take in the passing business of the day.

The labour of such a work must have been intense, when we see that the artist had to paint from the sittings of the originals (as has been stated) upwards of *two hundred* portraits; but not the least part of his merit is in the arrangement of the composition. There is, however, to the eye of the ordinary spectator, a singular and most felicitous arrangement of the perspective of the picture; which, without casting any object or part out of its proper place, conduces in an eminent degree to make the whole harmonize.

The choice of the point from which the view of the house is taken is admirable, and the propriety of treating the perspective diagonally, instead of taking a parallel view to the base line, by which arrangement the horizontal lines are in no instance parallel, evinces very great skill and a critical knowledge of the principles on which the old masters acted when determining to produce a peculiar effect; the arched top to the picture is another advantage also conducing to effect. Considerable art is also displayed in surmounting the difficulty of uniting the figures in the galleries to the great lower groupe, and the plan of placing the Peers at the right hand corner in a standing posture assists in attaining the desirable end. The chandeliers are finely drawn and coloured, and the manner in which the gorgeous colouring of the throne in the background is subdued into a chaste and quiet tone, by the gradations of the brass columns so managed as to lead the eye to it in the most pleasing

mony of colouring, cannot be too highly praised. The portraits are all true to nature, and even the unfavourable variety of plain habiliments, while they designate individual taste and habit, attest the fidelity of the artist, while they greatly diminish his means of producing pictorial effect. Had Mr. Hayter, like the late Mr. Copley in his picture of the *Death of Lord Chatham*, resorted to a violation of the strict costume of the moment, and diminished the pressing difficulties of such a work by a mere selection from the Peers present on that occasion, attiring them in their robes, (not worn on the particular day of that statesman's illness) he might have obtained some magnificence, but at the expense of real truth; not that we blame Mr. Copley, for he had great examples for his deviation from the strict costume; but that we feel ourselves bound to pay a higher tribute to the artist, who has succeeded in representing every thing as it was really seen at the particular moment, and shewn that by the application of arduous labour, and unsparing attention, it was practicable to combine this minute fidelity with a plan of composition and tone of execution, in a high degree calculated to produce general effect. The concealment of labour, where so much must have been exhausted, is also a remarkable proof of the artist's skill; every figure seems perfect in itself, and there is not a constrained or affected attitude in the whole composition—each personage appears to occupy his proper position, and to be engaged after his ordinary manner. In the various lines of figures, notwithstanding the

unfavourable arrangement of the seats for a work of art, there is nothing monotonous; all are naturally placed, and these positions which from their close resemblance to the practice in real life, dictated by ease and mutual convenience, appear to the ordinary observer as of common execution, because they do not strike him with any novel appearance, is the most difficult of management in the whole executive mechanism of art. To give the various attitudes of two or three hundred personages, all of the highest rank, and therefore requiring of the artist a close adherence to strict propriety; to preserve the respective likenesses amid all the difficulties of local situation, some in the galleries considerably above the eye, and where they were played upon by the cross lights from the windows, and others engaged in the thronged grouping below, was an arduous and, were it not for the example of execution before us, we should say an insuperable task; in every part of the picture the fidelity of portraiture is preserved, from the full front groupe of the learned Counsel for the Prosecution and for the Queen, (a most finished part of the picture) to the more distant and indistinct, but still perceptible likenesses of the crowd of Commoners upon the steps of the Throne. The variety of interesting objects in this great historical work, leads us into prolixity; but we must conclude our remarks, by observing that the picture must be seen to have its merits more adequately understood. We understand it was painted by the order of the Hon. George Agar Ellis, a distinguished judge and patron of the fine arts.

THE CHAPEAU DE PAILLE, BY RUBENS.

Now exhibiting in Old Bond Street.

We have been so much accustomed to the exaggerations of public rumour, especially as it regards foreign works of art, that we own, notwithstanding all we had heard on the subject, we were not prepared for the effect which this exquisitely beautiful picture produced on us. There is but one word which can adequately describe that effect;—*raptation*. In its way, it is undoubtedly the *ne plus ultra* of paint-

ing. Both in form and in colour it bears the unequivocal stamp of Rubens; but it is Rubens refined, it is as if Rubens had painted with Titian's pencil and palette. Although the features are not individually perfect, the general expression possesses the most "enchancing interest." The face, which is rather inclined forward, would in consequence of that position, and of a large projecting Spanish hat, have been prin-

cipally in shadow, had it not been for a powerful reflexion from a strong light on the breast, which throws it into half-tint;—and such a half-tint! Never was canvas enriched with a tone more warm, tender and harmonious. So thoroughly concealed however is the art, that it is probable many young painters, not aware of the complication of means of which that delicious tone is the result, will fancy that any body may do the same thing. We would address to them the significant monosyllable with which Mr. Grattan replied to a gentleman who was depreciating Jephson's dramatic talents, and declaring that any body could write such a play as the Count de Narbonne.—“TRY!”

The subordinate parts of this charming picture are freely and delightfully executed; and essentially

contribute to the impression made by the whole, which is as cheerful, and has as genial an influence on the feelings, as one of the late sunny-mornings after many months of wintry cold and gloom.

It seems that the inhabitants of Antwerp were much enraged when they discovered that they were about to lose the ornament and glory of their city. We do not wonder at their vexation. Above three thousand guineas were given for the Chapeau de Paille by an English gentleman of the name of Smith. Had it cost three millions it would not have been too much—Money! What has so base a thing as money in common with the splendid works of genius? What is their sole equivalent?—The admiration, the respect and the gratitude of the countries which they render illustrious.

INTELLIGENCE RELATIVE TO THE FINE ARTS, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

Paris.—Two eminent artists, Messrs. Bouton and Daguerre, have been conjointly endeavouring to enlarge the sphere of the application of oil-painting, or thus increase the objects to which oil-painting is at present applicable. Mons. Prevost justly acquired celebrity by his invention of the Panorama, and Messrs. Bouton and Daguerre will acquire equal fame by the invention of the Diorama. It must, however, be confessed, that the Diorama owes its existence to the Panorama. The inventor of the Panorama transports the spectator to the middle of a fine landscape or of a celebrated city, and places him on an elevated situation from whence his view has no other boundary than the horizon. The inventor of the Diorama presents to the spectator the interior of a great building, or the view of a fine valley, but after he is seated and has beheld what was placed before him, there is nothing further for him to see. At the Panorama the spectator changes his position, and views the numerous objects from the spot in which he stands, and the word Panorama is indicative of a general view. The word Diorama, derived from the same

language, signifies a spot from which only two views are to be seen, and the spectator beholds but two objects which the inventor has had ingenuity enough to vary. In their other principles the Panorama and the Diorama are nearly the same, or differ only in the following particulars. In the Panorama, the painting is circular, the spectator is in the center, and he arrives at his position by passing under the picture, and not by passing through it, and the light on the canvass appears strong to him in consequence both of the darkness of his position, and of the darkness of the passage through which he has passed to it; and finally, in order to give the proper effect of distance, a dark cloth generally extends from the place where the spectator stands to the bottom of the painting. In the Diorama, the spectator ascends a staircase lighted by one solitary lamp, and enters a round space handsomely decorated, and divided into a pit and boxes. This space or hall receives the daylight from the top, moderated by a beautiful blind. The spectator then looks through a window, and the view is the interior of Trinity Chapel in the Cathedral

of Canterbury; the hall in which the spectator is placed then changes of itself, and the spectator finds himself opposite another window, from which he beholds the valley of Sarnen, in the canton of Underwald. These two views are each 80 feet by 45, they are lighted from the side as well as the top, and the effect produced is perfectly natural. The view of the chapel is a *chef-d'œuvre*, Monsieur Bouton being so celebrated in the academy for his interior of buildings.—The view of Sarnen produces a greater variety of effects; the light of the sun glittering upon the lake in the centre of the valley, and glowing upon the snow on the tops of the mountains, form the body of the picture. Presently the clouds obscure the heavens, the lake is no longer illuminated by the rays of the sun, and the snowy tops of the mountains cease to reflect its tints, when the clouds again begin to separate, and the sun successively shines upon the numerous objects of the view until the whole landscape is again illuminated by its unobstructed rays. On the right and near the spectator is a brook, forming a small cascade, the action being continued by mechanical means. The Diorama has had great success at Paris, and the proprietor purposes to change the views every three months.

The celebrated statue of Louis XIV. in Paris, which was displaced on the 10th of August, 1792, was erected by the Marshal Duke de Feuillade. This nobleman purchased the ground which now forms the *Place des Victoires*, which was built by Mansard at the expense of the city of Paris, and the statue was inaugurated on the 28th of March, 1786, it was a pedestrian figure dressed in regal robes, and trampling upon a Cerberus. A Victory with wings, with one foot upon a globe, was crowning the statue with laurel, whilst in the other hand she held a branch of palm and olive. The group was executed by *Desjardins*, and was of gilded lead. At the angles of the pedestal were four bronze figures of 12 feet high, representing slaves loaded with chains. These figures have been deprived of the chains, and now ornament the

façade of the *Hotel des Invalides*. The total height of the monument was 35 feet. The new monument intended to replace the old is the work of Monsieur Bosio, a member of the Institute. It is an equestrian bronze statue representing Louis XIV. in the costume of a Roman emperor, with the laurel wreath on his brow, and with one hand holding the bridle and with the other a baton. The statue is large and bold, but the rearing of the horse conceals the figure of the rider from those standing in front, whilst it exposes the horse in an unfavourable or disagreeable attitude. A rearing position, or any representation in a statue of what can be in nature but a momentary action, is unpleasant, and the difficulty of supporting a horse in the attitude of rearing has induced the artist to balance it, by drawing down the tail and fixing it in the pedestal, which is remarkably inelegant.—The statue of Henry IV. by Monsieur Lemot was cast in one piece, the present statue is cast in three divisions.

The arts have just suffered a great loss by the death of Monsieur Prevost, at Paris. This gentleman's landscapes are held in high estimation by connoisseurs, and he was the painter of several fine Panoramas. This latter species of work he found in its infancy, but his improvements were so considerable, that no country can rival his productions in this branch of the art. M. Prevost's illness was long and painful; he was held in high esteem by all his friends, and his talents render his death a subject of regret with every artist.

Sitting of the Academy of the Fine Arts at Milan of 1822.

PAINTING.—Subject.—Ovid departing on his banishment.—Prize voted to Gid. Teruldi of Parma, a pensioner at Rome of the Duchess of Parma.

SCULPTURE.—The family of Niobe falling by the arrows of Apollo and Dianna.—Prize won by Fr. Solmaini, a Swiss, resident at Milan, and Gio Piazza, both pupils of the academy.

ENGRAVING.—Venus Embracing Love.—Mic. Besi, of Milan, a pupil of the Academy.

DESIGN OF FIGURES.—The Funeral of Patroclus, from Homer.—Vitale Sala, of Milan, a pupil of the Academy.

DESIGN OF ORNAMENTS.—A Lamp for the Table, with several spouts or beaks.—Giac. Cattaneo, of Milan, pupil of the Academy.

The General Council of the De-

partment of the Upper Rhine voted, in their last Session, the sum of 2,000 francs for the purpose of commencing the establishment of a School of Architecture. This school is to be organised by M. de Puy-maigre, the prefect of the department. Twenty-four pupils are already admitted, and receive gratuitous instruction in those branches of the art most useful in the trades to which they are destined.

GREAT BRITAIN.

MR. WEST'S GALLERY.—This splendid exhibition of the works of the late Benjamin West, Esq. P.R.S. was re-opened on the 10th instant. We have availed ourselves of the opportunity of again admiring these extraordinary efforts of genius, and were happy to find that their attraction has been increased by the addition of a room containing sixty-two drawings by this super-eminent artist. This collection is without comparison as the production of a single individual; and when we consider that it does not contain one half of the paintings which this eminent artist produced, we are at a loss which to admire most, his industry and perseverance or his transcendent talents. The drawings, which are now added to the collection; are eminently worthy of praise as works of art and more highly interesting to those who delight in tracing the greatest works of genius to their earliest source. The whole of this collection is the sole property of Mr. West's Sons excepting about twelve pictures, which belong to his Majesty. No visitor of the metropolis, who has the least taste for the fine arts or who would be thought to possess a cultivated mind, can refrain from visiting this splendid gallery of pictorial art.

The drawings are vigorous forethoughts of his great and completed works; and consist of the following subjects:—

The Death of General Wolfe.
The Battle at La Hogue.
The Departure of Regulus from Rome.
Battle of the Boyne.
Death on the Pale Horse.
Eur. Mag. March, 1823.

King John signing Magna Charta.
Christ raising the Widow's Son.
The Destruction of Pharoah.
Penn's Treaty with the Indians.
Christ raising the Widow's Son.
The Death of Socrates.
An Angel.
A Boy stringing his Bow.
The Return of Belisarius.
The Death of Cicero.
Pythagoras and the Sages of Greece.
Sheathing the Flaming Sword.
Antiochus and Stratonice.
Two Rustic Lovers killed by lightning.
Pan and Psyché.
Hagar and Ishmael.
Sheep Washing.
An old Woman threading her Needle.
Design for Barnard's Catalogue.
Death of Richard the First.
Sampson.
Peter denying Christ.
Saul and the Witch of Endor.
Shipwreck of St. Paul.
Alcibiades protecting Socrates.
The Landing of Agrippina.
Socrates protecting Alcibiades.
Jacob and Laban.
View near Bath.
Raising of Lazarus.
Ermina meeting with the Shepherd.
St. Matthew.
A Study from Nature.
St. Luke.
St. Vincent's Rocks.
Bladud discovering the Bath Waters.
Edward the Third embracing his Son.
The Four Ages.
St. Mark.
Peasants.
St. John.
View near Bath.
Discovery of Clytemnestra's Body.

Hagar and Ishmael in the Wilderness.

View in Windsor Great Park.

The Ghost of Cæsar.

The Waters subsiding after the Deluge.

The Raising of Lazarus.

The Death of Aaron.

The Angel in the Sun.

Moses striking the Rock.

Alexander and his Physician.

The Expulsion of Adam and Eve.

The Nativity.

Jacob blessing Joseph's two Children.

Hannibal swearing Enmity to the Romans.

Esau sent out to hunt.

R. WESTMACOTT, Esq. R.A. has in preparation for the approaching exhibition, at Somerset House, some specimens of sculpture which are expected to be worthy of his distinguished reputation. *Socrates before the Judges*, in relief; the figures about a foot and a half high.—*Horace's Dream*, in relief; an allegorical and classical subject.—*Cupid*, a beautiful statue, which would be a worthy companion to the universally admired *Psyché*. Mr. Westmacott is also engaged on a stupendous vase for his Majesty, to be decorated with thick and thronging groups of small figures illustrative of our successes in the late war. The clay model is finished or nearly so; and the designs are striking and spirited, worthy of the artist and his Patron.

Canova's works, engraved in outline by H. Moses.—The third and fourth numbers of this work are as creditable to the artist as the first and second. Among other subjects of classic interest, they contain the *Statue of the Mother of Napoleon*—the back view of the *Venus Victorious*, Canova's own favourite sculpture—*A Nymph awakened by Cupid's Lyre*, the property of his Majesty—*Psyché*, considered from the purity of the style, as one of the most Grecian of Canova's works.—*Theseus and the Minotaur*, the earliest performance of this distinguished Venetian sculptor, whose private virtues were at par with his professional merits, one striking proof of which was displayed in his applying 3,000 piastres of rente (given to him when

the Pope created him a Marquis) to the support of distressed artists.

"THE CHAPEAU DE PAILLE."—

The following is the explanation of the name of this celebrated painting, so remarkably at variance with what is really represented:—The original one was *Span'sh Huth*, which means, in Flemish, Spanish hat; *Span Huth*, in the same language, means straw hat. The picture was so much known and talked of among the Flemish of all classes, that the above corruption was the consequence, probably through persons who had never seen it. The French are the cause of the misnomer, by translating it *Chapeau de Paille*, by which name it is, and probably ever will be, known by all the admirers of art.

MR. DAY'S EXHIBITION. — In drawing the attention of our readers to subjects in the fine arts, our object is to impress on the public mind the necessity of cultivating a taste for the purest and finest efforts of genius. It is with this view we cannot but congratulate the public on the re-opening of Mr. Day's Exhibition of specimens of the greatest masters in painting and sculpture at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. These specimens have never been previously exhibited in this country, and they are certainly examples of the purest taste, and models of imitation. — Among the additions which Mr. Day has made to his collection, we noticed the following most interesting subjects.

PAINTINGS. — The *Circumcision*, by Palma Vecchia, from the Aldobrandini Cabinet at Rome.—*Solomon instructing Youth*, by Giorgioni, from the Aldobrandini Cabinet at Rome.

CASTS. — The *Colossal Group on Mount Cavallo*, at Rome; an Heroic Equestrian Group cast by Canova's moulder, — *Melpomene*, the Tragic Muse, the original of which is now in the Louvre at Paris, and is one of the most entire of ancient statues. — *The Apotheosis of Homer*, formerly in the Colonna Palace at Rome, now in the British Museum.—*The Horse's Head*, by Phidias, from the original among the Elgin marbles in the British Museum, &c. &c.

ARTISTS' ANATOMICAL SOCIETY. — On Tuesday the 11th instant, Sir

Anthony Carlisle, Abraham Cooper, Esq. R.A., and R. H. Solly, Esq. F.R.S. &c. were present, C. Warren, Esq. the President being in the Chair.

The Lecturer, after some preliminary observations on Anatomy, and mentioning the various branches into which it is divided, described the nature and composition of bones, with the manner in which they are articulated, and of what motions they are capable; he then proceeded to examine the members on the bones composing the skeleton, questioning them on the various parts to which muscles are connected, and in what manner they are attached, with their relative situations.

At the close of the lecture, Sir Anthony Carlisle addressed the meeting, and expressed the high gratification he felt at witnessing the excellent plan and manner of the society's proceedings; he also greatly approved of the method adopted by the Lecturer, and complimented him on the success which had attended his exertions. The learned professor concluded by strongly recommending the members to persevere in the course they had so well commenced, and offered his best assistance at all times in promoting the objects and interests of the society.

In this opinion of Sir Anthony Carlisle the other visitors entirely concurred, and expressed themselves much pleased with the progress the society had evidently made since their visit in November last.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The object of this institution, which is under the patronage of His Majesty, is to afford the best instruction to children who may evince an early aptitude for the science, and to enable them afterwards to acquire a reputable support. It purposes to receive 40 boys and 40 girls, and is to be supported by voluntary subscription, the annual subscribers to be of four classes, respectively paying 100, 50, 30, or 12 guineas each. No pupil is to be admitted before 10, or after 15 years of age, and it will be required that each pupil at the time of entrance be capable of reading and writing. Moral and religious instruction will be attended to, and the pupils will be taught

grammar, Italian, writing, arithmetic, singing, the piano, and the laws of harmony and of musical composition. There will be several concerts every year, in which the performance will be by the best pupils. On days of public examination medals and prizes will be distributed, the value of which will be fixed by the members of the council.

ABRAHAM COOPER, Esq. R.A. is painting the following pictures for the approaching exhibition at Somerset House. *The Siege of Colchester*; Lord Capel defending it for the King (Charles I.) for the Earl of Essex. A group of *Draught Horses*, for that liberal patron of the arts Sir John Edward Swinborne, Bart. Mr. Cooper is also painting a picture of *Sir William Lambton, defending himself at Marseon Moor*, for J. G. Lambton, Esq. M.P.

Mr. GOLDING, the engraver of the picture of the Princess Charlotte, is now employed on that fine whole length portrait of Sir William Grant, by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Mr. WILLIAM LEWIS is preparing for the ensuing exhibition at the Royal Academy, several Cambrian scenes, among which are the "Alpine Bridge," near Beddgelist and Harlech Castle, which is perhaps the most romantic for situation in North Wales. A Grove Scene, by moonlight, nearly completed, is one of the best productions of his pencil.

We have been much delighted with a medallion, just finished by a young artist of the name of BAIN, from Chantrey's admirable bust of *Sir Walter Scott*. The resemblance is accurately preserved, and the execution is in the best possible taste, being distinguished for its breadth and simplicity, qualities which warrant the expectation of Mr. Bain's future excellence.

Works of art for the next exhibition of the northern society at Leeds, which will open on or about the 15th of May, 1823, will be received from the 14th to the 23rd of April next.

LONDON REVIEW

OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS,

Foreign and Domestic.

QUID SIT PULCHRUM, QUID TURPE, QUID UTILE, QUID NON

FOREIGN BOOKS.

Dictionnaire des Ouvrages Anonymes et Pseudonymes.

Dictionary of Works, written in French and Latin, by anonymous and fictitious Authors. By M. Barbier. Second Edition, enlarged.

THERE are few persons who have met with a volume in a library or book-stall, either curious in itself or interesting to him in whose hands it has chanced to fall, and have not anxiously wished to discover the anonymous or fictitious author.—Every writer is unwilling to quote a book while he is ignorant of the name of its author, especially as the mention of that name would give to his writings an air of erudition, which at once satisfies self-love, and adds to the confidence and pleasure of the reader.

This serves to shew that a dictionary of this kind ought to rank with those historical and biographical dictionaries so much in request, even in the most confined libraries. The Dictionary of anonymous authors informs us who is the author of any book we may wish to purchase, and by knowing that, we may find out in a good historical Dictionary the degree of esteem due to his morality, learning, or wit.

We say nothing to bibliographers and biblioplists, because they know the names of many anonymous authors, and confess that there are many of which they are entirely ignorant, and appreciate the utility of M. Barbier's work.

It has been disputed whether it is right thus to make known an author who wishes to remain anonymous. The late M. Millin had many scruples

on this subject, when he wrote his Encyclopedical Annals, at least with respect to living authors. Certainly if an author had confided a secret of this nature to us, we should consider it a great fault to reveal it; but, as most anonymous authors conceal their names through modesty, or for reasons of personal convenience, it would not be necessary to impose silence on the bibliographer with respect to a name he was made acquainted with, either through the indiscretion or premeditated intention of the author himself.

There are, undoubtedly, some exceptions to be made, which a little judgment and reflection will point out; but here, as in every thing else, general interest is to be consulted, though it may be inconvenient to a few persons, for they owe this inconvenience only to themselves. When M. Barbier's book first appeared in 1806, and in the following years, it had great success and was frequently consulted. Indeed, it is now almost impossible to write upon literary history or bibliography in France without consulting it. A new edition has been long wished for, and it is now published with the alterations and additions which time and strict attention could suggest. A new arrangement and some particular circumstances have made it necessary to suppress some parts, which, perhaps, some readers may seek for in the first edition, and which will probably raise the price of it. But the additions and alterations are incomparably the most numerous and important, so that M. Barbier has good reason to say "that he presented the public rather with a new work than a new edition."

A Dictionary of anonymous authors cannot be composed like any other bibliographical work. Indeed it is not always by trouble and enquiry that an anonymous author can be discovered. His name is often revealed by chance.

M. Barbier has been thirty years in collecting and classing materials for his work. In journals, in literary histories, in the royal and national libraries, in manuscript notes made in the author's copies or *ex dono*; and particularly in the catalogue of the Abbe (Goujet's library, a valuable manuscript in the possession of M. Barbier, he discovered most of the names; others have been communicated to him by D. Chaudon, M. Bouilliot, L. Th. Herissant, M. Boulard, his nephew M. Barbier, and by M. Van Thol, a Dutchman and son of a librarian who, for a long time, had employed himself in compiling a Dictionary similar to this of M. Barbier; the publication of which, together with the advanced age of M. Van Thol, induced him to give his notes to M. Barbier, who has marked them whenever he made use of them with the initials V. T.

The second edition, like the first, is preceded by a preliminary discourse, which is republished without alteration, but with *new notes*.

The author first treats of the nature and object of his work, and the cause and inconvenience of neglecting to inquire into the names of the authors of anonymous works in the last century; then he mentions the principal works upon anonymous and fictitious authors; and the necessity of a new work to facilitate their discovery; he afterwards enumerates the principal works he has consulted, and the names of those persons to whom he was indebted for valuable information. This useful discourse is full of curious literary history. After having explained the plan and utility of M. Barbier's work, it now remains to us to glean a few facts from his numerous pages, which may inspire our readers with a wish to read the whole that they, as well as ourselves, may derive pleasure and information from it.

The works of the Baron Holbach of Diderot, Freyret, Boulanger, and of all of this school and *coterie*, have

supplied M. Barbier with the subjects of many of his most curious articles. The history of the Encyclopedists would have been but very little known, without the assistance of our Bibliographer. In the article, *Confessions du Comte de ———* (by Duclos) there is a note in which most of the works of this academician are disputed; it terminates with the following paragraph. He (Duclos) had kept his bed for some days; he was considered as one of the unbelieving philosophical Encyclopedists. His death is not spoken of, having nothing remarkable in it. The short period of his sickness allowed him to escape from the world without noise or scandal.

The *cum privilegio Regis*, and the approbation of the censors, naturally attracted the attention of M. Barbier; particularly the last, whose ridiculous reputation has passed from the library to the *salon*. What Frenchman does not recollect the good censor, who, having read the translation of the *Coran*, found nothing in it contrary to *faith* and good morals? Louis IV. once condescended to the office of censor, when Madame de Maintenon published her work, called *L'Esprit de l'institute des filles de Saint Louis*, (the ladies of Saint Cyr). The royal approbation is expressed in these singular terms.

"I have read this treatise, which perfectly explains my intentions in founding the House of St. Louis, I heartily pray to God that the ladies may never leave it. *Signed Louis*." A privilege equally curious, though of a different kind, was granted to Laurent Etienne Rondet, son of a printer; who, at the age of seven years and a half, performed the office of compositor in the printing of the Hebrew Grammar of Nicholas Henry.

This Dictionary also contains some political anecdotes, for what is there in which politics cannot be introduced? For example: a person named Helot, author of a book entitled *L'Ecole des filles*, was hanged in effigy for it; copies of his book were burnt at the foot of the gallows, and the bookseller was condemned to a severe punishment. The author also mentions a young man, named Charles le-Petit, who was caught

printing impious and libertine songs. He was tried and, notwithstanding powerful protection, he was *really* burnt at Grève, about the year 1673. Boileau makes this tragical event the subject of the following lines:

A la fin, tous ces jeux que l'athéisme
 élève
 Conduisent tristement le plaisant à la
 grève.

About a century after, in 1763, the famous Wilkes published an Essay upon women. the English ministers, Lord Halifax and Egremont, who had some reasons to hate the author, seized the work as obscene, but were condemned by the English laws to pay £4000 damages. The present laws relative to the press in France condemn to long imprisonments, and heavy pecuniary penalties.

Whimsical titles, or subjects for books are now out of fashion; at the time when they were a means of success, many authors distinguished themselves in this way. The following are specimens of this species of wit.

"Essay upon the Natural History of some species of Monks, described in the manner of Linneus; translated from the Latin, by John Anti-monk, (Broussnet) at Monachopolis, 1784, 8vo.

"An Eulogium upon Something, dedicated to Somebody, with a Singing Preface, (by *Coquelet*) Paris, 1730, in 12mo.

"An Eulogium on Nothing, dedicated to Nobody, with a *post-face*; third edition, little revised, not at all corrected, and augmented with several nothings (by *Coquelet*). Paris, 1730, in 12mo.

"An Eulogium upon Minetto Battoni, the Pope's tom-cat, (Benedict IV.) in its life time, and first soprano of its little concerts, (by Count Rivaro) Felsonte, 1795, in small 4to.

"Cataacts of the Imagination, Deluge of the Scribomania, Literary Vomiting, Encyclopedical Hemorrhage, Monster of Monsters, by *Epimenides the inspired*, (attributed to *Massagnon*, son of a grocer at Lyons.) In the Cave of Trophœnus, in the Country of Visions, 1779, 4 vols. in 12mo

"Joyous Songs, given birth to by *an anonymous* (by *Collé*)

new edition, with great changes, which still require to be changed. 1765, in 8vo.

"Songs which could not be printed, and which my censor ought not to pass over. (by *Collé*) 1784, in 12mo."

It would be easy to make a large collection of these books, which very often have nothing remarkable in them but the titles. For example: we had occasion to read the *Cataacts of the Imagination*, and can assure our readers, that this whimsical title conceals only detached pieces of literature and philosophy of very moderate quality, and which the lowest publications would be ashamed of.

We shall return to M. HIRT's work when he publishes his other volumes.

Ueber die Bildung der Egyptischen Gottheiten.

On the Egyptian Divinities, by A. HIRT.

This treatise, forming a part of the memoirs of the Academy of Berlin, but which is sold separately, is very interesting. It was not till after the French expedition into Egypt, as Mr. HIRT observes, that we could appreciate the immense variety of objects represented by the monuments of that country.

The author, already known by his researches on this subject, and particularly by a dissertation upon the construction of pyramids, is now endeavouring to discover upon the monuments, the images and characters which distinguish Egyptian divinities.

He has taken Herodotus as his guide; and, indeed, this historian is supposed to have attained to greater knowledge in Egyptian theogony than any other author; but he gives to the seventeen gods, worshipped in Egypt, greek names.

M. HIRT thus enumerates the gods and goddesses—1st. Latona (*Buto*.) In the monuments she is only to be recognised by her attributes. 2nd. Pan (*Mendes*.) There is only one monument as yet discovered where he is represented with goat's-feet, as mentioned by Herodotus. 3d.

Jupiter, (Amun.) The naked parts are painted blue in a monument at Philae: which agrees with what is said by Eusebius in his Evangelical preparation. The sacred vessel of this god is often seen, from which M. Hirt infers, perhaps rashly, that the Ammonians were a colony of Thebans. 4th. Vulcan (Phtha) According to Herodotus the Egyptians represent him under the figure of a dwarf, and the monuments have many things similar to it. 5th. Helios (Phré): The son of Vulcan, with a falcon's head. There are a great many figures of this kind, but it is impossible they can all relate to Helios, who is often confounded with Osiris and Horus. 6th. Luna. It is difficult to distinguish her from Isis and from Bubastes. 7th. Minerva, (Neith.) We can only form conjectures upon the images which represent her; it appears that in the hieroglyphick language she is indicated by the *Scarabeus*. 9th. Venus, (Athyra.) The cow was consecrated to her, and there are in the temple of Tentyris images of this goddess, who must not be confounded with Isis. These are the eight original divinities; the four following may be said to form a part of their posterity. 1st. Hercules, (Chon) son of Amun. It cannot be said with certainty that his image is on the Egyptian monuments; yet it seems that he sometimes appears under the forms of a *Cubire*, a hero, and even as a human figure, with the head of a lion. 2nd. Mars, particularly worshipped at Paprenis. M. Hirt has recognised him in several *bas-reliefs* in the temple of Tentyris; this god is often covered with a lion's mask. 3rd. Anubis, represented under the form of a dog, with pointed ears and a long snout; he is often seen with other gods, but sometimes occupied in the preparation of a mummy, and still oftener employed in the Judgment of souls. 4th. Thoth, (Theut) to whom the Ibis is consecrated is represented with the head of this bird, and holds a sceptre and keys. The judgment of souls is one of his attributes. Anubis and Thoth are both called Hermes by the Greeks. After these four divinities, are five more recent. 1st. Bacchus-Osiris: he

is generally seen armed with a whip; with a hat and feathers on his head, holding keys and the Phallus. M. Hirt thinks Serapis is the same. Several monuments record his sufferings and his reign in the infernal regions. 2nd. Isis-Ceres, wife and sister of Osiris, and divides with him the infernal empire; as presiding over the destinies of Egypt, she is represented sitting and holding Horus upon her kneess. She has near her cow's horns, and above her head is the star *Schis*. 3rd. Horus-Apollo, also called Aroeris, Arveris, and Harpocrates: there are some remains of his temple at Hermonthis; he was worshipped as a child, or as a young man surrounded by divers attributes; the Augur's wand and whip belong to him, as participating in the judgment of the dead; sometimes he has a falcon's head. 4. Diana-Ilithaja, Bubastis: she has a temple in the city of this name; the cat is consecrated to her; she presides over births, and protects the infernal regions. 5th. Typhon; the ass, the crocodile, and the Hippotamus, are consecrated to him; he has a temple at Tentyris, and is often seen united to Horus. M. Hirt has added to the end of his work several dissertations on the propagation of the Egyptian mysteries, and on objects relating to the ancient and modern civilization of the Egyptians.

Die Hymnen des Orpheus griechisch und Deutsch.

The Hymns of Orpheus, in Greek and and German. Translated into verse of the same metre as the original.
By Charles Philip Dietsch. 8vo. 1822.

It has been long acknowledged as a true axiom in philology, that the poems attributed to Orpheus do not belong to that divine poet, but are the production of poets who lived after him. And it must be owned that, if in their time nature would not allow trees and rocks to quit their places, in order to follow an harmonious lyre, the songs they have left us in Orpheus's name were

not fitted to extend the empire of the marvellous at the expense of the laws which govern the world. However, we do not mean to infer that the hymns attributed to Orpheus have no intrinsic literary value.

The collection is valuable for the study of mythology and philosophy. Written in a time when the traditions of Orpheus were believed, it has changed its form; but the foundations of the doctrines are preserved. Onomacrites, generally thought to be the author of a great part of the works of Orpheus, was contemporary with Hipparcus, who expelled him from Athens. Thus, though fictitious, the works of Orpheus are not anterior to the *chefs-d'œuvres* which antiquity has left us. The French language will not admit of any exact imitation of ancient compositions; the best translations give but a very imperfect idea of them.

It often happens that the images of the author give place to those that the translator thinks it convenient to substitute; or, rather, he yields to the necessity of adopting others, because he cannot include in the same space a corresponding number and extent of thoughts. Hence arise circumlocutions, suppressions, and miserable sentences, which not only load the text with superfluous words, but often entirely alter the sense of the author. The poems bearing the name of Orpheus are those which present the most difficulties; and we even venture to assert that they cannot be versified,

and that a prose translation would be very unsatisfactory. The question is decided, poets require poets to translate them; prose is incapable of rendering the graces of their composition, and nothing remains of those majestic songs which interest the reader and inspire him with enthusiasm: and, what is very extraordinary, the more faithful the translation is, the more it degenerates in beauty and approximates to vulgar parody. The Germans are more happy; Homer and Virgil, Pindar and Horace may be read without knowing Greek or Latin. To these M. Dietsch has now added Orpheus; and Germany, for the first time, beholds a poetical translation of these poems. M. Dietsch has dedicated his work to that indefatigable poet, M. Voss, who has translated Homer, Virgil, Theocritus, Hesiod, and, recently, Aristophanes. Several hymns were imitated by M. Voss before M. Dietsch translated them. He found great assistance in the works of Tobler, Kosegarten, Herder, Cludius, Follenius, and Schwenk. The Greek text agrees with that of Hermann with a few exceptions which are justified in the preface.

We remarked but few things to find fault with in the translation, though we should have admired a little more perspicuity. These faults are slight and cannot detract from the merit of a book that contains so much that is excellent; for there are some lines rendered with astonishing precision.

ENGLISH BOOKS.

The Loves of the Angels. A Poem.
By Thomas Moore. London.
1822. 8vo. pp. 148.

HOWEVER highly critics of eminence may speak of three or four principal poets of the present day, there is not one in whose praise they have been more unanimous and decided than in that of the author of the poem now before us, and our country can not boast a contemporary name more highly esteemed by foreigners than that of Mr. Moore. The need of immortality may be yet more confidently anticipated by this

distinguished individual if, from the judgment of the critics, he were to consult that tribunal of the public to which many are more disposed to pay implicit obedience than to the dicta of the learned, or to the elaborate disquisitions of professional writers: for there is no living author from whom a projected work is anticipated with more anxiety, and whose productions are sought after with greater avidity by readers of taste and refinement. Our critics have ventured to predict that there are but four or five of our contemporary writers whose fame will

descend to posterity: for our parts, we conceive that literary is the most dangerous of all prophecy, but where the united voice of the public concurs with the unanimous judgment of the learned, there can be little risk in predicting the immortality of the bard, and Mr. Moore has long been destined in the opinions of the European literati, as well as by every lover of the Muse, to occupy a principal compartment in the Temple of Fame, and to shine as one of the first of the modern poets of the lyre. It would be superfluous at present to enter into any analysis of Mr. Moore's writings, or to discuss the characteristic features of his genius; these have been already pourtrayed with ability and are appreciated by the public, but we may be indulged in the pleasure of repeating, that no lyric writer of the moderns can equal Mr. Moore in brilliancy of imagination, in harmony of rhythm, or in melody and all that relates to the structure of verse.*

When it was announced that Mr. Moore was writing a poem on the Loves of the Angels, we must confess that we were amongst those who regretted that he had selected such a theme, for, although the subject is highly susceptible of those beauties of the imagination which Mr. Moore can so peculiarly give, it is totally incapable of pathos, or of being adapted to the highest order of poetic composition to which alone a writer of Mr. Moore's genius ought to devote his Muse. Angels may be objects of pious contemplation, but it is not in our nature to hold any sympathy with them; and an author, who selects such a subject for a poem, is constrained to divest his Angels of their heavenly attributes, or at least (like Milton and others) to degrade them by ascribing to them human passions, and to represent them acting after the manner of mortals. We believe there is no man, however intelligent, who, by a mere change of names, might not read pages or even books of the *Paradise Lost*, and

conceive himself reading a *Heathen Mythology* divested of its grosser fancies; and it is on this principle that we object to such subjects being made the foundations of lyric or even of epic poetry. They being the pious representations of the scriptures, if not on a level, at least in too close an association with the machinery of Homer and the mythology of the ancients; and create in the unwary and sceptical reflections highly dangerous to the sublime truths of our *Divine Revelations*. There is, however, another objection which has been urged against Mr. Moore's selecting this remarkable passage of Scripture as the subject of his poem; it has been thought dangerous to excite the public attention to such a passage at all. Mr. Moore himself appears to have had some misgivings upon this point, but for our parts we can not conceive that the objection is valid or even worthy of serious attention; at all events, the decision of the question lies in a very narrow compass. The passage is either apocryphal or it is not; if it be apocryphal, it is no part of our religion, and may be selected for poetry, in common with any passage from history or from any other source; if it be not apocryphal, it is a part of *Divine Revelation*, and the error of the poet would be not in selecting, but in treating it irreverently; an error from which Mr. Moore's good sense would have preserved him. We hardly need observe that the passage must from its very nature be spurious or apocryphal, and we are inclined to agree with those who view it as a fragment of the barbarous religion existing in the time of Moses, and which, by some unfortunate chance or error, was originally interpolated into the Book of Genesis, (Chap. vi.) and whence it was copied into the book of Enoch.

To leave, however, a point of no consequence but to the schools; we may observe that Mr. Moore never writes upon any subject without previously investigating it with

* The whole of the poem is founded upon the well known passage in the Book of Enoch, (Chap. vii. Sect. 2.) "It happened after the sons of men had multiplied in those days, that daughters were born to them elegant and beautiful; and when the Angels, the sons of heaven beheld them, they became enamoured of them."

more of learning than poets generally possess, and with more of industry than poets generally choose to exert. Thus, in the present work, he gives evident proofs of his having diligently canvassed the writings of commentators and of the primitive Christians, and Mr. Moore appears to have the faculty of almost intuitively penetrating into the most complex subjects, and of arriving as intuitively at the conclusion of the deepest controversies; and his notes to this poem are a fine specimen of the facility with which an elegant scholar and a man of genius can select what is beautiful, or discover what is ridiculous even in the ponderous writings of the fathers.

The poem is divided into three Cantos, in which the three Angels tell their own Loves; the first Canto being preceded by a few stanzas introducing the characters and subject, and representing—

One evening in that time of bloom,
On a hill's side, where hung the ray
Of sunset sleeping in perfume,
Three noble youths conversing lay.

Of Heaven they spoke, and, still more
oft,
Of the bright eyes that charm'd them
thence;

Till, yielding gradual to the soft
And balmy evening's influence—
The silent breathing of the flowers—
The melting light that beam'd above,
As on their first, fond, erring hours,
Each told the story of his love,
The history of that hour unblest,
When, like a bird from its high nest
Won down by fascinating eyes,
For Woman's smile he lost the skies.

This stanza, although far from the best, and by no means a specimen of the beauties of the poem, is yet a very fair specimen of the structure of the versification, and of the richness of imagery and of metaphor which pervades the poem.

Of the three Cantos, we decidedly like the first less than either of the others. The Angel is less heavenly in his attributes, indeed, the mortal whom he loves is the more angelic, being of the too; there is moreover much objection to inebriation being made the means of this angel's catastrophe, and finally the catastrophe itself is liable to be turned into ridicule. The Angel is sent on a mis-

sion to the extreme region of the East,

Where Nature knows not night's delay,
But springs to meet her bridegroom,
Day,
Upon the threshold of the skies.

But this messenger on his passage beholds on our earth a beautiful nymph and becomes enamoured. The fair Lea, however, is always wrapt in heavenly visions and continues immaculate. At length the angel, returning from a mortal feast, in the fervour of passion reveals to her the word, the passport into heaven, on the pronouncing of which to mortal ears he is bereft of his beatic attributes, his wings become powerless; Lea assumes the word, and is transported into heaven, leaving the angel's hopes and desires without fruition. Some of the poetry of this stanza is so extremely beautiful as to compensate for the defect in the story. The description of the nymph bathing, in the first and second stanzas, and the angel's fervour in the last fatal scene are both exquisitely written, and we have read few lines more beautiful than the following commencement of a stanza in p. 21.

Oh, but to see that head recline
A minute on this trembling arm,
And those mild eyes look up to mine
Without a dread, a thought of harm!

These alone form a subject for an artist, although they are bereft of much of their beauty in our pages by standing without the context, and disjointed from the rest of the scene.

The second Canto is by far the finest, and is replete with the most fervid and glowing poetry. It opens with a beautiful description of the Creation of Eve, and of the Angels of Heaven having been summoned to witness this first of woman springing into life and existence. One of these attendant Angels subsequently is enamoured of a female, and the description of the object of his love, in page 49, is extremely beautiful, and contains several happy metaphors, particularly that "of a young tree in vernal flower."

The Angel first influences the attachment of the object of his affections by his power over her dreams, and the delirium of their mutual

passion is painted with great earnestness, and many of the metaphorical expressions give surprising strength to the description. At length the Angel is induced by the persuasions of the female to reveal himself in his heavenly light and splendour, and she is instantly consumed in his arms. We need not say that this catastrophe is so similar to the story of Jupiter and Semele in the third metamorphosis as to displease the classic reader and to appear a plagiarism. The whole Canto has a powerful effect on the feelings, and until this apparent plagiarism from Ovid, the reader enjoys uninterrupted delight.

We are aware that there are many persons of taste who will prefer the last Canto to the second, and to which indeed it stands in beautiful contrast. After the strong, and even tumultuous feelings excited by the second Canto, with its tragical conclusion, the soft chaste love, the milder attachment and happier constancy of the third Angel Zaraph and his Nama, are as the most delightful balm to the senses. Taking away the angelic character of Zaraph, this Canto of itself would form a beautiful pastoral. The introduction to it is remarkably happy, and we close the book with but one regret, that this Canto should be so much shorter than either of the others.

Whatever defects there may be in this poem, they arise solely from the subject; but we must do the author the justice to acknowledge, that he has displayed the greatest genius in rendering the subject attractive, and in overcoming nearly all the difficulties it presented to its adaptation to the general taste and to the purposes of poetry.

Many of the stanzas are in Mr. Moore's best style, and display a melody and a fluency of versification, which have been seldom equalled and never surpassed by any writer in this or in any language.

The poem is not without its minor defects, but these relate so exclusively to particles, and are so overwhelmed by the general beauty of the piece, that it would be the province of hypocriticism rather than of criticism to expatiate upon them or even to point them out. We may briefly state that there are a few indi-

cations of haste in lines having trisyllables where synonymous dissyllables would have improved the quantity. We do not either like the frequent termination of a line by a short monosyllable ending with a mute; such monosyllables, for instance, as yet, not, spot, got, met, set, cup, up, &c. &c.; or the termination of a stanza by short monosyllables ending with a liquid and a mute, as sent, went, &c. &c. There are a few metaphors which appear to us inappropriate and inelegant, such as a female face compared to a sun-flower in page 8, and expressions equally careless, such as that of an angel stealing "one side-long look," in the same page. A few lines are remarkably faulty, such as

The despotism that, from that hour,

and some allusions amount to the ridiculous, such as Lucifer's knocking out a third of the stars with his tail, an idea truly extravagant and childish; and approximating the figure of an angel of Scripture to a cerberus or mermaid.

Such instances as the above are however of infrequent occurrence, and are too trifling to derogate from the merits of so splendid a poem. A poem which must give unfeigned delight to every reader of taste and genius; a poem which would add lustre to the brightest name in English literature.

German Popular Stories. Collected by M. M. Grimm, from oral tradition. London, 1823. 12mo. pp. 240.

If the claim to the composition of fables and of stories of ghosts, giants, dwarfs, fairies, and witches, could be an object of much national pride, we believe every nation in Europe might enter a protest against the collection in the present volume being published under the title of *German stories*. Many of such nursery tales, such for instance as Tom Thumb, Jack the Giant Killer, and Whittington and his Cat, have for centuries been common to every country in Europe, and to those countries in Asia with which we are sufficiently well acquainted to ascertain a fact of so trifling a nature. It is in vain, at this dis-

tance of time, to attempt to ascertain in what country of ancient Europe or of Asia a particular nursery tale had its origin; and to assert, as many critics do, that because Jack the Giant-Killer was formerly a tale common both to England and Germany, it must have been imported into this country by the Saxons, is just as unsatisfactory as the assertion that Rowena imparted it to Hengist and Horsa, or that Cœur de Lion communicated it to his German companions in the Crusades. Most of such tales have probably originated in all countries without any inter-communication upon the subject. The idea of giants and dwarfs would most probably occur to every barbarous people, and that idea once acquired, such stories as Jack the Giant-Killer and Tom Thumb seem but a necessary consequence. It is a question of much greater importance whether such tales are injurious, or innocent as books of amusement to children; and although we hold as absurd Rousseau's idea, that a fable can permanently affect a child's morals, or create in him any lasting confusion between truth and falsehood; we are yet of opinion that all stories, the interest of which is derived from terror or gloom, should be excluded from our younger studies; and unless ridicule and laughter can be excited by stories of ghosts, witches, and fairies, they should never be allowed to form part of the juvenile library. The practical good sense and sound morality of Miss Edgworth's writings for children, combined with her tact, for amusing, have justly thrown the books of our younger attachment into disrepute. We wish a similar observation would apply to the works now in circulation among the poor. Here the old tales of nursery fiction have given way to absurd and pernicious stories of German romance, and the moral ballad of "Death and the Fair Lady," and the simple pathos of "Fair Rosamond," or of the "Children in the Wood," has yielded to religious tracts or to indecent ribaldry. Having confessed the superior utility of such works as Miss Edgworth's over those tales of ghosts and fairies, which used to make us hide our

heads under the bed clothes in our younger days, we may be indulged in the perversity of our nature, and allowed to cast one longing, lingering look upon that class of juvenile story which now seems fading from a thing of current use into one of record, or almost of antiquarian research. We have no doubt that some twenty years hence, a Christmas Carol, or Goody Two-Shoes will be a literary curiosity.

The work before us is of a highly amusing description; it consists of three species of stories, stories in which beasts are the actors, stories where man is the prominent agent, and lastly, tales of the Rossicrucian description, in which the interest is derived from fairies and from enchantment. Most of these latter tales appear to us to want the gorgeous colouring of the Fairy Tales which delighted our boyhood, where the scenes were laid in the sunny climes of the east, and Mr. Tabart's collection of such Fairy Tales will at least rival the present volume in that class of its contents. Of the stories in the book before us many are interesting, and they are generally well told, preserving the homely simplicity adapted to a child's capacity and taste. The moral of these tales is generally good; we say *generally*, for in some few instances, such as in the story of the Golden Bird, it is so mixed with what is equivocal, or even bad, that a child might imbibe from it an admiration of successful roguery; whilst in many of the tales, such for instance as "Hans in Luck," and the "Travelling Musicians," the moral must be imperceptible to a child, and would require much of mamma's elucidation to make him conceive that there was any at all. The volume however, as a whole, has our approbation, and it forms a very useful and amusing addition to a child's book-case, and we doubt not that the fire-side and evening table of many a family circle have been enlivened by it, during this season when the weather congregates us round the social hearth, and compels even the most fashionable adults to enjoy the charm of participating in the amusements of infantine innocence and simplicity. The work is embellished by twelve excellent

etchings, in which that eminent artist Mr. Cruikshanks has displayed his abilities as an engraver, as well as his unique talent for grotesque and humorous conception; a talent specifically different, but equal in degree to that of the late Mr. Gilray.

Outlines of Character. By a Member of the Philomathic Institution. London, 8vo. pp. 306.

So much of good sense, of virtue, and even of magnanimity, are said to be necessary to a candid confession of ignorance, that really a very wise man may be a pretender to ignorance from motives of vanity. We however must claim for ourselves the credit of the first species of confession when we avow our ignorance of the pretensions of the Philomathic Society, and our unacquaintance with the name of the author of the volume now before us. We do not mean to cast any sneer upon the writer, and still less upon the society of which his title-page so pompously announces him a member. Such associations are highly commendable, and their establishment ought to be promoted by every editor or director of the public press. They wean men from dissipation, debauch and senseless revelry; they create a taste for the arts which chasten life, they diffuse a love of science, and beget the invaluable habit of making men resort to intellection for pastime and amusement. Associations for one common object of intellectual pleasure at once quicken the faculties, and create generous and kindly feelings; and although politics and revelation may, as the author states, be wisely excluded from debate, these important subjects must necessarily be indirectly benefitted by the improvement of intellect incidental to such societies. It is only from the collision of intellect that liberal notions and enlarged views can proceed, and where, as in country towns, communications of thought are limited, the inhabitants, even if studious, are less enlightened upon politics and religion than their brethren of larger cities. Having thus given our cordial praise to the na-

ture of the Philomathic Society, we may be allowed to caution the members of such institutions from suffering their partial admiration of each other to stimulate to the publication of that, which, although really creditable to their debating room, may yet be unworthy of forming an octavo volume for the public. These "Outlines of Character," as the productions of a private gentleman for a private society, are respectable; but they fall under our cognizance in their pretensions to the notice of the public at large. It is hardly fair in us to observe upon any thing in the author's preface, as he tells us that it is addressed to those to whom, in our opinion, the outlines themselves ought to have been confined—"a select few." The writer however challenges severer criticisms, by informing us that he is a professional gentleman, of course he is of the loquacious and litigious profession of the law, as he further informs us that the leading object of the essays was to promote and *provoke* discussion.

We should judge the author to be young, and better acquainted with the current literature of the day, than with the standards of English composition; for, although his cadences are often good and his style is fluent, yet it is loose and frequently inaccurate, with the youthful meretriciousness of reiteration and of redundant epithets. These epithets are often badly selected; and when they are numerous and immediately sequent, they are sometimes tedious from being synonymous, and often absurd from being contradictory. It is difficult to write upon such subjects as "The English Character," "The Gentleman," "The Poet," "The Orator," the "Literary Character," &c. without committing plagiarism and descending to common place, and these difficulties the author has by no means overcome. We are bound in justice to observe that these faults which we have pointed out relate to the individual work before us, rather than to the character of the author's mind, who it appears possesses taste and knowledge, and who has produced an indifferent work only, we conceive, from his falling into the error of the present

day—that of publishing too carelessly, and with too little diffidence of public opinion. Let our criticisms induce him to exercise his mind in severer thought, and to be careful of avoiding redundancies and false ornament in his style, and we have no doubt that his literary success will be far from inconsiderable. It would be unjust not to add, that in his present volume there are many new and ingenious reflections put with much perspicuity and even with elegance. We believe we may say of this writer what may be said of most, that, where he is conscious of good and new ideas, he expresses them well. It is only when he has nothing to say that he attempts to be fine, and only when he attempts to be fine, that he becomes turgid and meretricious. Our limits prevent our exposing many of his opinions which are extremely erroneous, and from the same cause we are denied the pleasure of pointing out in detail the various merits of the work.

High-ways and By-ways; or, Tales of the Road-side, picked up in the French Provinces. By a Walking Gentleman, 8vo. pp. 432. London, 1823.

In the course of our professional duties, it is often our lot to encounter the opinions of individuals of what is called the old school—men who complain of the too great diffusion of letters, and, anticipating every evil from the dissemination of knowledge amongst the lower orders, exultingly point to the days of their youth, when a London newspaper would contain scarcely the advertisements of a dozen new books during a season. For our parts, we must confess, that in this particular at least we are disciples of the new school, and view the multiplicity of books which yearly issue from the press as an infallible indication of an improved and happier state of society. We are glad to see all orders of men won from the joys of sense to those of intellect, and we agree with those great writers who have maintained that morals and decorum are in ratio to the diffusion of knowledge, and that the best

check to the abuses of the press is to be found, not in the interference of the laws, but in the unlimited freedom of the press itself.

If we deny that books have increased beyond their due proportion to the increase of society, we must confess that poems and tales appear to us to have increased out of all ratio to the general multiplication of books. So numerous are the works of this description that, we believe, numbers of them receive less attention than they are entitled to and many an author of merit is fated to be but cursorily read by the critic, and to receive the judgment due to his class rather than to his individual performance.

We must confess we had no intention of giving to this volume a greater space in our review than what is due to works in general of this class; but, on perusing these *Tales of the Road-side*, we found them so distinguished for elegance of style—the whole work is in what artists would call such excellent keeping—and the author's sketches of characters, of scenery, and of incidents so felicitous, that we felt that a more lengthened description of the volume would be a source of amusement to every reader.

These tales are dedicated to the distinguished author of the *Sketch Book*, and of *Bracebridge Hall*; and they are written in the closest imitation of that polished and elegant writer. They have all his characteristic beauties and defects, the copy is seldom below the original, and in many points contains beauties which even Geoffrey Crayon himself might be proud to own. The general complexion of the work is, as to style, what the most polished manners are to society; indicating, perhaps, no natural excellence, but the highest culture and the most familiar acquaintance with the best models. In his delineations of character and of circumstances he never fails to interest his reader, or to leave a strong and permanent impression on the mind; but his effect is produced, not by bold and decisive touches of genius, but by nice discrimination and elaborate finish; and, like his prototype, his only fault is that of dilution, arising, we should conceive, not from any effort at book-

making, but rather from his character of intellect.

Our author with his dog and gun, and with the more necessary but less pleasing accompaniment of a knapsack, makes a pedestrian tour through the southern provinces of France; and his volume consists of four tales, in which he relates all that he has experienced and all that he has heard on his journey. In his *avant-propos*, he announces the design and plan of his intended tour, and evinces a disposition and a tact which might well be a passport of any pedestrian into the association of the inhabitants amongst whom he might choose to sojourn; and we conclude this prefatory intimation of his designs and plans with something bordering on a wish that we had been his *compagnon de voyage*.

The first story is entitled "The Father's Curse," a name we think the selection of which is in bad taste. Our author, in an elegant and interesting manner, recounts his introducing himself into the family of a country gentleman in the district of Le Perigord. The family is in mourning; every thing evinces recent grief, but present festivity. It was one of those observances of a custom common in France, of the neighbours assembling in the house of a friend to shew their attachment and to dissipate his grief for some recent misfortune. Our author is hospitably invited to join the assembly, the whole of which he describes with great pathos; and in his way home from the house, the physician of the neighbourhood relates to him the occasion of the meeting and the misfortunes of the family. M. Le Vasseur is a well-descended country gentleman, living on a good estate, happy and beloved by all around him: but the excess of crime and folly in the old Bourbon government had superinduced upon that class of persons in France habits of reflection, and a spirit of inquiry; and M. Le Vasseur, amongst the rest, had become a republican and a philosopher. He had fled Paris with horror at the excesses of the revolutionary party, and was residing in the country, fostering the hope that a government might be established as free from

anarchy as from the crimes and despotism of the old regime. M. Le Vasseur is painted with some inconsistency; he is an unbending stoick, and yet permits much of the dissipation of French manners to be practised under his own roof. He abjures Christianity, and yet allows his children to be brought up in the Catholic superstition. Some excellent observations are made by the author upon French society, and upon the moral or rather immoral effects of their old religious and political institutions. The eldest daughter at length falls a prey to the laxity of female sentiments in France,—she is seduced,—and her subsequent anxiety and remorse, the conflict in the bosom of her seducer, his triumph over his stronger inclinations, and his marriage of the object of his seduction, the father's affliction and wounded pride, and his final reconciliation with his child, are all painted in the highest style of interest. But at length Agnes, the second and favourite child of Le Vasseur, marries against her father's consent with the son of a poor royalist, who had returned with the Bourbons. Le Vasseur's cup of misery is now full, he bears his misfortune with philosophic sternness, but he abstracts himself from human sympathy: refuses to see his Agnes, who lives with her husband in terrible poverty, proudly refusing every assistance. The mother visits this daughter in her retreat, and, returning home, endeavours to persuade Le Vasseur to forgive his Agnes, and acquaints him with her pregnancy. He dispatches a servant with a letter to the cottage which all his family imagined contained the pardon of his child. It contained denunciations of his vengeance,—his curse. Agnes was momentarily expecting her confinement: the shock of this letter threw her into convulsions, which terminated her existence. It was the meeting of the family and neighbourhood after this catastrophe to which our author had been invited at the introduction of the tale.

Our limits do not allow us to make any extracts, and it is doing the author great injustice to give the mere outline of his tales, for his principal

merit lies more in filling up that outline than in the outline itself. Some of his scenes are exquisitely wrought, and the meeting of Madame Le Vasseur with her unfortunate Agnes is of this description.

The second story is of a more varied description; but it is dreadfully dilated, and ought to be reduced to half its present size. It contains many excellent passages, and wants little but abridgement to render it of equal interest with the rest. We must observe, that the author's abandonment of the noble stranger, so universally beloved, on his discovering that he had been one of the many who had voted for the execution of Louis XVI., appears to us extravagant and childish. We abhor bloodshed, and pity that weak and unfortunate king, but, considering the frenzy excited at the moment, it savours little of good sense or of christian charity to be fostering enmity and prejudices upon the subject after a lapse of thirty years. Considering also the general aspect of the times, it might be more beneficial to the human race, to teach moderation and mercy in revolutionary conflicts, than to preach against revolutions which may, perhaps, be unavoidable.

The third story, "The Birth of Henry IV." is of little interest, but it is introduced by a pastoral scene on the Pyrenees, and a sketch of a Spanish guerilla and smuggler, which no author of the present day could surpass.

The book concludes with the story of "La Vilaine Tete," and relates to the horrors perpetrated in La Vendée, by religious fury on one side, and by the revolutionary mania on the other. This story is of so high an interest that it would alone make the volume acceptable to the public, and we regret that we cannot give a sketch of it to our readers.

We would advise this author to depend more upon his talent for discrimination, and upon his natural genius than upon his acquirements, however those acquirements may be of the highest order; and above all things, let him compress his matter, and his writings will unquestionably be a source of fame to himself, and of improvement to his countrymen.

Valperga; or, the Life and Adventures of Castruccio Prince of Lucca. By the Author of "Frankenstein."
3 vols. 1823.

We congratulate the literary public on the fulfilment of that early promise of talent, which was given by the fair author of the work before us in her first interesting, though somewhat extraordinary production. The life of Castruccio, while it comprises incidents of peculiar interest, and such as engage the deepest attention, displays also a picture of the habits and sentiments of the two great factions which for many years divided and distracted Italy, and is, therefore, no less important in an historical point of view. The character of Castruccio, the powerful Ghibeline, is skilfully drawn; and, as a personification of all that can be said or conceived of Tyranny, is beautifully contrasted with his mistress, Euthanasia, who might stand for the mortal representative of the goddess, "Sweet Liberty." The style is elegant, yet bold; and though to our taste the descriptions are too abundant, we are not disposed to quarrel with what many readers will deem a failing which "leans to virtue's side." The following extracts will convey some idea of the author's manner, as well as of the main spring of the story, and the diversity of principle, of sentiment, interest, and habit of mind between the two lovers.

"The winter passed away, and with the summer the toils of the soldier began. Castruccio left Lucca and joined the army of Uguccione against the Florentines. He took leave of his lady; yet she neither tied the scarf around him nor bade him go and prosper. Florence was her native town, and love of their country was a characteristic of all Florentines. Euthanasia was brought up in the midst of public discussions, and of expressions of public feeling; the army of the Florentines contained her best friends, the companions of her youth, all among men whom she had esteemed and loved; how then could she bid her lover go and prosper, when he went to destroy them?"

Castruccio was however victorious,

and the news of her country's defeat is carried to Euthanasia.

"She had spent the period, that had elapsed since the departure of Castruccio, in utter solitude. Her anxiety, and the combat of feelings which she experienced, destroyed all her peace: she dared not give her prayers to either side; or if, following the accustomed bent of her inclinations, she wished success to her townsmen, the idea of Castruccio defeated, perhaps killed, turned all her thoughts to doubtful bitterness. Yet, when the Florentines were indeed defeated, when messenger after messenger brought intelligence from her terror-stricken friends of the sad losses they had sustained, when the name of Castruccio as the slayer was repeated with fear and curses by those whom she tenderly loved, then, indeed, the current of her feelings returned with violence to its accustomed channel; and bitterly reproaching herself, for having dared to hesitate in a cause where her country was concerned, she knelt down, and solemnly and deliberately made a vow, sanctifying it by an appeal to all that she held sacred in heaven and upon earth;—she made a deep and tremendous vow, never to ally herself to the enemy of Florence."

Sequel to an unfinished Manuscript of Henry Kirke White. London, 1823. 12mo. pp. 142. Price 4s.

WE have always considered the duties of a critic to be of the most serious nature. His judgment, if partial, must either injure the fame and property of a writer, or unjustifiably benefit them at the expense of the public; and, if his judgment be erroneous, he may injure society by the suppression of useful matter, or, on the other hand, by contributing to the diffusion of what is pernicious. We regret when these conscientious views of our functions compel us to pass severe and unqualified censure on works which, like that now before us, are published with the best intentions towards the community. This little volume, after a preface containing the pious fraud of asserting the

Eur. Mag. March, 1823.

quiet death-bed to be the necessary consequence of a religious life, proceeds to a support of revelation, by a collection of matter much of which is unfounded, much is questionable, and the remainder is either totally irrelevant to the point to be established, or, if true and applicable, is put by the author in a manner by no means superior to that in which it has been used by his numerous predecessors. We express our opinions thus strongly, from a conviction that the cause of Christianity has been seriously injured by the many impotent works, which weak, but well meaning, men have lately published in its defence. With those who are firm in their faith, a work like the present is useless; to those who are wavering or sceptical, its style would render it repulsive and ridiculous, whilst, to the reader of reflection, its badness of reasoning would make it an object of contempt. The great injury done by such works is amongst the half learned, who judge a cause to be weak from the weakness of its advocate; and the very extensive diffusion of infidelity through every rank of life may in a great measure be traced to three causes; that of attracting the public attention to infidel writings by the indictment of publishers; that of exciting sympathy for those publishers by sentences unreasonably severe, and, finally, by the want of discrimination and of reasoning faculty in by far the greater number of those who write in the defence of Christianity. The *Horæ Paulinæ* of Dr. Paley, or the *Analogy* of Bishop Butler, and works of similar depth of ingenuity, can be alone useful where publications like the present have so long ceased to be objects of respect even to the most illiterate.

Letters from a Lady to her Niece; containing practical Hints intended to direct the Female Mind. Edinburgh, 1822. 18mo. pp. 142.

WE doubt not that the author of this little volume is a lady of attainments and of very good intentions, but we much question the utility of her letters to a public

already in possession of Mrs. Chapone's Letters, of Dr. Gregory's Advice to his Daughters, of Miss Edgeworth's writings, and indeed of so many other works of a similar description. Her letters contain the current good advice of all didactic books of morals for young ladies, but it appears to us that her precepts and counsel are given in terms too general and diffuse to be practically useful, whilst she has neglected that moral painting of character and description of incident, which render Miss Edgeworth's juvenile works at once so impressive and attractive to young minds. The present volume is hardly intended for an age which would render it fair in us to do any thing more than to observe, that it does not evince that characteristic union of elegance and fervour so conspicuous in Mrs. Chapone's Letters, or the discrimination and practical good sense which pervade Dr. Gregory's Advice to his Daughters. The lady, in giving her reasons for limiting the reading of novels, has prescribed a moral test by which no novels, except the prolix, dilated works of Richardson, could bear to be tried; and she appears to have overlooked that the greatest of all reasons against novel reading is, that the excitement novels produce indisposes the mind of youth to other and more important works, which must of necessity be comparatively dull and irksome. But surely some oral supplementary advice is necessary to that direction of poetical studies, which would send a young lady of fifteen to an indiscriminate perusal of Shakespeare, or which would direct that age to the perusal of the mature sublimity of Milton, and to the ponderous epics of Southey, forgetting the fables of Gay and Dryden, the visions of Cotton, the brilliancy of Pope, the pathos of Crabbe, or the fervid eloquence of Byron. The work is written with much affection, and with the best intentions towards her to whom it is addressed.

An Historical Account of his Majesty's Visit to Scotland. Fourth Edition. 8vo. pp. 338. Price 8s. 6d. Edinburgh, 1822.

It would perhaps be presumptuous in a critic to pass any numerous or material censures upon a work, which has already received the patronage of the public to the extent of four editions in the short space of as many months; but it may be well to inform our readers that the volume before us has owed its circulation to local circumstances and to the national feelings of our fellow-subjects of the North, and not to its own importance or to any intrinsic merit whatever. It is a collection of the most minute and trifling, as well as of the most material, facts relating to his Majesty's late visit to Scotland; and of which it is scarcely necessary for us to observe, that the greater part have already appeared in the daily papers. We have here printed, in the imposing form of an octavo, all the fleeting and contradictory rumours of his Majesty's intentions relative to his visit to Scotland; we have accounts of the preparations for his reception, even to the hanging of a mirror in Dalkeith House, (the Duke of Buccleuch's) with the ballads which were sung about the streets, the orders of different processions, and even the names of dishes and their arrangements upon the royal table, and the volume is further elked out by lists of all who were at the levee at Holyrood Palace, and by a description of the caps and petticoats of the ladies. This work might possibly be of use as a book of reference and for precedents at some future visit of our monarchs to Scotland, but for any other purpose it appears to us tedious and trifling in the extreme. The book contains several plates, all of which represent his Majesty so surrounded with guards, that he seems rather to be entering a captured or a hostile city, than to be visiting a body of loyal subjects.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE,

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

AMERICA.

A storm last year tore up a large oak near Brownsville. Under the bark, which was torn off in the fall, was discovered the impression of a male and female figure standing near a tree. The woman held some fruit in one hand, and was surrounded by deer, goats, bears, Indian fowls, &c. The oak was presumed to be five or six hundred years old, and the impression must have been made long before the age of Columbus.

ASIA.

A line of telegraphs has been established from Calcutta to Chunar, a fortress on the Ganges, 150 miles south of Benares. The distance is 336 English miles, and the intelligence is conveyed at the rate of 100 miles in 12 minutes. Both the European and native merchants anticipate much advantage from this rapid communication of news.

If we may believe the Bombay gazette, a person has lately discovered an alphabet, by which may be deciphered the ancient inscriptions found in the caverns of India, consecrated to the Hindoo worship, such as those of Elephanta, Keneri, &c. It is expected this will elucidate with precision the signification, dates, use, and origin of these inscriptions.

AFRICA.

A letter from St. Louis, in Senegal, gives the following account of the state of the establishments on the left bank of this river, on the 1st of September, 1822. There are eleven large plantations, containing 800,000 square feet of cotton grounds, and which it is expected will be soon doubled in extent. Six new plantations have just been acquired from the natives, and are about to be laid out for the growth of cotton. Indigo and other equinoctial plants have been cultivated with success, and the equitable administration of Government by the French functionaries induces the natives to offer themselves as free labourers, so that labour is easily obtained. It is computed that the English cruisers in one year liberated 2810 negroes, whom they had captured in vessels bound for the West-Indies.

WEST INDIES.

St. Domingo.—The paper called the *Telegraph* of the 18th of August 1822 contains an admirable address from the commissioners of public in-

struction at Port-au-Prince to parents of both sexes. It appears that the majority of the black population are very zealous in acquiring instruction for their children, and that the number of Lancasterian schools are to be increased. The address endeavours to stimulate those who are regardless of the benefits of acquiring and disseminating knowledge, and it denounces the vengeance of the laws against those who circulate obscene books and prints. The ancient university of St. Domingo has been re-established, and able professors have been appointed in the departments of the classics, philosophy and civil and canon law. The island is fast recovering from the brutal state to which it had been reduced by its former christian possessors.

GERMANY.

In August last, during a violent storm of rain, there fell near the castle of Schoenbrunn, in Austria, an immense number of insects unknown in Austria. They were covered with a species of conglutination, and died on being removed from the water. It is conjectured that they had been driven from some distant country by a water-spout.

The class of philology and history in the academy of sciences at Berlin has, since 1817, twice postponed the following question, each time doubling the value of the prize. "What was the proceeding at law before the tribunals of Athens in public and in private causes, distinguishing as much as possible the different forms observed in each." Three dissertations were given in, and the academy bestowed the prize upon that of Messrs. Meyer and Schoemann, both of them from Grietswald.

At Munich, the travels into the Brazils of Mawe, Eschwegge, Langsdorf, Koster and of the Prince of Neuvied, have had eminent success with the public. The works in the press are the researches and travels of Messrs. Martins and Spinx, whose extensive collections of objects from the Brazils are, by a royal ordinance, to be formed into a separate collection, to be called the *Museum Brasilianum*. The work will consist of two volumes, quarto, accompanied by lithographic maps, portraits and views. There will be also two collections in Latin. The Mammalia will be represented in folio

plates, and 39 engravings will be devoted to the three genera of the ape tribe. This superb work, published by royal authority, will appear at Easter.

German Universities.—A great sensation has been produced throughout Germany by the appearance of a work entitled, "The disgraceful proceedings of the Universities, Lyceums and Gymnasias of Germany, or history of the conspiracies of the schools against royalty, christianity, and virtue, by K. M. E. Fabricius." This work of about 200 pages is dedicated to the German members of the Holy Alliance, and to their ministers and ambassadors at the diet, and it denounces and vituperates the most enlightened and estimable of the German literati and men of science. It proposes to abolish all universities, or to put them under a more severe surveillance.

The illustrious Reiske of Leipsic has left several valuable works upon the Arabians, and one in particular which he entitled "De rebus gestis Arabum autē Mahammedem." He has also left a copy of an Arabian M.S. relating to the families of Arabia, of which he has made a Latin translation, and in his "Prodigmata ad Hadgi Califae librum memorialem," published in 1747, he speaks of his having written a history of the Arabs, from Jesus Christ to the time of Mahomet. Mr. Hartman and Mr. Heinrich, a professor at Bonn, discovered this M.S. in the library at Lubeck, in 1814, it is entitled, "Reiskii primae lineae regnorum Arabicorum et rerum ab Arabibus medio inter Christum et Muhammedem tempore gestarum." This M.S. consists of 376 pages, 4to. and to it is annexed "Rudimenta historiae et chronologiae Muhammedem;" it will be published immediately; Mr. Hartman purposes to publish whatever he may discover of the writings of Reiske.

Three of the most enlightened and valuable works have just been suppressed at Vienna, by public authority, among them is the *Iannonia* of Count Albert Festelitz.

RUSSIA.

Admiral de Krusenstefn has been engaged for many years upon a set of charts of the south sea, and which are now nearly finished. The set will contain thirty charts, and the publication will be at the expense of the Emperor of Russia.

An English firm has just obtained the exclusive privilege of lighting by gas throughout the Russian empire for ten years.

Odessa.—On the 12th September, 1822, the pupils of the Lyceum of Odessa celebrated the anniversary of the death of the Duke of Richlieu, and wore mourning for the space of three days.

POLAND.

M. Hoffman, professor in the University of Warsaw, has invented a sort of coat made of copper, by which the most inexperienced swimmer can save himself in the most rapid river. This discovery is likely to prove of the greatest utility in shipwrecks as well as in fording rivers in military operations. By repeated experiments it appears that a person may, with this apparel, go about 120 paces in a minute.

Mr. Kowalski, a celebrated poet of this country, has just published a translation into the Polish language of the best comedies of Moliere.

Mr. J. U. Niemcewicz purposes to publish, at Warsaw, a collection of unedited documents relating to ancient Poland. The first part will be in three volumes, the price of subscription will be six rix dollars.

GREECE AND TURKEY.

The following is a table of the population of Greece.

Morea	400,000
Northern or Middle Greece ..	250,000
Mitylene	20,000
Scio before the massacre	110,000
Tino	15,000
Andro	12,000
Naxos	10,000
Paros	2,000
Nio	3,000
Milo	5,000
Santorini	12,000
Samos	20,000
Hydria	25,000
Spezzia	10,000
Crete	120,000
Smaller isles	10,000
Insurgents from other countries	150,000
Fugitives, &c.	100,000

Total 1,269,500

Thus these brave people do not amount to one-fourth of the number in the United States of America at the time of their resisting the oppression of the mother country, and yet, abandoned by the Christian part of Europe, they have for two years resisted the numerous and ferocious armies of Turkey, and have displayed a heroism worthy of their great name in ancient history.

A new Act of Vandulism.—The Porte has caused to be sold by weight all the valuable books in the fine library of Constantinople, and particu-

larly that belonging to the Princes Mourouci, who have always been the most persecuted by this barbarous government on account of their great wealth, their patriotism, and their talents.

SPAIN.

The government, on the 5th January, gave its assent to a plan for establishing a regular stage communication between Madrid and Corunna, and a communication by steam-boats between Corunna and London. Sir John Doyle the author of the plan is now completing the details. Every thing, which increases the facility of intercourse between distant nations, tends to civilize mankind, and is a real benefit to the human race.

A learned Spaniard, Don Xavier de Burgos, purposes to publish a Spanish translation of the *Biographie Universelle*, with corrections and additions.

PORTUGAL.

The Cortes have voted a medal, valued at 50,000 reis, for the author of the best commercial code.

ITALY.

The workmen employed in working the marble quarry, discovered near Florence, proceed with activity. They have opened a way leading to Mount Altissimo, near Sevezzezza. The first blocks were sent to Paris; the others are reserved for Florence and Rome. These excavations will provide for Tuscany an important branch of industry and commerce.

Regulations have been published, at Turin, for the government of the Universities of Turin and Genoa. They consist of sixty-five articles, and prohibit the students taking their meals in the coffee-houses and taverns, and establish houses for those who have no relations in the city. The students must return to the University before sun-set, and they are not allowed to appear at balls, billiard tables, and rarely at the play. They are compelled to appear at divine service, at confession, and to take the sacrament at stated periods. Four priests are appointed inspectors of their religious and moral conduct. Regulations for schools have also been published, consisting of 250 articles.

FRANCE.

Mons. Mignet, who, in conjunction with M. Beugnot, jun. gained the prize given last year by the *Academie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres*, for the best discourse upon the Institutions of St. Louis, is now engaged in tracing the progress and vicissitudes of the

reformation in the different states of Europe. Mons. Mignet considers this great event as the first effort of the moderns to acquire liberty. The power of the Pope was a dreadful tyranny which, during the middle ages, suppressed the progress of civilization. The insurrection or resistance of intellect, which preceded the great political revolution, began with Arnaud de Brescia, the chief of the Vaudois; and was continued by the Albigeois, amongst whom it broke out so prematurely that the Pope was enabled to suppress it. The reformation of Luther, on the contrary, broke out at a more favourable period, and, being in Germany so far from the vicinage of papal coercion, it had a greater chance of success. From France and Germany M. Mignet carries his views to England, where the reformation assumed a political character under Henry the Eighth, but suffered its vicissitudes of fortune under Mary and his other successors. M. Mignet's analysis of the subject is clear, methodical, and his language is precise. The basis of his work is, that the reformation was a moral insurrection, or an emancipation of the human intellect from the most objectionable of all the modes of faith.

The prefect of Ajaccio has exerted himself to collect the subscriptions for organising the thirty schools, which the government has authorised to be established in Corsica. The sum already subscribed amounts to 4,554 francs.

M. Regnaud, a physician at Grenoble, has invented an instrument by which the operation of lithotomy can be performed in two minutes. Several experiments have confirmed the fact.

M. Bonfiglio Rossignol, who has visited the same countries as M. Caillaud, is returned to France. After the publication of his travels, which is now in progress, he will go to Tripoli, whence he intends to traverse the desert and penetrate as far as the Niger.

Hieroglyphics.—A very important and unexpected discovery has been made of an Hieroglyphic Alphabet, by M. Champollion, jun. His MSS. were laid before the Academy of Inscriptions. By means of this alphabet the scholar is enabled to decypher the names of Alexander the Great, Ptolemy, Cleopatra, Berenice, &c.; on the temples of Philæ, Ombos, Dendera, Esne, &c. he has also read the titles, names and surnames of Tiberius, Nerva, Trajan, Domitian, Adrian, Antoninus, Sabinus, &c.; on the Egyptian temples M. Champollion has spent ten years of incessant

labour in this pursuit, but he is now returned with an ample recompense.

At the beginning of last November, some workmen, in demolishing an old wall to build a bakehouse in the village of Mont, found a great quantity

of money in silver and base money of the sixteenth century, in the reign of Charles IX. and Henry III. kings of France; of Gregory XIII. and Sixtus V. Popes. The most recent bears the date of 1588.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Philosophical Society of York.—The more particular object of this society is to elucidate the geology of Yorkshire. There are few counties in England which are traversed by so great a variety of strata as this, few of which the strata contain so many fossils interesting to the geologist, or so many minerals important to the arts, and few of which the geological relations are so imperfectly and doubtfully determined. Towards the illustration of this subject, the society presume to hope that something may be done by a contribution of specimens from every part of Yorkshire to a central Museum. The foundation of such a Museum has been laid by a present, made to the society, of a very valuable and perfect collection of the fossil remains lately discovered in the Cave of Kirkdale. But though the illustration of geology is the principal design of the Yorkshire Museum, it will be open also to other objects of scientific curiosity, and will be a proper repository it is conceived for those antiquities, with which the county and particularly the city of York is known to abound. In addition to the Yorkshire specimens, the society are in possession of an elephant's tooth from Rugby, probably of the same æra as the Kirkdale bones; they have received a few geological specimens from Newfoundland, and some mineralogical ones from Sweden and other parts of Europe; a small collection of recent shells from the West Indies has been presented to them, and a fragment of a meteoric stone which fell at Juvenas, on the 21st of June, 1821, given to one of the members of the society, by M. de Humboldt.

Mr. Bowditch has made arrangements for the speedy publication of a sketch of the Portuguese establishments in Congo, Angola and Benguela, with some account of the modern discoveries of the Portuguese in the interior of Angola and Mozambique, with a map of the coast and interior.

Dr. Baron, of Gloucester, has undertaken to write the account of the life, and to arrange for publication the numerous manuscripts of the late Dr.

Jenner; for which purposes all the documents in possession of the family will be committed to his care. From that gentleman, therefore, the public may expect an authentic work as speedily as his professional avocations will allow him to prepare for the press the ample and interesting materials with which he is to be furnished, together with those which he himself accumulated during a long and confidential intercourse with Dr. Jenner and many of his most intimate friends.

Miss Aikin is preparing for publication a Memoir of her Father, the late John Aikin, M.D.; together with a selection of such of his critical essays and miscellaneous papers as have not hitherto appeared in a collective form. Improved editions of several of the most popular of Dr. Aikin's works are also preparing under the care of his family.

Sir Everard Home, Bart. will shortly publish a third volume of Lectures on comparative Anatomy.

A gentleman long known to the literary world, is engaged on the *Lives of Corregio and Parmegiano*.

In the course of a few weeks will appear in one volume *Fables for the Holy Alliance with other Poems, &c.* By Thomas Brown, the younger.

Early in the Spring will be published in one volume 12mo. with a plate, the *Art of Valuing the Tenants' Right* on entering and quitting farms in Yorkshire and the adjoining counties, adapted for the use of landlords, land-agents, appraisers, farmers and tenants. By J. S. Bayldon.

A translation, by J. S. Forsyth, of *Preceis Elementaire de Physiologie*, Tome Second, par. F. Magendie, will soon be published: into which will be introduced many interesting notes extracted from the *Physiological Journal* and other works by the same author, elucidating the facts contained in the elementary treatise. This volume, together with that already published, will form a complete elementary work on this important branch of medical science.

The *Geography, History and Statistics of America and the West Indies*,

as originally published in the American Atlas of Messrs. Cary and Lea, of Philadelphia, are re-printing in this country, in one volume 8vo. with much additional matter relative to the new States of South America, and accompanied with several maps, charts, and views, so as to concentrate under the above heads, a greater fund of information respecting the Western Hemisphere than has hitherto appeared.

Mrs. Holderness has in the press a volume entitled *New Russia*, being some account of the colonization of that country, and of the manners and customs of the colonists. To which is added a brief detail of a journey overland from Riga to the Crimen, by way of Kieo, accompanied with notes on the Crim Tartars.

Mr. Oliver, surgeon, has in the press, and will publish in April, *Popular Observations upon Muscular Contraction*, with his mode of treatment of diseases of the limbs associated therewith. He proposes also to illustrate his system of the application in particular cases of mechanical apparatus by graphical delineations, more particularly when the knee, elbow and ankle joints are affected.

A new novel, entitled *Willoughby*, in two volumes, will appear in a few days.

The Rev. Dr. Rudge's *Lectures on Genesis* is nearly ready for publication.

Dr. Meyrick's *Treatise on Ancient Armour*, a book calculated greatly to facilitate a right understanding of the early historians, and to throw much light on the manners of our ancestors, is expected to appear in the course of next month. The chronological arrangement of the whole, the illuminated capitals illustrative of the subject, and the more picturesque representations of the armour of different periods, render this publication unlike any that has preceded it; which is on a plan so comprehensive as to make it an important acquisition to every extensive library.

Mr. James, author of the *Naval History of Great Britain*, has in the press the *Second Part* of that work, which will contain a *Plan of the Battle of Trafalgar*, superior in accuracy to any yet given of that memorable action.

Points of Humour, illustrated in a *Series of Plates*, drawn and engraved by G. Cruikshank, is in the press.

A reprint of Southwell's *Mary Magdalen's Funeral Tears for the Death of our Saviour*, in royal 16mo. with a *Portrait*, will shortly be published.

An Appeal for Religion to the best Sentiments and Interests of Mankind,

being, 1st. *Four Orations for the Oracles of God*.—2nd. *Judgment to Come*, an *Argument in Five Discourses*.—3rd. *Messiah's Arrival*, a *Series of Lectures*. By the Rev. Edward Irving, A.M. Minister of the Caledonian Church, Hatton-garden, in one vol. 8vo. is in the press.

An *Historical Essay upon the Art of Painting on Glass*, from its earliest introduction into England by Cimabue, to the present day.—In which will be described, *seriatim*, the *Heraldic Emblazonings and Portraits upon the principal Painted Windows in Fonthill Abbey*: *Backler's Painted Window for the Duke of Norfolk*; that in the library of Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart. at *Stourhead*; some of the tasteful performances of those ingenious artists, the *Crekes, Egintons, Pearsons*, and others will receive every attention.—Together with remarks on *Historical Painting in Oil*. 1 vol. 8vo. By Thos. Adams, junior, Shaftesbury.

The following English works have lately been translated into Foreign languages :—

The Pirate, translated into French. Paris, 4 vols. 12mo., 10 fr.

Travels in the United States of America. By Miss Wright. Translated into French, by J. T. Parisot. Paris, 2 vols. 8vo., 10 fr.

Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, abridged and translated into French. By A. Caillot, 2 vols. 12mo. with Plates, 9 fr.

Shakspeare translated into French. By Letourneur, new edition, revised and corrected by F. Guizot and A. P. 13 vols. 8vo. Subscribers' price 65 fr.

France. By Lady Morgan. Translated into French. Brussels 2 vols. 12mo., 6 fr.

Parke's Chemistry, translated into French. By J. Riffault—Paris. 2 vols. 8vo., 10 fr.

Helen, Countess of Castle-Howel. By Mrs. Beauet: translated into French by the Translator of the *Romances*, by the Author of *Waverley*—Paris. 4 vols. 12mo., 10 fr.

The Shetlanders. Translated into French. By the Translator of *Romances*, by the Author of *Waverley*—Paris. 2 vols. 12mo., 5 fr.

The Works of Lord Byron. Translated into French, third edition, revised and corrected. With a *Portrait of the Author*—Paris. 15mo., 17 fr.

Hume's History of England, with *Smollett's Continuation*. Translated into French. By M. Campenon, 22 vols. 8vo., 132 fr.

State of England with Regard to its

Finance at the commencement of 1822. Translated into French. By M. M. P. A. D.—and J. G.—Paris. 8vo., 4 fr. 50 c.

Collection of the Parliamentary Speeches of Fox and Pitt. Translated into French. By M. H. de Janvry, 12 vols. 8vo., 72 fr.

Washington Irwin's Sketches of English and American Manners. Translated into French—Paris. 2 vols. 8vo. 10 fr.

Millar's Chemistry. Translated into French. By P. H. Coulier—Paris. 8vo., 7 fr. 50 c.

Europe during the Middle Ages. By Hallam. Translated into French by M. M. P. Dudonit, and A. R. Borghers—Paris. 4 vols. 8vo., 28 fr.

A work called la Galerie Francaise; or, a Collection of the celebrated Men and Women, who flourished in France during the 16th, 17th, and 18th Centuries. By a Society of Men of Letters and Artists—Paris. 4to., Price of each No. 6 fr. 50 c.

Pope's Rape of the Lock. Translated into Italian. By G. Benini.

Prose Translations of the Poetry of Byron and Scott have been made into the Russian language.

The Fortunes of Nigel. Translated into French. By the Translator of the other works of the Author of Waverley, 4 vols. 12mo., 10 fr.

Fitz-Osborne's Letters. By W. M. M. moth. Translated into French. By A. D. Paris. 8vo., 3 fr.

A few Days at Athens. By Miss Wright. Translated into French—Paris. 8vo., 4 fr.

Robertson's Charles V. Translated into French. By J. B. A. Suard, fifth edition—Paris. 4 vols. 8vo., 26 fr.

Ellen Percy. Translated into French. By Mlle. de M.—Paris. 3 vols. 12mo. 6 fr.

The works of Sir Astley Cooper and Benjamin Travers. Translated into French. By G. Bertrand, 2 vols. 8vo. 14 fr.

Sir Walter Scott's Lady of the Lake. Translated into Italian Verse. By M. Joseph Indelicato, 8vo.

Miss Edgeworth's Tales. Translated into French. By Mde. Elisa Voiart, 2 vols. 12mo., price 5 fr.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ARCHITECTURE.

Pugin's "Specimens of Gothic Architecture," Vol. II. is just published. It contains fifty-four engravings, and ten sheets of letter-press. The latter is by Mr. E. J. Willson, of Lincoln, and embraces, besides historical and dis-

criptive information, a Glossary of old terms, used in Gothic Architecture.—The work is now finished in two vols. 4to.

"Architectural Illustrations of the Public Buildings of London." No. 1. of this work contains seven engravings of St. Paul's Cathedral, the New Entrance to the House of Lords, the Temple Church, and the Custom-house, with two sheets of letter-press.

FINE ARTS.

Views in Savoy, Switzerland, and on the Rhine, engraved in mezzotinto, from drawings made upon the spot. By John Dennis, accompanied with descriptive letter-press, in five Parts, at 16s. each Part—prints 24s. proofs.

The Art of Miniature Painting, containing the most clear, and at the same time, progressive instructions in that art, and the processes for attaining perfection in it.

Elton's Microscopic Scenery, containing forty-three transparent scenes, on which are represented upwards of one hundred of the most interesting objects, discoverable by the aid of the Microscope, uniform with the Transparent Orrery and Astrarium, with a descriptive pamphlet.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Memoirs of the Life and Works of Sir Christopher Wren. By J. Elmes, architect, 4to. Portrait and ten Plates, 37. 3s.

Hayes's Catalogue of Greek and Latin Classics, in which will be found every Edition of Importance that has appeared in this Country and on the Continent, including the Variorum and best critical editions, in folio, quarto, and octavo; and the modern editions by the German and Dutch Commentators. Also the principal Lexicographical Works, and an extensive collection of Critical and Philological Literature in the learned languages, &c. price 2s.

Some Considerations on the present distressed State of the British West India Colonies, their Claims on the Government for relief, and the advantage to the Nation in supporting them, particularly against the competition of East India Sugar. By a West Indian, 8vo. 1s. 6d.

Essays relative to the habits, character, and moral improvement of the Hindoos, which have originally appeared in the Friend of India, 8vo. 7s. 6d. boards.

Napoleon Anecdotes, Part V., embellished with a beautiful Engraving of the Battle of Austerlitz, price 2s. 6d.

Mr. Britton's History and Antiquities of Canterbury Cathedral, in one vol. 4to. is just published. It contains 26 engravings, with a history and description of the Building, account of the Monuments, Anecdotes of the Archbishop, &c.

The same author's "Illustrations, graphic and literary, of Fonthill Abbey," is announced for publication early in April, and will contain twelve engravings instead of nine, as originally promised.

The Belgian Traveller, being a complete Guide through the United Netherlands, or Kingdom of Belgium and Holland. By Edmund Boyce, illustrated with Maps, and Views. Fourth Edition. 18mo. 8s. bound.

The Traveller's Guide down the Rhine. By A. Schreiber, with a Map. New Edition. 18mo. 8s. bound.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Naturalist's Repository; or, Monthly Miscellany of Exotic Natural History, consisting of elegantly coloured Plates, with appropriate, scientific, and general Descriptions of the most curious, scarce, and beautiful productions of Nature, that have been recently discovered in various parts of the World; forming a valuable Compendium of the most important Discoveries of Quadrupeds, Birds, Fishes, Insects, Shells, Marine Productions, and every other interesting object of Natural History, the produce of Foreign Climates. By E. Donovan, F.L.S., W.S., &c.

NOVELS AND TALES.

Gil Blas, in Italian. By S. E. Petroni, 5 vols. 18mo. Second Edition, 25s. The fifth Volume contains critical observations respecting the author of Gil Blas.

An Alpine Tale, suggested by some circumstances which occurred at the close of the last Century. By the author of "Tales from Switzerland," 2 vols. 12mo.

Christmas Stories, containing John Wildgoose, the Poacher, the Smuggler, and Good Nature, or Parish Matters. 12mo. 3s.

Whittingham's Pocket Novelists, Vols. IX. X. and XI., containing Tom Jones. By Fielding. 9s.

Whittingham's Pocket Novelists, Vol. XII., containing the Romance of the Forest, by Mrs. Radcliff, will be published in August.

German Popular Stories. Second Edition, with twelve Plates, drawn and engraved by G. Cruikshank. 7s.

POETRY.

The Son of Erin; or, the Cause of the Greeks: a play, in five Acts. By a native of Bengal, George Burges, A.M. Trinity College, Cambridge.

An Elegy to the Memory of the late Rev. Henry Martyn, with smaller pieces. By John Lawson, Missionary at Calcutta, 8vo.

Vallis Vali, and other Poems. By the author of the Juvenile Poetical Moralist. 8vo. 5s.

POLITICS.

A Letter to Henry Brougham, Esq. M.P. upon his Durham Speech, and the Three Articles in the last Edinburgh Review, upon the subject of the Clergy. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

A Remonstrance, addressed to Henry Brougham, Esq. M.P. By one of the "Working Clergy," 8vo. 2s.

THEOLOGY.

Horæ Romanæ. A new Translation of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. By Clericus. small 8vo. 4s.

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THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE, ITALIAN OPERA.

A NEW spectacle called *Alfred the Great* has been brought out at this Theatre since our last number, and was deservedly received with unbounded applause. It was composed for the *Academie Royale de Musique*, where it was originally brought out last year, or late in 1821, and has been produced at this theatre under the direction of its author, M. Aumer. The story commences with Alfred's temporary abandonment of the regal dignity, and his disguise as the assistant of his own neat-herd; and ends with the battle of Eddington.

We are sorry we have not room for a detail of the plot of this ballet, which is likely to prove extremely attractive, and we congratulate the manager on its success, and hope it will operate as an incentive to many improvements, the necessity of which must be obvious. *Alfred* is a true *ballet d' action*, constructed after the Italian models, and has very little of what, in modern language, is termed dancing. It is a serious pantomime, a sort of performance known in all countries, and liked in most when accompanied by good music and splendid decorations, and derived with very little change from sources of considerable antiquity. This sort of ballet is, we must acknowledge, much to our taste; and though the stage of the King's Theatre is not favourable to the display of combined

scenery and extended processions, yet it is large enough for something rather better, more worthy of rational beings, than eternal *pirouettes* and *entrechats*. Alfred is personated by Mr. C. Vestris, whose acting was highly commendable. Mademoiselle Mercandotti, (who has since seceded from the theatre,) as his page, looked very charmingly, though she wanted the energy that this part requires. Madame Ronzi Vestris has but little to do, but she does that little well. The acting falls chiefly upon Mademoiselle Aurellie, who does herself great credit by her performance. A *pas de cinq* in the first act is exceedingly graceful and beautiful, and was much applauded; and a chorus-dance, while Alfred and his page are sleeping, has great taste and merit, both of which will be more apparent when the performers are a little more perfect. The music, by the Count De Gallemborg, a name unknown to us, is a compilation from Pucitta, Rossini, &c. mixed up with Scottish and other national airs, and is not remarkable for any thing but what is already well known. The scenery is excellent, and the decorations are liberally and tastefully supplied, though the costume has not been much regarded. The whole piece has been got up at a considerable expense, and has been received with great applause by full houses.

DRURY LANE.

THERE has been nothing particularly novel at this theatre during the past month, for excellent acting and singing and full houses are common occurrences at this renovated theatre. The most worthy of remark are the opera of *Figaro*, and the *Lent Concerts*. The *Marriage of Figaro* was performed with considerable éclat. The *Figaro* of Liston, and the *Susanna* of Miss Stephens are as well known, it is scarcely necessary to dwell upon their respective merits. As the personal representative of the piquant *Soubrette*, Miss Stephens must yield to both her rivals of Covent-Garden; the character in her hands is one of lively simplicity, and we look for a more spirited vivacity in the attrac-

tive *fille de chambre* of Beaumarchais. We know not whether this remark will not apply almost as closely to the singing as to the acting of Miss Stephens; but then what can be more delightful in itself than the quality of voice which makes her one and alone. The predominant novelty was the *Count Almaviva* of Mr. Elliston, which amused us exceedingly. Mrs. Austin was a very tolerable *Countess* as to musical effect, and the *Page* of Mrs. Hughes was very fair, although somewhat too girlishly wild; but the *Page* of an English *Figaro* is any thing but the *Page* of the original author. The whole opera went off with spirit, and was received with loud approbation.

The *Lent Concerts* have been held

at this theatre exclusively, have been attended with overflowing houses. The works of the following great composers have delighted their respective admirers:—Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Rossini, and Dr. Crotch; and provided ample scope for the faculty of comparison. Among the vocal performers, the only novelty has been a Miss Spence. Her attainments in the science, however respectable (and such they are,) will not compensate for the want of the first of requisites—pathos. Her voice, although susceptible of melioration, is at present a radical and prominent drawback on her performance. By the engagement of professors of supreme rank in their respective instruments, every amateur has been in turn delighted with hearing that one of his own peculiar choice in perfection. We have had the hitherto unrivalled Lindley, to whom it has long been sufficient to hold the eminence he has attained, for beyond it we hardly think human art can arrive. His powers are still in all their vigour. Mori and Nicholson, who are

also of native growth, have delighted their auditors; and this is not so much owing to their own rapid advance towards perfection, which is undeniable, as to the increased and increasing love of the science which pervades the public. Puzzi's wonderful performance on the horn is not merely difficult, it is beautiful; he can do almost any thing with that instrument, so inflexible in other hands. Mr. Hochsa, and his pupil, Miss Dihden, make the harp every thing it is susceptible of, and surprise us by playing their concertos, comprising highly wrought variations, from memory. Moschelles plays with the utmost brilliancy and rapidity of execution, and his characteristic is vigour and decision.

These concerts are now ended, and the theatres closed for a week; for custom seals the doors, and imposes a rigid abstinence from places of public amusement to the inhabitants of this great city, while those of provincial towns hail the interval as offering a certain treat at their respective theatres.

COPENT GARDEN.

SINCE our last publication, we have been favoured with the representation of one of those ephemeral productions called tragedies; so called, we believe, for no other reason but because they attempt the exhibition of a great deal of grief, and bring two or three fictitious personages to an untimely grave. Perhaps there is nothing in the whole range of intellectual exertion, in which the authors of the present day are so deficient, as good tragedy, and yet there is no want of attempts in that difficult path to Fame. Indeed so common is the attempt that even ladies, who have previously signalized themselves only in some petty volume of pettier poems, think themselves entitled to the most favoured smiles of Melpomene, and dare to attempt that which no individual of the sterner sex is able to produce. We think that these vast aspirations of the fairest part of the creation arise from their reliance on the gallantry of the audience, rather than from any temerarious and over-weening conceit in their own powers. However this may be, as impartial critics, we are bound to temper our devotion to the fair with prudence, and not to suffer our critical acumen and honesty to be sacrificed at the shrine of beauty—Without farther preface we must inform our readers that we are about to criticise a tragedy, entitled *Julian*; the

offspring of a Miss Mitford, who has given birth to some poems of minor pretensions, and which certainly did not prepare us to expect either a tragedy or an epic poem. After stating that this play has been acted for several nights, and is still in progress to the “waters of oblivion,” we proceed to detail the plot.

The scene is laid in Sicily, and the action of the tragedy arises from the virtuous opposition of *Prince Julian* to the ambitious designs of his father, the *Duke of Melfi*. The latter, who is uncle to *Alfonso*, the rightful heir to the Sicilian crown, is, on the demise of the Prince's father, constituted Regent of the Kingdom, and guardian of the young monarch. Under the pretence of conducting the Prince to Messina, where it is proposed that his coronation shall take place, *Melfi* inveigles him into a solitary pass in the mountains, where he attempts to murder his kinsman and his sovereign. At this crisis *Prince Julian*, who had ridden from Messina to meet the cavalcade, is attracted to the spot by the cries of *Alfonso*; he interposes at the moment when *Melfi* is on the point of slaying the youthful king; and, ere he has had an opportunity of seeing the face of the traitor whose arm is uplifted against his Sovereign, he plunges

his sword into the side of his father, whom he recognises as he is sinking to the earth. He immediately flies from the scene of blood, accompanied by *Alfonso*, who travels with him in the disguise of a page. The dreadful reflection that he has slain his parent preys on the sensitive mind of *Julian*; and, during eight days, delirium usurps the seat of reason. The play opens with his recovery; and one of its best and most powerful scenes is that in which his bride, *Annabel*, draws from him, by her passionate endearments, the cause of his strange and sudden malady. Peace revisits his breast when he learns that he has only wounded, not destroyed, his father: but his happiness vanishes when he finds that his father, still obstinate in evil, has propagated a report of the death of *Alfonso* by the hand of an assassin, and has assembled the barons to witness his coronation as next heir to the Crown. *Julian*, whose loyalty is inflexible, vainly endeavours, in an interview with his father, to dissuade him from his guilty design. One of the best passages in the tragedy occurs in that scene. The unexpected appearance of the young King, whose death had been so confidently reported, excites the suspicion of the nobles. One of them, *Count d'Alba*, who has received some secret intelligence of the attack which had been made on *Alfonso*, arrests *Melfi* on a charge of high treason. He calls on *Julian* to bear witness against his father; this he indignantly refuses; and he declares, that whatever blood was spilt when *Alfonso* was attacked, was shed by himself. *Melfi*, when arraigned, in a fit of frenzy, admits the truth of every charge brought against him. He and his son (whose ambiguous declaration is looked upon as a confession of his guilt) are banished. The character of the *Count d'Alba* is now brought prominently forward. His great object in removing *Melfi* and *Julian* from Sicily was, that he might have an opportunity of assailing the virtue of *Annabel*, whom he had long loved. He contrives to have her inveigled to his castle, where he urges his suit, but is indignantly spurned. *Julian*, while weeping over the dead body of his father, whose mental conflict has caused his wound to burst forth afresh, and thus occasioned his dissolution, is informed of the perilous situation of his wife. He hastens to her place of confinement: he gains admission. He tells her that his life is forfeited, the hour at which he should have quitted Sicily

having elapsed. There is, he observes, but one way in which she can escape dishonour, and he prepares to kill her. His resolution fails; but while he is yet parleying, *Bertone*, *D'Alba's* servant enters, with two murderers. *Annabel* rushes forward to protect her husband, and receives a fatal wound. The assassins quit the prison; and *Julian*, having thrown his cloak over the dead body of his wife, covers himself with a garment which one of the murderers had left behind him. *D'Alba*, ignorant of *Annabel's* death, and exulting in the supposed success of his scheme, returns to the prison. He mistakes *Julian* for one of his followers; he passionately demands of him where *Annabel* has retired; and is appalled when, after an ambiguous conversation, *Julian* throws aside his disguise, and at the same moment snatches from the lifeless body of his wife the cloak under which it had been shrouded. *D'Alba* is consigned to the hands of justice, and *Julian* dies in a state of melancholy delirium.

The principal characters are cast as follows:—

Alfonso, King of Sicily... Miss Foote.

Ruggiero, Duke of Melfi, and Regent of the Kingdom... Mr. Bennett.

Prince Julian (his son)... Mr. Macready.

Count D'Alba,..... Mr. Abbott.

The Princess Annabel

(wife of *Julian*)... Miss Lacy.

We are of opinion that the temporary success, that attends this play, arises from its melo-dramatic incidents, and the excellent acting of Macready, without whose great and acknowledged talents the first night would have been its last. The plot is very inartificial, the passions exhibited inconsecutive, and two of the scenes unnatural and absurd. What can be more contrary to nature than the slumbering inactivity of *Julian* at the feet of the young King while his father, *Melfi*, is arraigned by the surrounding nobles, and evidently falling from the highest pinnacle of earthly grandeur into the lowest depths of destruction? What can be more puerile than the death of *Julian*, who dies, no one knows how, by the side of his slaughtered *Annabel*, whom a few minutes before he was anxious to immolate together with himself? What more ridiculous than the conduct of the assassins who, as soon as *Annabel* had fallen an accidental victim, might easily have killed *Julian*, for which purpose they were employed by *D'Alba*. The melo-dramatic incidents to which we have alluded, and

which contributed much to the salvation of the play, were the introduction of the young Prince, *Alfonso*, at the moment when *Melfi* was about to place the crown on his own head, and the snatching of the cloak by *Julian* from the lifeless body of his wife, and throwing away his disguise in the presence of *D'Alba*: these incidents, although favourable to this production, would disgrace a regular drama. There is only one female character, a lady of high birth without a single female attendant or friend; a sure sign of sterility of invention. No introduction of inferior personages to relieve the tiresome monotony of titled grandeur: and worthless ambition, both of which are now too contemptible to interest the thinking part of the community. We must, however, conclude our criticism of this production as a regular drama, and say one word of it as a poem, because we can then speak of it with commendation. If this play had been published in parts, under the title of "Dramatic Sketches," we should have been foremost in assigning to it considerable merit: it is written with good taste, free from inflation either of sentiment or style, harmonious in the verse, skillfully varied in its periods, and highly indicative of mental power, that might rise to considerable eminence in any literary flight short of tragedy or epopee.

We cannot omit this opportunity of paying a just homage to the great talents of Macready; they were perhaps never exerted with more felicity, and Miss Mitford certainly owes to him, and to him alone, the temporary success with which her play is honoured; we can commend no other performer except Mr. Bennet, who certainly in the character of *Melfi* surpassed any of his former efforts. The character of *Alfonso* is too insipid for any display of histrionic talent, and Miss Foot is certainly as good an actress as it deserved. Of Miss Lacy, in *Annabel*, we wish we could be silent; and, if she were a better actress or was gifted with original talent, we would caution her against a servile imitation of Macready; especially in her rapid transitions from impassioned declamation to an undertone, which, unless it is managed with the greatest naturalness, is never effective and often ridiculous. This lady, though a very respectable second-rate actress, is incompetent to the higher walks of tragedy, and her part ought to have been filled by Miss F. H. Kelly; but we find from a recent paragraph in a very respectable

morning paper, that this excellent actress has fallen under the ban of the manager's displeasure. It is there stated that the part of *Annabel* was first given to her, but when, after studying the part, she attended at the rehearsal pursuant to the usual summons, she was then, for the first time, informed that the character was given to another! When we read this paragraph we were exceedingly astonished, and could not determine whether the alteration was more injurious to the interests of the theatre, more disrespectful to the public, or more insulting to an amiable and accomplished young lady, who is indisputably the only tragic actress on the stage. As the public have a right to require the exertions of all the best performers on every proper occasion, we are justified in demanding why Miss Kelly has been excluded from the part which was assigned her; and why she is kept from appearing on the stage. Her *Juliet* has placed her far above any of her competitors, and the town is anxious to see her in all the characters in which she is reported to excel. It is the manager's interest to bring her forward, and therefore we cannot imagine why he suffers her to remain inactive; and, as she is Mr. Macready's pupil, we wonder why he should not on this occasion have protected her, especially as the *casting* of the characters was entirely in his power. Surely it could not proceed from jealousy? It is currently reported that the manager has tried Miss Kelly at rehearsals in many leading characters, and that she is found totally incapable. Surely this report must be a malignant attempt to crush her rising reputation in the bud; for we cannot conceive the anomaly, that she should be an excellent *Juliet* and yet incapable of acting other characters with *eclat*. Many good judges of dramatic talent have seen her act at provincial theatres both in England and Ireland, and speak of her performances with rapturous applause; therefore we think, if this rumour is without foundation, Miss Kelly ought to have been advised to contradict it publicly, and not suffer her reputation to be blasted by the intrigues of envious friends or insidious enemies. We feel a strong interest in every thing that relates to the development of great genius in every department of art or science, and for this reason only we shall resume the subject in our next dramatic article, unless a proper explanation of this mysterious business is previously given to the public.

POLITICAL DIGEST.

NUMEROUS petitions have been presented during the month to both Houses of Parliament praying for parliamentary reform, for a diminution of the excessive expenditure of government, for an alteration in the present system of tithes, and for various other improvements in our polity. Petitions have also been presented in great number representing the distressed state of the agricultural interests, and praying for various modes of relief. A decidedly novel feature has of late been introduced into many of the petitions to Parliament respecting agricultural distress. We allude to the doctrine, now so openly avowed, of reducing the amount of payments to the fundholders. This doctrine has as yet found but few supporters in either House, and it is obvious that such a mode of relieving the public burdens could be justifiable only in the last emergency, and after every other method and resource had been resorted to. The very great fluctuations in the value of the currency, caused by the excessive issue of paper and finally by the return to a gold standard, have we believe affected almost every private and public mortgage or bond transaction, and there are few stock-holders or parties to mortgages who are not receiving more or less *mutatis mutandis* than was originally agreed for; but the absolute impossibility of rectifying this evil by any general measure, and the utter impracticability of going into every individual transaction, render all men of sense and probity averse to any interference on the part of government, with respect to adjusting either private or public debts with a reference to the alteration in the standard or value of money.

The House of Commons have expressed a determination not to depart from the present principle of the insolvent laws; but the Solicitor-General has pledged himself to propose an alteration of the present act as to many of its details.

A Committee of the Lords has been formed to take into consideration the Marriage Act passed last Session; and six petitions have been presented to the Lords from dissenters praying to be relieved from the necessity of complying with those doctrinal points of our marriage service, which are con-

trary to their conscientious views of religion.

A bill has been brought into Parliament to enable his Majesty to dispose of the private property he acquired before his coming to the throne.

Mr. Whitmore, on the 26th of February, brought forward the subject of the Corn Laws. He traced the present agricultural distress to the reaction of the unnatural stimulus which had been given to agriculture during the war. He proposed that the non-importation price of foreign corn should be reduced by 2s. per ann. till it reached to 60s. which, supposing the duty to be 12s. the quarter, was as low as foreign corn could ever be sold in our markets. His motion was lost by a majority of 53 over 25.

Mr. Maberly brought forward a plan for the reduction of the national debt. His principle was a compulsory redemption of the land-tax; the price of redeeming to be applied to the reduction of the debt. He computed that the whole land-tax would be redeemed in seven years, and the debt reduced by 40,000,000*l*. The Chancellor of the Exchequer opposed the motion, on the ground that the plan in seven years would work itself out, and leave no Sinking Fund at all. Mr. Ricardo acquiesced in the principle of the plan, but urged that it ought not operate to the extent of more than 5,000,000*l*. per ann. Mr. Baring opposed the plan in toto, whilst Mr. Tierney supported it—For the motion 72, against it 157, majority 85.

Mr. Whitmore presented a petition from the East India merchants, praying an equalisation of the duties upon East and West India sugars. Last year an additional duty of 6s. per cwt. had been laid on East India sugar; the cultivation of any produce by free labourers is so much more cheap than its cultivation by slaves, that, notwithstanding the greater length of voyage, the East India merchant can undersell the West India merchant in the British market, and the additional duty laid upon East India sugar is in fact a bounty upon the slave system. Mr. Whitmore's motion was opposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and was lost.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer

brought forward his plan relative to the Sinking Fund. He stated that our debt was at the highest in 1816, and he en-

tered into the following details to shew the ratio in which it had been reduced since that period.

Periods.	Debt.	Charges upon the Debt.
On 5th Jan. 1816.....	£.864,823,326.....	£.32,310,015
On 5th Jan. 1823.....	840,056,805.....	29,262,752
Diminution....	24,766,521.....	3,047,263

He observed that but for the mode of Mr. Vansittart's reducing the 5 per cents., the reduction of the debt might have been 10,000,000*l.* more. He calculated that our excess of revenue above expenditure was now 5,000,000*l.* and he took that calculation as the substraction of all his plans, and therefore moved that the sinking fund should be fixed at that sum. He wished to avoid Mr. Vansittart's former practice of paying over money from the consolidated fund to the hands of the commissioners of the sinking fund, as it was at once nugatory, troublesome and expensive, and he proposed to pay to these commissioners out of the revenue the sum of 5,000,000*l.* annually, the interest of which sum of 5,000,000*l.* was to accumulate at compound interest until it amounted to one per cent. on the total of the debt. Mr. Hume referred to Treasury documents, contradicting the Chancellor of the Exchequer's statement. By these papers it appeared that in 1816 the charges on the debt had been only 31,724,600*l.*, and that in 1822 the charges were 31,966,000*l.* and so that instead of any diminution of the debt by the sinking fund, there had been an annual increase of 720,000*l.* the diminution which the Chancellor of the Exchequer spoke of arose from the falling in of annuities, and by unclaimed dividends. Mr. Hume then went into numerous statements, and referred to numerous documents to prove the absurdity of borrowing on one hand and redeeming with the other. He was supported by Mr. Ricardo, whilst several members reprobated the shameful mode of keeping the government accounts, which were so confused that the most able members drew from them results differing annually by the amount of several millions. The Chancellor of the Exchequer's resolutions were put and carried.

The most important business which has occupied the attention of the House of Commons, has been that relating to the Irish Church Establishments. Mr. Goulbourn has brought in two bills, the one promoting a temporary and the other a permanent commutation of tithes. A kind of select

vestry was to regulate the temporary commutation. A commissioner being appointed on the part of the rector, and another on the part of the parishioners. The average price of corn for three years is to be the standard of commutation, and the compact is to be renewed every three years. With respect to the permanent abolition of tithes, this was to be effected by an exchange of tithes for an adequate proportion of land.

Mr. Hume moved for an inquiry into the whole church establishment of Ireland, and supported his motion by the following data and arguments. The church was merely a civil institution, formed differently by the laws of different countries, it had been entirely altered twice by our laws, and modified by those laws repeatedly. The whole church property had been alienated from its original possessors and differently disposed of by Henry VIII., and every government in Europe had at different times altered the amount and application of church property, and that there were consequently a sufficient number of precedents for the interference of government with respect to the church establishment of Ireland. That the revenue of the church was given to the clergy in payment of the performance of clerical duties, but that the dignitaries and the greater part of the clergy of Ireland were always absent from their country. The population of Ireland was 6,800,000, of which only 490,000 were of the established church, and for this small number there was the enormous establishment of 22 bishops and arch-bishops, 33 deans, 108 dignitaries, 178 prebendaries, 107 rural deans, 52 vicars, 20 choristers, 14 canons and 175 officers of the consistorial courts, and 1289 beneficed clergymen. These consumed about 3,300,000*l.* per annum, and which sum was most unequally divided. The Arch-Bishop of Armagh having nearly 20,000*l.* per annum, besides an enormous revenue from lands. Of 1289 incumbents 531 were non-residents, and it was to be observed that this enormous revenue was wrung from the most suffering population on the globe. He proposed

that the clergy should be compelled to reside on their livings, that the revenue of the church should be more equitably divided, the lowest income to be 150*l* per annum. Mr. Hume proposed many other reforms of the establishment, but founded all his proposals on the principle of not injuring the interests of any persons now enjoying incomes from the Irish church. Mr. Goulburn in reply, eulogised the clergy of Ireland, and

maintained the inalienable nature of church property. He was followed in this argument by Mr. Peel and Mr. Plunkett, who were replied to by Mr. Denman and Mr. Gratton, and Mr. Hume's motion was negatived by 167 to 62. Majority 105.

The Members of Government have expressed their strong disapprobation of the Orange Societies, and are determined to pursue a system of conciliation towards the Catholics.

FOREIGN.

DURING the month we have had very little authentic news from the South East of Europe, but the complexion of all the reports arriving from Turkey is decidedly favourable to the cause of the Greeks. These people appear in quiet possession of the Morea—Chourched Pacha has been obliged to abandon Attica, and the Greeks are besieging the castle of Corinth, which is expected soon to surrender, and its fall will greatly facilitate the advance of the Greeks towards Macedonia and Thrace. The struggle, which the Greeks have maintained for liberty against their numerous and ferocious adversaries, is as honourable to their national character as their brightest deeds in ancient history; and these brave people will hereafter have to boast, that they effected their great object without the assistance of any Christian state in Europe. Six centuries ago, Europe poured her myriads to conquer the Crescent, and the preaching of a single Hermit was sufficient to inspire thousands with the religious enthusiasm; now Europe has beheld the Crescent in contest with the cross, and the sword of the Infidel has drunk deeply of the blood of the Christian; yet neither the zeal of religion, a love of freedom, nor even the sympathies of humanity have roused a single state of Europe to defend the Greek cause.

We believe that it is impossible for any nation to be more unanimous upon any question, than the English now are in their sentiments against the iniquitous invasion of Spain by the Bourbons. From the First Lord of the Treasury to the mechanic, all are united in one common feeling against this unjust war. The Spaniards seem to meet their

danger with an admirable mixture of fortitude and prudence. Aware that they will be unable to meet the enemy in great battles upon the plains, they have adopted a plan of warfare suited to the nature of their country, and which, although it require heroic sacrifices on the part of all classes of the people, has never been known to fail as a mode of resistance to an invading enemy. It is moreover a species of warfare which the Spaniards of all people have shewn themselves the most capable of carrying on with success. They triumphed by it over the Moors, after they had possessed parts of their country for centuries. Our great Lord Peterborough, in the reign of Queen Ann, was eventually foiled by it in Catalonia; and even that extraordinary genius, Napoleon, sunk before the persevering mountain warfare of the Spaniards. The government of Madrid have resolved upon giving up the open country to the French, who will exhaust their forces by detachments to keep in subjection the cities and populous districts. In the meantime the Spaniards from the mountains will hang upon their flanks and rear, intercept convoys and detachments, and beat them in detail. The Spaniards possess several impregnable fortresses which they have garrisoned and provisioned, so that they may form points *d'appui* during the whole war; Figueras, Barcelona and Cadiz are among this number. In the mean while it is intended that Mina shall advance into France, and raise the tri-coloured standard as a rallying point for the numerous French, who are known to be disaffected to the government of the Bourbons.

MONTHLY MEMORANDA.

METROPOLITAN LITERARY INSTITUTION.—A numerous and respectable meeting, at which the Chamberlain of London presided, has been held at the York Hotel, Bridge-street, for the purpose of taking into consideration the expediency of establishing this institution. A committee is formed, and the objects of the institution are at present limited to the establishment of a new-room, a reading-room, a library of circulation, and a library of reference. This institution has received the most flattering encouragement from gentlemen attached to literature, as well as those engaged in various professions. Within four days after its establishment considerably more than one hundred shares were taken.

At a General Court of Proprietors, the Bank Directors announced the intention of allowing a dividend of only 4 per cent., instead of 5 per cent. as formerly.

A Committee for the purpose of aiding the Greeks has been formed in the metropolis, whose object is to give action and effect to the sympathy which is so widely diffused over the country. The meetings are held at the Crown and Anchor in the Strand; many Peers and Members of Parliament are included in the Committee, and Mr. Bowring is the Hon. Secretary.

NEW FASHIONS. — Ball Dress.—Round dress of amber coloured crape, a puckering of gauze of the same colour at the border, finished by *rouleaux*, wadded very full of white satin, with full blown white roses, and a few leaves of green foliage; under each rose is an antique ornament of the *rosace* kind, composed of white satin, with a tuft of amber in the interior. The body of this beautiful dress is of satin, and is elegantly diversified by white silk cord and fine blond; the front of the bust is finished by a narrow falling tucker of blond; and the shoulders ornamented by bows of white satin ribbon. The sleeves are white, and are trimmed to correspond with the skirt, except that the flowers are left out; they are finished by the *rouleaux* in points, with the *rosaces* in the centre of the sleeve, encircling the arm. The hair is arranged *à la Sappho*; and round the Lesbian braid at the back part of the head is placed a wreath of full blown roses and laurel leaves. The earrings and necklace are of fine pearls; the ear-pendants superbly set.

Evening Dress.—Dress of Urling's Patent Lace over a slip of lilac coloured satin. Three French tucks of white sa-

Ent. Mag. March, 1823.

tin, falling one over the other, are placed at the edge of the border. These are surmounted by a rich festoon trimming of white crape, consisting of full puffs, each festoon headed by an Asiatic diadem, divided by pearls, which gives a most splendid effect to this truly novel and *unique* kind of trimming. The body and sleeves are elegantly simple, the former having only a slight ornament of fine lace round the bust, with a few puffs of lilac satin; the sleeves are very short, not full, and are bound tight round the arm with a broad band of satin.

Walking Dress.—A deep amethyst-colour silk pelisse of *grove de Naples*, wadded and lined with pink sarsnet; a little wrapt and fastened down the front with hooks and eyes; *corsage*, made plain and high, ornamented with tasselled chevronelles; circular projecting collar of velvet, of a deeper hue than the silk; two rows of velvet are placed down the front and round the bottom of the skirt; sleeve nearly to fit, with velvet cuff, and full epaulette, intersected with velvet straps. Ruff of Buckinghamshire lace; cap of the same, fastened under the chin with button and loop. Bonnet of the same silk as the pelisse, bound with broad velvet, and lined with pink satin; the front bent *à la Maria Stuart*; the crown surrounded with inverted conical rouleaus of velvet, equi-distant, commencing with a silk knot; plume of ostrich feathers of a bright amethyst colour, placed on the right side, and falling low on the left shoulder.

Evening Dress.—Dress of pink *grove de Naples*; *corsage* to fit, edged with pink satin, and slashed to the form of the stomacher; the interstices or scollops, are filled with pink gauze, connected by circlets and forming a tasteful chain, which continues to the waist behind, and gives the shape of the back; full court sleeve confined with straps, bound with satin, satin circlet fastening the ends; a band of satin and full trimming of fluted gauze finish the sleeve, which is of a moderate length. The skirt is decorated with a fanciful trimming of double gauze; each division of the puff *derobé* is supported by a satin rouleau, and the lower part projects as far again as the upper; sprigs of the *lonicera sempervirens*, or great trumpet honeysuckle, are disposed at regular distances above, and beneath it is a satin rouleau; and the hem wadded. Broad pink satin sash, double bow and long ends.

BIRTHS.

SONS

Lady Selina Bridgorth at Raven hill, Staf
fordshire
Lady Georgiana Grenfell, at New street,
Spring gardens
The Lady of W Leigh esq at Castle head,
Lancashire
The Lady of the Rev Francis Dyson
The Lady of W Wastell, esq Burton crescent
The Lady of W Wilton, esq Somerset place
The Lady of — Mallet, esq Upper Gower street
The Lady of Dr Lang, Newnham street
The Lady of Robert Tubbs, esq Harleston,
Middlesex
The Lady of W Turner, esq. Dover street

The Lady of James C Feyler, esq Albermarle
street
Mrs John Bew, Brunswick square
Miss Philip Maitineau Guildford street
The Lady of M M'e Namara esq Gloucester
place
Mrs Thomas Deacon, Ashby street, Northamp
ton-square
The Lady of James Clayton, esq Percy street
The Lady of H W Mortens, esq at Clapton
The Lady of Hands Bush esq Upper Seymour
street
The Lady of Fasham Nairn, esq of Baints
place,

DAUGHTERS.

The Dutchess of Richmond, in Upper Brook
street
The Lady of C Wilson, esq York street, Port
man square
The Lady of Lient Col Wauchope, in Saint
Andrew square, Edinburgh
The Lady of W C Bousfield, esq Chatham-
place
The Lady of G C Wynne, esq at Voelas, Den-
bighshire
The Lady of Charles A. Tulk, esq Duke street,
Westminster
The Lady of Henry Alexander, esq in Upper-
Bailey-street
The Lady of Robert Taylor, esq at Greenham-
lodge Berks
The Lady of J G Ravenshaw, esq in Lower
Berkley street

The Lady of Captain H L Name Baker, R N
O. B at Portland place
The Lady of John Spurrer esq Camden town
The Viscountess Anson at Atherstone Hall
The Lady of Thomas Robert Dunsdale esq at
Camfield place Herts
The Lady of John Brocklehurst jun esq at
Plurdsfield house Cheshire
The Lady of the Rev Dr Crigun, at Morden
near York
The Lady of J F Danell esq Gower street
The Lady of John Butler esq at Kirby house
The Lady of the Rev J W Morley, Kirking
ton Yorkshire
The Lady of Laurelot Holland esq Dartmouth
street

MARRIAGES

Arpindell, W esq of Lincoln's in, to
Shearson Miss Mary Ann, Newton in the
Willows, Lancashire
Cotton, William, esq of Clapham-common, to
Collins Miss M Ann, Thorp-abbots, Norfolk
Cass, Frederick, esq of Beaulieu-lodge, Winch
more-hill, to
Dell, Miss Martha, Ponder's end
Davidson James, esq of Axminster, county of
Devon, to
Bridge, Miss M Winford, Eagle, County of
Dorset
Harrison Rev. William, Rector of Cleghanger,
county of Devon, to
Dyne, Miss Elizabeth, Lincoln's inn fields
Hilhouse, G esq Combe-house, near Bristol, to
Chapman, Miss Mary, Woodford Essex
Hubbard, Rev Henry, Rector of Hinton-Amp-
ner, Hants to
Gouger, Miss Stamford
How, W Wybergh, esq, of Shrewsbury, to
Maynard, Miss Francis Jane, Wokingham,
County of Berks
Hurst, Rev John, Horsham-parl, Sussex, to
Probyn, Miss Catherine, Parahove, Worester-
shire
Jackson, George, esq to
Lodington, Miss Elizabeth Maria, Park-cres
cent, Portland place
Barnet, Lieut. Col of the 66th Reg, to
Barnet, Miss Catherine, of King street, Port
man square
Lamb, Lieut John, R. N, to
Robinson, Miss Emma, Holloway
Schmarr, John, esq R N, son of the admiral
Lechmere, St. John's-Aston, to
Stevy, Miss Ann Maria, Newport house, He-
refordshire

Miller, Mr Thomas Cheapside to
Jennings, Sarah, Carey street Lincoln's in
fields
Millner, Mr Francis, merchant, to
Amos Miss Sarah, Hoxton square
Meisick Lieut Col of the 7th Guards to
Lady Louisa Vane, third daughter of the earl
of Darlington
Perry, T esq Montague square to
Watlington, Miss Maria Jane, Upper Hed
ford place, Russell square
Reynolds, Henry R Jun esq to
Mary Ann, eldest daughter of the Dowager
Lady Knatchbull, Wimborne street
Robson, Mr T R St Martin's lane, to
Gibbs, Miss M W, Orsett, County of Essex
Scougall Mr Henry, to
White Miss Ellen, Great Queen-street, Lin-
coln's-in-fields
Sill, Mr. Z C Wellington Somersetshire to
Collard, Miss Mary Wivelcombe
Turner, Mr. C, Northumberland st. Strand, to
Clifton, Miss Rebecca, Rodney street, Pen-
tonville
Thornton, Edward, esq son of E. N Thornton
esq. Kennington, to
Bacon, Miss Mary Ann, Sidmouth, Devon
Woodhouse, Robert esq President of Caius
College, and Piuman Professor of Astronomy
in the University of Cambridge, to
Wilkins, Miss Harriet daughter of the late
W. Wilkins, esq, at Paris
Williams, Major Hamblyn, of the 7th Hussars, to
Fortescue, Lady Mary
Yule, Richard, esq, son of the late T. Yule,
esq, Receiver-general and Cashier of His
Majesty's Customs, to
Freeman, Miss Lucy, Waltham

DEATHS.

Aguilar, Mrs. Grace, widow of the late J. Aguilar, esq. Devonshire-square, 58—Aird, J. esq. Hackney—Ashburton, the Right Hon. Lord, Finsbury-Hall, Roxburghshire—Bonham, Samuel, C. esq. Baker street, Portman-sq. 71—Bingley, Rev. W. A. M., F. L. S., Charlotte street Bloomsbury—Burnaby, Lady, eldest of the late admiral Sir W. Burnaby, Stoke cottage, near Guildford—Briant, John, esq. Loughton, Essex—Brown, Samuel, esq. St. Mary-at-hill, 74—Bridges, Mrs. Margaret, widow of the late R. Bridges, Lower-Tooting, Surrey—Brown, Mr. John A., Blandford place, Regents-park—Margaret Sanderson, daughter of T. S. Benson, esq. Russell-square—Barkworth, Mr. Thomas, Pleasant place, Lambeth—Betham, Maria J., wife of John Betham, esq. Burton-crescent—Brough, Isaac, esq. Devonshire place—Henry Third son of the late T. S. Beauchamp, esq. on board the Hon. Com. Ship, *Rail of Balcarra* Bengal roads—The Bacon Best, one of His Majesty's Hanoverian Privy Counsellors, Sloane street—Brown, Mr. Sophia, wife of R. S. Brown, Worcester—Beckwith, General The Right Hon. Sir George, G. C. B. Col. 89th Reg. Half-moon-street—Black, Mr. G. Enfield—Chatfield, Mr. Arthur, of the Hon. Company's ship *Daphne*, Madras—Clifford, Mrs. widow of the late Major General C. Crawford, Stratton street 48—Chamberlain, Laurence, esq. Broad Blunsden, Wilts—Cottrell, John, esq. Lincoln's inn, 47—Cooper, Mr. Sarah Lemant, relict of the Rev. Samuel L. Cooper, Great Yarmouth, Norfolk—Coore, Frederick, R. esq. Devonshire place—Chapman Thomas, esq. Margate

De Tastet Angelo, esq. Ashford lodge, Hala-tend, 21—Douglas, Robert, esq. Cadogan-place, Sloane street—Harriet, Infant daughter of Dr. Denison, Guildford-street—Davis, Mrs. Sophia, wife of W. S. G. Davis, surgeon, R. N.—Dolby, Mrs. Ann, widow of the late W. Dolby, esq. Hatley street—Dillon, Mrs. widow of the late Rev. R. Dillon, Pentonville—Dagnall, T. esq. Cowley, near Uxbridge, 85—De Burgh, Mrs. relict of the late F. de Burgh, West Drayton, Middlesex, 52—Diane, W. B. esq. First Fruits Office, Temple—Drummond, Charles, Banker, Charing cross

Esclott, Rev. J. M. A. of Isted, Essex, 26.

Fraser, Dr. Lower Grosvenor-street

George, son of R. Gear, esq. 13—Gould, Nicholas, esq. Prome house, Dorsetshire, 80—

Green, Mrs. Ann, Stafford-place, Fimlico, 83—Gunsford, Stephen, esq. surgeon of the Ordinance Medical Department, Malta

Hughes, Thomas, esq. Kennington—Hinton, Mr. Thomas, Dover-place, Kent road—Infant son of the Rev. G. Hemming, Hampton—Horsfall, W. esq. Norfolk-street, Middlesex-hospital, 81—Howard, Lieut. 2nd Battalion, 14th Reg. Native-Infantry, Chittledroog, Madras—Haddon, Mr. W. Durham-place, Hackney, 43.

Jarvis, M. John, Lyon-terrace, Edgware-road, 49

Kemble, Mr. John P., Lausanne, 65.

Lady Lafaroy, relict of the late Admiral Sir John Lafaroy, bart. George-street, Portman-square.

Masters, Mr. W. Gloucester place, Kentish-town, 82—Matherly, M. wife of S. Matherly, esq. Reading, 78—Maule, Richard, esq. Reading, 80—Maning, James, esq. Thames Bank-house, Sunbury, 53—Mortimer, Mr. Peter, Croydon, Surrey, 72—Charlotte Isabella, daughter of Malpas, Thomas, esq. Clapham-rise, 61—Maxwell, Mrs. Emily, wife of Edward Maxwell esq. Judge and Magistrate of Dinagepore, Calcutta—Mather, Mrs. wife of J. Mather, esq. St. Albans—Moravia, Mrs. Esther, relict of the late J. Moravia, esq., Old London street, 71.

Nott, Rev. A., Little Horsted, Sussex, 71.

Oldfield, Mrs. sen. Peel ham, 80—Ongley, The Hon. Frances Hopley, daughter of the first Baron, Lord Ongley, Linden, near Woburn, Bedfordshire—Orford, Mrs. Mary, wife of Mr. John Orford, Cavendish-place, Manchester.

Sophia Catherine, daughter of Thomas Piffart, esq. Kennington, Surrey.

Rawlinson, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of J. J. Rawlinson, esq. Doughty-street—Roberts, Mrs. Maitha, widow of the late Paymaster Roberts of the 10th Light Dragoons, Cheyne-walk, Chelsea—Reardon, Mrs. Frances, relict of Mr. D. Reardon, Stamford-place, Blackfriars—Read, John, esq. Walthamstow, 87.

Stockdale, Mrs. relict of the late Mr. James Stockdale, Waltham green, 53.

Henry, W. son of J. H. Tremayne, esq. M. P. Sydenham Devonshire—Jane, daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Thomas, Peckham, Surrey—Talbot, the Rev. Charles, Dean of Salisbury

Vaux, Jasper, esq. Grafton-street, 56.

Wild, John, esq. Hipsley, Surrey—Williams, Edward, esq. Brighton.

SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF TRADE.

The *Secretary* to the SOCIETY of GUARDIANS for the PROTECTION of TRADE by Circulars has informed the Members thereof, that a good looking young man, about nineteen years of age, 5 feet 6 inches high, dressed in an olive coloured surtout, with a circular collar, and calling himself

ROBERT MC RELLEY, of 29, Brunswick-square, lately offered a Member of this Society a cheque drawn on Messrs. Glynns and Co. bankers, London, and signed for Peter Mc Relley, Robert Mc Relley, payment of which, on its being presented, was refused, the drawer not being known to them. That a bill for £50. entitled General Bank, Berwick-upon-Tweed, drawn by Beare and Co. on and accepted by John Beare, 82, Lombard-street, and indorsed Charles Pound, And also a bill dated "London," drawn by Charles Pound, on and accepted by John Beare, 9, Cornhill, have been recently offered to a tradesman for work done for the said John

Beare. That a person undernamed, viz.—LEDSHAM, Jun. lately obtained change out of a cheque, appearing to be drawn by Thomas Barnard, on Sir John Lubbock and Co., by whom on the same being presented, it is found that no such person is known. That a bill for £200. dated Brighton, drawn by Thomas Dudley and Co. on Robert Collins and Co. Denmark-house Regent-street, has been recently offered to Members of this Society and also, that Mrs. Foss alias Force, late of Ampton-street, Gray's-inn-road, and of 12, Suter's-buildings, Chapel-street, Somers Town, and now of 13, Brewer-street, Somers Town.

J. Avann and Co. General Factors, 11, Little Carter-lane, St. Paul's; Rich. Bulpin, late of Leighton Buzzard, Bedfordshire, but since staying, that he has taken a shop at Edmonton are reported to the Society as improper to be proposed to be balloted for as Members thereof.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Tuesday, March 25.

COTTON.—The purchases of cotton since our last, nearly 4000 bags, consist almost entirely of East India descriptions, of which 2150 are Surats, and taken chiefly by export houses; a considerable proportion of the Bengals were taken for re-sale in this market. There has been some request for boweds, in bond, and the prices are $\frac{1}{4}$ d. a $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per lb. higher, good fair to good $7\frac{1}{2}$ d. a $8\frac{1}{2}$ d. very good $8\frac{1}{2}$ d. and $8\frac{3}{4}$ d. The sales consist of 2150 Surats, good fair to good $5\frac{1}{2}$ d. a 6 d., and very good $6\frac{1}{2}$ d. a $6\frac{3}{4}$ d.; 1500 Bengals, middling $5\frac{1}{2}$ d. good fair $5\frac{3}{4}$ d. a $5\frac{1}{2}$ d. good $5\frac{1}{2}$ d. a 6 d.; 70 Madras, $5\frac{1}{2}$ d.

SUGAR.—The demand for muscovades during the last week was so very limited that parcels of very ordinary brown description could be purchased 6 d. a 1 s. per cwt. lower; the holders of good and fine sugars were, however, exceedingly firm, and as no reduction would be submitted to, the sales effected were on a very limited scale; the quantity on show was inconsiderable, and chiefly of the low brown descriptions.

COFFEE.—There were considerable public sales brought forward last week; about 2000 bags; St. Domingo sold 107 s. a 108 s. 6 d. fair to good ordinary quality; 200 casks good ordinary 106 s. a 107 s. The British plantation coffee fully supported the previous prices; a parcel of fine middling Jamaica realised 148 s. good to fine middling 137 s. a 139 s. 6 d. fine ordi-

nary 112 s. and 112 s. 6 d. The Demarara and Berbice descriptions sold at some reduction early in the week, but again recovered, and realised fully the prices of the preceding week.

CORN.—We have had a large arrival of Wheat and Flour since last week, the market opened rather brisk, and the best runs of wheat were taken off on terms fully equal to the preceding Monday; secondary qualities were heavy, and rather lower prices submitted to. In granary samples there has been very little business doing. Barley of prime quality has maintained last week's currency, but the sales have not been brisk; and the malt trade was extremely dull. Of Oats we had a large supply; last week's prices were maintained for good corn, and though there was no great briskness in the trade, yet sales were effected to a moderate extent. Beans and peas were dull, but not quoted lower.

RUM, BRANDY and HOLLANDS.—Rum has been exceedingly heavy for some time past, and such is the depressed state of the market, that prices a shade lower would be submitted to, if buyers were disposed to purchase. Brandy continues exceedingly heavy, and in the present state of the trade, the best marks could be purchased at 3 s. 2 d. on board; the dull market is owing in a great measure to the expected arrivals. Geneva is offered on lower terms, without facilitating sales.

LIST OF PATENTS.

George Richards, Truro, Cornwall, Architect; for certain improvements in grates, stoves, furnaces, and other inventions, for the consumption of fuel, and in the flues connected with them, whereby they are rendered more safe, and the smoke prevented from returning into the rooms in which they are placed; and also for an improved apparatus for cleaning the same. Dated Dec. 26, 1822.

James Neville, of New-Walk, Shad-Thames, Surrey, Civil Engineer, for an improved method of producing and supplying heat to, and constructing and erecting furnaces, and other reservoirs, severally used for various purposes, &c. Dated Jan. 8, 1823.

William Johnson, of Great Totham, Essex, Gent. for a means of obtaining the power of steam, for the use of steam-engines, with reduced expenditure of fuel. Dated Jan. 8, 1823.

William Lister, of Baildon, Otley, Yorkshire, cotton-spinner; for certain improvements in the method and machinery for preparing and spinning wool, silk, mohair, and other animal fibre, of any quality or length of staple. Dated Jan. 16, 1823.

Robert Copland, of Wilmington square, Clerkenwell, Middlesex, Gent. for combinations of apparatus, for gaining power applicable to various purposes. Dated Jan. 16, 1823.

LIST OF BANKRUPTS AND DIVIDENDS,

FROM SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, TO SATURDAY, MARCH. 15, 1823.

Extracted from the London Gazette.

N.B: All the Meetings are at the *Court of Commissioners, Basinghall-street*, unless otherwise expressed. The Attornies' Names are in Parenthesis.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

J. Green, of Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, and J. Green, of Somerleyton, Suffolk, brick-makers.
S. Kulpie, Liverpool, merchant.

T. Fitzgerald, Lawrence Pountney-hill, merch.
R. G. Spicer, Drury-lane, dealer in haw & beef.
W. Turquand, Shorter's-court, Throgmorton-street, broker.

BANKRUPTCIES ENLARGED.

L. H. Martelly and J. Dayrie, Fir-bury-square, merchants, from March 15 to April 12.
J. Larbalestier, New-Basinghall-street, Wine-merchant, from March 8 to April 26.
J. Beaumont, Hunter-street, Brunswick-square, dealer, from March 18 to 25.

H. Harrison, Southwark-bridge stone-wharf, stone-mason, from March 22 to April 4.
H. Porter, Taunton, draper, from March 18 to 25.
R. H. Clarke, St. Mary-at-Hill, wine-merchant, from March 1 to April 19.

BANKRUPTS.

Adams, J. and J. A. Southampton, toy-sellers. (Sowton, Gray's-inn.)
Aldersey, J. Liverpool, grocer. (Clarke, Richards, and Medcalf, Chancery-lane.)
Atkins, J. Great Portland-street, chymist. (Day, Bedford-row.)
Atkinson, W. Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, auctioneer. (Brooking, Lombard-street.)
Agnew, A. Great Yarmouth, draper. (Longdill, Gray's-inn.)
Bennett, A. Fountain-court, Munroes, packing-case-maker. (Clayton, New-inn.)
Bell, H. Bourne, Lincolnshire, corn-merchant. (Partridge and Turner, London-street, Fen church-street.)
Budd, W. H. Gerrard's-cross, Buckinghamshire, and Old Change, London, common carrier. (Stevens and Wood, Little St. Thomas Apostle.)
Bairrott, W. late of Cardiff, innholder. (L. Peacock, Lincoln's Inn-fields; and Mr. W. Matthew, Cardiff.)
Banting, J. of the Cottage, Pine Apple-bar, Edgeware-road, carpenter. (Carion, High-street, Mary-le-bone.)
Barrow, R. and T. Barrow, of Liverpool, flour-merchants. (E. Chester, Staple Inn.)
Blachford, R. J. Lombard-street, sword-cutler. (Swinford, John-street, America-square.)
Browning, J. and R. A. Belvidere Wharf, Waterloo-bridge, timber-merchants. (J. Wilks, Finsbury-place.)
Boyd, S. Chapel-street, Pentonville, beast-salesman. (E. Cole, Southampton-street, Bloomsbury.)
Barlow, J. Merton, millwright. (W. Deykes, Thavies Inn.)
Byers, J. Blackburn, chapman. (Norris, John-street, Bedford-row.)
Cave, S. Cheltenham, jeweller. (Lawledge, Temple-chambers, Fleet-street.)
Capes, G. Barton-upon-Humber, draper. (Hicks, Gray's Inn-square.)
Chapman, E. Bridgewater-square, leather-seller. (Platt, Green-lattice-lane.)
Charlesworth, T. Clare-street, Clare-market, grocer. (Portal, Clifford's-inn.)
Chambers, J. Wolverhampton, agricultural-machine-maker. (Williams and White, Lincoln's-inn.)
Clegborn, W. Ratcliff-highway, cheesemonger. (Hodgson, Salisbury-street, Strand.)
Cuzner, J. Lullington, Somersetshire, fuller. (Jovell, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn.)
Davies, W. King-street, Covent-garden, woolen-draper. (Tanner, Fore street, Cripplegate.)
Draper, R. J. Fleet-market, glass and earthen-wareman. (Scargill, Freeman's-court, Cornhill.)
Ealand, R. Stouffbridge, Worcestershire, hatter. (Walker, Exchange-office, Lincoln's-inn.)
Eisike, C. Cornhill, dealer. (King, Copthall-court, Throgmorton-street.)

Earl, J. jun. and T. Lee, jun. Birmingham, merchants. (Norton and Co. Gray's-inn-sq.)
Ford, C. Regent-street, linen-draper. (Clarke, Wainford-court, Throgmorton-street.)
Fentiman, W. Peterborough, linen-draper. (Brenridge, Chancery-lane.)
Fletcher, J. Plumland, Cumberland, lime-burner. (Armstrong, Staple-inn.)
Ford, W. Black Prince row, Walworth-road, linen draper. (E. Downes, Fumival's-inn, Holborn.)
Franklin, W. Ladydown, Wiltshire, fuller. (Berkeley, Lincoln's-inn.)
Greig, W. City-road, upholsterer. (Knight and Fyson, Basinghall-street.)
Garle, W., S. Warner, and T. Garle, Dowgate-dock, Thames-street, merchants. (Boulton, Bedford-row.)
Glasier, W. R. Park-street, Westminster, money-scriver, (Freeman and Heathcote, Coleman-street.)
Griffith, T. Liverpool, merchant. (Clarke, Richards and Medcalf, Chancery-lane.)
Godfrey, J. Leicester, plumber. (Naylor, Great Newport-street.)
Hiscocks, J. Frome-Selwood, Somersetshire, clothier. (Williams, Red-lion-square.)
Hull, T. Poulton, Lancashire, money-scriver. (Norris, John-street, Bedford-row.)
Hughes, H. D. Shottisham, Suffolk, apothecary. (Rush, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street.)
Haviland, W. Plymouth, printer. (Wright, Clowes, Orme, & Wedlake, King's-bench-wk.)
Hitchen, C. and T. Wostenholme, Shenfield, hair-seating-manufacturers. (Tilson and Preston, Coleman-street.)
Hebbrou, S. Hutton, Yorkshire, butcher. (Morton and Williamson, Gray's-inn-square.)
Haile, M. Cheltenham, victualler. (King, Serjeant's-inn.)
Humberstone, J. St. John-street, Clerkenwell, victualler. (Samuders and Bailey, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square.)
Ince, T. late of Yedingham, Yorkshire, horse-dealer. (Hicks, Gray's-inn-square.)
Johnson, B. Samborn, Warwickshire, farmer. (Fuller and Saltwell, Carlton-chambers, Regent-street.)
Knibb, A. Barnwell St. Andrew, Northamptonshire, miller. (Lys, Lincoln's-inn-fields.)
Keast, W. of St. Erny, Cornwall, lime-burner. (Alexander, Carey-street, Lincoln's-inn.)
Littlewood, J. Rochdale, stationer. (Tilson and Preston, Coleman-street.)
Lee, W. Charles-street, Covent-garden, theatrical and fancy dress maker. (Saxon and Hooper, Pump-court, Temple.)
Lamb, J. A. Whitlington-place, Highgate, coal-merchant. (Cole and Wragg, Ave-Maria-lane.)
Lambert, R. Manchester, manufacturer. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane.)
Meredith, T. sen. Bishopsgate-street Without, leather-seller. (Clarke, Bishopsgate-church-yard.)

M Gnaill, J Manchester, mercer, (Appleby and Sergeant Gray's inn square)
 Mathias, J Haverfordwest, upholsterer (Hill and anti Hastings, Gray's Inn)
 Mingy, A G Silver street Golden square builder (Brooking Lombard street)
 Mutin, I Tewkesbury, wine merchant (Edmunds, Exchequer office Lincoln's Inn)
 Oldfield, J Edgeware road coach maker (Rice and Co Great Marlborough street)
 Pepper, H P Kingston upon Thames, stone mason (Sunrise, King's Bench walk Temple)
 Pool, J, Malton, Cornhill miller (Follett Paper buildings Temple)
 Pearson, R Droitwich, Worcestershire, gloves (Williams and White Lincoln's Inn)
 Park, J Lower Royal merchant (Eastham Lawrence lane Chispeads)
 Parker, F Pawlett Somersetshire coal merchant (Hicks and Brakenridge, Bartlett's buildings Holborn)
 Reid, C Downe's Wharf, Lower Fleet Smith field coal merchant (Uix, Symonds Inn Chancery lane)
 Round, G Reading, silk weaver (James Bulmersbury)
 Riley, J Sheffield grocer (Darke Red Lion sq)
 Steel, S Rotherham Yorkshire linen draper (King and Co Little street Holborn)
 Sweet, F Frith street Soho carver and gilder (Wale Polytechnic square)
 Slade, J Fitterham cart and butcher (Walters ju Queen street City)
 Simons, W Birmingham, brush maker (Slade and Co John street Bedford row)

DIVIDENDS

Abbott W Windham place merchant Mar 29
 Bullman J and F Miththorp Westmorland merchants Mar 10
 Burdison W Worcester, hop merchant, April 7
 Birmingham I Wellington brewery Charles street City and common brewer Feb 22
 Bunyas J Holt inn bookseller Muhl
 Buys, J Canwick Lincolnshire maltster March 17
 Barthrop, W son Kingston upon Hull and W Bathur place Bradford Yorkshire wool stapler Mar 17
 Bowman R Marchest grocer April 12
 Barrett R Poulton linen draper April 6
 Bond, J Munsley Herefordshire, spice dealer, April 11
 Blumer S Oxford street woollen draper April 1
 Brindley T and P & M Crumpton Murchieson merchants Mar 11
 Burge, J Mark Lane carpenter April 5
 Bingley G Piccadilly oil dealer
 Plover R Shildon draper April 1
 Caaden W Bristol merchant, March 14
 Cripps J Wisbech Cambridgeshire, linen draper March 18
 Catev J Raquet court Fleet street merchant, April 1
 Clough Rev R Bullfinch park R B Clough Gladwyn D Mison Astrudach, and Rev J L Jones Plasmadoc Denbighshire bankers March 31
 Cunneg, J Bishop Warrington Durham shipowner March 25
 Davyll E Manchester, wholesale grocer March 27
 Dainton V 1 A Berners street, Oxford street, jeweller April 12
 Dallas W Cashion court Old Broad street, merchant April 17
 Evans, F Birmingham, builder March 24
 Fox, R Leicester square linen draper March 29
 Fisher, M Intern, Monmouthshire shopkeeper March 14
 Francis, S and F P Liverpool marble-masons, March 2
 Forbes, F Greenwich, druggist, April 22
 Goodere, W D Wimborne nilster Dorset shire, common brewer April 1
 Herbert, E T Pettit lane oilman March 15
 Hardwick, S Birmingham, builder March 17
 Harvey, M, B & J W Roshford, Essex, bankers, April 5
 Hancock, J Poring, mast-maker, March 8
 Scullimore J King's Bench walk Temple
 Knight and Paxon Borough street
 Tait J & F Dover road, Southwark brewers
 Telford and Desborough Furnivall inn
 Tison A Liverpool merchant (Rowlinson Castle street Liverpool)
 Furman W Shorters court Throgmorton street broker (Holtway Fooks court, Carleton street)
 Iratt R J King street, Bloudbury butcher (Cell Southampton street Bloomsbury)
 Tharpe S and R Marshall Nottingham wharftown (Knowles New inn)
 Viana A J 1 and A M Bragg Fokenhouse yard, merchants (Mind and Ottewill Throgmorton street)
 Wells W Brightwell B rshire farmer (Williams and White fine line inn)
 Ward, J Tovey street Bullock twin spinner (Hutchinson J street Bedford row)
 Wainman, J E Darkhose lane, Lower Thames street fishmonger (Lang Finchhitch street)
 Welch F 61 at Tower street wine merchant (Laugh Charlotte row Mansion house)
 Wright 1 Duke street St James's style (Bull Holles street, Cavenish square)
 Wilson, J Halifax farmer (Morton and Williamson Gray's inn square)
 Westwood J Brierley Herefordshire farmer (Jenkins, James and Abbott New inn)
 Welchman F Bath one place Oxford street feather maker (Reynold and Ogle Andover)
 Haddon T 1 Leominster Herefordshire iron Mar 29
 Hill F Leabury Hertfordshire surgeon April 11
 Hawkesley J Birmingham iron Mar 19
 Hantrell W Tiviot street, Derbyshire iron draper
 Hill F N H W 1 late of Queens street Iron Jenson S Skinner street Blithfield street cabinet maker March 15
 Jones A W New Brentford, corn merchant
 Ketcher R Bladwell Essex sheep keeper May 11
 Keen W Allington street cork manufacturer
 Mullen H Liverpool merchant March 29
 Nicholson I Great Dunfell Yorkshire grocer March 19
 Morris J Liverpool, wine merchant March 2
 Marston J Birmingham coal dealer Mar 21
 Marchant, J late of Mudstone, carpenter
 Pritchard, R Sharnust Denbighshire sheep keeper April 25
 Perry, J and J Reading Iron foundries March 12
 Pookman E East Hiley Berkshire grocer March 22
 Rodd C W late of Broad way Westminster, maltster
 Roberts, M Manchester grocer March 14
 Roddy, B New Bond street tailor, March 29
 Ross R N Holborn hill bookseller March 25
 Roxby, R B Arbour square Commercial road, merchant Mar 22
 Rees, W Bristol, ship owner March 12
 Steel, J Liverpool mapmaker March 29
 Simpson, R Crown court Throgmorton street merchant March 20
 Stawpert, W F Ridley and J Brown late of South Blyth Northumberland common brewers March 27
 Smeeton, G St Martins lane, Charing cross, printer, April 19
 Taylor, A late of Kent road, malt-roaster, March 29
 Thurtell, J, and J Giddens Norwich bombazine, manufacturers, April 4
 Tennent, J Liverpool merchant March 12
 Trelton, J Gloster place merchant March 26
 Tate M Chalford, Gloucestershire, clothier
 Vernon, J Towerstreet, Northamptonshire, grocer, April 1
 Willett, F B Willett, and R Willett, late of Thetford Norfolk, bankers, April 4
 Wilkinson, G York, dealer, March 20

EAST INDIA SHIPPING LIST.—SEASON, 1822, 1823.

Ships Names.	Consignments.	Commanders.	First Officers.	Second Officers.	Third Officers.	Fourth Officers.	Surgeons.	Pursers.	To be aloft.	To be in the Downs.	When sailed.
1. Royal George	Beng. & China	1333 John Fam Timins	Chris. Bolen	J. H. Butttrick	R. H. Treherne	A. C. Watling	William Carr	Thomas Hay	John Ward	1822	1823
2. General Kyd	Beng. & China	1300 James Walker	Alex Nairn	Rd Alton	John Pearson	J. M. Ralph	H. Thompson	F. P. Allen	Jas. Cannan	1822	10 Dec.
3. Kent	Beng. & China	1332 S. Marjoribanks	Henry Cobb	James Sexton	Fran Daniell	W. Mac Nair	B. W. Mure	James Don	John Allan	1822	8 Jan.
4. Hencfordshire	Bomb. & China	1200 John Locke	William Hope	Robert Carl	Richard Carl	Wm. Robson	T. G. Adams	Richard Boys	E. Crowfoot	1823	8 Jan.
5. Hencfordshire	Bomb. & China	1200 R. Borradaile	S. Serle	Edmund Jos. Dudman	Fred Orlebar	C. Pennington	H. Harris	John Lawson	Wash. Smith	1823	7 Jan.
6. Farquharson	Bomb. & China	1257 J. Chris. Lochner	William Cruick	H. Cowar	W. H. White	H. Colombone	George Lloyd	John Scott	George Adam	1823	7 Jan.
7. Rejulse	St. Hel. Bomb. and China	1334 John Fam Timins	J. Paterson	Edw. Foord	Edward Jacob	W. H. Walker	Chas. Clarkson	Samuel Vines	G. R. Griffiths	1823	8 Jan.
8. Mythe	Beng. & China	1333 S. Marjoribanks	J. P. Wilson	A. W. Law	Robt Lindsay	A. C. Proctor	Robt. Jobling	R. Alexander	John Ranney	1822	27 Feb.
9. Windsor	Beng. & China	1332 George Clay	T. Havside	A. F. Proctor	Mark Clayton	R. C. Fowler	Wm. Edmonds	Edw. Edwards	Jas. Thomson	1822	2 Feb.
10. Bridgewater	St. Hel. Bomb. and China	1200 James Sims	W. Mitchell	H. Bristow	T. Buttenshaw	Fred. E. Vane	James Walker	James Arnott	Joseph Cragg	1822	2 Feb.
11. Waterloo	Bomb. & China	1335 (Company's ship)	R. Alsager	Chas. Shea	John Brown	G. T. Calveley	Fred. Hedges	Jas. Halliday	George Homer	1822	28 Feb.
12. Seabey Castle	Bomb. & China	1242 (Company's ship)	D. R. Newall	W. H. Blakeley	John Hillman	Robt. Robson	Chas. Allen	A. Johnstone	William Bruce	1822	15 Mar.
13. Kellie Castle	Madr. & China	1232 Stewart Eskine	E. L. Adams	W. H. Laid	John Hay	R. Pattullo	T. Shearman	Robt. Elliot	William Cragg	1822	16 Feb.
14. Atlas	Madr. & China	1200 Jasper Vaux	C. O. Mayne	Jos Stanton	G. M. Braith	P. C. Shagwell	B. J. Thomson	John Dill	J. W. Cragg	1822	28 Feb.
15. Charles Grant	Maur. Penang and China	1210 William Moffat	William Hay	Geo. Deony	Jos. Coates	C. A. Eastmure	Thos. Thoms	Robt. Strange	Fred. Palmer	1823	19 Mar.
16. Vansittart	China	1200 Joseph Hare	W. H. C. Dal.	[Trumple]	Wm Allen	J. Sercombe	E. Bayley	J. W. Wilson	A. Beveridge	1823	21 Feb.
17. Roubay	China	1242 Henry Tempier	John Hinc	H. Clement	W. H. Edmund	George Wise	T. Ingram	Robt. Murray	Robt. Miles	1823	17 April.
18. Warren Hastings	China	1276 William Shaw	Ed. Rawes	Jos. Eyles	W. H. Coles	John Ricketts	Chas. Glass	James Bruce	David Lindell	1823	17 April.
19. Lowther Castle	China	1277 John Crosthwaite	Thos. Baker	J. Wilkison	R. K. Lloyd	C. W. Francken	Nic. G. Glass	J. H. Blenner	Nic. G. Glass	1823	1 May.
20. P. C. of Wales	Mad. & Beng.	975 C. B. Gribble	C. B. Gribble	Josiah Thomas	John Burt	C. Ingram	John Knox	Matt. Lovell	W. E. Brown	1823	1 May.
21. Mar. Wellington	Mad. & Beng.	961 Henry Bonham	J. Blanchard	Stephen Potts	G. R. Parkers	J. Haworth	John Sparks	Wm. Winton	W. J. Shepherd	1823	1 May.
22. Thos. Grenville	Bengal	886 (Company's ship)	W. Manning	J. B. Burnett	Hector Rose	P. Pilcher	J. R. Watts	Adam Elliot	J. Benfold	1823	15 June.
23. Minerva	Bengal	976 George Palmer	Geo. Proby	Edw. Ireland	J. Drayner	J. Benfold	H. Mitchell	Wm. Allen	Wm. Allen	1823	15 June.

VARIATIONS OF BAROMETER, THERMOMETER, &c. AT NINE O'CLOCK, A. M.

From FEBRUARY 25, to MARCH 1, 1823.

By T. BLUNT, Mathematical Instrument Maker to his Majesty, No. 22, CORNHILL.

Bar.	Ther.	Wind.	Obser.	Bar.	Ther.	Wind.	Obser.	Bar.	Ther.	Wind.	Obser.
1 29.87	34	W.	Fair	12 29.97	37	N.W.	Fair	24 29.55	45	S.W.	Cldy.
2 29.68	38	S.W.	Ditto	13 30.17	38	W.	Foggy	24 29.99	38	E	Ditto
3 29.57	42	S.W.	Ditto	14 31.16	46	S.W.	Ditto				
4 29.25	40	S.W.	Ditto	15 30.30	39	N.E.	Cldy.				
5 29.43	39	W.	Ditto	16 30.15	38	N.W.	Ditto				
6 29.67	35	N.W.	Ditto	17 30.05	41	N.W.	Ditto				
7 29.36	38	N.W.	Ditto	18 29.77	43	S.W.	Ditto				
8 29.98	35	W.	Ditto	19 29.65	32	N.	Fair				
9 29.13	34	W.	Ditto	20 29.71	32½	S.S.W.	Snow				
10 29.65	31	S.	Foggy	21 29.27	45	S.W.	Rain				
11 29.60	36	S.W.	Fair	22 29.16	40	S.W.	Fair				

PRICE OF SHARES IN CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, MINES, &c.

MARCH 15, 1823.

Canals.	Per Share.	Div. per Ann.	Bridges.	Per Share.	Div. per Ann.
£ s.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Ashton and Oldham	120	4 10	Southwark	18	—
Barnesley	200	10	Ditto, New	55	7½ pr. ct.
Birmingham divided	600	24	Ditto, Loan	—	5
Bolton and Bury	105	5	Vauxhall	25	—
Brecknock and Abergav.	80	4	Waterloo	5	—
Carlisle	—	—	Water-works.		
Chesterfield	120	8	Chelsea	—	—
Coventry	1070	44 & 3	East London	100	3
Cromford	270	14	Grand Junction	60	2 10
Croydon	3 3	—	Kent	35	1 10
Derby	140	6	London Bridge	50	2 10
Dudley	60	3	South London	30	—
Ellesmere and Chester	62	3	West Middlesex	59	2 5
Firewash	1000	58	York Buildings	25	—
Forth and Clyde	480	20	Insurances.		
Grand Junction	240	10	Albion	50	2 10
Grand Surrey	50	3	Atlas	5 5	6
Grand Union	18 10	—	Bath	57½	40
Grand Western	4	—	Birmingham Fire	340	25
Grantham	145	8	British	50	3
Hereford and Gloucester	—	—	County	43	2 10
Lancaster	26	10	Eagle	2 15	5
Leeds and Liverpool	374	12	European	20	1
Leicester	295	13	Globe	131	6
Leicester & Northampton	72	4	Guardian	12 10	—
Loughborough	3500	170	Hope	4 10	6
Melton Mowbray	220	10	Imperial Fire	100	4 10
Monmouthshire	165	8	Ditto, Life	11 5	9 6
Montgomeryshire	70	2 10	Kent Fire	57 10	—
Neath	390	22	London Fire	20 10	1 5
Nottingham	200	12	London Ship	20 10	1
Oxford	740	32	Provident	20	1
Portsmouth and Arundel	33	—	Rock	2 15	2
Regent's	42 10	—	Royal Exchange	238	10
Rochdale	66	2	Sun Fire	—	8 10
Shrewsbury	170	9 10	Sun Life	23 10	10
Shropshire	125	7	Union	40 10	1 8
Somerset Coal	120	7	Gas Lights.		
Ditto, Lock Fund	105	5 15	Gas Light and Coke (Chart		
Stafford & Worcestershire	700	46	Company	68	4
Stourbridge	200	10 10	City Gas Light Company	127	8 10
Stratford-on-Avon	17	—	Ditto, New	70	4 5
Stroudwater	495	22	South London	138	7 10
Swansea	190	10	Imperial	15	—
Tavistock	90	—	Literary Institutions.		
Thames and Medway	20	—	London	29	—
Thames and Severn, New	25	—	Russel	11	—
Trant & Mersey	2000	75	Surrey	5	—
Warwick and Birmingh. }	220	10	Miscellaneous.		
Warwick and Napton	106	8	Auction Mart	23	1 5
Worcester & Birmingham	27	1	British Copper Company	52	2 10
Docks.			Golden Lane Brewery	8	—
London	105	4 10	Ditto	5	—
West India	180	10	London Com. Sale Rooms	16	1
East India	150	8	Carnatic Stock 1st class	84	4
Commercial	81	3 10	Ditto, 2d ditto	73	3
East Country	30	—			

Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, Change-Alley, Cornhill,

{War, Red Lion Passage, Holborn.}

THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

APRIL, 1823:

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF

MAY.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF JEREMY BENTHAM, ESQ. TAKEN FROM THE
LIFE EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.

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LONDON:

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[TWO SHILLINGS.]

EDITOR'S NOTICE.

WE have returned to our Publisher Mr. Ferguson's Letter, sent by J. M., because we do not consider a Magazine a proper vehicle for religious discussion.

Letter from a Clergyman of the Church of England, relative to our Strictures on Popular Preachers, in our next.

"Love and the Rose" belongs to a Science which our plan does not include.

We shall be glad to hear again from T. M'K., and should be happy to encourage his youthful muse.

The Lines called "a Fragment, composed like lightning," partake of the obscurity to be expected from such a title; we wish we could discover a single *flash* of wit or common-sense in them. We suspect that the author rather remembers than understands the axiom "*Poeta nascitur non fit.*"

The Hermit-ess in London arrived too late for the present number.

We are obliged to R. D. for his friendly admonitions.

S. is requested to call at the Publisher's for a Letter.

The Letter relative to the abridgement of Mr. Cusac's works has unfortunately been mislaid.

The following Contributions shall have an early insertion

On "Friendship," by R. E. J. J.

Invocation to Fancy, by W. T.

Lines from Mrs. Hughes.

The Shipwreck.

Lines to Miss — on her Birth-day.



Jeremy Bentham.

THE
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND

LONDON REVIEW.

APRIL 1823.

MEMOIR OF JEREMY BENTHAM, Esq

With a Portrait painted from Life expressly for this work,
and engraved by J. Thompson.

AMIDST the passions and prejudices and sinister interests, which agitate and divide society, public opinion seldom gives to a contemporary his portion of just desert; and he has far less chance of honest appreciation if he have grappled with existing abuses, and come in opposing contact with those who hold the power, and wealth, and influence of society at their disposal. The advocate for change has a thousand difficulties to contend with; for though novelty may attract for a moment, it is with infinite difficulty that the habits of thought and feeling, which have obtained possession of a community, can be permanently changed or even at all shaken. The advantages of the controversy are wholly on the side of the attacked; in addition to which the metaphors and decorations which dazzle and delude a majority of mankind, and which may be found in abundance for every possible purpose, belong more especially to error; good is one, evil is infinite. Truth and happiness as the result of truth are built upon a few simple principles of action. Error gives the imagination full play, adorns its assumptions with a thousand sophistries, and wears attractions which are disdained by the stern and sober majesty of its rival. Mr. Bentham, who has brought a larger portion of intellectual strength, combined with observation and appropriate knowledge, to bear upon the great questions of

human felicity than almost any man who ever lived, is a singular exemplification of injustice done by his own age and nation to an individual, whose influence on coming time and on general society may already be pronounced to be extensive in its operation, and permanent in its effect. Not but that on the honest and strong-minded, upon those whose principles will be rescued from the rubbish that surrounds them, the stamp of his genius may be traced. But Mr. Bentham, whose writings compared with their all-importance are known but to a few, is assuredly the name that will distinguish to after time the epoch in which we live, by a great majority of suffrages gathered in from the four quarters of the globe.

This may seem a bold assertion to those who dwell in the narrow circle of habitual prejudice, or whose sympathies are bounded, and their means of knowledge confined, by the small tract that surrounds them; but it is from observation extending over a large part of the civilized world, that we are enabled thus to prophesy of futurity.

Mr. Bentham's whole life has been an exemplification of the application of the noble principles of his creed. A life devoted to the production of the greatest possible sum of happiness on the greatest possible scale. In other words, Mr. Bentham has grappled with extensive masses of evil in order to sup-

plant them by all imaginable good. Up to a certain period of his existence, which has been for a long time one of retirement and seclusion, little effect appears to have been produced abroad, and still less at home; but of late years Mr. Bentham has seen something like the growing up, if not the gathering in, of the harvest he has sown; and scarcely a country in which public opinion has obtained the controul, or any considerable portion of the controul of public affairs, has failed by some legislative act, or some official communication, to recognize the immense value of his writings, and to express sentiments of gratitude and admiration. His works, translated and re-translated into all those languages which have been for any time, however short, the organs of freedom, have been oftener referred to than those of any other writer as lights to guide, standards by which to measure, and authorities by which to controul the acts of those who profess to have made the happiness of the people the object of their legislative measures.

It is not our intention on the present occasion to go into the history, objects and effects of the numerous works of which Mr. Bentham is the author.* They involve considerations so important, they refer to such a variety of subjects, all however closely bearing upon human felicity, that it would be quite impossible to satisfy ourselves or our readers by such a superficial sketch as we could here introduce. Whatever may be thought of the style, vigorous and guarded always, though sometimes involved and rather obscure, these works contain a greater mass of original thought, of masterly reasoning, of active benevolent sympathy, and of useful knowledge than is to be found in the writings of any individual of the past or the present time. The first of Mr. Bentham's productions (published in 1776) viz. the "Fragment of Government" was

attributed to the most illustrious men of that day, and might have honoured the most illustrious among them. Dr. Johnson gave it to Mr. Dunning, and there was great sagacity in the suspicion. In the "Fragment" may be found the germ of that great principle—the principle of utility, whose development has been applied by its great master to such varied and such important ends. In Spain a foolish controversy has been carried on as to Mr. Bentham's right to be considered the founder of the Utilitarian School. He has never claimed the invention of the simple and almost obvious axiom, that all exertions should be devoted to the production of the greatest sum of good, (which is the principle of utility, but in other words) but, who like Mr. Bentham has applied it to a *system* of morals and legislation, descending from a constitutional code down to the management of a prison or workhouse?

Mr. Bentham found what is called "legislation" a huge and unshapen mass of good and evil; good and evil so blended, that, while in search of the former, it was impossible not to stumble upon the latter; nor could an unmixed result of good be by any means obtained, however patiently or earnestly sought. Of legislation, once a blind and fortuitous alchemy, he has made an intelligible and practical science; he has reared it upon a solid and simple foundation, and made the two great instruments of pain and pleasure subservient to the production of the greatest possible sum of good. This in truth is the highest object of human ambition, and to succeed in this must deserve the highest portion of human praise.

Of Mr. Bentham's history the following facts are known to us, of which the greater part have been heard from his own lips.

Mr. Jeremy Bentham† was born February 15, old stile, 1747-8, at his father's town-house in Red Lion-

* A list of them will be found attached to the new edition of the *Fragment on Government*, just published.

† The name of Jeremy was derived from one of Mr. Bentham's ancestors, Sir Jeremy Snow, one of the Bankers whose name is recorded as having been robbed by Charles II. by his shutting the Exchequer, as the phrase was.

street, Houndsditch. The last on the left hand side (it is still standing) going from Houndsditch. The country-house was at Barking, in Essex. About twenty years ago, or more, it was pulled down. His father was at that time in practice as an attorney, as his grandfather had been before him, and had occupied the same two houses. The former was clerk and solicitor to the Company of Scriveners; and, in his quality of solicitor to the trustees, laid the foundation of the institution called Sir John Cussy's Charity. At the recommendation of a friend of his father, Mr. Samuel Cox, then a barrister of eminence in the Court of Chancery, Mr. Bentham was entered in the second form at Westminster School: boarding at a Mrs. Morell's.

Between the ages of six and seven, in the course of six months, he had learnt French from a Frenchman, whom his father kept in his house for that purpose, a M. La Combe, of Avignon. It was in the course of the instruction thus received that he formed that acquaintance with Telemachus, of the fruits of which mention is made in one of his letters to the late Extraordinary Cortes of Portugal, some or all of which have made their appearance in the English newspapers. Not many years before (1765 or 6,) his father entered upon the house in which his son still lives; it had then for its occupant the celebrated courtesan, Theresa Constantia Phillips, whose highly interesting Memoirs, entitled an "Apology for the conduct of Mrs. T. C. Phillips," are extant in 3 vols. with the date of 1761, but without any intimation of the existence of any former edition. It was, however, a year or two before this period that Mr. Bentham, being with his father upon a visit to a friend near Bury, in Suffolk, met with a printed copy of this same work, purporting to have for its authoress the lady herself; and the house being then within the verge of the Court, and as such an asylum against creditors, was sold for her benefit through a wicket in the door: by herself the materials of her history were of course furnished; but in a *Life of Paul Whitehead*, the quondam Poet Laureat, in the 8vo.

Biographia Britannica, the penmanship of it is ascribed to him; be that as it may, it contributed in no small degree to the turn taken by Mr. Bentham's pursuits; for as he has often been heard to say by various friends, it is by the exemplifications, that form no inconsiderable part of that history, that he was led to that examination of the abuses of the law, the result of which is so conspicuous in all his writings.

In 1768, being then Master of Arts, Mr. Bentham went to Oxford to give his vote at the general election of that year. On account of his not being of age a query was put to his vote, but the majority being decisive, the question as to the legality never came to be discussed.

He visited Paris in the year 1785, (for the third time) in the course of a long excursion which did not terminate till early in 1788. He had been twice at Paris before; his ultimate destination was to Crechhoff in Russia, near which town, on an estate of the Prime Minister, Prince Potemkin, his brother, now Sir Samuel Bentham, was quartered in the capacity of Lieut. Colonel Commandant of an independent Battalion of 1000 men, which in the military service of that empire was his first step. Traversing France, by way of Montpellier and Marseilles to Antibes, he went from thence in a passage boat to Nice, and afterwards in a vessel to Genoa where he joined a ship bound to Smyrna, with the master of which he formed an engagement antecedently to his leaving England: from Genoa, after he had stayed there about a fortnight or three weeks, the ship sailed for Leghorn, where it was detained for another fortnight or three weeks; in the expectation of this latter demurrage, Mr. Bentham had provided himself with letters for Florence; and, the stay of the vessel at Leghorn allowing of sufficient time, partook for some days of the hospitality of the late Sir Horace Man, who for so long a course of years had been Envoy there from this Court. From Leghorn, through the Fane of Messina, the vessel took her course to Smyrna. In her passage she was driven by a storm into the narrow port afforded by the capital of the

Isle of Miteline, where she passed the night; and at the beautiful and unfortunate Isle of Scio, she made a voluntary stay of a few hours. After a stay of about three weeks at Smyrna, Mr. Bentham embarked on board a Turkish vessel for Constantinople; and in that Capital passed five or six weeks.

From Constantinople, Mr. Bentham made his way to Crechoff across Bulgaria to Ruzsig on the Danube, and from thence by way of Buckarest in Walachia, and Yassy in Moldavia, through a part of Poland to Olvispol on the Dneister, through Teberingow, to Crechole, where he arrived in the middle of February 1786. At that place he stayed at his brothers till November 1787, when his brother, who was on an excursion to Cherson, being unexpectedly detained for the defence of the country against the then apprehended invasion of the Capitan Pacha, nothing more was left to Mr. Bentham than to make his way back to England as he could; which he did accordingly through Poland, Germany, and the United Provinces, arriving at Harwich from Helvoetsluys in February 1788. It was during Mr. Bentham's stay at Crechoff that he wrote his letters on the Usury Laws.

Not long before the commencement of this excursion he had become acquainted with the afterwards famous Brissot, then styling himself sometimes Brissot de Wanville, sometimes simply M. de Wanville. Brissot was at that time an *Avocat sans cause*; the ostensible and perhaps the real cause of his quitting the bar was an alledged weakness in his lungs. He came to London with many more projects than connections. One of his projects, the accomplishment of which was attempted without success, was the making the French public acquainted with the state of the English East India Company: another was what he called the setting up a Lyceum. He was recommended to Mr. Bentham as a man well acquainted with French literature in general, and in particular with the literature of the law. "What can possess Mr. Bentham to suffer such an insignificant Frenchman as this to come about him?" said one of his friends one

day to another. The answer was, "he knows something of French laws and communicated information about them to Mr. Bentham." In the course of this acquaintance the Lyceum opened: in the plan of it was included a conversazioné and a printed correspondence. The conversazioné scene — M. de Warville's apartment. Company present, Mons. and Mad. de Warville, and Mr. Bentham. The printed correspondence was between M. de Warville and himself; if it had lasted to the second number it did not reach the third. The number of books published by Brissot was not inconsiderable: one was a sort of *Bibliothèque* of Criminals: another, on Truth in general, composed of the sort of materials which may be guessed at from the title. Brissot was a most honest, honorable, disinterested, enthusiastic friend of the people. He died poor as he had lived. When the election came for the second of the French assemblies, Brissot, without the knowledge or privity of Mr. Bentham who had not heard any thing of him for years, was active in his endeavours to procure the election of Mr. Bentham to a seat in that assembly. M. Dumont was at Paris at the time; apprehensive for the life of his friend, in the event of his finding himself in such a situation, he applied himself to stop the exertions of Brissot and succeeded.

The last time of Mr. Bentham's being in Paris was in 1802, when he joined company with his ever lamented disciple, Sir Samuel Romilly. His stay was about three weeks. Just at that time came out at Paris M. Dumont's edition of the first three of the seven volumes of his works that have been published in French. In the choice for the members of the French Institute for that time, for every seat in the Institute three members were chosen by the existing members, or some other learned body; and among the three the choice was determined by some member or members of the government; it is believed, upon recollection, by the First Consul, that is, by Buonaparte. At a meeting of the Parisian Society for the Encouragement of Arts it had been said, as a

thing determined upon and known, that of the three returned Mr. Bentham was to be the one chosen (Grenville told him so after the Society's dinner, at the public table). A few days after arrived Charles James Fox. Mr. Fox vouchsafed to be a member, and of course was the person seated. Mr. Bentham was already a French citizen. By the second of the two French Assemblies he had received that distinction, in company with Thomas Paine, Joseph Priestley, Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Clarkson, and a few &c. &c. But in the very focus of equality a mark of distinction had been contrived: first came Thomas Paine, next came Joseph Priestley, third came Jeremy Bentham,—these three separated from one another by two commas; but next to Jeremy Bentham came a semicolon, and by this semicolon were these three distinguished from the rest, who were distinguished from one another no otherwise than by commas.

About the year 1817, Mr. Bentham, being a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, was called to the bench, a master of arts degree having been conferred striking off two out of the five years of studentship. He had been called to the bar very soon after he became of age.

In the year 1806 came out his work intitled "Scotch Reform," in letters to Lord Grenville. The occasion of it was an invitation he received from Lord Grenville, during his short administration, through the present Marquis of Lansdowne, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Sir Samuel Romilly, then Solicitor-General, to attend on a particular day to consider of the plan to be adopted for the division of the Scotch Court of Sessions into two sections, and the introduction of jury trial. Sir Samuel Romilly, by his practice in Scotch Appeals, had had particular occasion to become acquainted with Scotch Judicature. Mr. Bentham's question to Sir Samuel Romilly was, "Are you to be at the meeting?" Answer—"No." Mr. Bentham's conclusion was, that nothing good was intended or had any chance of being willingly adopted. He therefore declined accepting the invitation, in order that, in his observations on the subject, he might stand

free from those obligations and personal regards, which could not but have been imposed by the forms of a personal meeting.

Besides the Defence of Usury, it was during his stay at his brother's, in Russia, that he wrote the first part of his work, styled "Panopticon;" or, the Inspection House. The original idea was his brother's, by whom it was not thought of being applied to convicts, but only to working hands, in whose instance it might be adopted with most unremitting constancy and universality of inspection, at a minimum of expense; and by whom, some twenty years after or thereabouts, it was actually applied to that purpose, under the patronage of the Emperor Alexander, at the recommendation of Admiral Tchichagoff, Sir Samuel Bentham then being there on a commission from this government; but not long after his return from Russia, the building was unfortunately burnt by the carelessness of the managers, the precariousness of his stay at Petersburg rendering it necessary to erect it of wood for the purpose of saving time. In March, 1792, Mr. Bentham having framed a plan of management grounded on this plan of construction, and ascertained that management by contract was the only mode that presented any chance of effecting any considerable part of the good capable of being effected by it, presented to Mr. Pitt his proposal for that purpose; and on which was grounded a contract, the terms of which are to be found in the Parliamentary Paper, printed by the House of Commons, in the year 1797 or 8, as part of the grand report of the Finance Committee for those two years; chairman, the present Lord Colchester; and reprinted in 1811, by the committee, got up for the purpose of grounding the substitution of the existing Penitentiary at Millbank. It was embraced with enthusiasm by the acting men of that time, Mr. Pitt, Minister, Lord Dundas, Secretary for Home Affairs, Mr. Rose, Secretary of the Treasury, and Mr. Pitt's right hand man, the only one of the two Secretaries by whom any thing was done or understood, Mr. Long, now Sir Charles. Mr. Bentham's father dying but a short time before Mr. Bentham

succeeded to his present residence, it became a show place in which Sir Samuel's models of Panopticons, and his inventions for the finding appropriate employment to prisoners, were exhibited.

By a cause then unknown, notwithstanding all that enthusiasm, it was made to linger till the close of the session of 1791, when an act passed, enabling the Treasury to enter into a contract for the purpose, and to appropriate to it the ground allotted at Battersea Rise, by a former act, and a consequent valuation of a jury, or to purchase other land; for Lord Spencer having an interest in the land in Battersea Rise, and having acceded to administration as first Lord of the Admiralty, made that use of his public trust. When Mr. Abbot's Finance Committee was sitting, Mr. Pitt and his associates thought the opportunity favourable for employing its authority in support of Mr. Bentham's plan against the opposing, and to every body out of the Cabinet secret influence; and upon reference made to the Treasury by the Committee, a report as it may be seen, though in a tone of coolness produced by timidity, was made in favor of it. Mr. Abbot, the chairman, imputing the delay to negligence on the part of Mr. Pitt's ministry, spoke in the committee in terms of vehement reprobation of the barbarity of the treatment given to Mr. Bentham. Years were spent in a struggle between the ministry and the secret influence. In the mean time the ground, at present occupied by the existing Penitentiary, was purchased as part of the fourscore acres or thereabouts, stipulated for in the contract entered into between the Treasury and Mr. Bentham, in virtue of the act. The land, subject to certain leases at present occupied, was paid for at the price of £12,000, instead of for half the money, which was the price for which the incomparably more appropriate land at Battersea Rise might have been taken under the valuation, was put in the possession of Mr. Bentham. To enable him to enter into actual possession, nothing now remained but the payment of a £1,000 in compensation for the surrender of some of the leases, and the Treasury

had gone so far as to cause advertisements to be inserted for the purpose of compelling the sale of the ulterior quantity, stipulated for under the contract. For the issue of this £1,000, the signature of George III. was necessary. It being looked upon as certain, considering the length to which the matter had been brought, the Treasury clerks made no secret of the fact when the instrument was sent to the King for his signature. But there it stopped for ever. In 1811, a committee was got up by Lord Sidmouth, a Mr. Holford, chairman, for the purpose of forming a ground for the substitution of the existing inscrutable Prison to Mr. Bentham's literally, as well as metaphorically, transparent Panopticon. For the violation of public faith, no reason was assigned, either in the report or in the act grounded on it. Between 20 and £30,000, or some such sum, was what it was to have cost the public under his plan for building: under the existing plan, it has already cost several hundred thousand pounds, and will cost some hundred thousand pounds more before it is completed for the 600 prisoners instead of 1000, which his was to have contained. To defray the expenses he had been at, in consequence of the arrangements which he had been indisputably called upon by the ministry to take, on the acceptance given to his proposal in 1792, Mr. Bentham had sold estates to the amount of between 5 and £600 a year, to great disadvantage. In addition to £2,000 advanced to him for a commencement, it cost the public £23,000, for a compensation under the act of 1811, a sum a little more than the value of the estates so sold. As to the causes of the King's invincible enmity, they are not unknown, but to explain them would take more room than on the present occasion can be spared. In 1785 commenced Mr. Bentham's acquaintance with Sir Samuel Romilly. To that acquaintance may be referred the small quantity of good which Sir Samuel Romilly was permitted to effect, or dared so much as venture to propose. Some of his motions were taken from Mr. Bentham's papers.

(To be continued.)

THE SHIPWRECK.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY MRS. OPIN.

It has been said, and perhaps justly, that affliction has a tendency to harden the heart, and incline it to selfishness; but sometimes the heart is rendered, by its own trials, more tenderly alive to the trials of others; and the afflicted become actively solicitous to ward from the breasts of their fellow-creatures those arrows which have lacerated their own. An instance of this kind I am enabled to give in the following narrative.

After a happy union of several years with the man of her heart, Mrs. Beverley became a widow, and life would have been to her comparatively a blank, had she not been blessed with a son, to whom she could transfer, and in whom she could centre all those strong affections, which had hitherto been divided between her child and his father.

She was naturally of a fine temper, and that temper was improved by the strongest religious impressions. She, therefore, found the task of resignation easier than she expected; and, while thankfully contemplating the blessings which she still possessed, she learnt to hush every impatient regret for that which she had lost.

Charles Beverley was indeed of so mixed a character, a being so calculated to excite maternal anxiety, while he gratified maternal pride, that Mrs. Beverley had little leisure to revert to the past, so constantly was she engrossed with cares for the present and fears for the future. She had vainly hoped that Charles, when he had taken his degree, and had returned to his paternal roof, would have become a clergyman, and like his father have been an ornament to the church, and a blessing to his parishioners; but unfortunately he was of a speculating, ambitious nature, and he preferred risking his fortune in a commercial concern, in which he was offered a considerable share. At first all went on well, but on his partner's sudden

death, his son, a dissipated, unprincipled young man, succeeded to the business, and in a very few years Mrs. Beverley found herself obliged to advance a considerable sum of money, out of her own income, in order to avert impending bankruptcy from Charles and his rash partner, William Dixon.

But, as is usually the case in such instances, the money was expended in vain; Charles was obliged to own to her that it was not in her power to save him from ruin, and he had wisely resolved to insist on calling the creditors together; when all at once his partner appeared in the highest spirits, produced money for every emergency, and, forcing bank notes on the astonished Charles, desired him not to trouble himself concerning their affairs, for that the storm was weathered, and all would soon be well.

Charles was only too willing to believe him, and he eagerly imparted his recovered tranquillity and its cause to that tender mother who had been the participator, the soother, and the help of his troubles. But the calm was transient, and the storm which followed of terrible duration. Scarcely had Mrs. Beverley rejoiced, though in trembling, over this surprising letter, when, just as she was preparing for bed, she heard a knock at the door, and on its being opened Charles, pale and agitated, rushed into the house; sad, indeed, was the tale which he had to tell. Dixon, he found, had been for some time connected with forgers,—the notes which he had circulated himself, and given Charles to circulate, were forgeries—he was already in custody, and so would Charles himself have been had he not escaped by a back-door, and hastened to the village where his mother resided, in order to give her the comforting assurance that he was an innocent victim of his partner's guilt, and to consult with her on what it was best for him to do in this alarming emergency.

"Surrender yourself, and stand a trial!" was the dictate of her judgment, and also of her trust in Providence; but maternal anxiety, and Charles's conviction that it would be difficult to prove that he was not privy to the forgeries, got the better of every other feeling; and terror, lest this beloved child should be condemned to perish on a scaffold, made her urge him to escape to another country, and to assist him with the means of immediate flight.

Dreadful under such circumstances was the parting of the mother and son but it was cheered to both by Mrs. Beverley's positive declaration, that she would ultimately settle wherever he did, and would know no other home or country but his. It was, indeed, impossible for her to remain where she was, for Charles's flight had convinced every one of his guilt; and when Dixon was tried, convicted, and executed, she thought that she read in the eyes even of every friend whom she saw, "Such ought to have been the fate of your son!" while she knew that her assurances of his innocence must be given in vain. She, therefore, impatiently expected news of his safe arrival in Norway, whither he was bound, and in the mean while she made every preparation to join him in that country. But all hope of being reunited to her beloved son in this world was soon destroyed; for she received a letter from a friend of his at Elsinour, informing her that the ship in which Mr. Beverley sailed had been wrecked off the coast of Norway, and that every one on board had perished!

He added, that amongst the bodies which had been washed on shore, he had recognised that of Charles Beverley, and had endeavoured to revive him; but, not understanding the means of resuscitation so well known, and so successfully practised in England, he had not succeeded in his efforts, and that he was then going to follow the remains of his lamented young friend to the grave.

At first the reason of the bereaved mother tottered under this unexpected calamity, but those, who in every trial look upwards for relief, are always sure to obtain it; and, though bending to the earth with the burthen of her sorrow, Mrs.

Beverley was at length able to seek refuge, as usual, from her sense of suffering in active employment.

But the idea that, had the proper remedies been applied to the body of her son, he might have been saved, was constantly recurring to her mind, adding bitterness to her regrets; and she continued to cling to this idea, occasionally with a degree of even insane tenacity, when she was forced from it by the power of equally painful certainties; for she learnt that she had to mourn over a greater evil than that of the death of her son: namely, the conviction of that son's immorality of conduct.

She found that he had private debts to a considerable amount, and that those debts had chiefly been incurred for the sake of an abandoned and expensive woman, who had long been his mistress. But the mind of Mrs. Beverley rebounded at length from the pressure of even this overwhelming affliction, and she again endeavoured to forget her son's evils in active exertions for the good of others, saying to herself, as she did so, "Since it is the will of Heaven that I should still exist, it is also its will that I should not live for myself alone!"

It was to the abode of her childhood, to the scenes where her maternal heart had first opened to the delight of seeing her son, when just able to walk, bounding before her on the pebbly shore in all the gaiety of infancy, that Mrs. Beverley had directed her steps, and she had taken up her abode in a large old-fashioned house on a remote coast of England. She had once possessed a house in this village, but had been forced to sell it in order to answer some of her son's demands; but wild, desolate, and straggling as the place was, it was so endeared to her by pleasing and even by mournful recollections, that she preferred this situation to every other for its own sake, and she soon learnt to prize it still more for the sake of others.

There was not a coast in England more notorious for repeated shipwrecks than the one on which Mrs. Beverley had taken up her abode; and, scarcely had the Equinoctial gales begun to blow, when her

shrinking sensibility, and her most agonizing associations were called forth by wrecks of a very affecting nature, for vessels were able to come so near the shore that the cries of the crew for succour could be distinctly heard, and their features could be easily distinguished.

Those, therefore, whom fruitless humanity led as anxious spectators to the scene of misery and danger, were exposed to the additional agony of forming an acquaintance with the features of the despairing and the sinking; and of not only seeing them, in torturing remembrance, when the last wave had closed over their heads, but also of hearing, in fancy, or during the stillness of night, their dreadful and unavailing shrieks, when those shrieks had long been ended by the powerful grasp of death. To any one their remembered looks and remembered sounds would have been fraught with anguish, but they urged Mrs. Beverley to a feeling of almost frantic misery; for such (said she to herself) were probably the looks and shrieks of my dear shipwrecked child! But this increased degree of occasional suffering, to which her new situation exposed her, brought its own medicine along with it; for while it made her live over again the scene of her son's death, and of recalling at the same time her regret that his friend had not been able to revive him, her benevolent heart was taught by the renewed consciousness of her own sorrows to feel for the sorrow of other mothers, and not only to feel for them, but to try as much as she could to prevent their recurrence in future.

"Had my son's friend possessed (as he said) the means of resuscitation known, and followed in England, he might yet have lived!" she exclaimed one evening after her suddenly averted eye had unconsciously rested upon a corpse just thrown upon the shore beneath her.

From that moment Mrs. Beverley never rested till she had obtained from the Humane Society directions how to proceed in endeavours to restore drowned persons to life, had procured every necessary assistance, and had appropriated a part of her own dwelling to the reception of all

bodies that should be thrown on shore from wrecks in future.

Never was house better situated for the purpose; as it stood on a rock, and was the nearest building to the spot where vessels were usually ship-wrecked.

The first time that, through the means which she had caused to be used, she beheld a fellow creature restored to life, her joy and thankfulness were great even to a painful excess, but not long after, her benevolent interference received a still greater reward.

One of the persons saved from apparent death by the indefatigable efforts which she obliged her agents to make proved to be the son of a sort of decayed gentleman, well known both to Dixon, and once acquainted with Charles Beverley.

This man frequently visited Dixon in prison; and, being with him the night before his execution, the culprit shewed him a paper which he had drawn up, in which he solemnly declared the innocence of Charles Beverley, and exculpated him from any *knowledge, suspicion* of, or *participation* in the crime for which he suffered. "This paper," said Dixon, "I mean to give to the sheriff, that poor Beverley's reputation may be cleared from all stains." "The sheriff! No, no, give it to me," replied Williams, "I will take care that it is made public directly!" The unhappy man believed him, entrusted the paper to his care, and Charles Beverley's name remained unclear; for Williams was the father of Charles Beverley's mistress; and having, though very unjustly, attributed his daughter's original fall from virtue to him, he felt towards him sensations of the most vindictive nature; and now it was in his power to gratify those feelings.

"No," cried he, in the bitterness of his soul, when he left the prison, and held in his hand the affecting document, penned by a repentant sinner in the fullness of a contrite heart, "No! This paper shall never meet the light. As my poor child's honor and reputation were destroyed by Charles Beverley, his reputation, as a sort of retributive justice, shall remain injured for ever!"

But when he found from the re-

presentations of his restored son that he owed his life to the benevolent agency of Beverley's mother, his heart was rising with compunction; and when his erring daughter, who died soon after, declared that she had falsely accused Beverley of being the author of her dishonour, he would instantly, but for the dread of obloquy, have done his memory justice.

To this overt act of penitence he was, however, very soon most awfully obliged, for he found himself on his own bed of death, and could hesitate no longer to make Charles's innocence as public as possible; accompanying his declaration at the instigation of the clergyman, who attended him, by a confession of his motives for withholding the paper, and his sorrow for the double injustice which he had done Charles Beverley. He also wrote a letter to Mrs. Beverley full of penitence, of thanks, and blessings. But no language can do justice to the overpowering sensations which she experienced, when she not only found that her son's exculpation was published all over England, through the channel of the public prints, but that she had procured it by her exertions to save her fellow-creatures, and had, at the same time, been the means of calling a sinner to repentance. "Have I ever suffered? And have I ever dared to murmur?" burst from her quivering lips as she raised her clasped hands and tearful eyes to heaven, yet still in the happy wakefulness of the succeeding night she caught herself exclaiming, "but now that his reputation is once more restored, I cannot help wishing, more than ever, that he himself were alive! nevertheless, God's will be done!"

But the comfort which attended Mrs. Beverley's first acquaintance with her son's restoration to unblemished fame went on increasing, for she could now talk of him again; and had a pride in informing those who had known and loved him when a child, that she could convince them from authority that he had never deserved the imputations cast on him; and when she occasionally was obliged to associate with the opulent inhabitants of the village

she felt that her step was more firm, her eye more assured, and her countenance more unembarrassed than had been; as she had hitherto felt that perhaps they regarded her as the mother of an untried felon!

But now the wound that had so long rankled was closed; and though she had always reason to be satisfied with the attention paid her by all descriptions of people, yet she was not deceived when she fancied that she was become a greater object of interest than before; for there was a degree of romance attached both to her whole history and to her active benevolence which could not fail, especially after this last incident, to make her more generally an object of attention and regard.

High had always been her rank in village estimation. The squire's wife was known by the name of the smart notable lady, the countess who, with her lord, inhabited during some few months of the year a castle just out of the village, was distinguished as the great lady, but Mrs. Beverley was always known by the name of the good lady. Envyable distinction! Mrs. Beverley had it not in her power to bestow large bounties; but her visits, her smiles, her looks, her offers of love to the poor who surrounded her, her sympathy in their sufferings, her active but chastened resentment of their injuries, and the fearless manner in which on principle she interfered to redress their wrongs, together with her generous provision for the necessitous,—all these things bound the neighbourhood so closely to her in the bonds of respect and affection, that even the noble and the distinguished when the chance of life brought them, especially at church, into aught of intercourse with this retiring, but far exalted woman, beheld her with reverential esteem; and when they saw themselves received by the population of the village with low obeisance, and distant reverencies, but beheld Mrs. Beverley surrounded by eager though respectful groups, enquiring after her health with kind anxiety,—while blessings involuntarily broke loudly from their lips, they felt, deeply felt, in spite of the

illusions of pride, that they were in the presence of a superior.

Nor was it long before Mrs. Beverley's company was earnestly requested at the first houses in the neighbourhood, and her dwelling became an object of curiosity, especially those apartments consecrated to the recovery of drowned persons. But it was not in association with the great or the opulent that Mrs. Beverley had learnt those lessons which enabled her to rise superior to her trials, and to devote herself to the service of others; and she could not be easy to allow herself to be led away from the duties which had been to her a remedy and a blessing. She, therefore, firmly refused all the invitations given, and busied herself, as usual, in the offices which she loved.

The winter, the only winter since she had lived in the North, had passed away guiltless of one wreck, and Mrs. Beverley felt the joy of a benevolent heart on the occasion; when, on the coming of the March Equinox, the winds became more than usually awful and threatening, and "Heaven help the poor souls at sea!" became once more the phrase in the mouth of every one. Nor was it long before a vessel was seen dismasted, and hoisting signals of distress, and calling forth in Mrs. Beverley's sympathising heart the usual train of suffering, and the usual motives to benevolent exertion. But while as yet the fate of the vessel seemed doubtful, the spectators from the rock under Mrs. Beverley's windows saw a man, having stripped himself of his upper garments, plunge headlong into the sea, as if resolved to try and swim for his life. "Save him! Assist him! O! thou God of mercy!" cried Mrs. Beverley, as she continued to gaze on him, even in spite of herself, while he manfully struggled with the increasingly tumultuous waves; but vain were the prayers she breathed. At length she saw the unhappy man's exertions grow fainter and fainter, till at length he sunk beneath the waves, and was beheld no more.

Mrs. Beverley, for a moment turned aside and wept bitterly! for so dared, and so died her son; but it was only for a moment that she could be absorbed in selfish sorrow.

The next she gave to her usual prompt exertions. Immediately she sent her agents down to the shore to watch till the body should be cast on the sands, and, in a much less time than she could have imagined, it was so cast, and as usual it was brought into the appropriated apartments at Mrs. Beverley's.

Long and fruitless were all endeavours to restore the unhappy man to life; but Mrs. Beverley, who always, though unseen, presided over the operations, and stimulated to unabated exertions, would not allow the task to be given up. Continually reminding her agents how short a time the body had been in the water; and at last, in the very moment of despair, signs of returning life appeared, and another victim was saved from the power of impending death! As usual, too, the recovered person was carried to a comfortable bed, and, after every necessary process had been gone through, he was left to the refreshment of repose and sleep.

Mrs. Beverley retired to rest when she was assured that every thing had been done that was necessary, but to sleep after such a scene as she had witnessed, and the great excitement which she had undergone, was as she had often felt before, impossible; and she soon rose again, to watch from her window the gradual declension of the storm, and to ascertain the now ensured safety of the so lately endangered vessel.

While thus employed she heard a low moaning from the chamber of the recovered stranger, and, fearing that he was ill, she hastened to listen at his door; but she soon convinced herself that the murmurs which she heard were only the murmurs of prayer, intermixed with the sobs of uncontrollable emotion, in tones familiar to her ear, and dear to her heart. But while that heart beat at the sound with vain and overwhelming recollections the voice gradually sunk into silence, and it was not long before hard and low breathing convinced her that the stranger slumbered again.

When morning was quite risen she again went to his door, but all was still; so still, that her fancy took the alarm, and she feared that the quick and loud breathing which

she had before heard was the har-
binger of death, and that he had
now ceased to breathe. She there-
fore gently opened the door, having
undrawn the window curtains, she
approached his bed. He was lying
on his side, with his face half con-
cealed by the bed clothes; but the
flush on his cheek, the red on his
lip, and the perceptible, though
gentle breathing from the latter,
soon convinced her that he was liv-
ing, and enjoying the comfort of
refreshing sleep. She was then go-
ing to quit the room, when she saw
that a small picture of herself had
been displaced from its situation
before the fire-place, and was lying
on the pillow of the stranger. I
cannot pretend to describe the be-
wildering emotions which now came
over the brain of Mrs. Beverley.
The tones she had heard, the sight
before her; but, above all, the shape
of the hand that now reposed upon
the counterpane; and she was eagerly
leaning over him to catch, if she
could, a more sufficient view of his
face, when he turned his head en-
tirely round, and the now widening
and now fast closing eyes of the as-
tonished mother, gazed upon her
son, her Charles! so long lost, so
long lamented! It was he! The mo-
ther's eyes might be deceived, but
the mother's ears and heart could
not be so,—when he suddenly un-
closed his eyes, and "Mother!
Dearest mother!" burst from his
quivering lips, as his arms opened
to receive her fainting form! But
she soon revived again, to wonder,
to weep the tenderest tears of joy,—
to kneel, to thanksgiving, to ask ques-
tions to which she did not wait for
an answer, and then to exclaim in
the language of the Patriarch,
"Now let me die since I have seen
thy face, because thou art yet alive."

The rest of my story is soon told.
When Charles Beverley saw the cer-
tain danger of the ship, in which he
sailed, he pushed off to sea a sort of
raft which they had on board, on
which no one else was willing to
venture, since despair had as yet
reached its climax with him only,
and on this frail support he ven-
tured alone on the raging ocean be-
neath him.

To those who remained behind he
must have no doubt appeared to

perish in the waves, as long before
he reached the land he had been
forced to abandon the raft and trust
to his own swimming, but he landed
at length in safety on the Norwe-
gian coast, at some distance from
the port for which he had been
bound. When he had recovered the
excessive exhaustion consequent on
his exertions, he saw from a rock, to
which his anxious and impatient
feelings enabled him to ascend,
though with great difficulty, that the
vessel which he had so providen-
tially left was only just visible
above water, and he concluded that
all the crew perished with her.
He also concluded that he should be
supposed to have died with them,
"and why should I not allow the
error to continue," said he; "as I
fled from trial my reputation is for
ever gone! and life without reputa-
tion is not worth having;" but then
he recollected how his poor mother
would mourn for his loss; the next
moment, however, he reflected that
as his immoralties would no doubt
be made known to her after his de-
parture, that she would be so wean-
ed from him by the disclosure that
she would soon be resigned to his
loss. But little did Charles Bever-
ley know the heart of a mother!
Little did he know how the maternal
heart yearns to forgive the errors of
the most offending child! As little
did he reflect that his tender and
pious parent would feel the bitter-
ness of his supposed loss increased
by the consciousness that he had
been suddenly snatched away from
the midst of unrepented sins. He
therefore resolved to let himself be
supposed dead, at least for the pre-
sent, to change his name, and en-
deavour in another country to re-
deem the time which he had so
shamefully mispent in his own.
But before he tried to put his plans
in execution he repaired in disguise
to Elsinour, and there he learnt that
the body of a Mr. Charles Beverley
had been recognized by a Mr. Watz-
berg, and buried. This circum-
stance confirmed him in his resolu-
tion, and though he considered at
first who could have been taken for
him, he at length remembered that
there was a young man on board
who was thought greatly to resem-
ble him.

He now contrived to make his way to Russia, and thence to India, where fortune smiled on his industry, his self-denial, and his exemplary conduct; but at the end of ten years, having felt his heart yearn towards his mother and his country, he resolved to return to England, and discover himself to the former, even if he remained unknown to any one else. At the Cape he saw an English magazine, in which he read with overpowering delight and thankfulness that his reputation was cleared, that he might resume his own name, and enjoy his opulence, if his mother yet lived, without a single drawback. Nor, when he read what were the motives of Williams for so long withholding the proofs of his innocence, could he forbear to own that he was justly punished for the profligate conduct of which he was really guilty, by its being made the means of exposing him to the accusation of greater guilt of which he was entirely innocent. But when he was off the well-remembered coast, and in sight also of a well-remembered house, he saw himself in danger of a second shipwreck. Instantly urged perhaps by the recollection of past success, and relying on his knowledge of the shore, and his skill in swimming, he dared to trust himself once more to the waves. The result I need not relate, but when on waking

he saw opposite to his bed a picture of his mother, he started up, overcome with affectionate alarm, for he feared that she was dead, and had bequeathed her picture to the owner of the house; and he was eagerly rising to gain, if possible, some intelligence concerning Mrs. Beverley, when his courage failed him, and he feared to end his painful suspense by a certainty still more painful: besides, he did not like to add to the trouble he had already given to the family by disturbing them so early, he therefore laid down again, after loud and repeated prayers for resignation, and at length his harassed and exhausted spirits sunk again into complete forgetfulness.

But till his last happy waking he knew not all his cause for thankfulness and joy, for then he not only woke to clasp his beloved mother to his heart, but to find that, in return for her endeavours to save the children of others, it had been given to her to recover and to save her own offspring.

Little more remains to be added. Taught and improved by suffering, Charles Beverley became the pride and comfort of his mother's declining years, and his children have pleasure in relating to their children the story of Grandmanma and the Shipwreck.

ELLEN TO EMMA.

WEEP not for me—I do not grieve
That thus in youth the world I leave;
There's nothing *now* my soul holds dear,
That makes me wish to linger here.

There was a tie that once was wreath'd
Around me, and each sigh I breath'd
Drew the chain closer—oh! my soul
How dear was then its sweet controul!

It broke, and life for me retain'd
Nought to be wish'd or to be gain'd;
And I became like some ship, toss'd
On ocean, when her pilot's lost.

Then do not weep, beloved friend,
That thus my joyless life I end;
But, Emma, let thy smile impart
A sunset to my sinking heart.

ANTONIO; OR, THREE WEEKS' HAPPINESS.

ANTONIO was one and twenty years of age, of a robust habit of body and an impetuous fervour of mind. His education had been conducted on the broadest plan and with the most scrupulous care, he was deeply learned in the accumulated wisdom of sterling writers, accomplished in all the refined acquirements of the age, and possessed a heart not closed against the more delicate sentiments of our nature. The family, however, of which he was a descendant, was now in the decline from its meridian splendour. It was an ancient and respectable branch, long resident in a mansion-house known as the central point of the surrounding district; but the ordinary signs of hereditary wealth were now retrenched, some parts of the hall were vacated and closed up, and the lectures of the private tutor who had instructed Antonio were exchanged for the method of a public school. Still the present possessor of the property had means which prudence made sufficient for the purposes of genteel retirement; the reduction of his fortunes was but little obvious to his neighbours, and the strictest management was observed for securing the continuance of his son's education on a suitable scale of liberality. Under these circumstances Antonio, though well stored with instruction, was not brought up with high expectations. His father, with the greatness of a self-denying spirit, had long expelled the demon of discontent that tortured his breast on this account; but Antonio suffered his youthful mind to brood over the unsubstantial gifts of fortune, and to feed on imaginary dreams of riches placed beyond his reach. There was no want or necessity in social or moral life which did not in his idea resolve itself into the want of money; and, possessed of that, he fancied there was no delight in the fairy circle of pleasures that would not lie prostrate at his feet. Under the influence of these notions, the first sensations of his breast were corrupted into covetousness, and he looked at every object with the eye of a man who was envious of its possession,

and stung with the consciousness of the obstacles that forbade his attaining it.

One day, when fatigued with walking in the garden and overcome by the summer's heat, he retired into the arbour at the extremity of the walk, he threw himself in a fit of dejection upon one of the benches, and gave utterance to the discontented thoughts of his bosom in these words. "O Antonio, thou art pining here under the heavy cold hand of pecuniary restriction, and art wasting thy energies in a situation that smothereth thy aspirations. Thy fathers were noble and they were affluent, but the nobility and opulence are fled, and thou, who art convicted of no inferiority of merit, art doomed to droop in obscurity or sigh in poverty. Why was I gifted by nature with this exquisite sense of pleasure, this ambition for distinction, this thirst for independence, unless they were intended to be gratified or designed for my torment? With fortune what could I not effect? I have talents, I have information, I have a taste for the elegant and genteel; I think that with riches I could live in happiness with moderation and dignity. At present what situation is more miserable than mine, to be condemned to draw my little span in absence from the gaieties of active life, and in the mere monotony of seclusion?"

As he rose pensive and disconsolate from the bench on which he had indulged in these regrets, and proceeded along the walk towards the house, he was met by a servant bringing a letter to him, which had arrived from his father then absent on a journey. The seal was of black wax, and he broke open the cover with trembling impatience. The purport of it was to inform him of the death of a distant relative, who, having been neglected in the latter part of his life by his nearer friends and kindred, had with infinite pains sought out the branch represented by Antonio's father, and left the whole of his immense landed property to him. This intelligence at such a moment excited in

tonio's breast the liveliest emotions of transport; for he saw that the evils he had just been lamenting would at once be dissipated, and he beheld his father's establishment suddenly enlarged and his style improved. He took also a farther view into the case, and reflected that, as he was the only child of his father, the whole property on his death would by law devolve upon him; and he could not believe that his father would by will counteract the succession of the law, since he had no nephews nor nieces to regard, and had never expressed any displeasure at his son's conduct.

He was not disappointed in his expectations of his father's mode of living being extended. His generous nature dictated a rational enjoyment of the gifts of Providence, while his prudence controuled the liberality that opened his hand. In consequence of these improved circumstances a town house was taken, whither Antonio and his father removed in the ensuing winter, and in which they partook of some of the gaieties characteristic of the opulence and taste of genteel families. By this means Antonio added a polish to his manners already refined by classical attainments, and was introduced to a variety of company, among whom he learned the forms of good breeding and the delicacies of sentiment. But he acquired something more still, and that was—the feeling that there was one dear object whose existence was necessary to his own. He prosecuted his suit to her he loved, he continually sought her company, he believed his soul was humanised by the tender attachment, and he prepared to taste the full measure of earthly enjoyment, when his father's death imposed a suspension on his bright anticipations. Though filial duty claimed the tribute of an unaffected sorrow, and nature demanded a period for her own sad recollections, yet, when the wound of grief was healed by the lenient hand of time, the dissatisfied activity of his spirit predominated, and he felt as a burden the ordinary form of abstaining for a time from public company, and most of all from carrying into effect the cherished prospect of matrimonial bliss. This sharpened the natural

impatience of his appetite, and whetted his temper with a keener edge of melancholy discontent.

His succeeding to the whole of the large estates held by his father conduced to sooth his chagrine, and the speedy expiration of the forbidden term enabled him to complete the sum of his wishes in leading to the altar the object of his choice. She brought with her a considerable accession of fortune, and possessed in herself perfections the most directly calculated for the communication of happiness. Antonio now thought himself perfectly happy; and, the evening before his marriage, laid schemes for the most profuse enjoyment of his wealth and good fortune. Immediately after the joyful ceremony he set off in a carriage and four horses, attended by other carriages containing his wife's friends, to a fashionable bathing-place on the coast of Wales, a counterpart in every thing of the famous Baie of the Romans. Arrived there, he threw himself into the lap of luxury with the same avidity as the soldiers of Hannibal in the pavilions of Capua. He determined to push his gratifications to the utmost; and he hoped, by avoiding the vulgar means of pleasure, to escape its satiety and perpetuate its relish. He strove to discover a species of Epicurean happiness, constituted by the pleasures of the senses purified of their grossness, and assisted by the elegancies of the mind. He bought a most extensive and sumptuous assortment of books, and had a building erected in the neighbourhood of his dwelling for their reception. He purchased admission to every library or reading-room, and every place of public amusement or resort, and was regaled each morning at breakfast with the sight of every new publication that opened fresh beams of light in the firmament of literature. Besides this, he set up a pack of hounds with servants in appropriate livery, and indulged his humour in procuring the finest stud of hunters and hackneys that could be exhibited by any man of fortune in the country. He partook, accordingly, at his pleasure of the sports of the field, the retirement of the study, or the society of his amiable wife. His mode of living here was equal

to the brightest visions of a riotous imagination. His morning in the early part was spent in attention to his beloved consort and the party who accompanied them, he then took the pleasures of the field or went abroad in his carriage, after which he retired for an hour or two to his study, and concluded that division of the day by a luxurious dinner. After dinner he enjoyed the fragrance of the breeze or the freshness of the country in a walk among the public lawns and arcades, then met his friends and discussed all topics of interest at the usual places of resort, and closed the evening by attending the theatre, the concert, the ball-room, or some fashionable private rout. The views of moderation in the use of his wealth, which had been so strong in his mind before he came to the possession of it, were now dissipated by the flaming breath of inflated luxury; and the talents that had before adorned him now only catered for his appetite for enjoyment. Yet in the midst of these extravagant delights it devolves on the recorder of these facts to declare that he was not happy. Charms, as soon as they had lost their novelty, ceased to please him; and when variety could go no farther, he viewed her past efforts with contempt. After he had hunted, sported, coursed, read, sauntered and idled, with diminished zest, for little more than a fortnight, he continued the same round of occupations, and in another week was completely disgusted. The restless impatience that disturbed the even tenor of his mind, asserted its renewed empire, and assisted him in discovering evils in his condition which fancy could with equal ease create or destroy. The beauties of his wife lost their pristine attraction; the delicacies of the table palled upon his palate; the shelves of his library excited his ennui; the accounts of intrigues, at home and abroad, offended his reason; the vicissitudes of the billiard table soured his temper; the delusions of the theatre wearied his attention; and—Antonio was miserable. He retired to the recesses of his pleasure-grounds; he shrouded himself from the eye of every observer; he threw himself on the

grass; summoned in review the vain events of the last three weeks; and confessed, in a tone of languid distress, that he was radically wretched. He felt a thorough disgust at the fruitless efforts with which art endeavoured to prop up the flagging sense of enjoyment; he had lost his own esteem and self-respect by his devotion to pleasure; he was conscience-stricken with the reflections of his apostacy from virtue; he resolved to retire once more into the haunts of obscurity; he sold his hounds, his horses, and the least useful part of his library; he abdicated his villa, recalled his domestics, took back his wife in a more humble equipage, and flung himself on his return into the bosom of seclusion. Nor was his retrenchment premature, as it was soon after made necessary by the abatement of his fortunes in consequence of a flaw in the title under which his father had taken the estates. He was therefore brought back to pretty nearly his former situation; but a wound had been inflicted on his confidence in private character and his consciousness of mental tranquillity, which could not be healed without leaving an inveterate scar on the tablet of his memory.

Can there exist a being so dead to the means of enjoyment when within his power? Is there, asks the reader with indignation, a man so callous to the attractions of pleasure, or so barren of expedients to perpetuate his gratification? Reader, suspend your resentment. Can there, you ask, exist a man who in the midst of delight feels only the scorpions of discontent? Yes, there can, there does; I am the man. It was I, who, many years ago, when youth breathed on the bud of native ardour, and ere age had covered my head with a mantle of grey, mourned my early poverty in secret—came to the acquisition of unexpected fortune; laid plans for the inordinate indulgence of sublunary joy; launched out into the most profuse methods of excess, and failed, after, all, in attaining my object.

Time has mellowed my views; fate has equalised my lot; death has withdrawn my beloved partner; disease or accident has robbed me of

my friends ; I am nearly solitary ; —and the only service I can now render my fellow-men, is by recording, for their instruction, the mistakes and the vanity of my own schemes of pleasure in early life. You have seen that happiness is a prize not to be expected below ; and that to be so, it would be incompatible with the general dispensations of Providence regarding man. You have seen that the tenure of human joys is uncertain, and that things apparently the greatest blessings do

not always contribute to the promotion of our felicity. You have learned this most important truth ; that the character of our condition depends on the temper of our mind ; that we may be the makers of our own happiness or misery by preserving its bias, or giving the rein to its desires ; and that not to cherish an immoderate passion for any earthly good is the only sure means of attaining a calm and dignified tranquillity.

T.

THE DREAM.

“ Of joys departed, never to return.”

BUT sleep at last came o'er me and I dreamt.

Methought it was the lonely twilight hour,
And I walk'd forth to gaze upon the sky ;
Around me, and above me, all was calm
As the soft sleep or smile of infancy.
So beautifully the blue clouds passed on,
And threw their shadows o'er the earth ; the moon
Poured gems upon the flowers beneath, and gave
To every opening bud a diadem.

And I had known the scene ; once, when my heart
Beat high in boyhood's spirit, and gave life
And breath to things inanimate, e're grief
Had chill'd the fellowship I held with them,
Or time had swept the hopes of youth away,
Here had I wandered with the one I loved,
With her who breathed a beauty over all.
Here I had gazed upon her bright blue eye
Till I forgot the azure hue of heaven ;
And listened to the musick of her voice
As if creation spoke alone through it.
At last that heaven I had forgotten for her,
Took her, in mercy took her, but my soul
Sunk with the stroke, and my poor broken heart
Was buried with her in her peaceful grave.

I saw her die ; I marked her faded cheek,
And the blue veins whose hue betokened death,
Her eye still beamed upon me, and its light
Shone sweetly still, but, what a fearful change !
'Twas dim and rayless, and I gazed, and saw,
The orb that was my only guiding star
Become the emblem of mortality.

Yet now she stood beside me, beautiful
As when she bloom'd, the fairest, brightest flower
That ever garden gave ; the blush of youth
And innocence that glow'd upon her cheek
Spoke a heart happy, and her azure eyes,

Silently eloquent, gazed sweetly on me.
 Yet there was something in her softened glance
 Unearthly; in her air a pensiveness
 Like that which evening gives to nature when
 Her loved one leaves her to repose, and spreads
 O'er all her works tranquillity and peace.
 And when she spoke of other days her voice
 Was even sweeter than it used to be,
 But then its music was not of this world.
 I felt there was a change, and yet I thought
 'Twas but the ripening of the fruit, a charm
 More pure, as though some power I knew not of
 Had given perfection; but my waking thoughts
 So mingled with the feelings of my dream
 That when I strove to smile, methought I wept.

Yet she was with me, and we trod the path
 Which often we had traced together, when
 We felt that bliss I ne'er again can feel.
 There the same flowers were blossoming around,
 And beautiful as when we saw them last.
 Still through the fragrant trees, bending as though
 They worshipped their Creator, zephyrs play'd.
 The moon was up in heaven; she, who hath seen
 Unnumbered ages pass away, and beamed
 O'er many a wreck of joy and happiness,
 Still undiminished in her glory, bright
 As when her God from chaos spake her forth;
 And she, in all her beauty, shone o'er us,
 Smiling as there were none beneath her wept.

We spoke of other days, of days gone by,
 Of joys no more.—I knew they were no more
 Even in my dream I knew it, yet of them
 Spoke as if they were still; of happiness,
 As it were something more than shadow, and
 I was not altogether desolate.
 For she was near me, beautiful, as when
 She brightened every thing in this dark world,
 And shone, all peerless, like the evening star
 Amid surrounding multitudes—her cheek
 The emblem of a heart where all was peace.

'Twas but a dream—fleeting as human joys,
 And, like all pleasure, vain and vanishing.
 At length to sad reality I woke,
 Even in the heaven above me all was dark,
 Dark as my bosom, as my bosom's hope.

Thou wert not near me, whom in life I loved,
 And whom in death I doat upon, thou art
 Immortal, as my love for thee shall be.
 Where dwellest thou, beloved? would I were
 With thee, where'er thou art. Oh! ever thus
 In dreams revisit me, bless me, and sooth
 The troubled waters of my soul to rest.

And oh! if beings of a brighter sphere,
 And holier essence, as thou art, retain
 Some gleams of earthly feeling, thou wilt be
 My guardian angel still, my guiding star
 To warn me from all perishable things.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS IN LONDON AND PARIS.

LETTER XV.

From SIR CHARLES DARNLEY, Bart. to the MARQUIS DE VERMONT.

Paris.

MY DEAR DE VERMONT,

As you continue to comment on the extraordinary respect paid to *mak* in London, I cannot help observing in return, that in spite of the establishment of a system of professed equality during the first years of the Revolution, and in spite of the wit and graver remonstrances of your philosophic writers, a similar weakness is still more apparent in the circles of Paris.

Every day brings to my knowledge some fresh evidence of the unextinguished pride and unaltered pretensions of your *ancienne noblesse*. Though all have suffered in person or in fortune, and though by the present code of laws, neither their confiscated estates, nor their ancient privileges have been restored, and nothing remains to them but an empty name; yet the estimate which they form of their own importance is not in the slightest degree lowered by these united circumstances.

I lately accompanied a female friend when she went to pay a visit to *Madame la Marquise de —* to whom, when she was an emigrant in England, my fair countrywomen had had the opportunity of rendering some essential services. On giving in our names at the porter's lodge of the splendid hotel which this lady now inhabits, we were ushered into a small and shabby apartment on the ground floor, where she received us rather with the condescension of a superior than the politeness of an equal. After we had been some minutes arrived, the folding doors were thrown open with much noise and ceremony, and a valet de chambre announced *Madame la Duchesse de —*, when a little withered, highly painted, and ill dressed woman hobbled into the room. The *Marquise* (who had scarcely risen from her chair when *Mrs. —*, to whom she owed so many obligations, made her appearance) now sprang forward with the utmost alacrity, and after half a dozen

low curtsies, exclaimed, *Ah! Madame la Duchesse, que je suis ravi de vous voir, mais vraiment je suis honteuse de vous recevoir dans ce vilain petit cabinet. Je me jette à vos pieds, et je vous en rends mille excuses.*

In short, then, she seemed to think no apology due to two foreigners, (one of whom had conferred on her important favours) for receiving them in the worst room of her spacious mansion; she expressed and seemed to feel herself guilty of great indecorum for treating in a similar manner a visitor of her own country, but then this visitor was a Duchess, and belonged to one of the most illustrious houses of France.

Indeed, I suspect that the haughtiness and assumed superiority of the old nobility contributed in no small degree, at the first restoration of Louis XVIII., to disgust the Marshals and other leading men of the new school; and that this feeling, more almost than any thing else, impelled many of them to desert the standard of the Bourbons for that of Bonaparte, when the latter returned so unexpectedly from Elba. Nor has the imminent danger to which the present dynasty was then exposed, nor their uncertain tenour at this moment, taught the friends of royalty the virtue of moderation; while the merits of the most distinguished generals do not exempt them from the sneer and contempt of those who fancy they were born their superiors.

A British Peer, now at Paris, tells me that he dined a few days since at a private house, and in mixed company with *M. Le Maréchal —*, who, I need scarcely remind you, besides being one of the bravest officers of your army, remained faithful to the King, and accompanied his Majesty to Ghent. My noble countryman, pleased at having an opportunity of conversing with a person every way so eminent and respectable, seated himself next the Marshal, and paid him every possible attention; when a Count —, who

was his neighbour on the other side, said in a loud whisper, "*Comment, milord, pouvez vous parler à cet homme là? ne savez vous par qu'il a commence sa carriere comme tambour?*" Such, indeed, is the kind of answer which I often received when indulging a pardonable curiosity, I make enquiries respecting the present situation of those who, a few years back, as the leaders of your victorious armies, figured with so much *éclat* on the Theatre of Europe. The obscurity of their birth seems, in the eyes of these hereditary grandees, to render them so unworthy of notice, that neither their military glory, nor even their present devotion to the cause of legitimacy can form an excuse for speaking of them with interest, or treating them with respect.

I deplore with you the absurd homage paid in England as well as in France to mere rank, I mean when it is unaccompanied by virtue, talent, or valour. Still, though I acknowledge that both countries may afford traits of such weakness, I think I can see a strong line of distinction which may be drawn between the prejudices of the two nations. I do not think that any excellence, however eminent, whether civil or military, could, in the eyes of a Frenchman of the old school, place a person of low origin precisely on a footing with the representative of an illustrious house; while with us distinguished national services, and great professional merits, are not only rewarded with the highest honours which the Sovereign can bestow, but those, who so deservedly obtain them, enjoy the full importance and consideration attached to their newly acquired rank. Nor do I think that a Thurlow or a Nelson were viewed either with envy or contempt, even by the proudest of our Peers, because the one was the son of a butcher, and the other that of a country curate. Here, on the contrary, I find that a returned emigrant, because he really is, or pretends to be, the descendant of a noble family, not only fancies himself superior to the most renowned hero who does not possess the advantage of birth, but also,

that he is entitled to claim as a matter of right any place or office which may be vacant, no matter how little qualified he may be to hold it by age, education, or previous habits. Such a man complains loudly of the ingratitude and injustice of the government, when to his pretensions are preferred those of a candidate very inferior to him in the quarterings of his aims, but in every other respect more fitted to discharge the duties of the place with credit to himself and benefit to the public. On such occasions I hear the disappointed noble vent his indignation in terms like these "*Comment me refuser! un homme, comme moi une personne de ma naissance et de mes prétensions, et de donner la place à un parvenu, à un enfant de la révolution, dont le pere a peut-être été laquais, quelle injustice! quelle infamie! qui le pauvre Roi est trompé!*" Every speech of this kind ends with abuse of the ministry and pity for the King,* for while his majesty wisely considers all his people as equally entitled to his protection, and allots his favours according to the respective merits of the claimants, two thirds of the old noblesse will not believe it possible, that the monopoly of all the offices of state is with his free consent withheld from them. The wish of the party (here called the *Ultras Royalistes*) is not to add to the Prerogative of the Crown, in order to increase its splendour or its security, but to get back into their own hands, exclusively, the helm of the state.

A lady, well acquainted with the sentiments of that faction, said to me, one day, "*La France a été heureusement gouvernée pendant dix siècles par des preux Chevaliers. Pourquoi donc veut on les priver à présent d'un pouvoir si légitime?*"

But after observing how little the members of the ancient aristocracy have learnt in the school of adversity, I must with the impartiality of a calm observer be permitted to add, that those, who call themselves the friends of freedom, have equally disdained the lessons traced by experience in characters of blood. Though the events of the Revolution prove to demonstration that

licentiousness is the parent of despotism, I daily meet with persons who, both in their writings and in conversation, recommend the wildest theories of democratic equality. And while it is self-evident that if the Bourbons were driven from the Throne, at this moment, either the Allies would again enter France, and treat it for the third time as a conquered country, or that the military, by whom alone such a Revolution could be effected, would restore the iron despotism of Napoleon; the advocates of civil liberty are the professed enemies of the present establishment. Not philosophical enough to reflect that the mild character and debilitated person of Louis XVIII. are circumstances peculiarly favourable to the formation of a liberal government under the auspices of a monarch, who has neither the means nor the inclination to conciliate a powerful army: they ridicule the infirmities and peaceful virtues of their amiable Sovereign, and would willingly exchange him for one of those scourges of mankind who, under the name of heroes, rule their own subjects with a rod of iron, and spread over the rest of the world the horrors of war, famine, and desolation.

It is true that the King is more popular than the other members of his family, but I am sorry to add that this popularity is rather comparative than positive. In short, I find your politicians, on both sides, deserve the title which has been given them of "*Ultras*." I seldom venture to express an opinion on these matters, but when I do, I am called a friend of anarchy by the Aristocratical party, and an advocate of despotism by the Liberals; nor can I persuade these fiery puritans of either faction, that the moderation they condemn

arises from an anxious wish to see France, in common with the rest of the world, enjoy the blessings of rational freedom. I have not time to resume the subject of your last letter; but I cannot conclude without assuring you that I heartily disapprove and condemn the establishment of such Societies as Almack's and the Argyle-street Rooms, and all similar attempts which tend to introduce German distinctions into English society.

I am happy to perceive that while you discover the foibles you are not insensible to the merits of my countrymen, and that all the higher classes are not condemned for the faults of a few.

Continue, my dear de Vermont, to cultivate the acquaintance of such families as Mr. Gourville's, and believe me, examples of similar uncontaminated yet polished manners are by no means rare in England. Recollect that one profligate Lord, or one abandoned Countess, makes twice as much noise as a hundred persons of corresponding rank, whose virtues are only known to a small circle of admiring friends, while the latter carefully conceal their charities, and avoid saying or doing any thing which may draw on them the eyes of public curiosity. Among persons of the most exalted rank in England examples of every kind of excellence may be found; and, in the numerous class of well-born and well educated gentry, there are thousands who would have done honor to any situation however elevated, — the knowledge of whose merits is confined to their families, their school-fellows, their fellow collegians, and immediate neighbours.

Adieu,

C. DARNLEY.

LETTER XVI.

From the MARQUIS DE VERMONT to SIR CHARLES DARNLEY, Bart.

London.

MY DEAR DARNLEY,

You complain in your last letter, that our French politicians run into extremes; or, to repeat your phrase, which is in the mouth of every body, that they are all "*Ultras*." Can you

be surprised that, after a revolution, which called into play the strongest passions of the human heart, and during the progress of which some lost their fortunes and dearest relatives, some from the highest pinnacle of wealth and grandeur were

hurled into the lowest abyss of poverty and wretchedness, and others again were as suddenly raised from insignificance to riches and importance, that none should be able to discuss with calmness those public questions which to their eyes appear still big with similar eventful changes?

The two great parties, into which those who reflect at all on such topics in France have been divided for the last thirty years, remain as positive and as inflexible as ever in their opposite opinions. The original opposers of the revolution, in spite of their own private sufferings and the varied calamities of their country, retain their original prejudices against the changes which were then introduced, because they try to convince their fellow citizens, as well as themselves, that all these evils had one common origin—the propagation of liberal opinions. They, therefore, raise their voices with redoubled zeal against the dissemination of doctrines which, according to them, must always be attended with similar consequences.

Those on the contrary who think that the revolution was brought about by a variety of causes, many of which were inevitable, and that the subsequent misfortunes of France were generated rather by a misapplication of principles, fundamentally right, than by the natural effects of a more enlightened form of government, are still the strenuous advocates of the latter; because, as you truly observe, "Licentiousness is the parent of Despotism," rational freedom is the precursor of good order, peace and happiness. But, without denying that our French *Quidnuncs* on both sides are *Ultras*, permit me to observe that the name is equally applicable to two thirds of your politicians; and you will agree with me that a want of moderation on such subjects is a greater fault in England, where you have been so long accustomed to the blessings of Liberty, than in France, where we are tyros in the science of political economy, and still smarting under the recollection of recent sufferings. Indeed it argues me much to observe, that while the excellence of your constitution is contended for by all your coun-

trymen, (however they may differ on other subjects) almost every body has some alteration or improvement to suggest, though, were it attempted, it might hazard the safety of the noble edifice so generally admired.

Your *government-men*, as they call themselves, *par-eminence*, while they profess the warmest attachment to the existing laws, are the first to find fault with the proudest characteristics of your envied system of policy. If a philippic in an opposition newspaper excites their anger, they deplore the freedom of the press, though without the latter there could be no public opinion; and without public opinion, how nugatory were all your charters and statutes in favor of popular rights? If the Minister finds himself checked in his career of ambition or extravagance by the eloquence of his opponents in the House of Commons, those same politicians lament that so much valuable time is lost in making long speeches; and many a broad hint is thrown out as to the propriety of putting some wholesome restraints on the licentiousness of parliamentary debates. If a riot occurs, or a few blows are exchanged at a County Meeting, the folly and danger of suffering such assemblies are talked of in terms more suited to the courtiers of an absolute Sovereign, than to the subjects of the freest state in Europe. If the author of an alleged libel is acquitted by the tribunal, to which the wisdom of your laws has deputed the examination of such questions, the trial by jury is spoken of with contempt; and if a person, found guilty of a similar offence, receives no excessive punishment at the hands of the judges, even those venerable magistrates are accused of partiality. If a Demagogue becomes troublesome by his harangues or his writings, a strong wish is expressed; though England is generally speaking in a state of the most perfect repose, that your admirable law of Habeas Corpus should be again suspended; and if a mob in the streets be guilty of some trifling disturbances, these professed admirers of the Constitution recommend the military being immediately called in to suppress them.

While such is their own mode of shewing their attachment to the institutions of their ancestors, they stigmatise with the name of *Radicals* all who presume to recommend the slightest correction of those manifest abuses which time has introduced, and seem entirely to forget, that one of the great causes of the perfection of your government is, that it was not the creature of speculation, but the work of successive ages—that it was brought by degrees to its present excellence; and that it possesses within itself a perpetual power of renovating its exhausted strength.

In short, while these noisy advocates of the British system of jurisprudence pronounce it the noblest monument of human wisdom, they shew all the inclination, though happily they possess not the power, to deprive it of those principal props, properties, and peculiarities, which constitute at once its strength and beauty.

I think, when you recollect the turn of ordinary conversation in England, you will allow that the language used by two thirds of ministerial men is such as I have described; and those who talk in this way are surely no less entitled to the name of *Ultras* than the corresponding class of politicians on the other side of the channel.

A great majority of your tradesmen and manufacturers, and a very small minority of your peers and gentry, run into the opposite extreme—they, too, pretend that they are enthusiastic admirers of the constitution of their country, but it is not the constitution under which you attained your present unexampled prosperity, but a constitution of fancied perfection, such as at no period of your history you ever possessed, and such perhaps as it is not permitted to the weakness of human nature to command in any stage, however advanced, of political organization.

Blind to the innumerable advantages which, in spite of all its defects, the system of government as now administered, still affords, they contend that you are no longer free. Though foreigners in reading your numerous newspapers, and observing that there is no rank so elevated

and no character so sacred which is not at times made the subject of the most wanton and scandalous attacks, are astonished at the possibility of maintaining peace, and good order, while such publications issue daily from the press, these persons assert, that there is no channel left through which the people may be enlightened, and taught to know their real interests. Though it is evident, from the comparative prices of the public funds of different countries at this time, that the monied peoples of Europe prefer four per cent in England to seven or eight in France, Austria, or Prussia, we are told that Great Britain is on the verge of bankruptcy. Though the mighty capitals accumulated and employed in commerce, manufactures and national improvements, make the riches of this Island the wonder of the world, and though no person travels through your provinces, or passes a week in your metropolis, without viewing with surprise the general appearance of comfort and decency which all ranks of your people display, these politicians inform us (because your agricultural and mercantile interests, after several years of unexampled prosperity, are now experiencing a temporary reverse of fortune), that the whole nation is reduced to beggary. For all these pretended evils what is the remedy they prescribe? Annual Parliaments and Universal Suffrage. That is to say, in the full enjoyment of a free press, of the trial by jury, of the Habeas Corpus Act, the right of petitioning and of holding public meetings, though under some restrictions lately introduced (which, as an admirer of your ancient constitution, no one deplores more than myself), these bold experimentalists would risk all such essential blessings on the very uncertain chance of a national revolution. I say *revolution*, because your ablest writers and most experienced statesmen have proved to demonstration, that the representations of the Commons were at no period of your history chosen for so short a term as one year, and that the right of naming them was never exercised by the people at large.

Such visionary reformers are certainly *Ultras* of the same school

with our French *Liberals*; and, like them, are disposed to run every hazard in pursuit of fancied perfection.

Indeed, I meet with but one class of men in this country who show by their conduct as well as their words, that they fully appreciate the constitution under which they live. I mean that small but truly respectable party who are commonly called the Old Whigs. Equally abused by Aristocrats and Demagogues, they count in their ranks no trifling proportion of the ancient nobility and landed property of England; besides which, many of them are acknowledged men of the most distinguished ability and most extensive information. Not a few are the immediate descendants of those to whose patriotic exertions you owe all the blessings of the Revolution of 1688. Professing the same sentiments as those of their illustrious ancestors, they have laboured on all occasions to preserve unaltered those popular privileges which are the main springs and noblest characteristics of the British Constitution; and while they have viewed with a jealous eye every attempt to

destroy the rights of the people, on the pretext of preserving you from division and revolution, they have with equal firmness resisted all those theoretical improvements, which, intended to beautify it, hazard the safety of the venerable pile.

That these real friends of rational freedom should find but few admirers only proves what has been before observed, that moderation is no less out of fashion in England than in France; and that the exercise of that virtue is confined in both countries to the wise and good, whose number is no where very large.

But I must now stop.—I have unintentionally been drawn into a political discussion, a subject very foreign from those on which we have agreed to correspond. Yet politics are so connected with your manners, and monopolize so large a proportion of every conversation which occurs at your tables, that, in taking a view of English society, it is almost impossible to exclude that topic.—Adieu! and be assured of my unchanged and unalterable attachment,

DE VERMONT.

MORNING.—A FRAGMENT.

It is the glowing hour of morn:
 The chilly moon with crescent horn,
 The stars that lighted yonder spheres,
 And planets fade as Sol appears.
 The hill that bounds the distant view
 Is gilded with his golden hue;
 And bath'd in dew is ev'ry leaf,
 Like some lone maid in tears of grief.
 The feather'd songsters on the sprays
 Attune their notes to nature's praise.
 The turtles coo in every grove,
 Through which the whisp'ring breezes rove;
 The tuneful lark is warbling now,
 The lover breathes a tend'rer vow;
 The brooks in gentle murm'ring flow,
 And flowers with sweeter odours blow.
 There's music in each bush and tree;
 All nature's fill'd with harmony.
 And ere this fleeting scene is gone,
 And purer, brighter glories dawn,
 Full many a day
 Shall shew, like this,
 A transient ray
 Of earthly bliss.

EDWARD.

EPISTLES BY MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Epistle from MARY to her UNCLES.—April, 1566.

No. IV.

FOND, generous friends! the soothing lines I bless,
 Which all your kind solicitude express;
 But though I feel your love's persuasive art,
 Veil'd e'en from you must be my secret heart.
 I own these eyes no longer bright appear,
 Or only shine through memory's fruitless tear;
 Own, that amidst the pride of regal state,
 Which once could Mary's heedless breast elate,
 The sense of anguish wakes my conscious sigh,
 Bids the just opening smile of pleasure fly,
 And, like the dread hand-writing on the wall,
 Spreads o'er the royal feast a funeral pall.
 Own that while e'en my enemies can sleep,
 I on the midnight pillow wake and weep.
 Own I with pleasure but one prospect see,
 That early tomb which soon will close on me.
 Own that I've bidden every hope farewell,
 But I no more will own—no more will tell,—
 Silence alone can woes like mine become,
 Small griefs are garrulous, but great ones *dumb*.

AN ILLUSTRATION OF LIGHT AND HEAVY SORROW.*

The harp of Eolus when hung on high,
 Where o'er its wires the summer's zephyrs sigh,
 Can breathe responsive murmers to the breeze;
 While sounds distinct and sweet attention seize;
 But be that harp in winter's whirlwind hung,
 Soon as his forceful breath the wires has rung;
 At once it breaks them, and, to atoms crush'd,
 Their little world of melody is hush'd:
 So when the mourner's breast light sorrows swell,
 The lip in pity's ear the tale can tell;
 But when woe's direst force the heart o'ertakes,
 It murmers, mourns not, but at once it breaks.

Epistle from MARY to her UNCLES.—June, 1566.

No. V.

Oh! my lov'd Lords! my past complaints forget!
 My meaning silence, or my loud regret!
 Ungrateful Mary! rash, desponding, weak,
 How could I dare of hopeless woe to speak?
 E'en while my heart its weak despair betray'd,
 My grief with pity pardoning Heaven survey'd;
 And gave, to change my agony to joy,
 New ties, new transports, in my beauteous boy!

* It may be necessary to state to the reader that all the lines in this series, whether in the shape of Epistles or otherwise, are supposed to be written by Mary.

Once more methought creation round me smil'd
 When to my heart I clasp'd my new born child !
 Yes, I have passed the hour of pain and dread,
 And claim your blessing on my infant's head ;—
 Bid you implore of Heav'n, belov'd Lorrain !
 That all we prize, a friend in him may gain ;
 That he for my supineness may atone,
 And in two realms exalt our church's throne.
 What joy, what heartfelt joy my kingdom fill'd,
 What loyal transports every bosom thrill'd,
 With what loud shouts the air was heard to ring
 At the glad birth of Scotland's future king !
 Instant to England's Queen the news was sent,
 Whose royal head in envious grief it bent ;
 She views the mother's joy with jealous brow,
 And envies happiness she cannot know ;
 But whatsoe'er the secret rage she feels,
 No outward sign that secret rage reveals ;
 For at the font she will, by proxy, stand,
 And gits baptismal send with lavish hand ;
 From Gallia's King, and Savoy's Duke I crave
 The same consent which England's Sovereign gave ;
 But, to insure it, try your winning powers,
 And then the wish'd-for splendour must be our's.
 For royal sponsors will for Scotland's Prince,
 And Scotland's Queen, their high respect evince ;
 But though the brightest splendour, power can know,
 Shall at this sacred rite around me glow ;
 Though feast, though dance, though pageant fill the day,
 And Stirling's walls resound the minstrel's lay ;
 (For, Oh ! I cannot feast in Holyrood,
 Whose floors are stain'd with murder'd Rizzio's blood.)
 Yet still, far more the woman than the Queen,
 Will Mary oft forsake the sparkling scene
 For one far dearer to her throbbing heart,
 For bliss affection can alone impart ;
 Yes, to my child, I will from splendour steal,
 His tiny fingers gentle grasp to feel ;
 And taste a joy to which all joys are cold,
 When to my breast a craving babe I hold ;
 While I his claim to nature's food confess,
 And on his brow the mother's kiss impress.

Address from MARY to her CHILD.—August, 1566.

Sleep on, my darling boy, sleep on !
 For on thy sleeping face I see
 His features who my fancy won,
 Then frowning fled from love and me.
 And while thy little form I press,
 I taste a balm too oft denied ;
 For I o'er thee that love confess,
 From others' eyes conceal'd by pride.
 And then with blessings mix'd with blame
 I murmur out my Darnley's name.

Yet wake, yet wake, my angel child,
 That thou may'st on thy mother smile ;
 And fond despair, and fancies wild,
 By that unconscious look beguile.

Already sure thy infant heart
To me a tale of love has told.
Methinks with joy I see thee start,
Thy mother's features to behold ;
And while I feel thy tiny clasp,
I fancy 'tis affection's grasp ;

And then I feel my bosom beat,
While memory wakes her pleasing pain ;
And, sighing, think 'tis passing sweet
To love and be belov'd again.
But, when thou wakest, do not look
Like him from whom thy being came ;
For he full soon my arms forsook,
And broke my heart, and stain'd my fame ;
And I should fear that thou, one day,
Like him wilt love me, and betray.

But now farewell ! my sleeping boy !
I must thy cradled slumbers leave ;
And hide again, by seeming joy,
The breast that secret sorrows heave.
A crown, my child, with thorns is lin'd !
To feel this truth may soon be thine !
But, darling, may thy stronger mind
Remove those thorns which pierce in mine ;
Content to suffer I shall be,
If I a warning prove to thee.

A. OPIE.

A QUAKER'S ADVICE TO HIS NEPHEW ON THE SUBJECT OF MARRIAGE.

ESTEEMED NEPHEW,

I have received thy letter containing an application for my advice in thy choice of a wife, and now send thee such counsels as mine own experience of the married state, together with many years' reading of books, and long study of mankind, can furnish in the matter. It appeareth thou intendest to establish thyself in the world, and in order thereto art now looking out for a wife, with whom thou mayst wisely unite the destiny of thy life: in which, John, I think thou doest perfectly right, as I would advise all persons, both male and female, to marry; and do consider the life of a single person as valueless, and lost to the world.

Choose then thy wife out of a family, respectable, however low their station; not disgraced by any servile occupation or ignominious office, but known in their situation of life for consistency and honesty of practice. Let it be a liberal and virtuous family; one remarkable for

kindness and liberality of sentiment and for rectitude of principle, and one in which the most entire reverence is paid to religion, for that, John, is the foundation of all virtues, and all happiness. And this advice I give, in consequence of its being found too surely to be the fact, that the offspring partakes of the principles of the family wherein it is reared; that the child imbibes, like the air that surrounds it, the feelings and dispositions which float about its tender age, and that frail and faulty children generally proceed from parents who, in their day, have lapsed from the path of virtue. For the act generally argueth the principle in the parents, and the principle lives after the act is past, and continues to spread its influence, and proclaim its character in the social circle, and in the family. On the other hand, from a religious education well principled children generally come. From sound instructions and religious examples corresponding effects ensue. Exceptions

may be found on each side of the case, but the body of the rule is not to be impugned. I would also put thee on the watch to observe that thy wife's relations be agreeable, and such as it will please thee to consort with, as this is naturally to be expected; and that they be not numerous, lest they become at any time burthensome to thee; and that they do not all live too near to the place in which thou meanest to reside, lest thou see too much of them, and disgust, the natural consequence of familiarity, result from thy too great intimacy with them. For it is not to be denied, that, in marrying, one marries not only to the wife but to the family; and that it is necessary to consider and examine them, only second to the lady herself. I do not say that if the woman of thy choice be a virtuous woman thou should'st, on account of the objections to be made to the relations, reject her: for a virtuous woman is beyond all price; she has every thing within herself, and can effectually reconcile to her husband the want or absence of all other friends in the world. But if other circumstances were the same, if it were possible for thy affections to be equally directed to two women at once, the same in acquirements and fortune, one with many or unpleasant relations, the other with few and those desirable, I would not have thee hesitate a moment in choosing the latter.

Take care that there exists a strict congeniality between you in the following points: in religion, and in political ideas, for without a similarity in these all thoughts of happiness is but a dream; for they are vital and essential points, and are constantly recurring as matters of observation or discourse. Let the congeniality which I am recommending extend to another point, and be equally observable in the love of home: this is an unequivocal virtue on which (unlike religion or politics) no two opinions, so long as the mind is not perverted, can be held; and it is one of the most essential in the compound of requisites which go to form the basis of happiness in the marriage state. She should shew a decided attachment to home and its duties, and be

distinguished for the domestic affections. If she is fond of gadding abroad, alone, or in mixed company; if she is dying for visiting, and fond to excess of the rattle and perturbation which precede and follow any departure from home; she is not a suitable wife for thee, and is not, or ought not to be, in this, congenial to thyself. Home is, of all others, the place on which thou must ultimately depend for comfort. Consistently with this feeling, thy wife must be capable of discharging the duties of a mistress, and doubtless will be so, if drawn from a family such as I depicted in the commencement of this letter. She must superintend the concerns of thy household, pervade all, and assist in many; she must understand the nature of the business which she commits to her servants to execute, and, when thou art absent, be able to manage the house with fidelity, skill, and despatch.

I caution thee against fixing thy choice on a reader of novels or romances, or the like. Such an one will spend the summer's day in lolling on the couch, decyphering a worthless book, uneasy in posture, impaired in health, and disinclined to exercise and the kisses of the refreshing breeze; such an one, instead of preserving thy substance, will waste it. Not that the books I speak of are, in this our age, all worthless and to be reprobated; a great proportion are not so; but it is a capital mischief resulting from them that, although they may do no harm, yet they engross the time which might be spent over books, or, generally, in occupations infinitely more beneficial and improving.

In speaking of the portion thou may'st expect with thy wife I shall perhaps express sentiments foreign from the general run of the times: I recommend thee to prefer a competency to a great fortune, as the latter might induce some women to presume on the obligation under which they would conceive thou layest to them; but the latter will ensure thy wife's dependance upon thee, and make her look up to thee and rely upon thee more, as she sees thee more disinterested, and more devoted to exertions on her behalf. Besides, a competency only will give

a greater impulse to thy industry. Thou seest that I do not inculcate a total neglect of money: in the present state of things it is highly desirable, on account of many comforts which it is impossible to procure without it. And doubtless I think thou would'st not do thy duty to thyself, or the family into which thou may'st expect to marry where thou wert not to receive a shilling on thy marriage,—this I say subject to the contingency of thy meeting with a really virtuous wife; for if thou art quite sure that such a prize is within thy grasp, I say, as I said before, that she is invaluable, and that she ought to be seized at the risk or neglect of every other earthly consideration.

Whatever be her circumstances take care, if it lies in thy power, that her ideas on matters connected with money be properly liberal. Let it be thy chief aim to steer clear of that narrowness of conduct and sentiment which is too frequently to be found in women. Whence it arises I know not, but I think that they are more inclined to the feeling than the men, who labour for the gold. In this, of course, as in the practice of all other virtues, thou must set her the example; and thou wilt have no reason to complain of her, if thou hast shewn thyself deficient in the same points.

As for thy wife's person (of which I have not been impatient to speak, as I would not have thee make it a primary object) I would rather she should be distinguished by mediocrity only in beauty; and this not only for the reason for which I dissuaded excess of money, but because it is desirable, that she should not have attractions for men so powerful, that those who see her rivet their gaze upon her; gazes which will hurt her if she have much diffidence, and if she have not, will tend to corrupt her mind, and make her as culpable as the men themselves are. The style of features in many women, which the world calls uninteresting, would deserve the name of good looks, if accompanied by worth and purity; therefore when I see a woman not much distinguished by personal attractions, I exclaim, she is beautiful enough, if she is good.

Let her, however, if possible be such as will do thee credit in company, and in the eyes of other people. Certain it is that a man must marry to please more than himself if he wish to live in the enjoyment of tranquillity. Let me be rightly understood; she must have becoming and sterling features, a portly figure and manner, and a superior air and carriage in general.

Let her mental qualifications be all that virtuous ladies usually possess. Let her be mistress of every accomplishment which does not carry mischief with it. In acquirements which are calculated to strengthen and mature the judgment take care that she be not wanting; for if her judgment be strikingly beneath thine own, there will be danger of its sometimes exciting thy contempt; and all occasion of contempt should be as carefully avoided as of hatred, for qualities of an hateful aspect are not more surely calculated to interrupt connubial happiness.

Of the more volatile parts, which are generally comprehended under the name of wit, it is different; for these should be always in mediocrity, and not at the height of acuteness. Too sparkling, and too lively, she will attract observation and attentions, which may interfere with your mutual happiness; and if her wit be too visibly superior to thine own, she will be apt to exercise her talent at thy expense, and to thy uneasiness. For it is to be lamented how rarely acuteness of talent exists with judgment commensurate with it, and how rarely it is marked by forbearance and goodnature in its possessors.

I would rather that thy wife were marked by modesty, if at the expense of her wit, for modesty is an indispensable qualification, and a jewel which never tires the eye. There is a principle of modesty implanted in our being by the same hand which implanted our passions, and marked more strongly in the female sex than in the male, which it requires the grossest violation of nature, and the utmost blackness of depravity in us, to subdue or expel. Think not thyself the happier if thy wife has shown thee a preference, in regard of which modesty was overlooked; for if it be overlooked

towards thyself, there is always great danger that it will be forgotten towards others. The character which seems the most natural for women to be dressed in, in the relation which they bear to their husband, is that of lovely dependance. I mean that the woman of thy choice should have the kindness and delicacy of a female, that she should raise her eyes to thee, and place upon thee her whole reliance for protection and kindness. This should be accompanied with a cheerful frankness, the parent of confidence, and that unrestrained communication of thought and feeling which identifies the souls of man and wife as one. I will not omit to mention that thy nature, John, being pensive and thoughtful, it will best suit thee to meet with a cheerful and lively temper in thy wife. I affirm not that every one should look for a temper opposite to his own in these engagements: but I maintain that too thoughtful a frame of mind is liable to meet unhappiness, when unrelieved by cheerfulness and vivacity. She should be mistress of prepossessing manners and a gentle address, calculated not to strike but to please; and should be well tutored in the performance of those inferior civilities and attentions, which are scarcely less amiable than a habit of general benevolence. The qualities which I have prescribed imply an absence of all testiness and irritable feeling, which, under the best disposition, may embitter every kind of social life; of all coldness, which is the grave of love, and, radically, incompatible with the conjugal cha-

racter; and of the unfortunate failing of feminine loquacity, an exemption from which will be meritorious in proportion as the instances of it are uncommon. Testiness in a wife is calculated to irritate a man, coldness to alienate him, and loquacity to madden him.

Last, but not least in importance, let me advise thee first carefully to assure thyself of the state of thy beloved's affections as towards thyself, and to ascertain beyond the reach of doubt that she is well disposed towards thee. For it is observable that the greatest goodness may exist, and that both parties may be equally amiable and estimable, and still be wanting in this bias of their hearts towards each other. Young people are often deceived by warm feelings. There are flights and eccentric motions which imitate love, as there are meteors and shooting lights which represent stars; but they are equally fallacious, equally the phantoms of heat, and equally fugitive.

I have written fully to thee, and know not that I have any thing to add, but should I find any thing more to mention I will put it in the form of a postscript. That I wish thee every good that falls within the sphere of humanity thou can'st not doubt; and wishing that thou may'st well succeed in thy present search, and that God may direct thee to a wife amiable and virtuous, and possessing all the qualities I have above described, I subscribe myself, esteemed kinsman John, thy friend,

JACOB WEAVERS.

Sur l'appuis du monde
Que faut-il qu'on fût
L'Espoir ?
Cette mer profonde,
En debris féconde,
Fait voir
Calme au matin; mais l'onde,
Et l'orage y gronde
Le soir !

On what can mortals here
Rest hope devoid of fear,
From danger free ?
The morning sun so fair
May show no sign of care
On the calm sea :
Before high noon is there
The storm has rag'd, and where
Can the proud fleet be ?

THE MISFORTUNES OF MONTAGUE.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

IT was in the delightful season of summer, when all nature was clad in her gayest attire, that I was spending a week at the residence of an intimate friend, who lived near one of the largest mercantile towns of this vast trading empire. Among the many diversions which his good nature devised for me, our passion for variety often extended to a ride in the beautiful park, which is but a few miles distant from the town. On one of these occasions, under the auspices of a cloudless sun, and the buoyancy derived from the western breeze, I was particularly charmed with the appearance of a handsome and superior looking horse at the distance of about an ordinary field from us, where neatness and gentility seemed the ruling deities. The windows, of which some were open to invite the restorative fragrance of the summer's gale, were ornamented with choice trees and green-house plants, tastefully selected and nicely arranged, while light folds of elegant drapery just appeared on each side, and were seen waving in the wind. A number of shrubs and climbing plants grew in the soil at the bottom, and extended their matted tendrils part of the way up the wall in front. The house was environed by extensive pleasure grounds, and by gardens laid out by the finger of taste, the intricacies of which were rendered for the most part impervious to the view of a distant beholder by the thick embowering shades of trees and shrubs that were interspersed in them. Among these umbrageous arcades there wound, in circles occasionally visible to the eye, broad gravel walks, whose sinuosities deceived the stranger with a double distance, and extended to the bottom of the garden, where the broad river that joins the sea rolled its purifying waters. Opulence seemed here to riot in exuberance, which was only controuled and corrected by the hand of taste, and which, combined with this, formed a delicate charm which was irresistible to the polished mind. Several airy figures in feminine attire were seen

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playing near the windows, and at times indulged, at times eluded with tantalizing uncertainty, the gaze of the beholder.

I pulled the reins of our horse, and stopped the gig in a position that allowed of my better contemplating the fascinating scene. "And whose house is that," I enquired, after a pause, of my entertainer, "which seems already to pronounce so favourably of its inhabitant?" "It is the house," said he, "of Mr. Montague, a ship-merchant, a gentleman of honourable extraction, whose dealings are as extensive as they are creditable. He is a man of exalted reputation in the public esteem, a person of highly cultivated mind, of great generosity of heart, and of a delicate urbanity of manners. He carries on, with a partner, the most comprehensive speculations on the basis of a well-founded credit; and the public streets, every day, present the appearance of numbers of his drays, conveying timber to and fro to the places for which they are destined. He has a family as amiable as himself; and for his serenity of disposition and domestic enjoyments, is at once the love and envy of all his neighbours." I paused after my friend's brief narrative; but it was only to dwell more at ease upon the fairy scene before me, and to imagine more nearly the gesture and manners of the man who was reported to be the happy possessor of the retreat. I thought I could never feast my eyes enough on so inviting a prospect, and felt an immoderate curiosity to become acquainted with the inmates of the mansion. As I reluctantly turned away my head, and slowly put the horse in motion, I mentioned to my friend, whose name was Herbert, the wish that was uppermost in my breast. He almost anticipated it, and proffered his services to introduce me personally to the family, with which, he said, he was well acquainted. Our ride that morning was soon at an end, and in the short space of a few days Herbert fulfilled his promise, and I was admitted to

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the intimacy of the venerated Montague and his amiable consort and family. I found a man strong in his integrity, solid in his information, clear in his conclusions, liberal in his views, frank in his communications, and gentlemanly in his address. His wife was all that sweetness of temper and delicacy of thought can picture to the imagination of a lovely woman, wedded to the affections of her husband. The family then consisted of three daughters, of whom two were nearly of the same age, being about fifteen, and nearly equal in beauty and accomplishments; and if a preference of the creature to the creator could ever be pardonable, one might find in them an excuse for youthful idolatry. His style of entertainment was liberal, yet decorous and prudent; his furniture was handsome but plain; his demeanour open but venerable.

Among those who had a place at his table at this time was a young gentleman named Henry Charleton, a frequent but welcome visitor, whose parents lived in a distant part of the country. He was at that period of life when the green bloom of boyhood begins to be embrowned with the sun of opening youth; when the body revels in elasticity, and the mind feels with trembling consciousness the expansion of its faculties on a new and interesting scene. His temper was naturally cheerful, and his spirits displayed themselves in incessant sallies of mirth, not less pleasing to the old than to the younger members of the family. They were generally, indeed, addressed to the latter, and principally to the two young ladies I particularised, whose years and ideas alike corresponded with his own. But his good nature was dispensed with so impartial an equality to both of these, that it was scarcely possible to tell, to which his young heart preponderated; nor is the reader likely to derive any assistance in his conjectures from a more particular description of them. Evelina was the eldest, and, of the two, in manner, more gentle and tender; but still her cheek glowed with a rather brighter tint than that which enlivened her sister's. She had dark black hair, and a jet black eye,

whose brilliant orb swam in circles of liquid crystal, and pierced the hearts of all she looked on with a keen and sudden pleasure. Her figure was not tall but elegant, and her person in general was small but symmetrical. Grace had stamped her signet on every limb and every gesture. Marietta was much of the same size, and only appeared so far different in constitution as her complexion was rather more delicate; but in all things besides she seemed no other than a twin sister of Evelina. Her cheek showed more of the lilly than the rose, and her hair was of a bright shining glossy brown. She was less frank in her manner, and had a little more dignity in her demeanour. Her temper was not less sweet, but her disposition was more energetic and resolute. Each was formed to be the favourite of one of two men, between whom a slight diversity of inclination prevailed. The lover, fondest of softness and diffidence, would attach himself to Evelina; while he, who preferred spirit with virtue, would bow to the influence of Marietta. Expanding youth had already smoothed their cheeks with the down of his wing, and new-inspired emotions lent a shade of blushing fervour to their skin. Both possessed ears delicately attuned to the sounds of music, both touched with magic softness the piano-forte, and accompanied its liquid notes with the richer melody of their enchanting voices. Evelina, indeed, exceeded her sister in the one accomplishment of fingering the harp with an air and manner, that pictured to the mind the vision of some angelic minstrel. In all other perfections they appeared to be equally distinguished: in the art of embroidery, in all the niceties of the needle, in drawing, in writing, they advanced step by step to the climax of excellence.

I could perceive that the parents doted on these two blooming scions with a fondness that prudence could scarcely controul. The mother embarked in them all her hopes of happiness, the father looked to them for the solace and blessing of his declining years. All that ingenuity could devise, and kindness execute, was done to increase the satisfac-

tion and facilitate the improvement of the two sisters. In affection to their parents they were mutually emulous, nor was any inequality of interest observable in the good offices with which they rewarded the attentions of their playful visitor. I was one who soon contracted a friendship with the young aspirant, in which disparity of years was entirely overlooked. As I had the good fortune to effect a favourable impression on the various members of the family, I received an invitation, with my friend Herbert, to continue my visits while I staid; so that I was several times again under Mr. Montague's roof, and in truth was much influenced by this circumstance in prolonging my stay in the neighbourhood. Our time generally passed in innocent diversions within the house when the weather was unfavourable, and in the open air when the season tempted us to enjoy the freshness of the breeze. At the bottom of the garden, and on the edge of the river, there stood a summer-house built with every view to convenience, in which the young ladies often came to sit, bringing with them their sewing or the materials for writing, or practising together the melodious inflexions of their fine voices. Hither young Charleton and myself attended them, fond of being satellites within their radiation, and amused them with reading alternately from some favourite book, or dwelt with them on the rich empurpled beauties of the country, or the still and glowing effulgence of the summer's sky. On one of these occasions, when we were collected in the summer-house, among other subjects upon which the conversation turned, a suggestion was started by my young friend Henry in the innocent ebullition of his gallantry, that myself and he should each make some present to the two young ladies, to be retained by them as a remembrance of the happy meetings with which accident had embellished the morning of our lives. I hailed the suggestion with enthusiasm, and waited not a moment after the termination of our conversation ere I accompanied my young friend to the different shops of ornamental articles in the town. Our choice, after long examination

and scrutiny, was at last made at the cabinet-makers, by our purchasing two handsome red morocco work-boxes, surmounted on small embossed feet, and richly ornamented with gold. A neat plate of silver-gilt on the top of each work-box bore, in tasteful characters, the respective names of *Evelina* and *Marietta Montague*. We presented one of these to each of the two young ladies, and received a more than proportionate reward in the delicate thanks and chaste blushes, which they produced.

But the time for my departure arrived. With heart dejected I paid a last visit to take leave of my new acquaintances, and parted from them at length with mingled admiration and regret. I already felt a congeniality of soul with the worthy Mr. Montague, a sincere respect for his lady, and a kind of paternal affection for the daughters; and I even anticipated a future period, when I might see the sprightly Charleton claiming the hand of one of these as the reward of his long and well-tried attachment.

Several years elapsed, and I was whirled with the rest of men in the vicissitudes of human affairs, which introduced me to many new friends, and separated me from many old ones. I did not within that time re-visit my friend Herbert, nor did I see any thing more of Mr. Montague or his family. The business I had engaged in led me to perform frequent voyages to and from my native country, and in returning on the last of these, after encountering the perils of a tremendous storm, we were thrown much out of our course homeward; and compelled to put in at another sea-port, higher on the coast than the one we intended. This proved to be the same town where I had before formed my delightful acquaintance, and which I beheld at present on that account with stronger emotions of pleasure. It was now the month of October, when, after coming into the docks, and repairing the injury done to my dress, I had my horse landed that I might ride into the town to find an inn agreeable to my wishes. The evening was advancing with its blue autumnal mists, and as my thoughts were a little dejected by

what had past, and the shades of parting day inclined to melancholy, I rode but slowly on, since I was conscious of no cause to excite my diligence. The town, though really populous, appeared comparatively desolate; and I seemed to have the undisputed enjoyment of the public way, when on proceeding through one of the largest streets I observed before me a collection of people, who were anxiously pressing for admittance into one house. Importance or concern was depicted on the visages of all, and I made haste to inquire the cause of the assemblage from a respectable old man who stood on the edge of the causeway, only deterred from joining the throng by the violence of the pressure. "In that house," said he, "they are proceeding to sell by auction the goods of a respectable but unfortunate man, which have been removed hither from his family residence. All the town sympathize in his misfortunes, and would gladly alleviate them. Many are now pressing into the room from a better motive than curiosity, and wish by their numbers and emulation to raise the prices of the articles, and improve the sale." I was unconsciously interested in his humane narration, and, feeling myself at liberty to follow the bent of my inclination, I put up my horse at a neighbouring inn, and joining the crowd on foot, gained access into the sale-room. I gazed about for some time with the listlessness and dull surprise of a stranger, nor was my attention much arrested by several articles of furniture which I saw sold. At length the auctioneer's assistant handed to him something which drew forth a general buzz of commendation, and appeared to bear promise of greater value. Immediately a faint voice, tremulous with age and indicative of rustic artlessness, exclaimed with emotion, "those are not to be sold, sir," and I beheld the two morocco work-boxes which young Charleston and myself had presented to the Miss Montagues. Imagination can scarce grasp the extent of misery that shot through my bosom, at thus seeing the certain signs of the ruin of my ancient friend. A trembling dizziness came over my eyes, and with

difficulty I gained the door to escape the astonished gaze of the bystanders. I then ran with the speed of lightning to the residence of my friend Herbert, impetuously rang the bell, and, on meeting him at the door, poured out my full griefs into his bosom. I found young Charleston already in his house, where he was staying; they were conscious of the whole calamity, and, the moment they saw the cause of my emotion, acknowledged the empire of sympathy, and mixed their sorrows with my own. Tears indeed were denied me, but sighs and regrets depicted the agitation of my soul. When I regained a degree of composure I took my seat beside them, while Herbert briefly recapitulated the events that led to the lamented crisis.

"About two years," said he, "after your departure, while Mr. Montague was basking in the sun of opulence, rich in the tribute of every man's esteem, and richer still in the smiles and affection of his family, the bolt of destruction was levelled at his house, and his eldest daughter Evelina fell a sacrifice to consumption. This was indeed a heavy blow, and almost bowed Mr. Montague to the earth, while his wife gave herself up to the tyranny of desperation, and remained for a whole day under a total alienation of mind. But the cup of their misery was not yet full, and they were doomed again to stoop beneath the rod of afflicting providence. Among those who waited most on the dying Evelina, and who felt more or less the ill effects of their attention, Marietta had been foremost in all the assiduities of love, and it was perceived that the viper had fixed his rapacious fangs on her heart. The long confinement to Evelina's room also injured the health of the delicate Mrs. Montague, but her frame appeared by degrees to rise superior to the attack. It was not so with Marietta. A slight, short cough first attracted the notice of her friends, and presented the earliest symptoms of approaching danger, and she was now gnawed with the worm of impaired consumption, and betrayed all the signs of declension which foreran the dissolution of her sister. The disease

gained strength, the difficulty of her breathing increased, the hectic pageant of counterfeited health seized on her cheek, and all the assembled powers of medicine proved unavailing to save her from the tomb. Within one year, the grave numbered among its victims two of the sweetest flowers that ever bloomed on English ground. I attended by permission the funeral of Marietta, the destitute mother standing over the grave with the leaden calmness of despair, seemed to expect, and even wish for, the blow that should consummate her own destruction. The father in silent agony cast his eyes to heaven, and tears were the only evidence of his suffering; but I saw that his heart was broken, and his spirit for ever subdued. I was not mistaken in my forebodings; this accumulation of sorrows struck deeply to his heart, and he languished several weeks in utter impotency of soul. This torpor, in a business so extensive as his, could not long exist without prejudice to it; and his wealth and commerce soon began to waste away under his fingers. What could be done? Exertion was the only refuge from ruin, yet of this he was incapable, and with mute and apathetic horror he saw all his worldly prospects, in two years, lessen entirely from his view. Enterprises stood still, demands increased, resources diminished, creditors grew clamorous, and at length one was persuaded to put the statutes of bankruptcy in force against him. This is the concise history of his woes: he still lives in the beautiful house you so much admired, but it is only by permission, and he will soon be compelled to remove and seek out a smaller." "Gracious Heaven!" I exclaimed, "thy dispensations are doubtless merciful, yet how inscrutable are thy ways. Is human felicity a good so essentially opposed to duration that when it bears the promise of too settled a continuance, thy mercy to man calls upon thee to remove the tempting object out of his sphere? Lend us a portion of thine own spirit to bear thy chastisements with resignation, and in thy severest dispensations to discover a parental hand." "Your

reflections are just," rejoined Herbert: "either the goodness of these two young creatures was too dazzlingly pure to remain longer with safety in the world, or the attachment of their parents to them had grown to such a height that it threatened to divert and estrange their affections entirely from heavenly objects: in either of these events Providence was wise in interposing its hand. But come, the moon is risen and lends us a mournful light; let us all three go and take a melancholy look at his once happy mansion. I know it is an occupation that will harmonize with your feelings, and I cannot offer you at present one more suitable." "You read my very soul," said I, "that is the utmost of my wishes: I would fain indulge with you and Mr. Charleton in one more placid contemplation of the blissful scene ere the house becomes the property of another." We walked accordingly by the nearest way to the park: our steps were slow, and our conversation sparing. In a short time we drew near the chief aspect of the house, and here we made a pause, while my two friends left me for a few moments to learn of some of the domestics at the back whether our observations were likely to be noticed in front. While they were gone on the errand I was hurried by the recklessness of my feelings to walk rapidly across the ground before the house, with my eyes fast rivetted on the windows. By the changing light of the moon I saw the form of some object in the drawing-room window; it stood motionless, and I stopped also. I recognised the wasted features of the venerable Montague, and, tremulous as was the light, I perceived that he too was struck with the remembrance of mine. I saw, at the moment of his observing me, the sigh that laboured in his breast; I beheld his quivering lip, his eye upturned to heaven, and the distressed contortion of his features. I saw him turn with agonized precipitation from the window; I felt a sympathetic dimness swim over my eyes; and, covering my face with my hands, I burst into tears.

CRATONIDES.

SKETCHES OF POPULAR PREACHERS.

(Continued from page 219.)

THE VERY REV. GERARD ANDREWES, D. D.

DR. ANDREWES is the Dean of Canterbury, and the Rector of Saint James's, Westminster. When we contemplate an oak, whose withered branches and decaying leaves proclaim that it is rapidly verging towards that state of nothingness to which the irrevocable fiat of nature consigns her material existences,—when we remember that it has reared its head in proud defiance of the storm, that it has expanded into beauty beneath the warm touch of the bright vivifier of nature, that it has afforded shelter and protection to myriads of living things, and that its glory is now passing rapidly away with every wind of heaven, we sigh with regret over the victim to the corroding influence of time, and are sorry that our power avails nothing to arrest the progress of the destroyer.

If such are the sensations produced by beholding the approaching extinction of mere vegetable existence, how much more intense a character do they assume, when we view the decline of a human being whom we have admired and valued in the zenith of life; who has contributed to the extension of truth, the advancement of morality, and the increase of religion; who has employed the best powers of his intellect in checking the progress of whatever is erroneous in opinion, or pernicious in practice. Such a man is Dr. Andrewes. Placed in a situation, to fulfil the duties of which required the energies of a gifted mind, discharging those duties with zeal and assiduity, he must have proved heaven's instrument of good to numbers of his fellow creatures; many who are now sleeping in the dust, could they speak from the grave, would attest the benefits he has conferred, while many who are living probably remember with gratitude the lessons of virtue he has taught. Dr. Andrewes's mind is of that species which consists in the equal

counterpoise of its faculties to each other, and not in the high elevation of any one of them above the rest. His sermons are not distinguished for pathos, sublimity, or the loftier graces of eloquence, but embody the conceptions of a sensible and cultivated intellect. His explanations of Scripture satisfactorily and ingeniously elucidate what is difficult or obscure, and are strictly consonant with the doctrines of the Church of England. He preaches more to the understanding than the heart, and consequently more frequently succeeds in convincing the judgment, than in interesting the feelings. His discourses have a direct tendency to improve the morality of his hearers, to render them more solicitous to discharge their different relative duties, more anxious to curb into submission the passions which incite them to transgress. His language, which is plain and simple, often exhibits vigour of thought and force of expression. His deportment is earnest, animated, and energetic; it apparently originates in a deep conviction of the truth and importance of the cause to which he is devoted. His voice is clear, harmonious, and well modulated; his enunciation distinct.

He reads well; his emphasis is so pointed, and at the same time so correct, that he invariably places the sense of what he is reading in the most obvious point of view, and presents beauties to his hearers which they had probably never before observed; in this respect he certainly has no superior. One defect attends both his reading and preaching, I mean too great rapidity of utterance; I am convinced that this is the effect of inadvertence, and not of a determination to hurry through the sacred duties he is performing; for it is impossible, even for a moment, to divorce the idea of piety from Dr. Andrewes.

THE REV. JOHN DANIEL HASLEWOOD, A. M.

THERE is an excellence which consists in the absence of defects ; which, though it demands no admiration for the splendour of its genius, and arrogates no homage for its pre-eminent talent, yet presents a picture where the colours are so beautifully blended, and the finishing is so perfect, that the eye of the critic reposes on it with pleasure, even though it presents no claim to rank in the higher departments of the art. The Rev. J. D. Haslewood, the Minister of Bedford and of Margaret Chapels, is of this class of excellence ; he is calculated to excite esteem and respect rather than delight ; to impress on his hearers the conviction that the component parts of his intellect harmonise so well with each other, that the absence of what is brilliant is neither felt nor acknowledged. The tone of his voice is remarkably beautiful, and, though not powerful or capable of great variety in its modulations, it falls like music on the ear,—a sweet unbroken stream of harmony. It is impossible to listen to Mr. Haslewood, either in the desk or pulpit, without the conviction gradually stealing on the mind that he is unaffectedly pious, mild, gentle, and serene in his deportment. The ordinances of religion derive additional attractions from his ministration, especially when we remember it is that religion alone which has imparted so pure a spirit of devotion.

Among the various weapons which an orator selects to attain the end he has in view, the one Mr. Haslewood employs is persuasion ; while some are content to address the understanding only, and think that by winning the judgment they have achieved the victory they desired, he endeavours to subdue the heart and the affections, to attach them to Christianity by indissoluble ties, to separate them from earth and its disquietudes, to elevate them, purified by faith, to heaven. Destined to exercise a gentle mastery over the mind he does not appear endowed with the qualities necessary to constitute an acute reasoner ; his intellect is not cast in that gigantic mould which appears formed ex-

pressly to combat with, and conquer all that is vast or difficult in human attainments, but it comprises qualities adapted to render him a valuable Minister of Christianity. He exhibits the correctness of his judgment in various ways ; he avoids the thorny path of religious controversy, and confines himself to the fertile and productive field of practical divinity ; he softens guilt to contrition by touching delineations of the mercy and goodness of God, by representing the misery consequent upon a life of crime, even when considered only in reference to its results on the different parts which compose the social system ; by exposing the enchainning tendency of procrastination, which rivets more firmly the fetters which it promises, but promises in vain, to break.

Those of Mr. Haslewood's hearers who have found this world a vale of tears, who have beheld each ray of light disappear from the horizon, and have watched the departure of the last fading beam even of hope itself, must have imbibed patience and resignation from many of his discourses ; imbued as they are with the spirit of genuine Christianity they must have fallen upon the sorrowing mind like dew upon the desert, like the breath of spring upon the plant which has drooped beneath the violence of the winter's storm. They enforce submission upon the principle that evil is the inevitable result of the present constitution of sublunary things, "that by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made bitter," that the Divine Author of our religion endured without a murmur every species of suffering incident to mortality.

One of Mr. Haslewood's chief merits is that he is a practical preacher ; he constantly endeavours to render the morality of his congregation more consonant with the principles they profess ; he imperceptibly wins the mind to love and admire what is good, though the frailty of one's nature, and the force of long indulgence in habits of evil, may frequently retard, and even prevent the performance of it.

His pathos is simple and unaffected, and therefore appeals strongly

to the feelings when it is employed in depicting the misfortunes of life, and in soothing the mind to acquiescence under the afflicting dispensations of heaven.

As a reader Mr. Haslewood is serious and devout; indeed, his whole deportment is that of a man deeply conscious of the importance of religion.

His language is elegant but not forcible, smooth and harmonious but not energetic; his style is easy and natural without being familiarly colloquial. Possessing taste and discrimination his sermons are free

from the inaccuracies which sometimes characterize the productions of the first order of talent when destitute of these qualifications; he is, in every sense of the word, a Christian Preacher; he resorts to the Gospel for his principles, his determinations, his encouragements,—and, consequently, as the well is pure, so must the stream be which is drawn from it, and which is sent forth to irrigate and refresh, to produce fertility and beauty, wherever its influence shall extend.

CRITICUS.

THE ORPHAN.

CAN I describe the hapless Orphan's state
Who yet possess a tender parent's care,
While with fond hopes I feel my heart elate
Can I describe the feeling of despair?

The sable garb is but the sign of woe,
But deep short sighs are language of the heart;
Those swollen eyes, whence tears ne'er cease to flow,
Proclaim how deep has sunk pale sorrow's dart.

Each room, each object, serves but to recall
Some fond caress by those dear friends bestowed:
A lonely mourner, now bereft of all,
She feels of grief the agonizing load.

No mortal here can fill a Father's place,
A Mother's fond affection none can show;
Beside their tomb she spends her youthful days,
Not heeds when night approaching bids her go.

And, when returning to her once loved home,
No tender parent's voice salutes her ear;
Sighing she seeks her solitary room,
And on her pillow sheds her bitterest tear.

The kiss, the blessing, that she once received,
The kind good night, pronounced with fondest love,
Are her's no longer—of her all bereaved
She feels how slow the tedious minutes move.

But wretched mourner, to thy Bible turn,
Nor longer give to grief thy lonely hours;
Go,—seek Religion's aid, and of her learn
The sacred comforts that thy Father pours.

Nay,—start not at a Father's much loved name,
Nor heave that deep convulsive heartfelt sigh,
For thou canst now the gracious promise claim,
"Thy heavenly Father is for ever nigh;"

A few short years shall swiftly slide away,
And thou shalt bid this changing world farewell;
A glorious angel, not a lump of clay,
Thou with thy parents evermore shalt dwell.

MARIA ANNE.

MEMOIRS OF DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNERS.

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

(Continued from page 238.)

NAPOLEON, on his arrival at Paris, resumed that solitary or private mode of life which he had adopted on his return from Rastadt, and upon several other occasions. He seldom appeared in public, associated chiefly with men of science, and, if he dined with the Directors, it was *en famille*. He was obliged to accept the splendid fête which the Council gave him in the Temple of Victory, (St. Sulpice) but it was observed that he staid there but one hour, and then left the place in company with Moreau. The conspiracy against the Directory had now become general, and all classes anxiously directed their views towards Napoleon. Angereau and Bernadotte, the leaders of the democrats of the Menage, offered to place him at the head of the Government; Fouché and others entreated him to overthrow both the Directory and the Manège. Sieyes urged his putting himself at the head of the moderate party and establishing a free constitution. Barras, Monlins and Gohier, advised him to take the command of the army of Italy, dreading lest their ambitious views should be crushed by his superior genius. Napoleon, in the mean time, had well considered every circumstance, and was convinced that the Abbé Sieyes was the only person whose united honesty and wisdom rendered him worthy of confidence. On 8 Brumaire, Barras had entertained Napoleon at a dinner, and had in the most artful manner proposed to him plans which must ultimately have tended to the establishment of the power of Barras. Napoleon made little reply, but gave the Director that deep look which convinced him that his machinations were penetrated. From this entertainment Napoleon repaired to the Abbé Sieyes; Barras was informed of this visit and gave up all for lost. Napoleon and Sieyes had fixed their operations for the 15 to 20 Bru-

maire. On 15 Brumaire, Napoleon again conferred with Sieyes, and they fixed on the 18th for effecting the Revolution.

The garrison of Paris had served with Napoleon in Italy, and the forty-eight Adjutants of the Sections of Paris were of his nomination. At break of day on 17, the Commander, the garrison, and the forty-eight Adjutants of the Sections, were invited to repair at seven o'clock the next morning to the *Rue Chanteraine*. Every officer on whom Napoleon could depend was also invited, and so little was the plan known that most of them conceived that Napoleon was about to take his departure for the army of Italy. Moreau and Macdonald had offered to contribute to the plot; at the appointed hour all were assembled, and Napoleon was led forth by his brother Joseph. At half after eight a messenger from the Council of Ancients brought a decree of the Council to Napoleon; it constituted him Military Commander of Paris, and invited him to repair the next day to the Council. He read this decree to the assembled military and the air was rent with *Vive la République* and *Vive Buonaparte*; Napoleon made an energetic address to the military, and repaired to the Council with the chief of his staff. He addressed them with vigour and received their plaudits. He immediately reviewed the troops; 10,000 men occupied the Thuilleries under General Lannes. The command of the Luxembourg was given to Milhaud, that of the Palace de Cinq-cent to Murat, whilst Marmont commanded the artillery; Moreau served as Napoleon's Aid-de-Camp. At ten o'clock the Directory were astonished to find themselves divested of all power as if by magic. They sent their orders to General Lefevre, who, instead of obedience, replied that he was under the command of Napoleon; Moulins and two of the

Directors sent a detachment to the Luxembourg to destroy Napoleon, but they went over to their General. The next day Barras left Paris, and thus was overturned the Directory without scarcely violence or commotion. The minority of the Council of Ancients, and the majority of the Council of Five Hundred however repaired to St. Cloud, and were debating violently upon resisting this Revolution, when Napoleon himself with his Aid-de-Camps entered amongst the former Council, and in a vigorous speech evinced that he was determined to suppress their machinations. He next repaired to the Council of Five Hundred attended by only a few grenadiers. He was immediately assailed by the cries of the whole Assembly; the Deputy Destren struck him upon the shoulder, Bigounet seized him by the arms, but General Lefevre with a few grenadiers precipitately entered the hall and rescued their General. Lucien Buonaparte was President of the Council of Five Hundred, but it was in vain that he attempted to be heard in defence of his brother. The Council ordered him to put the question, whether Napoleon should be declared out of the protection of the law; he refused obedience and abdicated the tribunal. The Chamber was infuriated, but fortunately at this moment a piquet of grenadiers entered and rescuing Lucien bore him out of the Assembly. He immediately mounted his horse and addressed the troops in a violent philippic against the Council. But the Council had chosen another President and were proceeding to protest against the usurpation of Buonaparte; Napoleon informed of the fact, dissolved the Council by Military force. The members were to the last resolute in their proscription of Napoleon, and their entrance into the capital was prevented by Fouché and the Police, for fear of their exciting the multitude to rebellion. The Council of Five Hundred being dissolved, Lucien repaired to that of the Ancients and proposed the formation of a new Council. His plans were adopted; the Buonapartists of the Ancients assembled as a Council, expelling the sixty-one members who opposed the innovations. They voted the

abolition of the government by a Directory and nominated a commission to revise the Constitution with an executive commission consisting of Sieyes, Roger-Ducos and Napoleon. These Councils took their oaths of office, swearing to acknowledge "the sovereignty of the people, that the republic was one and indivisible, and to preserve liberty, equality and a representative system." As if to shew the abyss of perfidy and meanness to which political assemblies can descend, this Council of Ancients, at the dictation of their rulers, came to a vote that the General and soldiers who had dissolved them by violence and military outrage "had deserved well of their country." The Executive Triumvirate met for the first time at the Luxembourg. "Which of us is to preside?" asked l'Abbe Sieyes. "You see clearly, that it is the General who presides," satirically answered Roger-Ducos; and Sieyes, struck with the truth, declared to the persons assembled "You have at last got a Master: he knows every thing, he does every thing, and is capable of all things." It is singular to reflect that so thorough a revolution in a popular government could be effected in a few days, amidst the most excitable and at that time the most sanguinary people on earth, and by a man whose impetuosity seemed to put all prudence and subtle contrivances at defiance—so admirably could Napoleon adapt himself to circumstances. Happy had it been for France if all her political regenerators had been as successful in avoiding bloodshed as Napoleon—happy had it been for the human race had Napoleon devoted his genius to the establishment of freedom instead of prostituting it to the vulgar shrines of military glory and personal ambition; how narrow are the views of even the most mighty intellects;—how frail are all their calculations when they swerve from morality. The sole incentive of Napoleon's actions was the admiration of after ages; had he established a thoroughly free government over France, had he administered it with virtue proportionate to his genius, he might have been the sole great character in history; now he will shine only as the Cesar, the Hanni-

bal, or the Alexander of his age; greater than they in degree, but specifically the same. There is one character in human nature which has never yet been filled—but for ambition, that character might have been filled by Napoleon.

Europe was destined to feel at its inmost core the effects of Napoleon's success in this memorable revolution. Superiority appeared inherent in the nature as well as in the destiny of Buonaparte. Created consul, he assumed the sole reins of government, and his two companions appeared astounded by his genius, and yielded their power to him, as if he had been created for its exercise. The truth of history compels us to acknowledge that at this epoch, upon which the whole subsequent career of Buonaparte depended, his intentions were decidedly patriotic and conscientious; and all the miseries which afterwards befel Europe arose from the bigotry, folly and corruption of the enemies of France. Napoleon began his government by purifying the institutions of his country, by administering his powers with vigour and integrity, and his object was evidently to establish freedom upon the basis of wisdom and virtue. He made an effort to obtain from Europe an acknowledgment of that obvious principle that has recently been avowed by our own cabinet, that every nation has the sole right of regulating its internal affairs. But, alas! Europe was bent upon supporting antiquated prejudices, and systems which had ceased to be applicable to the state of mankind; because France had thrown off her odious and corrupt system of government, surrounding courts conceived her to be out of the pale of civilization, and because she had committed excesses in the struggle, they endeavoured to appear as knight-errants in the cause of humanity; they refused all alliance with the new government, and Napoleon, thus put at bay, turned like a lion upon his assailants. What mortal is proof against the intoxication of success; victory followed victory; the battles of antiquity faded into insignificance; war became the element of the hero; the patriotism and integrity of Napoleon faded before the

radiance of martial glory, and thus was the human race sacrificed to that military mania of Buonaparte which had been engendered, fostered and matured by the criminal propensities of the governments of Europe.

The effect of Buonaparte's supremacy acquired by this revolution was like magic; tumultuous mobs were suppressed; the decisions of the law courts became respected; the payments of the government became regular; private property was rendered inviolable; the details of the public departments exhibited regularity and dispatch; all the ancient costumes of the public functionaries, and the affected nummeries of antiquity were supplanted by objects purely national. Commerce, trade and industry seemed to revive; and the imbecile tyranny of the Bourbons, and the horrors of the revolution seemed to have suddenly faded into mere objects of memory. Nothing but peace was necessary to consolidate their blessings; Napoleon proposed a peace, but the war-cry of legitimacy was raised; peace was refused; and Napoleon resolved to conquer it with his sword.

He appointed Moreau to the command of the army of the Rhine and Danube; Massena was nominated to that of Italy. He proposed an exchange of prisoners with the English, pacified the Vendéans, protected the proscribed and persecuted, and liberated from the jails all the victims of party-rage and political fury. The ferocious and unprincipled Fouché was obliged to humanize his system of police. The Revolution of the 18 Brumaire had been effected by borrowed money; this loan was repaid, and an equitable system of finance superseded the former spoliation and extortion. But the climax of Napoleon's admirable qualities, displayed at this juncture, was his assembling the most eminent juriconsults of every party to devise an equitable code of laws. Such was his impartiality and spirit of conciliation, so completely was ability the passport to employment, that this commission comprehended Trouchet, the defender of Louis XVI., and the sagacious, but violent Conventionalist, Merlin.

Napoleon himself discussed and voted upon every material article of this celebrated code, thus uniting in himself the qualities of a Justinian and a Cæsar.

The constitution of the year eight appointed Napoleon First Consul for ten years, associating with him Cambaceres and Le Brun. It constituted 1st, the Consulate, with the sole right of initiating laws; 2nd, the Tribunato to discuss them; 3rd, the Legislative body to enact laws, and the Senate as Conservators of the laws. There was also an executive Council under the presidency of the First Consul, the appointment and dismissal of the members being intrusted to the President. This constitution was submitted to the vote of the people, but it was observed that no mention was made in it of "the rights of man, the primary assemblies of the people, the liberty of the tribunes, or the liberty of the press;" the four great rallying points of the Revolutionists. It is obvious that this constitution threw the whole executive and legislative power into the hands of Napoleon, who thus in one day saw himself invested with all the prerogatives of the descendants of the Capets. He inhabited the Thuilleries, the palace of a long race of kings, and in removing into it from the Luxemburg he gave a grand military fête which surpassed the magnificence of the former kings of France. The word citizen became disused, and all the negligence of dress and coarseness of manners affectedly assumed by the republicans justly sunk into contempt. He altered the whole course of administering justice, by abolishing the old district courts, and establishing courts for each new arrondissement; each department had a criminal court, and the whole of France was divided into twenty-five "*courts d'appel*," or districts possessing courts of appeal. Napoleon gave a constitution to Switzerland, opened relations with the United States of America, and cited the Senate of Hamburg to appear before him and answer for their having yielded to the English those Irish refugees who had sought their hospitality, and who were under the protection of France.

But Napoleon's efforts to obtain peace were fruitless. England had excited a coalition between Austria, Bavaria, and Turkey against France; and these powers, having unfortunately preached a sort of Crusade against the French Revolution, gave the war a national character, and united every class of Frenchmen to Buonaparte. The excessive cruelty of the King of Naples had disposed his subjects rather to wish than to dread a foreign invasion; and the barbarity of Austria to those parts of Italy, which General Melas had reconquered from the French, had rendered her Italian subjects at best indifferent to her cause. But for these barbarities of the Courts of Vienna and Naples, it is thought that Napoleon might have found it difficult to raise any force sufficient to reconquer Italy. But the Italians were goaded by their rulers to wish for his approach, and he marched towards Italy at the head of 100,000 men, furnished with 40,000 horses, and the best train of artillery that France had ever carried into the field. Denmark, Sweden, and Prussia were neuter, whilst Russia had declared war against Austria.

But Napoleon's movements threw the cabinet of Vienna into the utmost state of perplexity as to the theatre of the war. The French reserve was concentrated upon Dijon, and the forces were assembled at a point equidistant from Basle, Martigny, and Chambray, so that the attention of Austria was distracted from the Var, where Melas at the head of 150,000 victorious troops was about to fall upon the 25,000 dispersed French, commanded by Massena. Napoleon's plan was that of Hannibal against Rome, and that of Scipio against Carthage. He determined to relieve Massena by striking at once into the heart of the Austrian possessions. His object was to possess himself of the two basins of the Po and Danube. The Directory had extended their line of operation from Holland to the Var, Napoleon's object was to concentrate his movements. By assembling his forces between the Rhine and Rhone, he separated the two Austrian armies of the Rhine and of Italy, and commanded an entrance into Switzerland. Massena commanded on the Var; Berthier,

at Dijon; and Moreau commanded on the Rhine, with his right on Switzerland; so that it appeared that Napoleon's designs were all against Germany, and that the affairs of Italy were to be neglected. Napoleon ordered Moreau to make certain movements, which put him in possession of the defiles of the Black Forest, and separated the Germans under General Kray from the army of Melas. Napoleon in the Tuilleries was enjoying the errors and perplexities which these dispositions and manoeuvres occasioned to the enemy, and to his own generals, for none but Moreau was in the secret of his real intentions. At length the army marched from Dijon upon Geneva, and Moreau's victories of Engen, of Stokach, of Moeskisch, of Biberach, and of Meningen, were the appointed signals for Buonaparte's leaving Paris. Whilst Europe imagined him engaged in establishing his government in the French capital he suddenly arrived at Geneva, and immediately directed his force towards the Po, between Milan, Genoa and Turin, making the backs or southern bases of the Simplon and St. Gothard the line of his operations. Moreau was to hold General Kray in check upon the Rhine, whilst Napoleon was to surprise the passes of the Alps, and to fall upon the rear of Melas, whose forces were extended from Genoa to the Var, and who was farther weakened by his efforts to keep Lombardy in subjection. Napoleon transported his army and artillery over the crest of the Alps, 7,200 feet above the level of the sea, over tremendous rocks, through the eternal snows, and by paths over which the foot of man had probably never trod. Infantry, cavalry, baggage, and cannon were transported over this mountain of St. Gothard, and the sight of all the panoply and circumstance of war on this cloud cap mount must have been one of the most sublime sights imaginable. Melas was yet on the Var when he was astounded by the reports that the French were descending to the south of the Simplon, St. Gothard, and Mount Cenis; Massena and Suchet defended themselves with the greatest heroism at Genoa, knowing that Buonaparte relied upon their

making a desperate resistance. In short, the position of Melas was completely turned, whilst that of Napoleon was invulnerable. The day of passing the Alps the city of Aoste was taken, but the great difficulty was to pass the fort of Bard before Melas should be aware of his approach. This fort was too strong to capture, but Napoleon ordered the roads to be strewed with litter, and the wheels of the gun-carriages to be bound with hay-bands, and he thus passed during the night, under the guns of the fort without being perceived. This defile passed, Yver with its citadel was captured after two days resistance, and 10,000 men from the army of Melas were overthrown at the passage of the Chiusella. Buonaparte thus opened to himself the plains of Piedmont, and established his line of strategy on the Po, between the mouth of the Tesin and the confluence of the Tenaro and Bormida. He occupied Pavia; in which he found 200 pieces of cannon, and on the 2nd of June he entered Mantua, where they had but just learnt of his intended invasion of Piedmont. He reorganised the Cisalpine Republic, possessed himself of Bergamo, Crema, and Cremona, and drove General Loudon as far as Brescia. Melas seemed unable to penetrate Buonaparte's designs, and who, taking advantage of his inactivity, possessed himself of the points near Stradella on the Po, points which, of all others, it was necessary for Melas to have fortified. The Austrians were now hemmed in to a degree that compelled them to risk a battle, and they were defeated at Montebello with a loss of 8,000 men; but this was only a prelude to the great battle of Marengo. On the 13th June Napoleon, being joined by Dessaix from Egypt, took his position between the river Bormida and the village of Marengo.

On the 14th Napoleon was attacked by Melas; Victor's corps was driven back on the right, and Lannes, after a partial success, was obliged to fall back by the movement of Victor; but it was essential for Napoleon to support his position on the right, and as necessary for Melas to carry it. Napoleon suddenly poured his guards upon this point, and this corps withstood every

attack of the enemy with a bravery that ever afterwards rendered it the glory of France. The battle was maintained several hours till the arrival of General Dessaix, when Buonaparte at five o'clock, perceiving that Melas had injudiciously weakened his left wing, ordered an attack on the enemy's line. Dessaix furiously charged 5,000 Austrian grenadiers, and was shot; the battle was equally maintained till Kellermann with the cavalry attacked these grenadiers on the flank, when they immediately surrendered. The Austrians now retreated, and Melas in vain attempted to keep possession of Marengo. The French pursued the Austrians till ten o'clock and as far as the Bormida, and the enemy lost 5000 killed, 8000 wounded, 7000 prisoners, 30 pieces of cannon and six pair of colours. The next morning, at break of day, Buonaparte attacked the *tête de pont* of the Bormida, but to his astonishment he received a proposal to treat from the enemy, and a few hours after Generals Berthier and Melas signed the famous convention of Alexandria which ceded to the French, with the exception of Mantua, the whole of Italy that Austria had wrested from them after Buonaparte's departure for Egypt; Lombardy, Piedmont and Liguria, with the twelve strong places that defended them, were yielded to the French; and the neutral line between the two armies was between the Mincio and the Chiave. Never did the Austrians fight with more determined valour than at Marengo, and it is to be observed that, at the time of treating, Melas was yet at the head of an army equally numerous with the French, and in possession also of all the strong posts and fortresses of Piedmont.

Napoleon occupied himself in organising the Cisalpine Republic, then leaving Suchet in command of Genoa, and placing Messina at the head of the army, he returned to Paris; Murat had been directed to march to the south and to restore the Pope. It was observed, on Buonaparte's attending at the celebration of the *Te Deum* at Milan, that it was the only religious ceremony he had participated in since his celebration of the anniversary of Mahomet.

The Emperor of Austria was scarcely more fortunate on the Rhine than on the Po; three days after the battle of Marengo, (19 June), Moreau won the victory of Hockstedt; the battle of Neuburg opened the heart of Germany to the French, and the capture of Feldkirch terminated the fine campaign of Moreau, placing his army in communication with that of Italy, and obliging General Kray to sue for an armistice.

On entering Paris on July 3, (1800) Buonaparte was received with enthusiasm; but a plot to assassinate him had been discovered by the Police, and the conspirators were brought to justice. Two months after (10 Oct. 1800,) he escaped the celebrated "Infernal Machine" which had been contrived for his destruction by the Chouan leaders.

In the mean time the Cabinet of Austria had disgraced General Melas for his armistice of Alexandria, as well as General Kray for forming the armistice of Hohenlinden with Moreau. Kray was superseded by the Archduke Ferdinand of 18 years of age under the tutelage of General Sauer, and the army was augmented to 150,000 men. That of Italy was increased to 80,000 men and placed under General Bellegarde; opposed to the first was Moreau, and to the latter General Brune, whilst MacDonald commanded an army of reserve at Dijon, with orders to pass the Alps immediately the armistice should be concluded. "You must not mind the long nights or the severity of the season," said Napoleon,—"An army can pass in any season wherever two men can stand a-breast." Moreau commenced the campaign by gaining the victory of Hohenlinden; 150 officers, 11,000 men, and 100 pieces of cannon were captured, and 6000 men were killed. The Archduke Ferdinand, a lad of 18, made a disorderly retreat, and Moreau at the head of 100,000 men was ordered by Napoleon to march upon Vienna and to dictate a peace in the German capital. The Archduke Ferdinand suffered defeat after defeat; and at length the Archduke Charles, always the last resource of the Austrians, having been in disgrace since the treaty of Campo Formio, was now appointed Gene-

ralissimo of the forces. The Archduke Charles saw that it was in vain to oppose the French, and he signed an armistice yielding all the Tyrol to his enemy. General Brun had succeeded over Bellegarde and had forced him to sign an armistice, giving up Mantua and every place of importance in the North of Italy; and Macdonald had surprised the enemy at Tarentum, so that in the depth of winter, in two months after the opening of the campaign, Austria had lost two large armies, had yielded up her strong places, and had submitted to the dictation of a conqueror at the gates of her capital. Such was the result of Napoleon's plan of the winter campaign of 1800. On February 9, 1801, the treaty of Luneville secured to France the entire left bank of the Rhine and confined the Austrians to the line of the Adige, who also acknowledged the Cisalpine, the Batavian and Helvetic republics, and ceded to France the whole of Tuscany. The news of the treaty arrived in Paris on Feb. 12, amidst the celebration of the carnival, and perhaps never was capital so thoroughly electrified with joy, even the most firm royalists and republicans were enthusiastic in their praises of the First Consul.

Napoleon bestowed Tuscany on the King of Spain in reward for the fidelity of his attachment to France. Murat liberated the Papal territories from the occupation of the Neopolitans, and continued the King of Naples on his throne solely at the entreaty of the Emperor of Russia. Portugal, the faithful ally of England, was invaded by Godoy, at the head of a Spanish army, and the peace he compelled the Portuguese to sign at Badajos procured him his celebrated title of Prince of Peace. England now was the only enemy unsubdued by the French, and all the ports of the Continent were shut against her. Napoleon now formed a coalition against Great Britain, of Russia, Prussia, Sweden and Denmark, but which was as rapidly dissolved by Lord Nelson at the battle of Copenhagen. He however still planned a naval war against this country. Russia possessed eighty-seven sail of the line and forty frigates; Sweden

eighteen sail of the line and four-teen frigates; France fifty-five sail of the line and forty-three frigates, and she had at her disposal the marine of Holland and of Spain. The Emperor Paul had agreed to invade India with an army of 70,000 French and Russians, and the troops were to rendezvous at Asterabad on the Caspian sea; but on March 24, 1801, the Emperor Paul was murdered in his palace in a manner shocking to humanity. Six days after this horrible event the English fleet entered the Baltic, from which Europe inferred that the assassination of the Emperor had been designed with the connivance of Great Britain. Preparations were made for the invasion of England from Boulogne, and Admiral Gauthame sailed from Brest with 5000 men for the relief of Egypt, but was obliged to take shelter in Toulon. A second attempt to relieve Egypt under Admiral Linois was equally unsuccessful; and 20,000 men, the remains of the army which Napoleon had twenty months before transported to the banks of the Nile, now surrendered to the English, and were conveyed to their native country according to the condition of their surrender. Napoleon signed a Concordat with the Pope, concluded a peace with Bavaria, and finally succeeded in his grand effort of obtaining a peace with Great Britain; the treaty of Amiens was signed on March 25, 1801, and in October following he signed treaties of peace with Russia and the Porte.

Napoleon on the 21st January 1802, constituted himself President of the Italian Republic. On 28th April he re-established the catholic worship throughout France. On 6th May a Senatus Consultum bestowed the first Consulate upon Napoleon for ten additional years. He established the Legion of Honor in reward for military or civil services rendered to the country. At length a question was suddenly proposed to the nation—"Shall Napoleon Buonaparte be first Consul for life?" and of 3,577,885 votes, 3,368,259 were in the affirmative. The constitution was in other respects materially altered. Elba and Piedmont were incorporated with France. Parma was seized upon

by the French troops. Switzerland was next invaded. Louisiana was sold by France to the United States of America, for fifteen millions of dollars. At length England, roused by such rapid strides of power, renewed the war. A conspiracy was formed in Paris to destroy the first Consul, and Moreau, Pichegru, and Georges Cadoudal, were the chief accomplices. Georges was condemned and executed. Pichegru was condemned to death, but was found in jail strangled with his neck-cloth. Moreau was personally admired and esteemed by the French; he defended himself with confidence, and was only banished. Napoleon had succeeded in gaining the attachment of the royalist-party in France, by the detection of the last conspiracy; the public solicitude for his prosperity was greatly increased, the army was devoted to his interest, and the whole nation was intoxicated by his brilliant successes, whilst the security he had given to property, by rescuing the country from anarchy and establishing a code of laws, had attached the upper classes to him by the

strongest of all human ties—the ties of interest. Thus circumstanced, it was with little difficulty that Napoleon effected his great object of destroying even the semblance of a Republican government, and of consolidating his already absolute power, by assuming the title and insignia of Royalty. We have thus traced this extraordinary character through a series of splendid achievements, which raised him from the station of a subaltern officer to the throne of the greatest empire that ever existed, excepting that of the Romans; and it must be apparent to every observer that as an Emperor he accomplished that; the very attempt at which would have stamped the proudest monarch of France with the stigma of insanity, rather than with the character of ambition. The empire of the Romans was more extensive than that of Napoleon, but the Roman empire was the work of ages, and of a long series of illustrious characters—whilst the empire of Napoleon was a structure raised by his own hands, and created in the space of a few years.

FRIENDSHIP.

Life's continual changes glide,
As shadows pass, or visions fade;
Then let endearing Friendship guide,
And lead me to some peaceful glade.

Mists of darkness may o'erspread,
Dim veils or vapours pour,
Then Friendship comes, by virtue led,
And smiles to bless the more.

Friendship like the violet blue,
Midst woods or gardens grown,
Disperses wide its fragrant hue,
Where'er its bud is blown.

By folly lull'd life slips away,
We mingle with the throng,
Enlivening friendship cheers the way,
Which slow-paced griefs prolong.

With friendship then I'll quit the way,
The busy troubled scenes of life,
And gently stray, beneath her sway,
From follies rife, from worldly strife.

R. E. I. I.

THE FINE ARTS.

SIR JOHN LEICESTER'S GALLERY.

THE annual exhibitions, which have for some years past taken place in the Gallery of the British Institution, of the works of the old masters afford some, although a very inadequate notion of the treasures of ancient art, which from time to time have found their way into this Kingdom; and are scattered in the palaces and mansions of their royal, noble and opulent possessors. There can be little doubt that if by any possibility they could be congregated, they would form a mass of testimony to the glories of long-departed genius, which, bold as the assertion may seem, it would be difficult, since the pillage of the Continent which was accumulated at the Louvre has been dispersed by restoration to its respective proprietors, for any single country in Europe to excel, either in extent or in quality.

It might naturally have been expected, that the sensibility to the beauties of art, of which this fact appears to manifest the presence, would, when combined with just and patriotic feeling, prompt the disposition to cherish by an honourable patronage the energies of our native and living artists. It might naturally have been expected that our men of rank and fortune would not content themselves with being the *laudatores temporis acti*; and that they would cheerfully perform one of the most sacred of their duties, that of seeking out contemporary talents, and affording them the warm and liberal encouragement, without which it is in vain to hope that the delicate qualities of taste and genius can ever be brought to a happy maturity. And yet it is a strange and melancholy truth, that, in the whole of this wealthy and populous empire, there is but one individual to whom it has occurred to build a private gallery, for the reception of British pictures exclusively. The

name of that individual is SIR JOHN FLEMING LEICESTER. He alone has proved his entire freedom from "that perverseness of taste, which refuses to be pleased with the efforts of genius, while the pleasure can be reciprocal; which affects apathy and indifference to all living merit, and disdains to bestow either praise or profit, till the one can be no longer heard, and the other no longer useful."*—Let us not be mistaken. We are far from being so unjust as to say that British art has not had many partial admirers and partial supporters; but we repeat that Sir John Leicester is the only individual of his station in society, who has made so spirited, so extensive, and so well-sustained an exertion in its favour.

About five years, we believe, have now elapsed since Sir John Leicester's Gallery, at his residence in Hill-street, Berkeley-square, was completed; and since, with a liberality honourable to himself, gratifying to his friends and the public, and advantageous to the artists of whose *chef d'œuvres* he had become the possessor, he adopted the practice of issuing a certain number of tickets of admission for a few successive Mondays in the spring. We have had the good fortune to be present on several of those occasions; among them, on one of the Mondays of the last month, and we must say that we never spent a morning more delightfully.

While the shaft and capital of this pillar of British *virtù* consist of the works of living artists, its pedestal is very justly constituted of the productions of their illustrious predecessors; by whom the foundations of the British school have been so broadly and firmly laid. Among these are Sir Joshua Reynolds, Wilson, Gainsborough, Romney, West, Opie, Louthborough, Hoppner, Morland, Harlowe, Devis, &c. Of the

* SHEE.

living artists, whose performances decorate this interesting gallery, the principal are Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir William Beechey, Turner, Thomson, Calcott, Howard, Hilton, Owen, Shee, Collins, Fuseli, Ward, Northcote, Barker, Atkinson, Leslie,* Williamson, Vincent, Bone, &c.

Under the circumstances of the case, any thing like minute criticism would be unpardonable; even were most of these beautiful pictures not already sufficiently known to the public. If, however, without entertaining the slightest invidious intention, we were to venture to select a few of those which appear to us to be the most fascinating, we think we should be induced to name the following:—

Boy and Grapes. SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.—Admirable in character, chiaro-scuro and colouring.

View on the Arno. WILSON.—There is perhaps no painter to whom so much rubbish has been falsely attributed by picture-dealers as to Wilson. This is a genuine and magnificent work, and is one of those which justly raised him to so high a rank among landscape painters.

Cottage Children. GAINSBOROUGH.—A most interesting rustic group.

Titania, the Changeling and Puck. ROMNEY.—An unfinished, but exquisite specimen of the peculiar qualities of Mr. Romney as an artist. The expressive witchery of Titania's glance is in his happiest manner; and the whole canvas glows with rich and splendid, but harmonious colour.

Musidora. OPIE.—The style of this, like that of most of Mr. Opie's works, is in strict analogy to the sterling English character; simple, firm, forcible, with an utter scorn of all trifling graces and intrinsic embellishment.

The Flight of Lot and his Daughters. WEST.—It is rarely that we meet with so successful a combination of figures and landscape. All the parts of the picture are in uni-

son. Every thing contributes to the impressive relation of one awful tale of terror.

Avalanche. LOUTHERBOURG.—The rich variety of Loutherbouurg's palette, and the bravura of his pencil, are here admirably exemplified.

Sleeping Nymph. HOPPNER.—This always appeared to us to be Mr. Hoppner's master-piece. We can scarcely persuade ourselves that breath does not actually issue from between those deliciously parted lips.

The Consolation. HARLOWE.—The melancholy and premature death of this young and promising artist at the very moment when his powers, matured by travel and observation, were beginning to unfold themselves, no doubt deprived his country of a rich harvest of pictorial fame; of which this graceful composition seemed to be a pleasing earnest.

Lady Leicester. SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.—One of the accomplished president's most elegant whole length portraits. It is not surprising indeed that he should exert himself on such an occasion.

Dutch Coast with Fishermen. TURNER.—Of its class we will venture to pronounce that there is nothing finer in existence, either of ancient or of modern art. It is in Mr. Turner's very best manner. With rather more of finish than is usual to his pencil, there is all the breadth, grandeur and attention to the *tout ensemble* by which this extraordinary artist is distinguished.

The Pleiades Disappearing. HOWARD.—Mr. Howard's poetical imagination and classical taste have here produced one of the most charming works of the British school. Well do we recollect the delight with which we first viewed it at one of the exhibitions at Somerset House; and well do we recollect the indignation and disgust, with which we understood that it remained, not a day, not a month, but whole years, undisposed of! It is in good hands however at last.

* We must be allowed to claim Mr. Leslie as a British artist. Although America had the honour of his birth, the developement of his genius is the result of his education and studies, which have been English.

Europa. HILTON.—Mr. Hilton has imparted a new interest to a frequently repeated subject by his mode of treating it. All the figures are replete with character and expression; and the sailing movement of the whole group is distinctly and finely indicated. Nor is this beautiful picture deficient in the less important considerations of light and shade and colouring. The effect is simple and good; and the tones of the flesh, the drapery, and the background are quite Venetian.

Girl crossing the Brook. THOMSON.—This we believe was one of the earliest pictures the exhibition of which, at the Royal Academy, brought Mr. Thomson's fine talents into notice; nor, admirable as many of his subsequent works have been, has he yet been able to surpass it in grace and simplicity.

The Fortune-Teller. OWEN.—A forcible and expressive little composition. Who can look at the rustic visionary's face and not distinctly perceive that she is building many a superb castle in the air out of the materials with which the crone at her elbow is abundantly supplying her?

Little Hampton Pier. CALCOTT.—The unaffected truth and force of Mr. Calcott's pencil are here charmingly exhibited.

Sunrise on the Coast. COLLINS.—In subjects of this description, Mr. Collins is wholly unrivalled. The fidelity of his half-tints is such, that they seem those of Nature herself.

View of London. VINCENT.—Grandly composed, and powerfully painted.

But we must check ourselves, or we shall run through the whole gallery. Here then we take our leave; again expressing our unfeigned admiration of the combined feelings of patriotism and love of art in which this noble project originated. How different has Sir John Leicester's conduct been from that of the, we fear not altogether imaginary, character of Timander; of whom one of the ablest artists and writers of the present day has expressed his honest scorn in the following nervous lines!

"Hear him, ye powers of ridicule! deplore

The arts extinguish'd, and the muse no more.

With shrug superior now, in feeling phrase,

Commiserate the darkness of our days; Now, loud against all living merit rage, And, in one sweeping censure, dam the age.

Look round his walls;—no modern masters there

Display the patriot's zeal, or patron's care;

His Romish taste a century requires

To sanctify the merit he admires;

His heart no love of living talent warms;

Painting must wear her antiquated charms

In clouds of dust, and varnish veil her face;

And plead her age as passport to his grace!"*

Exhibition of four Pictures of Fruit and Flowers, painted by G. I. I. VAN OS, jun. and of a Picture in enamel, by GEORGET, after GERARD DOW.

THIS is a very pleasing little exhibition, and few as the works are of which it is composed, nobody who visits it, unless, indeed, he be one of those prudent and sagacious persons who consider quantity to be of much more importance than quality, will complain that he has wasted either his time or his money.

The pictures of fruit and flowers, "painted from the choicest produc-

tions of nature, in the gardens of France, while their archetypes were in all their freshness and pride," are extremely beautiful. The compositions, both of form and of colour, are magnificent and gorgeous. The boldness of the handling (which is almost excessive) is a quality rarely to be met with in modern works in this class of art. The general management of the light and shade is

very skilful, but the back-grounds are occasionally opaque, and overcharged with the pigment. We must not forget to express our admiration of the *bas reliefs* which form the basis of the different pieces. They are poetically conceived, and are executed with so much dexterity as to be absolutely deceptive.

The copy in enamel by M. Georget of Gerard Dow's celebrated *La Femme Hydropique*, was one of the productions which attracted most notice in the last exhibition in Paris of works contributed by the various royal manufactories of France. It was painted at the Porcelain manufactory of Sevres, and occupied above two years in the execution. The original composition is well known. It consists of a group of four figures. The dropsical mother, leaning back in her chair, her eyes turned upwards with an expression of resignation to her approaching fate; her young daughter kneeling at her feet, bathing her hand in tears; an attendant, about to administer to her some refreshment; and a doctor, earnestly employed in ascertaining the progress and state of her disease, by a mode of investigation which is almost discarded from modern medical practice. M. Georget has performed his arduous

and anxious task with great ability and success. Both the general effect and the particular details are admirable. When it is considered that in enamel painting the colours upon being laid on are, generally speaking, of a hue totally different from that which they become after vitrification, the difficulty of producing harmony may be easily conjectured. That difficulty, however, M. Georget has completely surmounted. The character of every countenance, especially that of the physician, and the wonderfully high finishing, not only of the figures but of all the accessories by which Gerard Dow was distinguished, are very happily preserved; but in some parts there is perhaps a slight approximation to woolliness in the execution.

Since writing the above, we regret to find by the French journals, that M. Georget died at Paris the latter end of March, the victim of a disorder, rendered fatal by the intense and long-continued application which this his beautiful copy of *La Femme Hydropique* required. So sudden and melancholy a termination of the artist's career must greatly enhance the interest and value of this fine and imperishable specimen of his skill.

INTELLIGENCE RELATIVE TO THE FINE ARTS, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC

FOREIGN.

At Rome, on the 2nd February the Academy of St. Luke, by a grand funeral ceremony, did honor to the memory of Canova, the only artist who for a number of years had acquired the glorious title of Perpetual Prince of that Academy. The pomp and magnificence of these funeral honors can be compared only to those which are usually paid to Sovereigns. For several months preceding, the church of the Holy Apostles had been preparing for the occasion with unusual taste and profusion. They had conceived the ingenious idea of decorating the interior of the "basilique," with castes from the principal monuments of this great sculptor. His best works were ranged round the cenotaph, surmounted by

his colossal statue of Religion. This statue had originally been intended for St. Peter's at Rome, but, owing to some impediments which Canova received from the Pontifical Government, he subsequently destined it for the church he had built at Possagno, his native town. This church has the façade of the Parthenon at Athens, and was of the dimensions of the Pantheon at Rome. The whole sacred college were present at the ceremony, in a particular gallery. The Senator of Rome, Prince Alfieri, and the principal authorities were there in the functions of their office. The Roman nobility, strangers of distinction, and every person of any celebrity at Rome, joined in this

celebration. The foreign ministers occupied a distinct gallery; the members of the Universities, and the members of the French Academy were also present. The funeral oration was pronounced by the Abbé Misserini, the secretary of Canova, who eulogized the deceased both as an Artist and as a Christian. The Abbé was particularly delicate in his allusions to the relations which had existed between Canova and Napoleon. This grand ceremony is the most magnificent homage that has been paid to the arts since the days of Raphael.

The Orientalist, Hallenburgh, has published in 2 vols. 8vo. a description of the coins preserved in the Museum of Sweden. At the end of the work the author describes twelve zodiacal coins in the same museum, and which had been brought from India by M. Thunberg. Count Heilmar Miurner has transmitted to Sweden a fine work of engravings which he had executed at Rome, under the name of *Il Carnovale di Roma*.

After the example of M. Landon of Paris, the Baron Boye is publishing "The Royal Museum of Sweden," consisting of etchings of the finest paintings and statues in the Museum of Stockholm. The 2nd number is nearly ready.

The following is a list of the principal works of living Painters and Sculptors, which were exhibited at Florence in Oct. 1822.

Ugolino in Prison, his son offering him his arm. By Benvenuti, Director of the Academy at Florence.

Hercules trampling upon Vice, and conducted by Virtue to the Temple of Glory. By Alberi, President of the Academy of Fine Arts at Bologna.

The Virgin, with two angels supporting her mantle. By Gius Bezzuoli.

Michael Angelo presenting to Lorenzo de Medici a Head of a Satyr, his first effort in sculpture. By Thomas Sebastiani, of Rome.

The Roman Poor House. By Ant. Gualdi.

The Virgin borne in Procession by Children. By Nicolas Cianfauelli.

A View of Fiesole, taken from the Villa Palmieri. By Gius. Fini.

Portrait of Lord Byron. By W. West.

A copy of the Sybil of Dominicano, a miniature. By Madame Loqueyssies of Dresden.

Sculpture. Psyche touching the Point of an Arrow. By Emilio Sarterelli.

Moses receiving the Tables of the Law on Mount Sinai, a bas-relief. By Ferd. Pettrik.

Pyrrhus assassinating Polytes in the presence of Priam. A bas-relief in plaster. By Salv. Bongiovanni.

A marble bust of Pius Fantoni. By Ollav. Giovanozzi.

A Colossal statue of Ferdinand III. By Stephen Ricci.

Annual exhibition of the productions of the Royal Manufactories of France.

These manufactories, five in number, are not simply designed to furnish the palaces, but are intended to serve as models or examples to other analogous branches of industry. Presents of their best productions are made to foreign courts, with a view of creating a high degree of admiration of the skill and ingenuity of French artists.

The Manufactory at Sevres.—The productions of this manufactory have lately done great honour to those who have the direction of it. Cups, dinner and breakfast services, and vases of every form and size, are of the most pure and beautiful forms, and of the most magnificent embellishments. The French deem themselves to have greatly excelled the German manufacturers, particularly in their painting upon porcelain. Their finest specimens of this nature are, a copy of the *chef-d'oeuvre* of Gerard Dow, the Dropsical woman, of the same dimensions as the original.* Mons. Georget devoted many years to this copy, and which has excited the greatest admiration. His other principal works consist of the portraits of celebrated musicians, designed to ornament a breakfast service. Mons. Constantin, who travels in Italy on account of this manufactory, has just transmitted to Paris a copy of Raphael's portrait of his beloved mistress, La

* Vide page 340.

Fornazina; but doubts exist amongst the artists whether the copy be accurate and faithful. A beautiful painting of flowers by Van Os was deservedly admired. Madame Jaquotot had nothing in this exhibition. M. Beranger's vases were finely conceived as to their dimensions, their forms, and ornaments; and, as a proof of the return to good taste, we may instance those on which Mons. Leguay had painted figures, without frame work or outer lines, which are so anomalous to the form of the vase.

Among the specimens of the Gobelin manufacture, the most remarkable pieces were two of moderate size executed for the Viceroy of Egypt, after designs which his envoy had produced at Paris. There were also a copy of Mad. Le Brun's picture of Marie Antoinette, surrounded by her children.

The royal manufactory of Mosaic, from the want of funds and other causes, has not been able to produce any very valuable specimens.

Sculpture.—M. Dupaty, Member of the Institute, exhibited in 1817 a model of a Venus unrobing herself before Paris. The sculpture of it in marble is now in the gallery of the Luxemburg. M. Dupaty has chosen the moment when the goddess shews herself in all the brilliancy of her beauty to the happy shepherd, and which has afforded the artist every facility for shewing the beauties of his art. The undulating lines and beautiful form of the goddess make the spectator assent to Paris's awarding her the prize of beauty, whilst the expression of the head indicates that the goddess is confident of the prize.

Engraving.—Many connoisseurs consider the St. Michael of Raphael as one of his best works; and it is certain that none of his pieces exhibit a grander specimen of drawing. The manner in which he has expressed the difference in the nature of the two beings whom he has represented, the Arch-angel St. Michael, and the Prince of Darkness, proves the justness of his conceptions. Very few engravings have been made of this painting, and those give but an imperfect idea of the original. Mons. Chatillon, a pupil of M. Girodet, has just made an engraving of this picture, and

which may be classed amongst the very few which have at all faithfully represented the originals of Raphael. The anxiety to purchase this engraving, and the high commendations bestowed on it by connoisseurs, are but a just reward to the merits of Mons. Chatillon.

Lithography.—Mons. Aubrey Le Comte has just published two new compositions of his master, Mons. Girodet. Both of them represent female figures entirely naked. The one represents Erigone overcome by sleep produced by Bacchus; the disorder of her position, and of every thing surrounding her, sufficiently testify the designs of the god. The other piece represents Ariadne abandoned by Theseus; the two compositions are distinguished by delicacy of taste and by that beauty of form which distinguish all M. Girodet's works. The lithographic engravings have been executed under M. Girodet's inspection by M. Aubrey Le Comte, whose reputation as a lithographic engraver is too well established to need our commendations.

The skilful Russian sculptor, M. Launitz, recently arrived from Rome, has been directed by the Emperor to execute two bronze pedestrian statues of Generals Kontousof and Barclay de Tolly.

Stockholm.—It is understood that the King of Sweden intends to purchase the fine group in bronze of Psyche carried away by the Zephyrs. This group is esteemed a *chef d'œuvre* of the Florentine School, and now composes part of the collection of M. C. Wahrendorf, proprietor of the mines of Sturhof. The group was purchased by the Emperor Rodolph II. to adorn his castle at Prague, but in 1648 it became, by the fortune of war, the property of Count Charles Gustavus of Wrangel, who transported it to Sweden. The Marshal of the Court, Baron Klingsporr and professor Forsell are appointed to examine and report upon this celebrated object of art.

The Academy of Berlin has again gratified the public by exhibiting in the same month a collection of paintings of statuary, of curious works of music, and of musical instruments, as well as numerous other objects of the fine arts.

Brunswick.—The blocks of the

columns, designed to perpetuate the memory of the two last Dukes of Brunswick, arrived last June from Harz, without any injury. Each of these blocks weighs 2000 pounds, and was produced by a single cast. They form the first successful attempt at colossal proportions that has been made in Germany. The crowns of oak leaves are very solid but are admirably executed, and the various ornaments are fitted with great precision, and wrought with the utmost possible nicety. The column was erected in July last, and it forms a very fine ornament for the city of Brunswick.

M. Alexander Laboureur, a young sculptor of Rome, who in a competition won the last pension granted by Canova, has just executed a plaster group, the *disance* of which has given great satisfaction to the connoisseurs. The figures are of the natural size, and represent Paris and Helen at the moment of her being borne away to the ship. The subject has never before been chosen by any sculptor, probably on account of the difficulty of grouping two figures represented by the poets to have been so exquisitely beautiful.

French Academy.—The class of Fine Arts of the Institute, in its sitting of March 22, nominated Mons. Amedée Pastoret, son of a Peer of France, a Member of the Academy of Inscriptions in the vacancy occasioned by the death of the sculptor, M. Gois.

M. Jacob, in July last, transmitted to the Antiquarian Society of Paris a very interesting archæological paper on an antique vase, known by the name of the Mantuan Vase, in the collection of the Duke of Brunswick. This *bijou* is six inches high, and composed of a single onyx of a beautiful variety of colours. It is finely ornamented in bas-relief. Many antiquaries are of opinion that this vase belonged to Mithridates. It was the booty of a soldier at the taking of Mantua in 1630, and was sold to the Duke of Saxe Laueburgh for 100 ducats. It has since been valued in Saxony at 60,000 crowns, subsequently at 90,000, and now it is estimated as high as 150,000 crowns.

Mons. Ternite, a Prussian officer,

who has studied painting in Paris for ten years under M. Gros, has completed his studies by a painting of a St. John in the Desert, and which he intends to offer to the King of Prussia. The figure is of its natural size, and is seen to half way down the thighs. The saint is represented turning his eyes to heaven in an ecstasy of divine love, crossing his hands on the breast, and pressing to it a sign of the Redemption. The head is of a fine character, and the naked parts of the figure are well drawn and finely coloured; the back ground and subordinate parts are well contrived to throw out the figure and give a good relief.

Versailles, owing all its splendour and consequence to Louis XIV. the inhabitants have thought proper to erect, in their cathedral church of St. Louis, a monument to his grandson, the late Duke of Berry. M. Pradier, the artist employed, has represented in marble the Prince supported by religion, pointing to heaven as his reward. It is supposed that the exertions have been made to relieve him of his clothes, as his shirt has fallen on the lower part of his body, which is covered with a robe ornamented with the *fleurs-de-lis*. The figure of religion is upright, with the right hand under the shoulder of the Prince, supporting him; a cross is leaning against the left arm, the hand of which is pointing towards heaven. The position of the figures exhibits much judgment, and the execution of them is skilful. The upper part of the body of the Prince is very natural, and the face is expressive of life at its last struggle with mortality. The artist, in the figure of the Prince, has well expressed that sort of lassitude and lifelessness which arises from a climax of grief, and of physical exhaustion; and it reminds us of Dante, where the same expression is finely given

I' venni men così com io morisse
E caddi come corpo, morto cade.

Inferno, Canto 5.

The figure of religion is less happy, the face being cold rather than calm, or expressive of the hope and consolation she is supposed to inspire. The cross leaning against the left

arm has the awkward effect of apparently detaching the fore part of the arm and the hand from the body. If, however, we reflect upon the difficulty of at once attaining beauty and novelty in a subject that has been so frequently handled, we must acknowledge that this monument, on the whole, is calculated to do honour to M. Pradier.

ENGLAND.

Assoriated Painters in Water Colours.—This Society opened their Exhibition on Monday, April 21st, at their new and commodious Room, No. 6, Pall-mall, East. The number of pictures is greater than usual; the arrangement very judicious and striking; the place of exhibition by far the best which the Society has had. Although in our next Number we shall enter into a more particular account of the merits of the works produced, than it is possible for us to do on the present occasion, we cannot refrain from inviting particular attention to the following pictures. Barret's great landscape, called Retirement; Evening, Solitude, Twilight, Puckester, and Shanklin, by the same artist; Robson's View in the interior range of the Grampians, Pass of Killiekrankie, View of Canterbury and Stirling Castle; Varley's Grave of Thomson, from Collins's Elegy; Fielding's View of Windsor from the Forest, and several compositions; Cristall's Group of Peasant Girls at a Pump, Unloading of a Turf Boat; Prout's Market-piece at Malines, Hotel-de-Ville, Louvain, Receiving Ship at Portsmouth; D. Cox's Embarkation of his Majesty at Greenwich for Scotland; Richter's Picture of Youth; Wild's Interior of a Church at Antwerp; a large Flower Piece by Miss Byrne; Deer and Cattle by Mr. Hills; Two large Landscapes, Gloucester, and Newnham on the Severn, by Mr. W. Turner; Swiss Views, by Mr. Nessfield.

The lovers of the Fine Arts will be gratified to learn, that their progress has been recently much facilitated by the establishment of a school for the education of young artists, which has long been a desideration. Mr. Henry Sass, who has, we understand, devoted some years to its completion, has been so

successful in the advancement of his pupils, as to receive the general approbation of artists, the sanction of the Royal Academy, and the express thanks of the President and Council for the benefit his exertions have conferred on art. This Establishment, which is situated in Charlotte-street, Bedford-square, is remarkable for the admirable arrangements made to inform the mind, improve the eyes and educate the hand of the pupil. The gallery which contains a splendid assemblage of antique statues, busts, &c. is illumined by an aperture in the roof, through which the light is introduced, on the plan of the Pantheon at Rome; a mode considered by all judges, admirably adapted to the display of the beauties of sculpture. There is also a fine collection of prints from the most celebrated pictures of the old masters, as well as a library of the most distinguished works on art, anatomy, and perspective. Mr. Sass has conferred a still farther benefit on art, by having been the means of settling a difference of opinion, which had long existed respecting the correctness of the antique figures. Some anatomists and artists asserted, that they were not correct delineations of nature, as they exhibited markings not to be found in the dissected subject, and not seen on the living figures they had been accustomed to study, whilst others contended, that this was an erroneous opinion. In October last, a gentleman of literary eminence at Paris introduced Mr. Sass to M. Elias, a professor of gymnastics, remarkable for his fine form and beautiful developement of muscle. Mr. S. immediately engaged him to go through a course of exhibitions to his pupils, and, with a view of promoting the arts more generally, invited the most eminent artists, and other men of science, to witness the exhibition. The impression made on all was the same, that the most beautiful antique statues lost their interest when compared with this fine specimen of natural beauty. The markings on antique statues, which had hitherto been considered as purely imaginary, were seen on the form of M. Elias, and no doubt can be entertained, that they are the result of a well directed and scienti-

tic course of those exercises, for which the ancient Greeks were so celebrated. Being caused by the cellular membrane, they are not to be found in the dissected subject, or in the living figure which has not had the exercise necessary for its development. By this discovery it is evident that the Greeks studied anatomy from the living figure, and not, as some have supposed, from the dissected subject, and there is every reason to believe that Greece abounded with men whose forms were equally fine with that of M. Clias, and from the study of whom the Grecian artists obtained their knowledge. The question, therefore, might have been considered as settled, but still further confirmation has been afforded. Two French gentlemen, M. Roussel and M. Esbrayat, were introduced to Mr. Sass, the former possessing all the character of the Farnese Hercules, a figure hitherto considered by many as quite imaginary; the latter exhibiting the grandeur of form usually given to the three brother gods, Jupiter, Pluto, and Neptune. These persons were also introduced to the members of the Royal Academy, at Mr. Sass's house, and the President and Council engaged M. Clias to teach the gymnastic exercises to the men who sit as models. They presented him a handsome donation, and likewise gave gold medals to Messrs. Roussel and Esbrayat. Mr. Bromhead, the model at Somerset-House, who originally possessed a fine figure, has been so much improved by these scientific exercises as to become superior in form, strength, and action to the three foreigners. To M. Esbrayat, who has exhibited his various fine positions at Mr. Sass's *Conversazione*, it is, we understand, the intention of Mr. S. to present a handsome medal on his last public evening, as a testimony of the admiration felt for his talents by himself, his friends, and his pupils. The medal is said to be a beautiful specimen of art.

The annual Exhibition of the Royal Academy at Somerset House will open on Monday, the 5th May. We shall give a critical account of this grand display of national talent in our next number. We are informed, that, so numerous are the works of art sent in this year, the

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committee will not be able to hang much more than three-fourths of them.

Mr. R. B. Davis has sent to the approaching Exhibition at Somerset-House a picture painted by him, called *The Hawking Party*; the subject is taken from *Bravebridge Hall*.

Sir George Beaumont, who is now on his travels in Italy, has purchased the beautiful group of Michael Angelo, representing Christ, the Virgin, and St. John,—one of the finest productions of that great artist.

The celebrated Mr. Belzoni, has presented to the Fitzwilliam Museum the lid of a Sarcophagus, found by him in one of the tombs of the Kings at Thebes, in Upper Egypt.

MR. HORNER'S VIEW OF LONDON.—We redeem in this number the pledge given in our last, to present the public with a sectional representation of the Scaffolding, and the Observatory erected upon it over St. Paul's Cross, executed in a more finished style. The new plate exhibits in addition an enlarged view of the Observatory, wherein Mr. Horner fixed a graphic and telescopic apparatus, invented by himself, for delineating, with mathematical truth, the scenery the most intricate and extensive; and from which in 1820, he recommenced his sketches on a grander and more expansive scale, at an elevation of 410 feet from the pavement of the Cathedral, the first series being taken from the Bull's-eye Chamber. The continual atmospheric changes, causing an incessant alteration of light and shade, gave rise to sudden transitions from one sketch to another, and consequently to extreme difficulty at the instant in selecting particular parts of the view, and uniting separated portions.—These obstacles to his progress Mr. Horner at length overcame, by constructing a comprehensive key sketch and by placing the whole of the sketches in a rotatory frame within the Observatory, our limited space compels us to reserve for our next publication, a more descriptive account of the scaffolding as a curious and ingenious structure; of the interior of the Observatory, as the seat of the artist's bold and long protracted operations; and of various particulars as explanatory of the work itself.

LONDON REVIEW

OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS,

Foreign and Domestic

QUID SIT PULCHRUM, QUID TURPE, QUID UTILE, QUID NON.

FOREIGN BOOKS.

Lettres à M. Bailly sur l'Histoire primitive de la Grèce.

Letters to M. Bailly upon the earliest History of Greece. By Rabaut Saint Etienne.

DUPUIS has endeavoured to explain the mysteries of the different ancient mythologies, with the help of astronomy and celestial revolutions. His system, which we can not wholly adopt, contains, nevertheless, some very ingenious ideas, that throw a brilliant light upon the origin of different forms of worship.

The unfortunate Rabaut Saint Etienne had, before Dupuis, tried to penetrate through the darkness of ages, to discover the sources of the superstitions which always appear to have accompanied the state of man. The system of Rabaut consists in supposing, that there existed a primitive people who made use of picturesque or figured writing. It was applied to the expression of ideas, of knowledge, of sentiments, of speech, and of all which is the object of reflexion.

This people having dissappeared, the author thinks that men of another age, confounding the traditions they had received from their ancestors, personified the mountains, rocks, rivers, cities, and countries. They take these figured personages for real beings, and as such they are handed down by history. This is, in few words, what Rabaut Saint Etienne finds his explanation of the fables of antiquity upon. He then examines what astronomy was amongst the ancients, and he thinks as other learned men do, that it had great influence over the different religions. It may be seen that the author of *Lettres sur la Grèce* has

borrowed several ideas from Count de Gebelin, whose friend and pupil he was. He justly gives him great praise in a letter addressed to the Parisian museum, which is placed at the beginning in this edition. This work, one of the first that issued from the pen of Rabaut, is very interesting, because the hypotheses it contains are not improbable, and are often ingenious. As such, it was favorably received by the French public, and by literary men. The author has gained a place in the first rank of writers by the force of his thoughts, the vigor of his style, and the extent of his knowledge. But what is still better, Rabaut Saint Etienne was a virtuous man, and a firm and sincere friend to liberty, to which he died a martyr. He met with the fate of most wise men, his life passed in the midst of storms and misfortunes; proscribed from his earliest youth, because he was the son of a protestant minister, he was put out of the pale of society on the 31st of May, and died upon a scaffold in his fiftieth year. It was a pious undertaking to collect together the different works of Rabaut; the editor has performed his task with zeal, but it is to be regretted that he did not choose a more advantageous size for the book, a better paper, and larger characters.

However, this edition will make its way into every library; it will be composed of five volumes, three of which have already appeared.

There are, besides the volume we now announce, the excellent *Précis de l'histoire de l'Assemblée constituante*, of which the author might say with Montaigne *C'est ici un livre de bonne foi, lecteur*, and, *Le vieux Cevenot*, a Romance like Voltaire's. The two volumes not yet published,

will contain the speeches of Rabaut Saint Etienne in the legislative assemblies, of which he was a member. It is much to be wished that the editor had added some of the sermons which Rabaut preached as a catholic minister; they contain the purest morality and the best instruction.

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Bibliographie musicale de la France et de l'étranger.

Bibliography of Musick; or, a Systematical and General Collection of all the Treatises on Vocal and Instrumental Musick, printed or engraved in Europe, with the names of the Places where they were printed, the Shops where they are sold, and their Prices. 1 vol. 8vo.

THIS work contains the titles of the principal French, German, Italian and English works; biographies of celebrated artists; extracts from the best works on musick; notices upon the compositions of the most celebrated virtuosos of ancient and modern times; dissertations and anecdotes relative to musick and musicians; information relative to all the pieces of musick which appeared at Paris, in the departments of France, and in foreign countries; details respecting musical inventions and institutions, promotions, &c. a hymn to Harmony, and lastly an Ode on Saint Cecilia's day, translated from the English.

Such a work as this was very much wanted, and the manner in which the author has executed it leaves us nothing to desire. One of the most interesting parts of the book is the biography of the artists; to compile which the author has collected different materials, dispersed in works where we should not have looked for them.

Voyage en Valachie et en Moldavie.

Travels in Walachia and Moldavia with Observations upon History, Physics, and Politics, augmented with Notes and Additions for the Elucidation of several essential Points. Extracted from the Italian. By M. P. B. Lejeune.

AT a period when the tranquillity of Europe seems in some degree

to depend on the ultimate fate of Walachia and Moldavia, we cannot resist the desire of being better acquainted with the internal resources of those provinces; and the work we now announce, could not have been published more *à propos*, to satisfy the curiosity and impatience of its readers this work is adapted in every respect; as will be seen in reading over the summary of the subjects treated upon.

The author begins by an introduction which throws a great light upon the different subjects of which the work is composed: viz. *Historical observations.* Topographical description of Walachia and Moldavia. Division of their two principalities. Climate, air, water. Vegetable productions:—vines, different grains, trees, herbs, fruits. Productions of the animal kingdom:—flocks and goats, bees, birds, locusts, fish. Productions of the mineral kingdom. Present state of commerce in the two principalities. Exportations made to Constantinople. Exportations to various parts of Christendom. Merchandise from foreign countries. System of government. Authority of the Divan, and the other tribunals. The authority and pomp of the Princes. Route of the Pachas and the other Turks. Receipts and expenses of the two principalities. An account of the present state of Moldavia. Exposition of what the country can furnish. Supplication to His Majesty on the Taxes. Population. Posts and couriers. Different troops. Form and police of the towns and villages. Religion, toleration, schools, hospitals, education, customs, genius, manners.

Auswahl aus Klopstock's Nachlass.

Selection from the unpublished Works of Klopstock. Leipsick.

THE interest attached to the productions of a great poet is certain to ensure a splendid reception, and a profitable sale, to his letters and posthumous works. The collection we now announce possesses in particular the merit of explaining to the reader many passages in the works of

Klopstock, to which it may serve as a sort of commentary. The letters of Richardson and Young, add still more to the magic name of Klopstock, in the opinion of the amateurs of German literature. One thing particularly excites attention: the author of the *Messiah* himself published some pieces left by Margaret Klopstock; the noble mind and talent of this extraordinary woman had enchanted all readers; the publication of additional letters was announced. This promise to the public was not fulfilled till now. This collection contains the letters of Margaret Klopstock, written not only to the illustrious German poet, but also to several other persons, and amongst others to Richardson.

After an introduction about Klopstock, explaining the choice made amongst his papers, and his reasons for publishing part of them, the editor recapitulates all that German

literature owes to this celebrated man. It appears from this part of the work that the German public require to be reminded of their illustrious poet, Klopstock, for among them the greatest names are not always uninjured by time. Too often a rising reputation eclipses or makes mankind forget for a time a name which might have appeared destined to immortality.

This continual changing of reputations must have happy effects on the sciences. He who advances one step more annihilates the labour of him who preceded him; such is the natural progress of the human mind. But taste is governed by other laws. Genius will not descend from her high elevation. Shakspeare of England, and Racine of France, are always at the summit of Parnassus, as Homer and Virgil will always remain the princes of Greek and Latin poets.

ENGLISH BOOKS.

Anecdotes of the Spanish and Portuguese Revolutions. by Count Pecchio, with an *Introduction and Notes*, by Edward Blaquiere, Esq. 8vo. pp. 197. London, 1823.

WE derived so much amusement as well as information from Mr. Blaquiere's former work on the Spanish Revolution, that we are glad to meet him again in print, although, in the present instance, he has descended from the elevation of an original writer, and appears before us in the more humble character of an Editor, supplying only an Introduction and a few notes to the work he edits. Mr. Blaquiere, in his prefatory observations to the Letters of Count Pecchio, displays very enlarged views, and a liberality of sentiment which can be only founded upon extensive information, acquired and digested by a fine capacity for generalising his ideas. Mr. Blaquiere has considerable originality of thought, and his sentiments and opinions appear to us to be invariably established upon un-

prejudiced investigation, and they bear the stamp of what may be called the sound good sense of life; we mean of that power of intellect which detects sophistry, and, penetrating the false and factitious associations of society, sees things in their real nature, and in their relation to truth. Such qualities of intellect redound much more to this gentleman's honour, when we consider him as a member of a profession affording not much of excitement, and still less of opportunity, for the acquisition of literature; a profession which rears its members in the trammels of prejudices that few have vigour of intellect sufficient to dissipate. It is now about a half century since the profound and eloquent Junius animadverted upon the narrow prejudices, which usually distinguished those who were brought up to the naval or military service, observing that "there was something so mean in the education of an officer," that liberal principles were scarcely to be expected from him. This observation, if true in the time of Junius,

must be applied with much less latitude in our own times ; for the officer now considers it essential to superadd to his professional acquirements the knowledge of the scholar, and the liberal sentiments of a gentleman : he sees the necessity of keeping pace with the improved spirit of the age, and considers the principle of mechanical obedience confined solely to his professional duty ; that performed, he merges into the citizen, and is animated by that love of liberty which has ever been the ornament and glory of the English character. Science and literature are now happily diffused through the camp of the soldier and the cabins of the man of war : and we believe that the barrack-room and the cabin are often scenes of deeper study than the academy or the college.

Count Pecchio is a Piedmontese nobleman, and one of those patriots and philanthropists who witnessed with sorrow the state of degradation to which his country had been reduced by imperfect institutions, a corrupt court, and an imbecile monarch. In a country justly boasting its climate and soil, and its various capabilities for manufactures and commerce, he beheld man slothful and vicious, arts degenerating to effeminacy, literature neglected, and science unknown. Agriculture was in its lowest condition, the rudeness of the manufactures bespoke a state of barbarism, commerce was restricted by arbitrary impositions : and whilst the privileged orders were lost in luxurious affluence, the poor were sunk in idleness and squalid misery. To add to this unfortunate state of his country, religious bigotry, with all its hateful passions, was producing its mischievous effects ; and whilst the English, the French, and the American had, within the last century, derived innumerable advantages from their progress in civil, political and religious freedom, the unfortunate Italians were at best but stationary, or retrograde at least by comparison. Count Pecchio joined those enlightened patriots who wished to regenerate his country, by one of those effectual but bloodless revolutions of which Spain and Portugal had afforded such happy examples. Unfortunately for human happiness the

bayonets of Austria succeeded in suppressing the rising spirit of the Piedmontese, and in establishing the tyranny of the Court of Turin. Count Pecchio, with about 600 persons comprising all that was wise and virtuous in the country, was obliged to exile himself in order to escape the fate that attends the righteous, but unsuccessful cause. We cannot, in this crisis of Count Pecchio's fate, refrain from quoting the impassioned lines of one of the most eloquent of all poets, Mr. Moore.

Rebellion, foul dishonouring word,
Whose wrongful blight so oft has
 stained
The holiest cause which tongue or
 sword
Of patriot ever lost or gained ;
Full many a spirit, born to bliss,
Has sunk beneath that withering
 name,
Whom but a day's—an hour's success,
Had wafted to eternal fame.

Enemies as we are to revolution and even to innovations that are not founded upon necessity, and that are not guided by moderation, we cannot but give our cordial approbation to men, who, like Count Pecchio, rise above the scenes of their education and habits, and sacrifice the favours of courts and the gifts of fortune in noble efforts to rescue their country from the withering effects of despotism and antiquated institutions. The Count effects his escape from Genoa with the design of seeking an asylum in Switzerland, but circumstances enable him to travel into Spain as a companion to the Spanish Ambassador, Bardaxi ; and to this accidental direction of the Count's flight we are indebted for the volume of letters now before us, and which contains much information relative to Spanish affairs.

We are not able to give Count Pecchio any very high degree of praise for extent of knowledge, for profundity of thought, or for sagacity of remark ; but he is an attentive observer of the passing scene, and relates what he sees with much vivacity and good humour. His views are always accurate, his opinions are sound, and his sentiments are decidedly such as every enlightened person must find pleasure in

applauding. A writer, unless he be of the first order of merit, can seldom be fairly estimated by foreigners. Every nation has its mode of thought as well as of expression. The minute arrangements and subtle classifications of German authors are ridiculous to the French; the florid and declamatory style of French composition is meretricious to English taste; whilst the simple beauties of some of our classic authors are frigid and unattractive to our Gallic neighbours. Thus, a vast number of Count Pecchio's observations, which we are persuaded would appear attractive to his countrymen, are *jejune* and trifling to us, who, in our more sombre clime, are accustomed to severer thought, and to expunge those reflections which are not the result of greater care and depth of inquiry. Many of Count Pecchio's similes, for the same reason, are rather trifling to English readers. The comparison of the monster, despotism, to Polyphemus, and the likening of the sweet smelling shores of Italy to Sirens, are to us far-fetched, and ridiculous conceits rather than similes worthy of the press.

The Count's first letter is dated Irun, in May 1821, and from thence he travels to Madrid via Burgos, and afterwards leaving that capital for Cadiz and Lisbon, returns to Madrid, from which city his last letter is dated in August 1822. The author gives us a statement of the extreme familiarity existing between the grandees of Spain and their inferiors: this is certainly very contradictory to the notions entertained in England of the haughtiness of the Spanish character; but we cannot agree with Count Pecchio that such familiarity is any proof of liberty or of liberality of opinions in the Peninsula; for the fact is, that in despotic countries, the relation between the poor and the rich is always on the extreme of familiarity or of oppression. The liberties taken by a West Indian slave with his master are incredible to an Englishman; such liberties are allowed because the master can at any time enforce the transition from familiarity to obedience by the application of the lash, whilst in free countries the respect of the lower for the

higher orders of society can be obtained or preserved only by propriety and consistency of demeanour. The Count dwells upon the simplicity of the habits of the Spanish peasant, his extreme abstinence, his self-denial, and his almost entire destitution of furniture, of clothing, and of every object of accommodation; and from this he argues that war can bring no privation to the Spaniard, and that he is therefore invulnerable. We doubt if this inference is consistent with any sound theory, or that it can be supported by a reference to historical facts. There are causes of enthusiasm and of temporary excitement, which may render a people invulnerable without any reference to their poverty or luxury, but such cases are anomalous to general principle; and we believe it may be laid down as a maxim that countries are defensible in proportion to the value of the objects to be defended: or that, *ceteris paribus*, a rich country is always more capable of defending itself than a poor one. A rich country implies a larger population, and that state of agriculture, with a general use of machinery, which enables a few to support the many; and disengaging a great portion from the necessity of labour, supplies the means of a more numerous army. In a rich country, science, that great source of strength, is always carried to a higher degree of excellence, and is more generally diffused than in a poor one; and, finally, it may be taken as a general law of our nature, that man is disposed to defend, in proportion to the value of the object to be defended. In writing thus, it must be clearly understood that we allude to that natural state of luxury which is the necessary consequence of industry, of equal laws, and of a wise and pure Government. There is another state of luxury which is confined solely to the upper classes, and is supported by the Government, extorting from the poor in order to pamper the privileged orders. This state of luxury exists more or less under all despotic Governments; and has invariably been carried to its climax in the southern countries of Asia, and, we fear we may add, in the southern peninsula of Europe. We need not

say that such a state of unnatural luxury invariably implies every species of national weakness and degeneracy. In no country in the world perhaps were the comforts of life so generally diffused as amongst the people of north America; and we doubt if the destitute and needy Spaniard will be found to fight so well, to endure so much, or to persevere so long against his present invaders, as the citizens of America, in the war of their revolution, did against the attempted oppression of Great Britain.

Having thus, with candour, argued against what we conceive to be two great errors in Count Pecchio's views of Society, we may be allowed to indulge in the more pleasing duty of praising the general accuracy of his conceptions, and of expatiating upon the fund of information and of amusement which his work has afforded us. The Count is remarkably impartial in his opinions, and judges of actions by their real nature rather than by their relation to the passing scene, or to temporary convenience; thus, with all his attachment to Spain and Portugal, he very justly exposes their want of principle and consistency in their endeavouring to impose upon the South Americans those very doctrines, against the imposition of which, upon themselves by the French, they are now ready to appeal to the sword. The Count's letters, both directly and indirectly, afford the most indisputable corroboration of the mass of evidence we have had of the dreadful corruption of the old Spanish Government, of the revolting vices of the King, and of the dire effects which these have had upon the prosperity and happiness of the people at large. In the Hall of the Cortes, allegorical and antique statuary have given place to tablets and devices commemorating the patriots of the revolution; the members appear in their ordinary costume, and, avoiding the French example, they follow our's of speaking extemporarily, and from any part of the hall, instead of from a rostrum. Great decorum and politeness appear to be observed in the debates; about one third of the Cortes is composed of priests, and the close of every sentence of a speech is accompanied by the speaker

making the sign of the cross. In letter the sixth the Count gives us a short sketch of Ballasteros, in which we recognize the pride, the prejudice, the lofty honour, and all the other features of the Spanish character. In the next letter we have a circumstantial account of the manner in which Quiroga and Riego effected the revolution. We lament to see that the old leaven of religious intolerance still exists amongst the Spaniards; but we can hardly be surprised at this when we reflect how very little of the true and extensive spirit of religious toleration exists even in our own country, and that in some of our dominions we are, perhaps, as intolerant as any people on earth. The work gives us a summary of the various causes which are favourable, as well as the many that are unfavourable, to the ultimate success of Spain in her present struggle for freedom; and we are happy to see the preponderance considerably in favour of the former.

In closing this amusing and instructive work, we cannot but suspect that there is some principle of slavery and of passive obedience inherent in the very nature of man. We here see one of the finest portions of the earth kept by religious and political tyranny in a state that would almost mar every object of social aggregation. Idleness, poverty, and vice afflicting the poor, whilst the rich are degraded by meanness and ignorance; and yet when a few noble spirits have rescued their country from bondage, and broken the odious chains of slavery, we find nearly one half of the clergy and nobles anxious to crouch once more beneath the yoke, and plunging their country in a civil war purely to prevent her enjoying the blessings of freedom. But God giveth not the battle to the strong; and we trust that the righteous cause of the Spaniard will prevail over the unhallowed efforts of the Gaul.

Memorial de Sainte Helene. Journal of the Private Life and Conversations of the Emperor Napoleon at St. Helena. By the Count de Las Cases. 4 vols. 8vo. London, 1823.

WHILST the Emperor Napoleon

was in the possession of his political supremacy, the attention of mankind was so completely absorbed by the grandeur of his actions, that the people of Europe, or at least of this country, never thought of any other history of his life than his bulletins or the public journals: except, indeed, that some anxiety might have been felt for a candid portraiture of his youth, from the age of his developing his faculties, to the period of his becoming the star of the political horizon. No sooner, however, had he yielded the grasp of his sceptre, and thrown himself upon the generosity of England, no sooner had he ceased to be the one great object of attention, than we began to feel something like astonishment that nothing approaching to authentic biography, or even to memoirs (that species of writing for which France is so celebrated) had yet appeared of a man who had for so many years swayed the destinies of Europe, and concentrated all attention upon his military and political career. After his transportation to Saint Helena, considerable surprise and impatience were expressed by the people of England, that they heard so little of their captive. A few works had issued from the press respecting him, but these were either of questionable authority, or destitute of merit. — At length Mr. O'Meara's work was given to the public, and this production of the English surgeon is rapidly followed by four volumes from Count Las Cases, with the *Memoires pour servir à l'Histoire de France*, by General Gourgaud, and the *Mélanges Historiques*, by the Count de Montholon. These, with some strictures upon, and a relation of the battle of Waterloo, by General Gourgaud, are all the authentic documents that have yet appeared of this extraordinary character; and the historian must anxiously hope, that many of the great political coadjutors of the late Emperor may yet design to publish their accounts of those scenes in which they bore so conspicuous a part; to expose the intrigues of the revolution, and to lay open the *arcana* and secret springs of those great events which for so many years kept Europe in a continued state of agitation.

The volumes now before us re-

late, as their title indicates, to Napoleon during his confinement in Saint Helena, but they are not so exclusively devoted to this period as Mr. O'Meara's work; they relate less to the minutiae concerning Sir Hudson Lowe, and are, in all respects, more discursive, and of a more general nature. The Count Las Cases, from a more intimate acquaintance with foreign characters, and with public events, had greater facilities in eliciting facts and opinions from Napoleon, and his volumes therefore are, in many respects, of increased interest.

A critic who attempted to form an opinion of these volumes by any abstract or general notions of literary merit, or by any general characteristics of intellect, would find himself exceedingly perplexed to come to any precise and consistent conclusion. They exhibit so much of seriousness and levity, of knowledge and ignorance, of ingenuity and frivolity, of self-love and disinterestedness, in short of almost every opposite and contradictory quality; that it is difficult to be persuaded that they are from the pen of the same person. Some clue will be afforded to the solution of these inconsistencies by considering the Count not only as an individual, but as a member of a very peculiar school or sect. The Count as an individual is ingenious, and if not profound, he is at least intelligent and sagacious; but then he is not only a Frenchman of the old school, but the most perfect specimen of the old school of French courtiers. He is always serious upon trifles, and often trifling upon serious occasions. He is devoted to his royal master; but although the object of his devotion be worthy of his homage; nevertheless he throws over it all the air of that frivolous solicitude and indiscriminating subservience which rendered the old courtiers of France always ridiculous, and so often criminal. Our latter observation, however, must be considered as applicable to the Count's manner, for we strongly admire him for his pure and devoted fidelity to his fallen master, particularly as his attachment to Napoleon was a conquest wrought over early prejudices by his appreciation of the Emperor's powers of intellect and goodness of heart.

It seems incumbent upon us before entering into the details of this work, to discuss the two points to which a considerable portion of the volumes has a constant reference; and one of which points indeed is the very basis of the reasonableness and merit of the work itself: we allude to the right and to the mode of detaining the person of Napoleon by Great Britain. It is almost impossible at present for any periodical writer to enter upon such a subject without incurring the suspicion of political predilections and of the bias of party. In the execution of our duties, however, we always consider the great interests of mankind, and of moral principles, as paramount to any objects purely national, or to the subjects that agitate nations for the period; and, impressed with a deep feeling of the usefulness and grandeur of history and philosophy, we never suffer our functions to be intruded upon by the petty conflicts of statesmen, nor by the yet pettier attachments and antipathies of those who range themselves under their banners.

In reviewing Mr. O'Meara's valuable work, we gave it as our opinion that it was the bounden duty of this country to secure the person of Napoleon. We are aware that such a judgment arises more *ex necessitate rei* than out of any general principles, and we must also acknowledge that the doctrine of necessity is always objectionable from the great liability of its being misapplied. Considering the stupendous powers of Napoleon, and his insatiable ambition, his political existence seemed inconsistent with our safety, and that a permanent detention of his person was therefore compatible with the laws of nations, and of civilized warfare. The contrary doctrine to this has been most ably supported by Count Las Cases and others, and we must acknowledge that our *premio* leads to a consequence that an enemy's imprisonment will always be in the ratio of his talents. On the same principle that England justifies her detention of Napoleon, Persia might have thrown Themistocles into a dungeon; the Gauls, had they captured Cæsar, might have doomed him to perpetual incarceration; Scipio might

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have received the same fate from Carthage; or, to come nearer to our own times, the same doctrine might have been applied to Charles of Sweden, to Frederick of Prussia, or even to our own Colonel Clive in India, and to our Marlborough in Europe. It may be further argued that if an enemy's genius be so vast as Napoleon's, he must exert it either compatibly or incompatibly with justice; if compatibly with justice he does us no injury! if incompatibly, he raises the indignation of mankind against him in the proportion of his injustice, and nations, leaguings in common defence, will at length restrain him within reasonable bounds. The Deity, in short, has, in his wisdom and mercy, so constituted the human race, that no man, however stupendous his intellect, can be daringly vicious for any length of time, and that England therefore had no occasion to violate the eternal principles of justice by resorting to the perpetual imprisonment of her enemy as a means of self-defence.

An argument less abstract and more contingent is, that all great conquerors owe their success to the vices of their enemies, and to their invention of some new principles of warfare, and that in the course of their career their invention is caught by their enemies, and applied against themselves, at least to the extent of checking their course. The former truth is remarkably illustrated by the histories of Hannibal, of Scipio, of Charles XII. and of Frederick the Great; and the whole of these truths are yet more strongly illustrated by the life of Napoleon himself, and by the early history of the French revolution. France, in the commencement of her revolutionary struggle owed her successes to the excessive weakness to which political vice and corruption had reduced the Governments opposed to her; and Napoleon's meteor-like campaigns from 1798 to 1810, were owing to his new system of strategy and of concentrated attack; but at length his enemies had learned his own system, and, although they could not wield it with the power of the master, they yet practised it with sufficient skill to check the rapidity of his career, and to pre-

vent any of those brilliant and overwhelming results which had formerly flowed from his tactics. Napoleon therefore was really innoxious in comparison to what he had been, and our resorting therefore to a perpetual detention of his person was as weak in policy as it was wicked in principle. We have thought it our duty candidly to give a recapitulation of the principal arguments that some of the most estimable characters in Europe have urged against the abstract injustice of the British Cabinet in their detention of Napoleon, and we leave these arguments to their own merit, confessing, however, that they have made considerable impression upon ourselves, and that no train of thought has arisen by which we can have been led to suspect their fallacy.

Upon the second point, that of the *mode* of detaining the Ex-emperor, our opinions are confirmed by Count Las Cases' work; and we have no hesitation in declaring that the treatment of Napoleon was unjustifiable in morals, imbecile in policy, and highly derogatory to the character of our country. We strongly reprobate the making of this point a vehicle of censure upon the executive Government, for it ought to be treated as a question concerning morals and posterity, and one in which ourselves have comparatively less concern. But in whatever view the question is taken, we think its decision a matter of great facility, and that it can be resolved into the narrow compass of three especial points. The *animus* of the captors, the facts of our treatment of the captive, and the relation of those facts not to the prisoner himself so much as to the general principles of morality and of warfare. As to the first point, the *animus* of the captors, it appears clearly to have been strongly marked, and of a nature that the ill-treatment of the prisoner might have been foretold, *a priori*, with the greatest confidence. In proof of this we need but mention one fact, which will create a thousand painful sensations in every person of sentiment, or capable of refined feelings; we allude to the order sent down to Plymouth to deprive the French attendants and the Ex-Em-

peror of their side-arms. An order so revolting to generosity, and so disgraceful to the nation, as well as to the age, that the British Admiral (Lord Keith) refused to obey it, but took upon himself the responsibility of disregarding it, and depriving only the attendants of their side-arms, with the prouder feelings of an English officer, held sacred the sword of a fallen hero. With respect to the other points, the treatment of Napoleon, if the mortifications that were imposed upon him were not necessary, no language can be too strong in reproaching those who had the custody of him; if they were necessary, that necessity amounts to a proof of great incapacity, or of culpable negligence in those who selected Saint Helena as the place of his detention. For when the enormous expense of keeping Napoleon at such a distance was so repeatedly urged, it was always answered that that island had been selected because the prisoner could be there detained with safety, and without imposing upon him restraints derogatory from his former rank; now it appears to us, that subject to the restrictions and supervisions which were imposed on Napoleon at Saint Helena, he might have been detained with equal safety at numerous places at home, and of course at less than one quarter of the expense. We can only add that the regulations adopted by that able officer, Admiral Sir George Cockburn, for the safe custody of the Emperor, never gave him any permanent offence; and it is therefore for Sir Hudson Lowe to prove that those regulations were injudicious or insufficient, or otherwise his increasing the restraints upon Napoleon in such a merciless ratio will infallibly amount to a proof of the charges made against him. We have gone into these questions at such length because they really form the basis upon which the merit or demerit of the three great works of O'Meara, Las Cases, and Montholon must ultimately rest. It is not our custom to continue any of our memoirs from number to number, but we have continued our *Memoirs of Napoleon*, in the preceding division of our Magazine through three successive numbers,

as his life was so replete with great events that it was impossible to compress his biography within a narrower compass; but we have concluded our memoir at the period of his gaining the imperial throne, as his feats and his policy since that era are too well known to need a regular or lengthened detail; but it is our intention, by way of a conclusion to our memoir, to give to our readers, in our next number, a selection from the works of *Las Cases* of the most interesting anecdotes concerning Napoleon, of such anecdotes as will form a commentary of his life, and prove an elucidation of many of those great events by which Napoleon so long held the greater part of Europe under his absolute and unlimited control.

Poems on various Subjects, with Introductory Remarks on the present state of Science and Literature in France. By Helen Maria Williams. 8vo. pp. 298. London, 1823.

It is pleasurable to see the name of this lady again in print, as it recalls to our imagination the older times, when her talents were a passport for her into the society of Johnson, Goldsmith, and the literary host of that memorable period; who does not recollect Boswell's anecdote of the Doctor's complimentary reception of this lady after the appearance of her *Ode to Liberty*? Her merit won the esteem even of that prejudiced critic, although her fine principles of liberty were, of all others, calculated to inflame his passions and excite his animosity.

The volume, now before us, contains thirty introductory pages, elegant, and glowing with all the warmth of poetry. If there be any difference of opinion as to the merit of the poems, nobody can hesitate to acknowledge that beauty which this lady's compositions in prose derive from the dignity and consistency of her sentiments, and from the animation and vivacity of her manner. In the introduction to the present volume, Miss Williams enters a warm protest against what she calls "the opinions which have gone forth in England, respecting the present degenerate state of

science and literature in France." For our parts, we are not aware of any such opinion being at all prevalent amongst our countrymen. We recollect such doctrines having appeared in the pages of a quarterly publication of great merit (the *Edinburgh Review*), but we believe they made little or no impression upon persons at all competent to form any judgment on the subject. On the contrary, the general opinion of this country is, that the French are pre-eminent in science, although we impugn their taste in some of the branches of the arts, and claim for ourselves a decided preference in literature. Indeed it is known that the French, since the commencement of the revolution, have neglected literature for the sake of science; and although Mr. Gibbon and a few others entered warm and able protests against such preference, there are many persons of eminence in this country, as well as in other parts of Europe, that justify the choice. We must confess, that hitherto an attention almost exclusive has been given to literature in many schools of Europe, but we do not see why the reaction should be an exclusive devotion to science. It is true that philosophy and the sciences and arts may be more conducive to human happiness than literature, but a perfect state of society requires the acquisition and reunion of all; and we believe that they will flourish best where they mutually support each other. In France, the abstract mathematics, astronomy, geography, comparative anatomy, natural history, and botany, have made surprising progress within the last fifty years, whilst the English are immeasurably superior in chemistry, and greatly excel in literature, in metaphysics, and in many branches of the mixed mathematics. The fair author pays a just tribute to the noble conduct of Condorcet and Rabaut St. Etienne, during the revolution. Her epithets applied to the different Savans of France are forcible and well chosen, and she gives several ingenious reflections on the three leading French poets, and traces the effects of liberty on the poetic temperament in general, and upon the genius of these three individuals in particular. Miss

Williams's sentiments upon public liberty have been justly praised by most eminent writers, but in her enmity to Napoleon, for sacrificing the cause of freedom to his military mania and personal ambition, she appears to us to do too little homage to the surprising talents of that stupendous character, nor does she give a just consideration of the extraordinary circumstances in which he was placed. Miss Williams gives a few tokens of her poetic taste, having been a little affected by her long residence in France. In one of her quotations of a French quatrain from *Loyson*, the second line is "De Ducis, de Dellile, il entend le silence." To hear silence, is an expression which no English reader could tolerate, much less quote.

There is a note in the same page which reflects great dishonour on the French painters, for we trust the fact it records is no trait in the human character in general. During the ascendancy of Napoleon, Miss Williams relates, that the exhibitions at the Louvre were full to overflowing with battle scenes, in which Napoleon was always conspicuously placed on the canvas, but since the restoration of the Bourbons not a painting of a battle has been exhibited; but the walls are crowded with Madonnas, processions, and with endless representations of Henry IV. Would not a few facts of this description justify Napoleon's bad opinion of human nature? On the whole, we have seldom read thirty more interesting pages than the introduction to this volume.

The poems are very numerous, and the greater part of a lighter description. Many of them have before appeared in print, and we have no doubt that several of them will be recognised by her readers. The Ode to Peace is remarkably fine, and replete with the rapture and nobleness of thought, which characterise this species of poem. Some of the sonnets are ingenious and elegant, that to Hope is new in its ideas. The sonnet to Burns' Mountain Daisy is forcible, whilst those to Twilight and to the Moon are elegant and tinged with a shade of melancholy, to express which the sonnet is peculiarly adapted. The highest species of composition in the volume are the Peru-

vian Tales, occupying about sixty pages. These contain passages of fire and of pathos, and may be read with pleasure and improvement. We think the volume a very acceptable offering to the public; and it will be valued by many as a reminiscence of a lady whose name was once so familiar to our studies, but whose pen has latterly kept no pace with the promise of her earlier productions.

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The Lucubrations of Humphrey Ravelin, Esq. 8vo. pp. 414. London, 1823.

The reader will perceive by this *sobriquet* of Ravelin, that the author of the volume we are about to review is a military gentleman; and the volume itself will further convince him of the fact, for it abounds in sketches of the military service, of the military character, habits, and dispositions, and it contains a few amusing chapters of but slight connection with the military profession of the author. Major Humphrey Ravelin and his valet, Havresack, are of the family of my uncle Toby and the corporal, and although not exactly equal to the great "Stock and honour of their race," they bear evident marks of the family resemblance, and display a *naïveté*, a readiness, and a good nature, which will make the reader happy to pursue with them their lucubrations. The volume is written in a gentlemanly style, and several of the chapters are of considerable interest; whilst others, without containing much of positive information, impart the same sort of satisfaction that we receive from a perusal of a chapter of the Sketch-Book, or from one of those minor but elegant papers of the Spectator, in which every reader will perceive the "Materiem superabat opus." The chapter upon the West India services, and that upon the East Indians, at Cheltenham, contain many sound reflections, and much of fact which will suggest reflections to those who have any local or personal knowledge upon the subject. One of the most interesting parts of the volume is that relating to the Indian Tribes in America, and to Tecumthé and his brave warriors allied to the British armies.

The work has afforded us several pleasurable hours in our study, and we recommend it as a source of elegant recreation to our readers.

Letters to Sir Walter Scott, Bart. on the Moral and Political Character and Effects of the Visit to Scotland of King George IV. 8vo. pp. 170. Edinburgh, 1822.

We are likely to have our judgment conciliated by any work emanating from a desire to diffuse loyal sentiments, and to create a respect for the throne, but we much fear that the author now before us is not possessed of talents sufficient to give dignity, or even plausibility to the loyal views and sentiments which he has embodied in this work; and we must hint to him, that the cause of true and rational loyalty is more likely to be injured than benefited by a work of extravagant ultraism, especially if it be destitute both of sound reflections and of literary elegance. For our parts, we cannot trace any of the great moral and political effects, which the author would attribute to our Monarch's visit to the North, nor can we follow our author in tracing any analogy between the King's visit to Scotland, and Lord Rodney's defeat of the French fleet; nor agree with him, that in a serious work, relating to royalty, the heads of chapters should bear such sentences as "The King on the Half-moon Battery of the Castle," his health drunk, and reply made amidst the report of cannon, "Man a King-making animal," &c. &c. The indiscretion of such a work is palpable, and its tendency is to make royalty the object of jest and ridicule. Zeal without knowledge is dangerous to any cause. As the work before us is extravagant in its sentiments, and destitute of information and of any new or useful reflections, the utmost that we can do, consistently with the purity of our critical functions, is to acknowledge the author's laudable object of increasing the attachment to the Sovereign, and to praise him for his good intentions towards a cause which his work is, however, calcu-

lated to injure in a ratio to its extent of circulation.

A concise System of Mensuration, adapted to the use of Schools, Containing Algebra, with Fluxions; Practical Geometry, Trigonometry, Mensuration, Superficies and Solids, Land Surveying, Gauging. &c. By Alexander Ingram, 12mo. Edinburgh, 1822, pp. 323.

Mr. Ingram is known, we believe, as the editor of one or two useful books of mathematics, and particularly of an edition of Euclid, in which he has added precision and accuracy to many minor parts, where Dr. Simpson had expressed himself with circumlocution, and a want of method and clearness. We believe few things would be more perplexing to a teacher, or to a man of higher scientific attainments, than to determine the relative pretensions of the numerous, we had almost said, innumerable works upon every branch of elementary instruction; each has some points of superiority, and others of inferiority to its rivals, and all have parts so nearly similar, that to balance the aggregate merits of such rival publications, would be a most perplexing office. In the work before us 84 pages are devoted to algebra, although we thought Bonnycastle's treatise or introduction had superceded the necessity of any elementary work on this science. Thirty pages follow of geometry, logarithms, and trigonometry, all of which appear to us neither better nor worse than what we may find in Bonnycastle, in Robertson, and in other eminent preceding writers on such subjects. The character of the whole work is that of clearness, and as it contains a compilation of the elements of so many useful and connected sciences, it is better as a school book than so many separate introductions upon each science, provided at least that the scholar is intended for a profession which requires geometry, trigonometry, algebra and logarithms, to be followed by mensuration, surveying, gauging and measuring the works of artificers.

A Concise History of Ancient Institutions, Inventions and Discoveries, abridged and translated from the German of Professor Beckmann, with various important additions. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 805. London, 1823.

We believe there are few persons of observation who have not had occasion to remark, or who have not heard others remark, the very little information possessed even by people of intelligence upon the origin and progress of some of the most useful and even common inventions and discoveries. So little attention has been paid to such subjects in this country, that we believe we have fewer books of the nature of those now before us than perhaps of any other description whatever; this is the more remarkable, as the origin and state of institutions, of inventions and discoveries, elucidate the page of history, are explanatory of the manners and habits of a people at any particular era, and independent of this, are in themselves objects of the most pleasing study. The work before us is therefore of a nature so decidedly acceptable, that it remains for us to speak only of its execution; of part of it we have scarcely any occasion to speak, for being a translation of the celebrated work of Professor Beckmann, the public approbation may be considered as already passed upon it, and we have therefore only to judge of the fidelity of that translation, of the merit of the new matter which has been added to the original, and whether the whole be compiled with judgment and accuracy.

The original German work was exceedingly voluminous, and without order or arrangement; the matter of the present volumes is alphabetically arranged, and the materials are condensed to a compass which contains the necessary information

without fatiguing the reader, and the subjects both in their relation to the ancients and moderns are stated with great perspicuity, and are often accompanied by useful and moral observations. Much error now prevalent in the world upon common points will be cleared up by some of the chapters in this volume; for instance, with respect to the Tulip-mania in Holland, there are many, we believe, who fancy that the extraordinary sums, stated to have been paid for individual plants of the several species of this flower, were actually given in barter, that the flower was transferred upon the payment of the money, and that the enormous price arose from an admiration of the tulip. In the chapter upon this subject these tales are explained to have been fictitious, and adopted as a mode of a species of gambling similar to what we now call stock-jobbing. The author, however, might have entered into the consideration of how the tulip became selected as the medium of such gambling speculations, and the extent to which the admiration of that flower among the Dutch had really carried the price of an individual root, in *bonâ fide* transactions. Some of his observations are occasionally careless; for instance, in the chapter we are now speaking of, he observes in the tulip-mania, that at first nearly all who gambled were gainers, and that at the conclusion very few escaped without loss. We believe it may be stated, as an abstract principle, that in all stages of gambling transactions, precisely as much must be gained as lost; and it is a truth equally clear that upon the aggregate, the transfer of money in gambling is from the pockets of gentlemen into those of shapers or professional players. However we refer the reader to the work itself, as a source of much amusement as well as of useful knowledge.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE,

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

AFRICA.

Captain Laing, of the Royal African light infantry regiment, returned on the 29th of October last from his journey into the interior. He had been commissioned by the governor, Sir Charles Macarthy, to repair to the King of Soulimana. He set out on his journey on the 6th April, 1822, with a caravan fitted out by English merchants, for the purpose of opening commercial relations with the countries through which he might pass. Having succeeded in his mission, he left Talaba, the capital of Soulimana, on the 17th September, and returned by the banks of the Rockelle by a commodious route, which would afford a safe and lucrative channel for English trade. In passing through the southern Kourankos, Captain Laing was presented to Ballansama and obtained from him permission for the people of Sangara to travel through his territories, for the purposes of commerce. Having been prevented approaching the sea, they had hitherto been obliged to trade with the Europeans in the kingdoms of Soulimana and Foulah. The king sent one of his sons and his only brother, to assure Sir Charles Macarthy of the desire, which the prince and all the people of Kourankos had to establish friendly relations between themselves and the English. A son of the King of Soulimana, and several inhabitants likewise, accompanied the caravan on its return, in order to express a similar desire.

The whole course of the principal branch of the Rockelle is now accurately known. Captain Laing places its source in latitude $9^{\circ} 45' S.$ and longitude $10^{\circ} 5' W.$ This river would be navigable to within thirty miles of its source but for the obstruction of a vast number of rocks. Captain Laing made many observations upon the source of the Niger, which, in these regions, is called the Tremble. Mount Loma, from which its waters flow, forms the commencement of a chain of mountains, and is situated in latitude $9^{\circ} 15' S.$ and longitude $9^{\circ} 36' W.$ The river divides Sangara from Soulimana, having the first on its right bank, and the second on its left. The river Camaranea has its source two days march to the east of the Niger, and, after approaching within two or three miles of the Rockelle, it flows to the west through the country of the Kourankos. Captain Laing also

speaks of the river Mungo, which falls into the ocean, uniting its mouth with that of the Scarcies. But the Mungo is the larger river, taking its rise near Beila, a city of the Foulahs, two days journey from Timbo, the capital of the Foulahs.

In the country called Limba, the Mungo receives the Kabba, which is about 100 yards broad, and which rises twenty miles south of Timbo. Captain Laing places that city in latitude $10^{\circ} 52' S.$ and in longitude $10^{\circ} 34' W.$ Such are the particulars already known of this gentleman's expedition, an account of which, perhaps, the public will have from his own pen. It is probable that Captain Laing will be engaged to trace the source of the Niger, and to ascertain its course from its origin or spring to the spot to which it is now known.

AMERICA.

Dr. Phebus, of New York, has invented a horizontal wheel, to be put in motion by the wind. The principle of it is very simple. There are eight horizontal spokes attached to a perpendicular nave, each of the spokes has a small sail, which may be furled or spread with the same facility as the sail of a boat. Each sail, running from right to left, is hooked to that which immediately follows it, and they are all of a size, sufficient to receive the necessary impulse from the wind. This invention is more difficult to describe than to conceive, but it is thought that it may be applied with great advantage in many manufactories.

The printers and booksellers of Philadelphia have held a meeting for the purpose of nominating a deputation to assist at the fourth centennial anniversary of the invention of the art of printing. This anniversary will also be held during the present year, at Haarlem, in Holland.

An artist at New York, named James Finlayson, has published a prospectus of a map of Scotland, designed as an illustration of the works of Sir Walter Scott and of Burns. The chart will be coloured and adapted to fold in a book, the price being one dollar. Every place really existing, which is mentioned in these works, will be marked down, so that their relation to those which are only imaginary may be easily conceived. For instance, for Waverley there will be marked Ben Lawers, and a lake to the east, which will recal the meeting of Waverley

with Donald Bean-Lean in the cavern. The imaginary castle of Fergus Mac-Ivor would, by the Novel, be situated five miles to the north of that lake. The march of the Pretender, as well as that of Waverley, is marked by particular lines; and each place of battle is indicated by a flag or standard.

INDIA.

Captain Bentham has brought from Madras to London a collection of curiosities, illustrative of the manners and condition of society in the East. This collection will be soon exhibited, together with an Indian Cosmorama, consisting of 104 fine drawings.

Geographical Intelligence.—One of the finest bridges in the world is that over the river Cavery, in the Island of Sevasamoodra, in the East Indies. This bridge was begun in 1819, and finished in 1822. It is a thousand feet long, thirteen feet broad, twenty-three high, and is supported on 400 stone pillars, forming 113 arches. The whole expense has been defrayed by an individual of the Mysore.

EGYPT.

M. Casati has recently brought to London from Egypt several ancient MSS., one of which is in Greek, and is sixty-six inches long, and seven inches broad. It is supposed to be an agreement of a sale, made at Thebes, in the fourth year of the reign of Cleopatra, 113 years before Christ.

GREECE.

A vast number of pamphlets and other works in favour of the Greeks have appeared in Switzerland during the last year, and the profits of which are to be given to that brave people to aid them in their defence against their oppressors.

A young Greek by the name of Zampelios, has written three tragedies in the Romaick or modern Greek. They are entitled Timoleon, Scanderberg, and Constantine Palæologus, and the first of which has already appeared in print.

The Greeks in Peleponesus are organizing a national academy, for the purpose of instructing those who are yet too young to take up arms in defence of their country. The Prince Maurocordato continues to distinguish himself by his ardent patriotism, his resolution, and all the qualities which characterise the hero. The enthusiasm of the Greeks has increased particularly since their capture of Napoli de Romania, justly considered the Gibraltar of Greece. The hope entertained by every liberal mind of seeing the Greeks obtain an honorable rank amongst in-

dependent nations becomes now almost a matter of certainty.

GERMANY.

The widow of J. G. Muller, the late professor at Schaffhausen, has presented that city with the library of her late husband, containing amongst other valuable works the posthumous works of the celebrated historiographer, John de Muller. This literary relic consists of 18,100 folio pages, upon general history, taken from 1800 different authors.

The Agricultural Society of Wurtemberg, in the number of their journal for April last, call upon all the botanists of the kingdom to transmit to them a catalogue of the plants of their neighbourhood, with an account of the sites upon which they grow, and of their common names, with the period of their budding. The Society is engaged upon an Herbarium or Flora of Wurtemberg, and is already in possession of 1400 species.

The Minister of Commerce has established at Posen, in Bavaria, a school of industry, which was opened on the 5th of January last. There are 100 pupils. Pens, paper, books, and instruction, are supplied at the expense of the government.

The Emperor of Russia has conferred the Order of St. Wladimir (4th class) upon Mons. Alle, director of the Institute of the deaf and dumb, at Gurud. In the kingdom of Wurtemberg, there are more than one thousand deaf and dumb; it is, therefore, highly desirable, that the funds of this institution should be augmented.

There have been discovered between Waiblingin and Endersbach, in Wurtemberg, nine Roman stoves, such as were used by potters. There were also found all sorts of vases made of clay, and near the same spot, a few years ago, there was dug up a square piece of stone, on the four sides of which was represented, in bas-relief, a man carrying a heathen altar.

PRUSSIA.

Curiosities in the Cities of Dantzic and Konigsburgh.—Among the eighteen churches of Dantzic several are deserving of the attention of the traveller; that of St. Mays is the most remarkable, both on account of its height and for the boldness of its architecture. It contains several excellent paintings, and particularly an altar-piece of the Last Judgment, by Van Eicken a Fleming. But the rich Monastery of Oliva, a mile from Dantzic, is by far more majestic and grand than the church of St. Mays. It contains twenty-five richly

decorated altars of black and of white marble, and of alabaster. Dantzic also possesses a gymnasium, a public library, and museum of natural history, an observatory, and several societies of medicine, and of natural philosophy. Königsburgh is two German miles in circumference. The University, which was founded in 1544, contains 600 students. There are three public libraries, of which that of the castle contains 17,000 volumes, with a collection of bibles and other books of devotion, presented by Count Albert, and bound in massive silver. The library of the University is less extensive but more useful, and contains a collection of Greek and Roman medals, with a Gallery of Paintings by the old masters, amongst which are several portraits by Rembrandt. The third library is but of little value. The other objects worthy of the attention of the traveller are the monument erected to Kant, the Collegium Fridericianum, the Gymnasium, the new Hall of the Academy, the Botanical Garden, and the Clinical Institute.

RUSSIA.

Admiral Krusenstern is constantly engaged upon his Atlas of the South Sea. This Atlas will contain thirty charts, and will be published at the expense of the Emperor. This work will very soon issue from the press.

Military and Naval Academies.—The imperial corps of cadets at Petersburg is composed of two divisions, and consists of 1,000 pupils, with a revenue of 150,000 roubles.

Ten public military schools, with 3,500 pupils, each school having an income of 25,000 roubles.

The Artillery and Engineer's School of 750 pupils, and an income of 220,000 roubles.

The School for Naval Cadets at Oranienbaum, 680 scholars, and 272,000 roubles.

School of Naval Architecture at St. Petersburg, income 121,700 roubles.

School of Navigation at Cronstadt, 250 pupils, revenue 45,000 roubles.

Schools of Navigation and Naval Architecture at Archangel, Odessa, and Nikolajew.

A Military Asylum for orphans at St. Petersburg.

The principal garrison towns have each an establishment of education; the cavalry regiments have a squadron of reserve for the same purpose. There are also ten military hospitals for invalids, and twelve marine hospitals at Petersburg, at Cronstadt, at Sewastopol and Odessa.

Eur. Mag. April, 1823.

Population and Longevity.—1817, Births, 786,860 boys; 711,796 girls. Deaths, 423,092 males, and 405,469 females, of which 208,954 have died above the age of fifty. The increase of population in 1817 was 670,045. The number of persons who had attained the age of

60 years, was	68723
70	38761
80	16175
90	2108
100	783
115	83
120	57
125	21
130	7
135	1
140	1

Total 126,717

SPAIN.

M. Llorente.—This respectable literary character died at Madrid on the 7th February. The Universal attributes his death to the agitation and fatigue which he suffered from the period of his so precipitately leaving Paris. There was certainly much of cruelty in hurrying away, at only twenty-four hours notice, a man of seventy years of age, and of extremely weak health, and forcing him to take a journey of more than 300 leagues, in the most inclement season. There appears to have existed no reason whatever for persecuting this estimable character, unless it be his profound and learned works, in which he opposes facts and arguments to the pretensions of the *ultra* factions, and shews that the cruelties of the inquisition are contrary to the gospel. It may be recollected, that in 1792 and 1793, M. Llorente supported at his own expense a number of the proscribed clergy of France, and that he had peaceably resided in France for eight years, as a friendly country. The *Revue Encyclopedique* pays a just tribute to the memory of this good man, who was a contributor to that work from its first establishment.

ITALY.

Piedmont.—The frequent inundations of the Isère having been of serious injury to the neighbouring country as well as to the health of the inhabitants, the government, by letters patent, dated the 7th January last, has established at Chambery a board of commissioners, to examine into the various plans that have been proposed for embanking the river throughout all Savoy to the frontiers of France. The commission is to report to government upon the best

means of accomplishing the object consistently with economy, and with the grandeur of the work, and with a respect for the private properties in the neighbourhood.

The Psalterium Regina Angilbergæ, (wife of the Emperor, Louis II.) which was written in 827, and upon red vellum with golden letters, was sold by public auction in Paris in 1819, for 1,700 francs. It has just been conveyed to Placenza, where it had been formerly deposited.

Spiridon Petretini has published at Padua a translation into the modern Greek of Velleius Paterculus.

SWITZERLAND.

A steam-boat is about to be established in Lake Constance, similar to the packet-boat, which will ply during this spring upon Lake Lemanus, between Geneva, Lausanne, and Veray. There will soon be a similar boat on the lake of the four Cantons, of which the navigation is difficult, and the shores without any roads. The necessity of this will be evident now that the route by St. Gothard has been thrown open to wheeled carriages.

Berne.—A code of laws is about to be adopted, which has been digested by Professor Schnell, a learned Juris-consulte, of Switzerland, and who is well acquainted with French jurisprudence, of which, in some respects, that of Berne is an imitation. Two remarkable alterations will be made in the laws respecting marriage; one will submit to restrictions the marriages of those who are assisted by the benevolent institutions, the other will admit the legal effects of promises of marriage. At present it is the custom of Berne for parents, especially in the country, to permit nocturnal visits between young persons long before they are married. In no country, therefore, is there more of infanticide. The alteration of the law will be more powerful than the remonstrances of the Consistories, in reclaiming a vice peculiar to Berne, and unworthy of any civilized country.

Mr. Joseph André, author of the *Political Memoirs of the Canton of Lucerne*, has just published at that place a new journal, which has been suppressed on account of the author's intending to insert into it a history of the Jesuits, during their residence of 200 years at Lucerne.

The celebrated Pestalozzi intends to publish a periodical work upon Education, and upon Elementary Instruction. In his prospectus he says, "I have devoted my whole life to investigating

the best means of instructing youth, and improving the education of the people. Men distinguished by their merit, and by their noble character, have entreated me to publish the principles of my system of education, I am, therefore, resolved to publish a periodical work, in which I will endeavour to shew what elementary education ought to be, and what are the means of gradually developing the human faculties. I shall shew how much elementary education is calculated to give full effect to domestic instruction. I shall produce striking examples to prove how capable children, even of the most tender years, are of applying to objects which interest their minds or their feelings, in a manner which will be in harmony with the natural progressive development of our faculties. I shall call the attention to the necessity of uniting, for the objects of education, severity and mildness, goodness of heart, ardour and amenity, liberty and obedience, and, consequently, the virtues of domestic life, emanating even from the Deity himself. I shall also publish a French translation of my works, by subscription. The first volume will relate to numbers, the second to the elements of geometry; subsequent writings, as well as treatises, upon different points of elementary instruction, will be also published by subscription. Subscribers in England are requested to address their communications to Mr. H. Pestalozzi at Yverdon, in Switzerland, under cover, to the Rev. C. Mayo, 25, New Ormond-street, Queen-square. An English translation of the works will be published immediately a sufficient number of subscribers are procured. More than 2,000 persons in different parts of Europe have patronised Mr. Pestalozzi's efforts, and their contributions have enabled him to establish an institute for the poor, which is designed to furnish male and female teachers of his system for any parts of Europe. The price of the quarterly periodical work will be only eight francs for four numbers, and Mr. Pestalozzi concludes his address by saying, "I am convinced that a great number of the friends of education, will feel pleasure in remitting the trifling sum indispensable for the admission and support of a poor child, endowed with natural talents for receiving instruction. I will add but one word more. The success of this proposal will render the hour of my death the most happy hour of my existence."

Mr. Kruisi, a pupil of Pestalozzi, and a founder and conductor of an

establishment for boys at Yverdun, has been elected in the most honourable manner to the management of the school of his native country, the Canton of Appenzel. His establishment at Yverdun is under two able directors, Mr. Nalf, principal of the Institute of the deaf and dumb, and Mr. Niederer, principal of an institute for young ladies. The principles of Mr. Pestalozzi are strictly followed in this establishment at Yverdun, but not to the rejection of any improvements or suggestions calculated to promote the objects of the system.

FRANCE.

Mons. Le Chevalier Rebsomen, a distinguished French officer, who had lost his left arm and right leg, has invented a piece of mechanism by which the flute may be played by one hand as well as it can by two. The mechanism consists in two additional keys, so that the flute has eleven keys instead of nine. It is of the ordinary size of a flute, and is fixed to a little contrivance in the middle of a vice, or it can be fixed to the waist, in the manner of a bent iron rod. The sounds or tones are agreeable, and the intonations more firm than in the common flute. Mons. Rebsomen plays very well on his invention, and several amateurs who have lost an arm, have testified their sense of obligation to Mons. Rebsomen for his contrivance. The most distinguished musicians at Paris, consider this invention as valuable, both as a musical instrument and an ingenious mechanical contrivance. The academy of Fine Arts appreciate this invention so highly, that they have recommended Mons. Rebsomen to the attention of the government.

Colmar, Upper Rhine.—The general council of the department has voted, in

its last sitting, 2,000 francs for the establishment of an architectural school at the principal place of the department. This school has been organised by the care of M. de Puymaigre, the prefect. Twenty-four pupils are already admitted, and they receive gratuitous lessons in drawing, and in the application of drawing to their particular trades.

Milk of the Goats of Thibet.—M. Barruel, head of the chemical works of the faculty of medicine, has made a careful analysis of this milk. It is to be regretted that he had not the means of analysing the milk of these goats at different periods of gestation, and at different ages. But the single analysis that he has made is of great importance. The milk produces more butter, cheese, and sugar than that of the French goats, the butter being one-third, the cheese one-tenth, and the sugar nearly one-half more. The Thibet goats now introduced into France, if properly attended to, may be of great advantage to the country, and Europe may soon surpass Cashmere in her shawls as she does China in her porcelain. The *Moniteur* of the 26th of January, 1823, gives the following results of an analysis of the milk of these goats:—

1. The milk contains more saccharine matter than the milk of the indigenous goats.
2. That the caseous matter is more delicate, and, consequently, easier of digestion.
3. That the butter is equally abundant, and less sour, and therefore more agreeable.
4. That it is probable the milk may be more efficacious in those disorders, for which the faculty are in the habit of recommending the milk of the common goat.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The lovers of Italian literature can now enjoy a treat of no common occurrence; we allude to a series of twelve weekly Lectures, which commenced on the 10th of April, by Mr. Foscolo. The subjects embrace every topic of value to the Italian scholar.

Signor Pistrucchi, the *Improvisatore*, or Impromptu Poet, whose talent has raised so much wonder in Paris, is become a subject of conversation in the polite circles of our metropolis. This most ingenious Roman is a man of learning and general knowledge, who composes and recites verses in any rhyme or stanza *extempore*, upon whatever

subject may, at the moment, be proposed; and he does not limit himself to a few verses, but goes to the length of many stanzas of eight lines, not only without a pause, but without a single hesitation.

Mr. James Boaden is preparing for publication a Life of the late John Philip Kemble, Esq. including a History of the Stage from the Death of Garrick to the present time. It will contain a faithful record of his personal history and of his professional career, illustrated with characteristic Anecdotes, extracts from a carefully preserved Correspondence, and a

variety of information derived from genuine and unexceptionable sources.

Mr. Bicheno has in the press, a Second Edition of "An Inquiry into the Poor Laws, chiefly with a view to examine them as a System of National Benevolence, and to shew the Evils of indiscriminate Relief; with some Remarks upon the Schemes which have recently been submitted to Parliament."

The Second Edition of the Picturesque Promenade round Dorking, in Surrey, with numerous engravings, will be published early in May.

The Octavo Volume entitled *Dissertations Introductory to the Study and Right Understanding of the Language, Structure, and Contents of the Apocalypse*, by Alex. Tilloch, LL.D. will be published early in May.

The long-promised English Flora of Sir James Edward Smith, President of the Linnæan Society, is now printing.

A new Edition of the "Memoirs of the late Mrs. Cappe, written by herself," is preparing for the press.

Greek Literature. — Mr. John Mitchell, Purser, R.N. Teacher of Languages, has ready for the press, a Grammatical Parallel of the Classic and Modern Greek Languages, evincing their close affinity.

Part I. of Messrs. J. P. Neale, and J. Le Keux's Original Views of the Collegiate and Parochial Churches of England, will appear on the 1st of November; it will contain five highly finished engravings, with Descriptive and Historical Accounts.

The Cambridge Tart is in the press, (intended as a Companion to the Oxford Sausage,) consisting of Epigrammatic and Satiric Effusions, &c. &c. Dainty Morsels served up by Cantabs, on various occasions, by Socius.

Early in June, will be published, a Funeral Oration on General Dumourier, with considerations on the Events of his Life.

The author of "The Entail" has a new Novel in the press, of which the printing is nearly finished. It is, we understand, a narrative of a Covenantant's Sufferings, entitled "Ringan Gilhaize," supposed to be written by himself.

Dr. Irving has in the press a new and enlarged edition of his Observations on the Study of the Civil Law.

A second edition of Mr. Blaine's Canine Pathology is in the press, and will appear with important Alterations and Additions.

Remarkable passages in the Life of William Kiffin, Merchant and Alder-

man of London, will soon be published, including some account of W. and Benjamin Newling, who were executed for the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion. Published from the Original Manuscripts, with Notes and Additions, by William Orme, of Perth, author of the Life of Dr. Owen.

A Tribute of Affection to the Memory of a Beloved Wife, is in the press, being a Sketch of the Life and Character of Mrs. Maria Cramp, with Extracts from her Correspondence, by J. M. Cramp.

The author of the Lollards, Calthorpe, &c. has a new Romance ready for publication in 3 volumes, entitled *Other Times; or, the Monks of Leadenhall*.

The new Edition of the Saxon Chronicle, edited by the Rev. Mr. Ingram, may be expected to appear in a few days.

A new Novel, by the author of the Cavalier, will be published in the course of April, entitled the "King of the Peak," in 3 vols.

The third volume of "Transactions of the Literary Society of Bombay," will appear during the ensuing month.

Richard Payne Knight, Esq. has a new Poem in the press, entitled "Alfred," which will appear next month in an octavo volume.

The young officer, whose "Sketches of India" were so favourably received by the public, has nearly ready for publication in an octavo volume, "Recollections of the Peninsula," containing Remarks on the Manners and Character of the Spanish Nation.

Mr. Henry Phillips, H.S. author of the History of Fruits known in Great Britain, cultivated Vegetables, &c. &c. in engaged upon *Sylva Florifera the Shrubbery*; containing a Historical and Botanical Account of the Flowering Shrubs and Trees which now ornament the shrubbery, the park, and rural scenes in general.

The facetious Thomas Brown, the younger, is employed on a new work, entitled "Fables for the Holy Alliance," with other Poems.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

ANTIQUITIES.

Encyclopedia of Antiquities, and Elements of Archaeology, classical and mediæval. Being the first work of the kind ever edited in England. By the Rev. T. D. Fosbroke, M.A. F.S.A. — A number, 5s. appears every month, and the whole will be comprised in twenty numbers.

BIOGRAPHY.

A new and enlarged edition of the *Life of Ali Pacha*, 1 vol. 8vo. with two fine portraits, a View of Janina, and a Map of Greece, 12s. boards.

The *Life of William Davison*, Secretary of State and Privy Counsellor to Queen Elizabeth. By Nicholas Harris Nicolas, Esq. of the Inner Temple. 8vo. 12s. boards.

EDUCATION.

A Brief Treatise on the use and construction of a Case of Instruments, for the improvement of young Students. By G. Phillips.

A new System of Arithmetic on a plan entirely Original, calculated to abridge the labour of the Tutor considerably, and facilitate the progress of the Pupil. By J. Walker. New Edition, with an enlarged Appendix. By W. Russell.

The Parent's Latin Grammar. By the author of the "Student's Manual." To which is prefixed an Original Essay on the formation of Latin Verbs. By J. B. Gilchrist, LL.D.

A Sequel to the "Student's Manual," being an Etymological and Explanatory Vocabulary of Words derived from the Latin. By the author of the "Student's Manual, &c."

A concise System of Mensuration adapted to the use of Schools. By Alexander Ingram, author of "Elements of Euclid, &c."

FINE ARTS.

A series of Views of the most interesting remains of the Ancient Castles in England and Wales, engraved by W. Woolnoth and W. Tomblason, from Drawings by Arnold, Fielding, Blore, Gastineux, &c. with Historical Descriptions, by E. W. Brayley, Jun. Published in monthly numbers, each 4s.

Portraits of the most Illustrious Personages of Great Britain. Part I.—Containing Sir Philip Sidney, Lord Chancellor Bacon, Sir Walter Raleigh, Queen Jane Seymour, and Sir Thomas Gresham; with Biographical and Historical Memoirs of their Lives and Actions. By Edmund Lodge, Esq. Norroy King of Arms, F.S.A. Imperial 8vo. 12s. 6d. or proofs on Indian paper, royal 4to. 25s.

Number I. of the Cathedral Churches of England and Wales. With Descriptions, by J. C. Buckler. Number I. contains St. Asaph, Bangor and Bristol Cathedrals. To be published monthly, in 11 Numbers. 5s. each.

Modern Geography and History, con-

taining an Account of the present State of the Kingdoms of the World, with the Political Alterations determined by the Congress of Vienna; to which is annexed, a series of Questions for the Exercise of the Students. By the Rev. T. Clark. 4s.

MEDICINE.

The Second Edition of Sir Astley Cooper's Work on; Dislocations and Fractures. 4to. royal, with plates.

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POLITICAL DIGEST.

THE Easter recess of the two Houses of Parliament has rendered their proceedings less multifarious since our last publication; nevertheless, several important questions have been debated in the legislature. In the Upper House, Lords Grey and Holland have reprobated the conduct of the ministry in the late negotiations at Verona, urging that it was not sufficient in point of morals, nor with respect to the national honour, for England merely to point out to France the impolicy of her attack upon Spain, but that we ought to have denounced it as a nefarious violation of the law of nations, and that we ought also in a spirit of impartiality, to have communicated to Spain our reprobation of the principles upon which she was to be attacked by France.—In the Lower House, the Miscellaneous Estimates for the year have been voted. Mr. Hume complained of the appointments of colonial agents with salaries amounting from 500*l.* to 1200*l.* each, and whose sole duties were to accept the quarterly bills which were drawn for the salaries of the government officers resident in the colonies. Some severe observations were also made upon our government of the Ionian Islands by force, instead of by conciliating the attachment of the inhabitants.—A bill has been passed compelling merchant vessels to take on board a certain number of apprentices, and to protect from impressment the seamen in the merchant service, from the age of eighteen to twenty-one.—A petition was presented to the House of Commons from the inhabitants of Cape Breton, complaining that in 1820 they had been suddenly deprived of their government, and had been made an integral part of Nova Scotia, simply by a proclamation of Sir James Kempt, the Governor. They objected to this compulsory union, because in 1784 they had received a distinct government, and which had been solemnly guaranteed to them. That under this government the population had increased from 1100 to 20,000, and they were free of debt. Whereas, Nova Scotia was burdened by a paper currency, and by a large debt, for the defraying of which, the people of Cape Breton were now rendered liable; so that property at Cape Breton, which had been worth 10,000*l.* had been depreciated to 3000*l.* by this union of the governments.—Mr. Canning informed

the House that Mr. Wynn, whose appointment as Ambassador to the Swiss Cantons, had given rise to so much discussion, had retired, and that his successor would receive but half the salary that had been given to Mr. Wynn.—An animated debate took place on a petition presented to the House in behalf of Mrs. Mary Ann Carlisle, who having undergone the full period of her confinement to which she was sentenced for publishing a blasphemous libel, was now in jail in default of paying the fine imposed on her by the Court of King's Bench, and which it appeared was of so enormous an amount as to effect her perpetual imprisonment. Mr. Hume, Mr. Ricardo, and Sir Francis Burdett demonstrated the injustice, cruelty and impolicy of religious persecution; and the petition was ordered to be printed.—Sir John Newport moved certain resolutions relative to the first fruits in Ireland, which being now paid, according to the valuation made in the reign of Henry VIII. yielded only 290*l.* a year, but which properly levied, would amount to from 30,000*l.* to 40,000*l.* a year; and he therefore reprobated the taking of money from taxes for the poor clergy, and for the building of glebe houses. Mr. Goulburn urged, that the resolutions would be tantamount to a tax of 40,000*l.* a year on the Church Establishment of Ireland; and Sir John Newport's motion was lost by a division of 48 to 39.—On the Irish Estimates coming before the House, 9,230*l.* was voted for building glebe houses and churches, and 7000*l.* for the Dublin Society, (of literature and the arts) both of these votes were opposed on the general ground, that the expenditure of Ireland exceeded its revenue by 2,000,000*l.* per annum; but the first vote met with vehement opposition. Sir John Newport observed, that the three principal persons of the Irish Episcopacy who had died within the last fifteen years, had left accumulations of their revenue to the amount of 700,000*l.* That the Acts of George I. and George II. directed that every clergyman possessed of a benefice of above 100*l.* a year, should build a glebe house within three years of his induction, and yet numerous clergymen possessing glebes of 1500 and 2000 acres of rich land, left the glebe houses to be built out of the votes of Parliament.—Mr. Canning laid on the table of the House, the diplomatic correspondence relative to the war

between France and Spain. He stated that he had been guided in his conduct by the late Lord Londonderry's state paper upon the affairs of Naples, that, at the assembling of the Congress at Verona, our Cabinet considered that the discussions would have related to the affairs of Russia and Turkey, and had no conception that the affairs of Spain would have formed any leading question: that he had instructed our Ambassador from the commencement to oppose the war as most unjust and impolitic, and to declare the determination of our Cabinet not to participate in it. That the speech of the King of France on opening of the Chambers had been deceptive, and that the paragraph, which declared that power emanated from the crown and not from the people, had excited his abhorrence. That France had however in a subsequent state of the negotiation denied or abandoned that principle, which would have been a bar to any diplomatic relations existing between her and Great Britain. That our neutrality had been finally decided by the assurance of France, that she intended to make no territorial possessions in Spain, and that she intended to hold inviolable the kingdom of Portugal. He concluded his speech amidst loud cheers, by expressing his warmest wish for the success of the Spaniards and the discomfiture of the French. Mr. Brougham, in a luminous speech, reprobated our conduct in merely confining ourselves to opinions upon the impolicy and injustice of the war, without following up such sentiments by a determination to prevent it. It was evident that our ministry had been the dupes of France, whose Cabinet they now acknowledged to be composed of men without veracity and honour. Mr. Brougham maintained, that it would be impossible for England to continue that neutrality, for the sake of which her government had abandoned the distressed to the disasters of a war which they avowed to be infamous and subversive of the law of nations.

The papers which have been laid before the House regarding the Congress at Verona, and the war between France and Spain, display a greater apparent contradiction of views between the leading powers than can in reality exist, and the frequency with which the various parties contradict themselves, must convince every dispassionate person that none of these documents have been composed in a spirit of truth, or for other objects than a deception on the public. One of

Lord Londonderry's first letters declares that the Congress has no right to interfere in the internal state of other nations, but that its object was confined to securing the condition of Europe at the time of her being rescued from Napoleon; and yet the first acts of that Congress violated that state of Europe in the cases of Genoa, Venice, and the small Italian Republics, &c. Mr. Canning, so far from such restricted views of the rights of the Congress, allows that the last Congress assembled chiefly to discuss the affairs of Turkey and Russia, but states that our Cabinet had no idea that Spain would be a leading subject of their discussion, and yet it turns out that Spain not only formed the leading, but almost the only object of their attention. Our Cabinet and our Ambassador repeatedly confess their opinion, that the attack on Spain by France will be utterly hopeless of success, and yet subsequently they betray very great uneasiness for the fate of the Spaniards. But the whole of the documents emanating from the French diplomatists, if compared with each other, or with the speeches of the King of France, display the utmost tergiversation and a total destitution of religion, morals and honour. The King of France, in his speech to the Chambers, declared that the sole intention of his assembling the troops forming the *Cordon Sanitaire*, on the borders of the Pyrenees, was to prevent the contagion of the fever spreading into France, and that nothing but *mal-veillance* or ill-will and calumny could find a pretext for giving this precautionary measure a different purpose; this assurance is reiterated in many of the French diplomatic notes and protestations, and yet it subsequently appeared by others of such documents, as well as by the speeches of the French ministry, that these troops had from the very first been intended for purposes of war. It is also evident that at the time when the French Government was giving every solemn assurance to our cabinet that their disposition and intentions were pacific, they were secretly resolved upon war, and were practising every sinister manoeuvre to effect their object, with the connivance, if not with the assistance, of the powers at the Congress. The historian and every individual, who considers the cause of religion and morals more sacred and important than the temporary views or interests of any Government, ought to reprobate this complication of falsehood, perfidy, and spoliation which is thus displayed

by the Bourbons in their very first transaction of foreign politics after the recovery of their throne. It is lamentable to see all the great interests of mankind sacrificed to the personal vices of this infatuated family, and we cannot but admire Mr. Canning for the spirit with which he has denounced their nefarious career.

Mr. Canning and the Duke of Wellington repeatedly confess that the French can have no hope of ultimate success over Spain, how hopeless then would have been their cause had we drawn the sword in aid of the Spaniards. But the moral effect of our assisting Spain must have been prodigious. Our finances have been brought into too ruinous a state to admit of our undertaking an expensive war of Governments, but had we annulled our foreign enlistment Bill, had we appealed to the people of Europe against a war which Mr. Canning has declared to be subversive in its principles of all Free and Independent Governments, we are persuaded that Europe might have been saved from witnessing the disgraceful and cruel aggression now practising in the Peninsula. In point of arms we could have rendered essential assistance to Spain at very little expense. We could have destroyed the Commerce of France, have deprived her of her Colonies, and we could have

succoured and have assisted in the defence of all those strong fortresses on the coasts of Spain, and in which the Spaniards put their principal hope; or, departing from a purely naval war, we might have defended the entrance into Spain by Navarre, and the western side of Aragon, leaving the whole Spanish force to defend the almost inaccessible barrier of the Eastern Pyrenees.

With respect to our most recent domestic policy, it appears that the cause of Catholic emancipation is to be totally abandoned this Session. Ireland is in a dreadful state of disorganization, and it would be impossible to put the finger on any spot of the maps of Europe, of Asia or America, and perhaps of Africa, the population of which exhibit so fierce a spirit of inhumanity, or so little of adaptation to the security and happiness of social Government. But whether we view Ireland with respect to her trade, her commerce, her finances, her government, or with regard to the physical condition and moral state of her people, her regeneration seems hopeless but by a course of measures requiring a greater sacrifice of interests by the predominant party, and a greater sacrifice of prejudices and passions from all parties, than any person read in the history of mankind can hope for or expect.

FOREIGN.

WE were unable to give any very great degree of interest to our digest of foreign news in our last publication, for the proceedings of the French Cabinet had been so exceedingly dilatory as to create almost an entire stagnation of political events upon the Continent. Motion may be imperceptible to human vision from its prodigious velocity or from its extreme slowness, and the movements of Buonaparte may be compared to the first, whilst those of the present government of France might certainly be assimilated to the latter idea of philosophical motion. We never heard of Buonaparte's intention of going to war until masses of troops, too large for any intellect but his own to direct, were assembled upon some central point, so judiciously chosen that the enemy could never devise his ultimate design, or the line of his intended operation. Nor did Europe hear of his having declared war until his armies swept from this focus like a torrent, overwhelming every oppo-

sition. Victory followed victory, capitals were occupied and kingdoms subdued in rapid succession, and the course of Napoleon was that of a resistless meteor; yet hardly has he ceased to reign, when the French government relapses into all the comparative impotence, the dilatoriness, the petty ineffectual manœuvres and verbose pomposity and rhodomontade of the old regime. The Duke d'Angoulême was prevented passing the fine military roads over the Pyrenees by the falls of snow and the severity of the weather. Napoleon passed the Alps, immeasurably higher and covered with snow, where there were no military roads or even the track of human footsteps; in his directions to the Duke of Tarentum to pass into Italy from Dijon, he said, "all seasons are indifferent to the soldier, and an army can pass wherever two men can stand a breast." But it is more important than such comparisons to reflect, that the invasion of Spain by the Bourbons

bears all the wickedness of Napoleon's worst actions, rendered more repulsive by the want of that ability which Napoleon displayed throughout every proceeding. But the French forces have at length entered Spain in three divisions; the one by the Pampluna road, and two divisions by the Tolosa road, one of which divisions has passed through Tolosa advancing on Madrid, whilst the other under the Duke d'Angouleme has turned to the right in order to attack St. Sebastians. The French have had some severe skirmishing before this fortress, in which they claim the advantage; but it is evident, from their own account, that the Spaniards have fought with great gallantry. This is the point most essential for Europe to ascertain; for such is the national bravery and perseverance of the Spanish character, that if the people are sufficiently zealous in the cause to fight at all, there can be no doubt of the ultimate success of Spain. In the mean time we have had no intelligence from the French division pressing upon Madrid, except a telegraphic account of its having reached Vittoria; nor no accounts from that division which advanced to the East upon the Pampluna road. The last corps appears to be intended less for active operation, than to protect the left wings of the other French divisions, and to support the army of the Faith in Arragon and Catalonia. We are anxious to hear of the operations of Mina, Ballasteros, and the other Spanish officers, whose proceedings perhaps may oblige the enemy to be still more cautious in their advance.—Although that advance is sufficiently slow to evince that the enemy do not find any great facilities in their unprincipled invasion.

The German troops which were, by the treaties to abandon Piedmont and Naples this year, recently began to

withdraw from the former country, but their march was suddenly countermanded, and the thrones both of Naples and of the King of Sardinia continue to be supported upon arbitrary principles by the force of Austrian bayonets. Russian troops are also marching towards the Rhine in order, it is asserted, to protect the Bourbons from any insurrection of their subjects which might be created by their arbitrary measures.—Russia having but little commercial intercourse with Spain, and so removed from any possibility of being affected by the Spanish revolution, yet affects apprehensions, and assumes the right of interfering with the internal affairs of the Peninsula, and of dictating to the Spaniards what government they shall possess.—Denmark, Sweden, Prussia and Holland abstain from such violations of justice and decency.—No news of importance has been received from Turkey, and the brave Greeks and their sacred cause are left to the dispensations of Providence.—The South Americans have nearly completed their liberation from the yoke of the mother country, but unhappily a large French squadron possesses the supremacy in the West Indian seas; and as the declaration of France against the Spanish constitutionalists holds out a hope of again subduing South America for Ferdinand, we have no doubt that this French fleet will prove the means of renewing the scenes of devastation and slaughter throughout those fine regions of Columbia, which were just receiving all the blessings of freedom, and the advantages of an established and regular government. The christian and philanthropist cannot but deplore the monstrous wickedness which is now perpetrating by the Bourbons and the other arbitrary monarchs of the Continent, against the principles of freedom, and the peace and happiness of mankind.

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE, ITALIAN OPERA.

THE only novelty since our last publication consisted in an Opera of very short duration, entitled *Elisa e Claudio*. It has been performed only twice, and therefore our readers will excuse us from giving them any long description of it, for we consider ourselves paying them a compliment when we state, that it is far more agreeable to us to dwell on successful efforts of the drama than on others of a contrary description. It is sufficient for us to say, that *Elisa e Claudio; or, Love protected by Friendship*, has only been performed twice, and we believe it is now finally withdrawn. We must however observe that the music, composed by Mercadante, was particularly creditable to the talents of the composer.

Mozart's exquisite performance of *Le Nozze di Figaro* has been again performed at this theatre; it is a work rich in every species of musical excellence; and although the cast of characters was considerably less powerful than we recollect it to have formerly been, and though it does not boast the rare assemblage of genius which some few years ago gave effect to every portion of the opera, still it comprises talent sufficient to attract attention, and to reward it. Porto infuses a good deal of buoyancy and spirit into his representation of the intriguing Count. He sings with much ease and expression; and, in the concerted pieces particularly, acquitted himself in a masterly style. His duet with *Susanna*, "*Crudel! perchè finora*," is always loudly encored. Madame Camporese, as *Susanna*, is most arch and amusing: we have not often seen the cunning waiting-woman personated with so much unaffected animation. De Begnis

is certainly a far better *Figaro* than we are accustomed to see on other theatres, although he may not be without faults; his song *Non piu Andrai* is generally encored. Signora Caradori sustains the character of the amorous page, *Cherubino*. Her manner is rather too bashful and retiring for such a part. The page is a most impudent and adventurous youth, just beginning to feel the most troublesome of all the passions, and his representative ought to display no small portion of fire and animation. Signora Caradori is unanimously encored in the beautiful air "*Voi che Sapetti*," which she executes with great taste and delicacy. The *Countess* is personated by Madame Ronzi de Begnis; and as the part is far below her transcendent talents, it is not surprising that she does not appear to her usual advantage. Great talents can only be excited by great occasions, and we do not think this one of them. We have never seen Madame de Begnis to less advantage than in this character, which we consider far beneath her powers. She excels in those characters where the highest degree of excellence, both of singing and acting united, are required. In those parts she is super-eminent, and it is impossible for any one to have an adequate idea of the ascendancy acquired over the feelings, by the united excellence of singing and acting, without having seen Madame de Begnis perform. Her empire is alike over the head and the heart; and her action, her graceful manner, her ladylike carriage, her bye-play, and all the graces of an elegant actress and singer, added to a fascinating form, can give in idea only a faint image of her superior accomplishments.

DRURY LANE.

THIS theatre, as well as that of Covent Garden, has produced a very attractive afterpiece, which is now acted every night to large audiences. It is an unusually splendid, although a perfectly incomprehensible spectacle, entitled, *Chinese Sorcerer, or the Emperor and his Three Sons*. "Spectacles have, of late years, been dull affairs at Drury-

lane, but the house is making an effort to redeem its character in that department of exhibition. Since the first appearance of the *Chinese Sorcerer* three songs have been omitted, and a general compression of the dialogue effected; and, in its present improved state, there can be no doubt that it will prove most beneficially attractive. The piece is,

we believe, from the well known pen of Mr. T. Dibdin, to whom the public have long been indebted for their liveliest sources of amusement. The nature of a holiday entertainment necessarily renders it more dependent upon the scenic decorations than upon the abilities of the author for success; but, in the present instance, it is only justice to add, that if a peculiar felicity of allusion, if many sparkling sallies of wit and humour attest the genius of the writer, the correctness of his judgment has been fully shewn by the singular fidelity with which he has adhered to the costume, and the taste he has evinced in its display. The illuminated marine pavilion (moonlight), by Roberts, is a very delightful performance; and the grand harbour and arsenal (Stanfield) is of a still higher order. The saloon in the palace of *Shi-Fo* is one of the finest hall scenes we ever saw; and the two fire-scenes, the enchanted valley, and the cavern of spectres, are upon a par with the best things of the kind which have been done at Covent-garden. This production will certainly completely do away the idea that splendid and effective scenery cannot be got up at Drury-lane.

The following is a sketch of the plot:—The family of *Kein-Long*, Emperor of China, is supposed to be patronized by a benevolent Magician *Pong-*

Whang, who foreseeing that the wife of the *Emperor* is in danger of seduction by the wiles of a pretended friend, and that *Kan-Fu*, *Zam-Tu*, and *Pe-Kin*, the *Emperor's* three Sons, are destined (if not prevented by superior power) to plot against their father, and destroy each other; he (the *Sorcerer*) snatches the *Empress* and boys from the impending danger, secludes the *Empress*, and brings up the *Sons* as peasants till the hour of peril is past. The piece opens with the festivities usual on the *Emperor's* birth-day, at which period *Pong-Whang* arrives, informs *Kein-Long* of the safety of his wife and sons (all supposed dead by the *Emperor*), and proposes to put the youths to certain trials of their dispositions before they are acknowledged as offsprings of the great *Kein-Long*.

Nothing else of particular interest has occurred at this theatre since our last, unless we except the re-appearance of Mr. Keau, who has been for a short time absent in the country; he and Mr. Young continue occasionally to unite their splendid talents for the gratification of the public, and the evident advantage of the manager; whose extraordinary expense in improving and decorating the theatre preparatory to the present season, and whose liberality in procuring the best performers cannot be sufficiently applauded nor remunerated.

COVENT GARDEN.

THE principal novelty brought out by the manager since our last report consists in a new melo-dramatic piece called *The Vision of the Sun*; or, *the Orphan of Peru*. The name conveyed in itself a promise of romantic adventures and brilliant scenery, and those who went to enjoy the pleasures of both were not disappointed. The story, like most fables of enchantment, has love for its beginning, middle and end. In the trials of fidelity on the stage there are, of course, dangers and exertions which must be seen to be believed; and it is the lot of the heroic *Koran* (Mrs. Vining) to pass the ordeal of the most perilous circumstances to deserve and obtain the fair hand of the Princess *Runac* (Miss Foote). The lover, who has an enchanter for his rival, has certainly no idle time upon his hands, and such was the rival with whom *Koran* has to contend, in the person of *Oultanpac* (Mr. Farley), whose slave, *Tycobroc*, an imitation of *Calabak*, is persuaded by Mr. Gri-

maldi, who does not find as much room for the exertion of his peculiar abilities as in the more genial region of pantomime. The efforts of the enchanter and the perils of the lovers are, as usual, only conducive to the greater felicity of their final triumph, as all veteran admirers of melo-dramas would, no doubt, anticipate. It was not therefore on the novelty of the incidents, or the originality of the plot that the author rested for success. He judiciously called in the most elaborate aid of the scene-painter and the decorator, and we never beheld a more various and splendid display of their attractive powers. The dazzling illusions of enchantment are represented with a richness, and indeed exuberant brilliancy of effect, that perfectly fascinate the attention of those who are gratified by such exhibitions. The scenes of the *Vision of the Sun*, the Magic Hall of the *Vision of the Sun*, the Golden Lake, the Nuptial Temple, and the Royal Palace of Peru, were particularly admired.

The music, by Mr. Ware, is superior to the generality of that gentleman's compositions. The overture has much merit. It is a bold, vigorous, and original work; and many of the strains which accompany the action of the melo-drama are strikingly appropriate, and uncommonly pleasing. The fascination of the scenery of this piece has proved very attractive, and has consequently tended very much to the advantage of the theatrical treasury, it also materially tended to procrastinate the existence of the last new tragedy, *Julian*, which has been repeated several times during the month, more to the advantage of Drury than to Covent Garden. The *Vision of the Sun* is performed every night, and proves a valuable acquisition.

Shakspeare's Comedy of *Much ado about Nothing*, has been acted at this theatre with considerable success.—

Miss Chester, whose beautiful person is certainly unrivaled on the Metropolitan stage, acted the part of *Beatrice*, and she acquitted herself in a manner calculated to add to her professional reputation. The character of *Beatrice* is not one that can be supported by mere animal vivacity; and though we cannot say that the Lady of whose effort we now speak displayed the intellectual features as prominently as we have seen them marked by some distinguished actresses, the effort manifested a power of mind far beyond the ordinary grasp of the number whose attempts we have witnessed from time to time. Mr. C. Kemble's *Benedick* was in his best style; his performance of this character has seldom been equalled, and certainly never excelled for spirit, vivacity, eccentricity and humour.

MONTHLY MEMORANDA.

Recent Appointments under Government.

His Royal Highness William Henry Duke of Clarence, Admiral of the Fleet, to be General of His Majesty's Royal Marine Forces, in the room of the Earl of St. Vincent, deceased.

The Right Honourable Earl of Liverpool, K.G.; the Right Honourable Frederick John Robinson; Berkeley Paget, Esq.; Viscount Lowther; and Lord Granville Charles Henry Somerset; and also Edmund Alexander M'Naghten, Esq., to be Commissioners for executing the offices of Treasurer of the Exchequer of Great Britain, and Lord High Treasurer of Ireland.

Robert Ward, Esq. to be Auditor of the Civil List, in the room of John Charles Herries, Esq. resigned.

The Right Honourable W. Huskisson, to be President of the Committee of Council of Foreign Trade. The Right Honourable C. Grant, to act as President in the absence of Mr. Huskisson.

Colonel Sir H. Hardinge, to be Clerk of the Ordnance.

The Right Honourable the Earl of Morton, K.T. his Majesty's High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

The Honourable Sir Charles Paget, Knight; Robert Williams, Esq.; and Richard Worsley, Esq., to be Rear-Admirals of the Blue.

Appointments under the Great Seal.

The dignities of Viscount and Earl of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, to Charles William Marquiss of Londonderry, K.G.C. &c. and to the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten, or to be begotten on the body of his present wife Frances Ann, by the names, styles, and titles of Viscount Seaham, of Seaham, in the county palatine of Durham, and Earl Vane.

The dignity of a Viscount of the United Kingdom of great Britain and Ireland to William Carr Baron Beresford, K.G.C. &c. and to the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten, by the name, style, and title of Viscount Beresford, of Beresford, in the county of Stafford.

List of Members recently returned to serve in the present Parliament.

Borough of Bossiney.—Sir Compton Domville, of Sautry house, in the county of Dublin, *Bart.

Town of Berwick-upon-Tweed.—Sir John Peer Beresford, of Buddington-house, in the shire, of Mid-Lothian, Baronet, in the room of the Right Honourable Charles Augustus Bennet, commonly called Lord Ossington (now Earl of Tankerville), one of the Peers of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

Town and Port of Winchelsea.—William Leader, of Putney-hill, in the county of Surrey, Esq. in the room of Lucius Concannon, Esq. deceased.

Borough of Arundel.—Thomas Read Kemp, of Dale-park, in the parish of Madhurst, and of Brighthelmstone, in the county of Sussex, Esq. in the room of Robert Blake, Esq. deceased.

Borough of Coleraine.—Sir John Brydges, in the room of Sir John Poe Beresford, Bart. who has accepted the office of Steward of the Manor of East Hendred.

Town and Port of Rye.—Robert Knight, of Barrels, in the county of Warwick, and of Grosvenor-square, in the county of Middlesex, Esq. in the room of John Dodson, D.C.L. who has accepted the Chiltern Hundreds.

Borough of Lynton.—Walter Boyd, Esq. of Plaistow-Lodge, in the county of Kent, in the room of Sir Harry Burrard Neale, Bart. who has accepted the Chiltern Hundreds.

Borough of Ryegate.—James Cocks, of Charing-cross, in the county of Middlesex, Esq. in the room of the Honourable James Somers Cocks, who has accepted the Chiltern Hundreds.

County of Dorset.—Edward Berkeley Portman, Esq. of Bryanston-house, in the county of Dorset, in the room of Edward Berkeley Portman, Esq. his father, deceased.

County of Sligo.—The Honourable Henry King, in the room of Charles O'Hara, Esq. deceased.

City of Durham.—Sir Henry Hardinge, K.C.B. of Grosvenor-place, in the city of Westminster.

County of Fermanagh.—Armour Lowry Corry, commonly called Lord Viscount Corry, of Castle Coole, in the county of Fermanagh, in the room of Sir Galbraith Lowry Cole, who has accepted the office of Governor of the Mauritius.

Borough of Corfe Castle.—John Bond, jun. Esq. in the room of George Bankes, Esq. who has accepted the Chiltern Hundreds.

Borough of Newport, Cornwall.—Jonathan Raine, of Bedford-row, Middlesex, Esq.

Shire of Inverness.—The Right Honourable Charles Grant, jun. of Water-mah, Vice-President of the Board of Trade.

Borough of Haslemere.—George Lowther Thompson, Esq. of Sheriff-Hutton-Park, in the county of York, in the room of Robert Ward, Esq. who has accepted of the office of Auditor of His Majesty's Civil List.

New Creation of Cardinals.

There has been a new creation of cardinals. The *Diario di Roma* of the 12th ult. gives us the following addition of twelve to the sacred college. His Holiness has raised eleven more churchmen to the purple, but he reserves their names *in petto* :—

Francis Bertazzoli, Bishop of Edessa.
John Francis Falzacappa, Bishop of Ancona.

Antonio Pallotta, Auditor-General of the Sacred Chamber.

Francis Lerlupi, Auditor of the Sacred Rota.

Charles Maria Pedicini, Secretary of the Propaganda.

Louis Pandolf, Secretary of the Consulta.

Fabrizius Turriozzi, Assessor of the Holy and Universal Inquisition

Hercules Daudini, Bishop of Osimo and Cingoli.

Charles Odelaschi, Auditor of his Holiness and Archbishop of Ferrara.

Antony Frosini, Prefect of the Sacred Palaces, and Major Domo of his Holiness.

Thomas Riario Sforza, Master of the Chamber to his Holiness.

Viviano Orfini, Deacon of the Sacred Chamber.

The above list is entirely composed of Italians, and most of them make part of the Household of the Pope, or reside in Rome in different offices of the Government.

NEW FASHIONS — Spring Promenade Costume.—A round dress of fine cambric or India muslin, trimmed round the border with three Vandyke flounces, set or plain, of muslin richly embroidered, and each point edged with narrow lace of Urling's manufacture. A mantle of pale Ceylon ruby, or of bright rose colour, is worn over this dress, with Capuchin hood and standing-up collar above; the mantle is lined throughout with figured sarcenet or gossamer satin of a lighter shade, or else with white; but that also is figured, and generally the figures on the white ground correspond in colour with that of the mantle, which is edged all round with a fold of satin, of a moderate breadth, cut in bias.

Evening Full Dress.—A dress of pink or celestial blue satin, trimmed round with a coquillage border of the same material, edged with fine blond; and each shell headed with a rich ornament of white silk, wrought in a trefoil form; the border enclosed in *rouleaux* of pink satin. Corsege of satin, with stripes formed of white *rouleaux*. The

sleeves formed of falling ornaments, crosswise, and edged with blond; very short. Falling tucker of lace, of a Vandyke pattern.

Morning Dress.—High dress of Cyprus crape, of a pale lavender colour, fastened behind; from the throat, nine narrow bands of *gros de Naples*, bound with satin of the same colour, descend to the waist, confining the reversed plaiting that forms the front of the body; from the shoulder, on each side, is a triple wave of satin piping, with small satin leaves with corded edges; the long sleeve easy: neat cuff, with wave trimming and leaves; the upper sleeve is rather long and very full, with bands to correspond with front; broad *gros de Naples* band, bound with satin, round the waist, fastened behind with a steel buckle; three rows of minaret bells of *gros de Naples*, bound with satin, decorate the bottom of the dress, which is finished with a satin *rouleaux*. square collar of worked muslin, and worked muslin ruffles.

Evening Dress.—Dress of white figured *gros de Naples*; frock front, without ornament, but rather full, and finished with a twisted *rouleaux* of ethereal blue and white satin; the sleeve short and full, and set in a band of white satin; epanlette of white satin Vandykes, bound with blue; the lower half of the sleeve is surrounded with a lozenge trimming of white satin bound with blue; the bottom of the skirt has five double *rouleaux* of blue and white satin, placed at equal distances, and is finished with a white satin *rouleaux*; long sash of blue and white gauze ribbon; Sicilian scarf.

April 23.—The Honourable Artillery Company met on their ground in the City-road to celebrate the King's Birth Day, on which a double royal salute was fired by the Artillery division, and a *feu-de-jote* by the battalion and yagers; they afterwards sat down to a sumptuous entertainment in the hall belonging to the Company. We were happy to observe that the band is very much improved, and does honour to this highly respectable corps, which has always been foremost in defending the liberties of the country against the meditated attacks of foreign invasion, as well as against the attempts of civil discord.

On April 9th a Ballot was taken at the East India House, for the Election of Six Directors in the room of the Hon. Hugh Lindsey, John Morris, esq. Robert Campbell, esq., John Goldsborough Ravenshaw, esq., Josias Du Pre Alexander, esq., and Neil Benjamin

Edmonstone, esq., who go out by rotation. At six o'clock the glasses were closed and delivered to the Scrutineers, who reported at half past seven o'clock that the Election had fallen on William Stanley Clarke, esq., John Hudleston, esq., Richard Chicheley Plowden, esq. George Raikes, esq., George Abercrombie Robinson, esq., and John Thornhill, Esq.

On April 8th came on the Election of the Governor and Deputy Governor of the Bank of England for the year ensuing, when John Bowden, esq. was chosen Governor, and Cornelius Butler, esq. Deputy Governor; and yesterday came on the Election of Twenty-four Directors, when the following Gentlemen were chosen:—

James Campbell, esq.
William Cotton, esq.
Timothy Abraham Curtis, esq.
Samuel Drewe, esq.
George Dorrien, esq.
William Haldimand, esq.
Jeremiah Harman, esq.
John Benjamin Heath, esq.
Samuel Hibbert, esq.
Thomas Langley, esq.
William Manning, esq.
William Mellish, esq.
John Horsley Palmer, esq.
James Pattison, jun. esq.
John Henry Pelley, esq.
John Pearse, esq.
Charles Pole, esq.
John Rac Reid, esq.
John Baker Richards, esq.
Henry Smith, esq.
Samuel Thornton, esq.
William Ward, esq.
Thomas Warre, jun. esq.
Money Wigram, esq.

The Rev. Dr. Maltby, Prebendary of Lincoln, and Vicar of Buckden with Holbeach, was, on Friday last, unanimously elected Preacher to the Honourable Society of Lincoln's-inn, in the room of the Rev. Dr. Heber, preferred to the Bishopric of Calcutta.

A number of cabriolets were launched in London, on Wednesday, the King's birth-day, for the accommodation of the public, to be driven by one horse; the fare to be two-thirds of the usual charges for hackney-coaches.

Public Monument to Kemble.—We are glad to find that it has been determined, at a meeting of the admirers of the late Mr. Kemble, to erect a public Monument to his memory. The Earl of Aberdeen presided at the meeting, and among the names of the Committee, we observe with pleasure the following:—The Duke of Bedford, the

Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Northumberland, the Marquess of Hertford, the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Holland, Mr. Canning, Sir C. Long, Sir J. Mackintosh, Sir C. Lawrence, R. Heber, esq. &c. &c. Such names constitute in themselves an honour, when they are thus associated in the grateful labour of commemorating departed talent. The monument is to be placed either in St. Paul's Cathedral or Westminster Abbey.

Opening of St. Bride's Church, Fleet Street.—This most beautiful specimen of Sir Christopher Wren's Architecture is opened for Divine Service, after having been closed nearly ten months, for the purpose of being repaired and beautified. All that remains to be done for the internal ornament of the church is a beautiful window for the altar, now in great forwardness by Mr. Muss, from Ruben's *Descent from the Cross*, in the Cathedral of Antwerp.

Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb.—The Anniversary Festival of this Institution was held at the City of London Tavern, Bishopsgate-street, when a company, consisting of about 300 individuals of the highest respectability, sat down to a sumptuous entertainment, and in the absence of his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, who was prevented by indisposition attending the dinner, Sir Claudius Stephen Hunter, Bart. took the Chair. In the course of the evening the children, the objects of the Institution, were conducted into the room, supporting the various articles of handiwork (their own productions), and marched round to slow music. The subscription was very liberal.

A letter from Semlin, dated March 21st states, that a terrible conflagration has ravaged Constantinople and its suburbs. Turks arrived at Semlin report that the number of houses destroyed is between 30,000 and 40,000, and that the two great establishments of the cannon-foundry and marine arsenal at Tersana and Tophana, are both consumed.

DREADFUL FIRE AT CANTON.—*Thirteen Thousand Houses Burnt.*—A most destructive fire began at Canton on the night of the 2nd of November, at half-past nine o'clock, and continued till five on the morning of the 3rd; it began on the city wall, and spread its fury along the westward of the breach. The whole of the East India Company and European factories were destroyed; the re-building will cost 13 million dollars. The official return of houses burnt is 13,070, and 500 Chinese killed. The quantity of

tea is 30,000 chests. The Company's loss is estimated at one million sterling. The loss of the natives and foreign traders was very great, but European private property comparatively small. The Company's treasure had been sent on board their own ships. It is supposed it would take thirty years to restore the place and trade to its former state, as the Hong merchants and native traders had lost considerably. Woollens (Yorkshire), nankeens, and raw silk, were the principal articles burnt. The fire began about a mile and a half from the factory, but the Chinese would not allow any houses to be pulled down, observing that it was the will of God, consequently all the factories are consumed.

Metropolitan Literary Institution.—The funds of the Surrey Institution, now closed, having been for a long time in a state of progressive decay, attempts were made during the last summer and autumn to remedy the evil, but without success. A few gentlemen, zealous in the cause of literature, conceiving that an Institution situated in the centre of the metropolis held out more promising attractions than one on the south side of Blackfriars-bridge, assembled at the York Hotel on the 12th of February last, and laid the foundation of the Metropolitan Society, which is now proceeding with a steady pace to its complete establishment at No. 11, New Bridge-street. Besides the usual fare which other Institutions offer to the literary and reading public, there is here one peculiar feature which no other Institution possesses, namely, a room for conversation, where the Members of the Society may meet and enjoy an agreeable interchange of thought on literary and scientific subjects.

The relatives and trustees of the late Dr. Jenner, in conformity with his wishes, applied to Dr. Baron, of Gloucester, to write the account of the life, and to arrange for publication the numerous manuscripts of that distinguished character; and all the documents in possession of the family are to be committed to Dr. Baron's care. From that gentleman, therefore, the public may expect an authentic work, as speedily as his professional avocations will allow him to prepare for the press the ample and interesting materials with which he is to be furnished, together with those which he accumulated during a long and confidential intercourse with Dr. Jenner, and many of his most intimate friends. A Meeting of the Medical Gentlemen residing in

the County, took place at the King's Head, on Saturday, for the purpose of promoting measures to pay a public tribute of respect to the late Dr. Jenner, by erecting a Monument to his Memory in or near this city. The liberality with which the Profession have taken the lead in this affair reflects the highest credit upon them; and when we consider the vast, the incalculable benefits which the great discoverer of Vaccination has conferred upon the whole human race, we are sure they will meet with the most ample support in their honourable undertaking.

City of London School of Instruction and Education—The Anniversary of this Institution for giving to the Children of the Poor, in addition to the ordinary education, instruction in trades and useful arts, was held at the Lou-

don Tavern. Upwards of 300 Gentlemen sat down to dinner. The Duke of York in the Chair. Many of the Aldermen and of the Clergymen of the City of London were present. The Children of the Institution were conducted round the room bearing specimens of net-work, needle-work, &c. &c. The Report stated the quantity of shoes, suits of clothes, linen, nets, &c. made by the boys and girls, exceeding the quantity necessary for their own use, and the revenue derived from the sale. The boys had made for the purposes of sale 110 pairs of shoes, 36 suits of clothes, and had used 18 cwt. of twine and thread in the manufacture of nets for the royal navy, and the girls had made 138 gentlemen's shirts. Donations to the amount of upwards of 500*l.* were announced.

BIRTHS.

The Countess of Euston, Grosvenor-place.
The Lady of Edward Applebait, esq. Lindley-Hall, Leicester-shire
The Countess of Denbigh, Woodchester Park
Mrs. David Green, Milbank-row, Westminster
The Lady of Daniel Sutton, jun. esq. Kensington
Mrs. Charles Telford, Dulwich
The Lady of the Rev. J. Edwin Lance, at Rome

The Lady of Major Clayton, Ballynakey, County of Cork
Lady Elizabeth Belgrave
The Lady of H. R. Ward, esq. Mortimer-street, still-born
The Lady of John Wynne, esq. Garthmellio, County of Denbigh
The Lady of the Rev. Daniel Boys, Vicar of Banenden, Kent
The Lady of J. Pullman, esq. Parliament-place

DAUGHTERS.

The Lady of W. Campbell, esq. Barbreeck
The Lady of Charles H. Batley, esq. Montague-street, Russell-square
The Lady of Charles Peyps, esq. Queen Anne-street, Cavendish-square
The Lady of Henry Hoyle Oddie, jun. esq. Russell-square
The Countess of Denbigh, Woodchester Park
The Lady of T. B. Western, esq. Tattingstone
The Lady of Captain Berkeley, of the Royal Fusiliers, Molesworth-street, Dublin

The Lady of the Rev. Thomas Tayler Marnhul County of Dorset
The Lady of H. D. Lowndes, esq. Red Lion-square
The Lady of George Trower, esq. Montague-place, Russell-square
Mrs. Willis, Caroline-place, Mecklenburgh-square
The Lady of William Compson, esq. Frederick-place
Mrs. T. W. Leech, Stockwell-place, Stockwell.

MARRIAGES.

Adams, Colonel, Great Ormond-street, to White, Miss Gabriel, Selborne, Hampshire.
Barnbridge, Joseph, esq. Hatton Garden, to Richardson, Miss, Oxford-street
Barring, William Bingham, esq. son of Alexander Barring, esq. M. P. to Montague, Lady Harriet Mary, daughter of the late Earl of Sandwich
Buck, Mr. John, Stamford, to Mills, Miss Ellen, Stamford
Burton, Lieut. Alfred, R. M. to Gardiner, Miss Eleanor, Deal
Bull, John, esq., of the House of Commons, to Chadwick, Miss Elizabeth, Ashton under Lyne, Lancashire
Ballungal, Captain, Charles H. of the R. M. to McClelland, Miss Ayr, North Britain
Europ. Mag. April. 1823:

Barrington, the Hon. William Keppel, to Liddell, Miss Jane Elizabeth
Cook, William B. esq. Wheatley, Yorkshire, to Middleton, Miss Isabella Cecelia Yviana, Behray Castle, Northumberland
Cittal, Mr. Richard, jun. Wickham, Kent, to Pearce, Miss Mary, Newington Causeway
Calvert, Charles, esq. M. P. to Rowley, Miss Jane, daughter of Sir William Rowley, bart. M. P. Suffolk
Duncan, Mr. Peter jun. Finsbury-square, to Martin, Miss Jemima, daughter of the late R. Martin, esq. of Ilford
Dipnal, M. esq. of the Secretary's Office, Customs, London, to Ward, Miss Anne, Liverpool

Dunsaney, the Right Hon. Lord, to
 Kennaird, the Hon. Miss
 Edmonds, Mr. J. jun., solicitor, Skimmer-street,
 Snock-hill, to
 Tucker, Miss Mary, of the same place
 Fenoulhet, James Lewis, esq. Hatton Garden, to
 Ennor, Miss Elizabeth Anne, Totteridge
 Lodge
 Ferguson, Henry Robert, esq. Captain in the
 9th Lancers, to
 Davie, Miss, daughter of the late Sir John
 Davie, bart.
 Hay, Sir James Dalrymple, bart., Park-place,
 Wiltshire, to
 Hathorn, Miss Ann, Brunswick-square
 Hunt, Rowland, esq., Boreatton Park, County
 of Salop, to
 Lloyd, Miss Mary, Stone-House, Shrewsbury.
 Jarvis, Thomas, esq. of his Majesty's Regiment
 of Carabineers, to
 Vereker, Miss Julia, eldest daughter of J.
 Vereker, esq.
 Lindsey, Captain James, of the Grenadier
 Guards, to
 Trotter, Miss Ann, Grosvenor-street
 Leslie, James Edmund, esq. son of J. Leslie
 esq. Leslie-hall, county of Antrim, to
 Sarah youngest daughter of the Right Rev.
 Bishop of Sandford, Edinburgh.

M'Lean, Mr. Haymarket, to
 Brewis, Miss Louisa, Walworth
 Murray, Capt. William, of Hon. East India
 Company's Service, to
 Campbell, Mrs. widow of Col. Campbell of
 Ballachyle, Corgyshire
 Petre, Rt. Hon. Lord William, to
 Howard, Miss Emma Agnes, Corby-castle,
 county of Cumberland
 Patten, James, esq. Hatton Garden, to
 Schofield, Miss Mary, Pentonville
 Smith, Rev. Charles E., Otterden, Kent, to
 French, Miss Henrietta, Bow
 Sims, John M. D. Cavendish-square, to
 Dillhyne, Miss Lydia, Higham Lodge, Wal-
 thamstow
 Sampson, the Rev. James Halls, late of Graton,
 Suffolk, to
 Croft, Miss Eliza Anne, Worle, Somerset
 Torlesse, Rev. Charles M., of Trinity College
 Cambridge, to
 Gurney, Miss Catherine eldest daughter of
 E. Wakefield, esq.
 Turnley, Henry, esq. America-square, to
 Hoffman, Miss Mary, Bishopgate-street
 Vane, Francis Fletcher, esq. St. Leonard's-
 lodge, Horsham, to
 Beauclerk, Miss Diana, by special license

DEATHS.

Abdy, Rev. W. Jarvis, St. John's Rectory,
 Southwark, 68.

Broadrick, Mrs. Sarah, wife of G. Broadrick,
 esq. Femingly park, county of York.—Baines,
 Mrs. Leyton, Essex, 93.—Beanchcroft, Matthew,
 esq. late Lieut. col. light horse volunteer, Queen-
 hithe, 64.—Bathurst, lady of the Right Rev.
 Bishop of Norwich, Great Malvern, Worcestershire.—Brooks, Mr. Harvey, Great Portman-
 place, Paddington, 32.—Benson, Mr. W. Kew
 Bridge, 61.

Chisholme, Charles, esq. of Chisholme, county
 of Roxburgh, 40.—Christian, Edward, esq.
 Chief Justice of the Isle of Ely.—Cook, Mrs.
 Harriet, wife of T. V. Cook, esq. Hertford-st.
 May-fair, 51.—Charlton, John Samuel, esq.
 Park-street, Grosvenor-square, 85.—Chaudles,
 Thomas, esq. Dorset-square, 63.

Devereux, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Price De-
 vereux, esq. Brynglass, Montgomeryshire.—
 Dimedale, Thomas, esq. Charlotte-street, Port-
 land-place, 65.—Dumouriez, General, Henley
 on Thames.—Dodgson, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of
 Mr. Robert Dodgson, Upper Clapton.

Esmer Sir John, Bedford-square, Brighton,
 74.

Fishwick, Edward, esq. New-inn, 78.—Fyler,
 Mrs. Mary, wife of J. C. Fyler, esq. Burwood-
 park, Surrey.

Geldart, Joseph, Norwich, one of the Society
 of Friends.—Goodwin, Mrs. relict of the late
 G. Goodwin, esq. of the Inner Temple, Lon-
 don.—Gray, Mrs. Susannah Maria, wife of Major
 Lottus, Gray Cliff Lodge, Sidmouth.—
 Goodenough, Miss Mary Anne, eldest daughter
 of the Rev. W. Goodenough, rector of Marcham
 le Fen, Lincolnshire.—Grome, Mrs. Elizabeth,
 wife of Charles Grome, esq. Dean House,
 Hants.—Gunning, Sir George, bart. Saville
 Row.

Herringham, Mrs. Anne, relict of the Rev.
 W. Herringham, Bortley Parsonage.—Hedger,
 Miss Marianne, eldest daughter of W. Hedger,
 esq.—Harrington, George, esq. St. Michael's-
 place, Brompton, 63.—Hill, Mrs. Mary, relict of
 the late Almon Hill, Snarebrook, Essex.—
 Horton, Eusebius, esq. Catton, Derbyshire, 76.
 —Harden, Mrs. Maria, wife of the Rev. E.
 Harden, Croydon, 24.

Jones, M. Jenkins, Bedfordbury, 61.—John-
 atone, Capt. James, R. N. Chapel-place, Caven-
 dish-square.

Le Mesurier, Frederick, esq. formerly his
 Majesty's Vice Consul at Havre de Grace, Hon-
 tonist, Devonshire, 12.—Latter, Major Bar-
 rier of the 13th Regt. Native Infantry, Bengal
 —Lane, Mrs. Margaret, wife of Mr. Richard
 Lane, Old Burlington-street.—Lovell, Robert,
 M. D. Begbrook, near Bristol.—Long, Samuel,
 esq. Basseterre, Saint Kitts.—Lowndes, Mrs.
 Sarah, wife of H. D. Lowndes, esq. Red Lion
 square, 23.—Labalmondiere, esq. Pultney-st.
 Bath.

Merry, Mrs. Margaret, Wimpole-street.—
 Mirehouse, John, esq. Brownslade, county of
 Pembroke.—Morgan, Jonathan Stuart, esq.
 son of Jonathan Morgan, Circus Bath.—Man-
 sel, Rev. W. J. Ellesborough, Bucks.—Madg-
 shon, Mr. Robert, Bedford-row, East-street,
 Kent-road, 83.—Morel, W. Richard, esq. sur-
 geon, Piccadilly.

Owen, Lady, widow of the former Sir Hugh
 Owen, Portman-square.

Perkins, Joseph, esq. Token-house-yard.—
 Peacock, Mr. W. H. Air-street, Piccadilly, 21.—
 Mary, infant daughter of Lord G. Quin.

Raikes, Miss Charlotte Sarah, eldest daugh-
 ter of J. Raikes, esq. Portland-place, 24.—
 Rising, Mr. Charles, Alborough, Norfolk, 37.
 —Reeves, Mrs. Sears, Dale-house, Kensington,
 69.—Roberts, Mrs. Elizabeth, Bryanston-sq.
 Stimpson, Robert, esq. York-place, Kingsland
 road, 67.—Stevens, James, esq. Druce, Dorset.
 —Stephenson, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Simon
 Stephenson, esq. Great-queen-street, Westmin-
 ster.—Steele, Robert, esq. Abresford, Hants.

Taylor, Mrs. eldest daughter of Henry Whit-
 ting, esq. of the Bank of England, Willow-
 wharf, Bankside, 22.—Thompson, Miss Mary,
 second daughter of C. A. Thompson, esq. Maw-
 son-house, Chiswick, Middlesex.—Thistlewood,
 John, esq. Staines, 79.—Tower, Mrs. Elizabeth,
 widow of the late C. Tower, esq. of Weald-hall,
 Essex.

Wilkinson, Mrs. Esther, wife of W. A. Wil-
 kinson, esq. Hackney.—Wells, Mr. William,
 Mayrick, eldest son of N. Wells, esq. Pierce-
 field, 19.—Winchester, Mrs. Sarah Maria, wife
 of Mr. William Winchester, Gerard-street,
 Soho, 30.—Worthy, Mr. Benjamin, Nelson-ter-
 race, Stoke-Newington, 68.—Woodcock, Mrs.
 Ann, wife of Charles Woodcock, esq. Waddon,
 Surrey.

Young, Miss Louisa, High Onger, Essex.

SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF TRADE.

The *Secretary* to the SOCIETY of GUARDIANS for the PROTECTION of TRADE by Circulars has informed the Members thereof, that a person calling himself sometimes

THOMAS WILSON, and sometimes

JOHN JOHNSON, is in the habit of obtaining Money under the false pretence that he is a Clerk in the house of Messrs. Dowp, Thornton, and Co. Bankers, (Sir Peter Pale and Co.)—and that he answers the description of

JOHN WRAY,

before mentioned as obtaining Money under the pretence of being Clerk to Messrs. Dorrien, Mageau, and Co. Bankers, of Finch Lane, from whose service he had been long before discharged.

He is about five feet ten inches high, and appears to be thirty-five or thirty-six years of age,—is good looking and full and broad about the shoulders;

and his dress was a black coat and waistcoat, dark trowsers, and boots.

And I am directed to inform you, that the Persons undernamed, or using the firms of

W. H. SMITH, and Co., Merchant, 76, London Wall,

H. ROSENBERG, Merchant, 4, Tothhouse Yard, Lothbury,

JOHN FISH, Merchant, 8, Sherborn Lane, Lombard Street, and

WILLIAM LEWIS, Commission Agent, 3, Providence Street, Westmorland

Place, City Road, are connected with J. AVANN, and Co. General Factors, 11, Little Carter Lane, St. Paul's, and with

RICHARD COSTER, 4, Staining Lane, so frequently mentioned; and that

FRANCIS HARTWELL, now resides as a Wholesale Druggist, at 6, Swan Lane, Upper Thames Street, and at Walworth.

LIST OF PATENTS.

William Glossage, of Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, Chemist and Druggist; for a portable alarm, to be attached to, and detached from clocks and watches, and which may be regulated to take effect at any given period of time. Dated Feb. 11, 1823.

Nathaniel Partridge, of Bowbridge, near Stroud, Gloucestershire, Dyer; for improvements in the setting or fixing of steam-boilers, or other coppers, by which a considerable saving of fuel will be effected, and the smoke more effectually consumed. Dated Feb. 14, 1823.

Thomas Fuller, of Bath, Somersetshire, coach builder; for an improvement in the construction of shafts, and the mode of attaching them to two-wheeled carriages. Dated Feb. 18, 1823.

Philip Chell, of Earle's Court, Kensington, Middlesex, engineer; for certain improvements on machinery for drawing, and spinning hemp, flax, and waste silk. Dated Feb. 18, 1823.

Thomas Bury, of Salford, Manchester, Lancashire, Dyer; for improvements in dyeing, or producing a permanent nankeen colour on cotton, wool, skein-yarn, and certain other articles. Dated Feb. 18, 1823.

Francis Deakin, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, sword-maker; for improvements to piano-fortes and other stringed instruments. Dated Feb. 18, 1823.

William Church, of Nelson Square, Surrey, Gentleman; for an improved apparatus for printing, to be used by type, block, or plate printers. Dated Feb. 18, 1823.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Friday, April 25.

COTTON.—The demand for cotton continues directed to the East India descriptions, which may be purchased at prices a shade lower; the sales since our last consist of—

100 Pernams... 11*d.* a 11½*d.* in bond.

1000 Surats... 5½*d.* a 6*d.*

350 Bengals... 5*d.* a 6*d.*

SUGAR.—The Sugar market remained in a very languid state till yesterday, when the request revived very considerably, and the prices obtained were 6*d.* a 1*s.* per cwt. higher; the demand is particularly directed to the low brown descriptions for refining, owing, no doubt, to the brisk demand for low goods.

In the Refined market there has been a very extensive request for all descriptions of lumps and loaves; and such has been the very great anxiety to purchase, that the prices are fully 2*s.* per cwt. higher; for lumps for packing 89*s.*—Molasses are 27*s.* 6*d.*—brisk.

Foreign Sugars are more enquired after, but there are very few parcels on sale. The Sugars of the late India House sale are at a premium of 1*s.* a 2*s.* per cwt.

Havannah yellow Sugars have been much enquired after, and an advance of 2*s.* per cwt. has been offered freely for the few parcels on sale.

COFFEE.—Early in the week Coffee sold rather lower, with the exception of good and fine ordinary clean Jamaica, which descriptions are scarce, and rate high; all the other qualities are in limited demand; at the public sale yesterday, 325 casks, chiefly Demerara and Berbice Coffee, a very small proportion could be disposed of, nearly the whole was withdrawn, at the previous currency: it was, however, reported that a considerable proportion was taken after the sale, and at full prices.

The public sale this forenoon consisted of 135 casks 488 bags British Plantation, 115 bags Foreign; the whole sold, the good and fine ordinary Demerara and Berbice at a small reduction: all others at the previous prices: the fine ordinary 113*s.* a 116*s.* sold particularly low; two lots Jamaica sold, ordinary middling 117*s.*, fine ordinary 108*s.* 6*d.*; damaged St. Domingo 99*s.* a 101*s.*; fine ordinary Havannah 113*s.*

Generally the Coffee market is heavy, and from 1*s.* a 2*s.* lower than on Friday last.

CORN.—The importations of Grain this week are considerable. Wheat continues in good demand this morning at advancing prices—Barley is also higher.—The arrivals of Oats are extensive; yet such is the demand, that there is a very brisk market to-day, and the prices are a shade higher.—Beans and Peas continues in good request, at the previous currency.

There is great improvement in the prices of Corn; the supplies of wheat to the neighbouring markets having for several weeks materially fallen off, and there being few arrivals here, and extensive buyers from the country, Wheat was in brisk demand at an advance of fully 5*s.* per quarter.—Flour was 5*s.* per sack higher.—Oats were brisk at the improvement of 2*s.* per quarter.—Rye was 3*s.* per quarter higher.—Beans advanced 2*s.* and Grey Peas 2*s.* to 3*s.* per quarter.—Barley met a heavy sale, in consequence of considerable arrivals.

FRUIT.—There is no material alteration this week, the demand generally is rather limited.

TOBACCO.—About 200 hhds. Kentucky Leaf have been sold at 2½*d.* a 4*d.* per lb.; some small parcels of very fine Virginia for France at 7*d.* a 7½*d.* and about 40 hhds. for Dublin at 6½*d.* a 9*d.* per lb.

PIMENTO.—By public sale on Tuesday, 89 bags Pimento sold at lower rates, middling quality 10½*d.* a 10½*d.*

INDIGO.—There is little alteration in the prices since the India House sale; in some instances an advance of 3*d.* and 4*d.* per lb. has been obtained, but the improvement cannot generally be realised.

RUM, BRANDY, and HOLLANDS.—The Rum market continues in the same nominal state as lately reported; very few sales effected, and the former prices could not be obtained.—The best marks of brandy may be purchased on board at 2*s.* 11*d.*—In Geneva there is little alteration.

TALLOW.—The Tallow market continues heavy; yellow candle here 33*s.* a 33*s.* 3*d.*; for arrival 34*s.* 6*d.* a 35*s.*; the latter the nearest price.

SILK.—The fine Silks have sold about 5 per cent., the coarse from 12 to 15 per cent. lower than the last sale.

LIST OF BANKRUPTS AND DIVIDENDS,

FROM SATURDAY, MARCH 15, to SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1823.

Extracted from the London Gazette.

N.B. All the Meetings are at the *Court of Commissioners, Basinghall-street*, unless otherwise expressed. The Attornies' Names are in Parenthesis.

BANKRUPTCIES ENLARGED.

W. Barrétt, Cardiff, lun-keeper, from April 1 to April 16
 W. Brown, Barton-upon-Humber, Lincolnshire nurse-viman, from March 22 to March 31.
 J. H. Sampson, Sealecoates, Yorkshire, merchant, from March 22 to March 31.
 A. Thomson, Liverpool, merchant, from April 1, to April 12.

T. Welch, Great Tower-street, wine and spirit merchant, from April 5 to April 19.
 J. Slade, Tottenham-court-road, butcher, from April 12 to April 22.
 S. Atkins, Great Portland-street, chemist, from April 5 to April 22.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

W. Armstrong, Arundel-street, Strand, tailor.
 J. Wych, Ashton-under-Line, Lancashire, flannel-merchant.
 J. Isherwood, Wortley, Yorkshire, cloth-manufacturer.
 J. Brown, army-clothier.
 W. Armstrong, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, auctioneer.

W. Jones, Handsworth, Staffordshire, farmer.
 W. Stephens, late of Oxford, liquor-merchant.
 J. Banting, of the Cottage, Pine Apple Bar, Edgware-road, carpenter.
 G. L. Whatley, Cheltenham, money-scriver.
 T. R. Gregg, Deal, apothecary.

BANKRUPTS.

Alderson, J. K. Norwich, plumber. (Tilbury, Falcon-street, Alder-gate-street.
 Barker, J. Crane-court, Fleet-street, shoe-factor (Duncombe, Lyon-s-inn.
 Bird, J. and H. Poultry, jewellers. (Kearsey and Spurr, Lotherbury
 Barry, M. Minories, chart-seller Thomas, Pen-count, Fenchurch-street.
 Butler, E. Alcester, Warwickshire, fellmonger. (Addington, Gregory, and Faulkner, Bedford row
 Bethoud, H. jun. Regent's-quadrant, Piccadilly, bookseller (Jones and Bland, Great Marylebone-street.
 Brown, W. Cramock, Staffordshire, miller. (Hunt, Surrey-street, Strand
 Brant, C. Jeimy-street, watch-maker. (Jones and Bland, Great Marylebone-street
 Burnell, W. Colch-ster-street, Savage-gardens, wine-merchant. (Pasmore, Warrford-court, Throgmorton-street.
 Bedford, R. St. Martin's-le-grand, plumber (Young and Thompson, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house.
 Cawford, T. Liverpool, ship-chandler. (Rowlison, Liverpool
 Court, R. and W. Hay, Leeds, dyer. (Few, Ashmore, and Hamilton, Henrietta street, Covent garden.
 Carpenter, J. Wellington, Somersetshire, banker. (Pearson, Pump-court, Temple
 Colvin, J. Abchurch-lane, merchant. (Lane and Bennett, Lawrence-Pountney-place.
 Crowther, W. Charles-street, Middlesex Hospital, coach-maker. (Maxhew, Chancery-lane.
 Cock, W. and G. Canterbury, wine-merchants. (Hindrett, Spinks, and Reddish, Temple.
 Clements, F. Norwich, coach-maker. (Pugh, Barnard-street, Russell square.
 Cunningham, J. Birmingham, linen-draper. (Walker, Lincoln's-inn fields.
 Clement, J. T. Winchester House, Broad-street, insurance-broker. (Wadson, Austin-frirs.
 Dickinson, S. Great Driffield, Yorkshire, money-scriver. (Chilton, Chancery-lane.
 Darbon, S. Marylebone-street, Golden-square, wine-cooper. (Walls, Lower Thornaugh-st. Bedford-square.
 Dicken, J. Burslem, Stafford, hatter. (Walford, Gray's-inn.
 Evans, H. P. Birmingham, broker. (Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields, and Exchequer Office, Lincoln's-inn.
 Fredricks, F. Crickhowell, Breconshire, banker. (Jenkins, James, and Abbott, New-inn.
 Flack, R. Shepherd-street, Oxford street, cabinet-maker. (Timbrell and Roberts, Macclesfield-street, Soho.
 Freelove, W. Brighthelmstone, grocer. (Faithfull, Birch-in-lane, Cornhill.
 Frost, J. Newport, Monmouthshire, grocer (Thomas, Fen-court, Fenchurch-street.
 Graham, D. Lotherbury, cotton-manufacturer. (Lawledge, Temple Chambers, Fleet-street.

Green, J. and J. Warminster, brewers. (Nether-soles and Barron, Essex-street, Strand.
 Grant, J. G. Oxford, bookseller. (Pownall, Fairthorne, and Lofly, Old Jewry.
 Gouch, W. Harlow, Essex, wine-merchant. (Williams, Lord Mayor's Court-office, Royal Exchange.
 Gannon, J. H. Newgate-street, silversmith. (Ashton, Salisbury-square, Fleet-street.
 Gunston, W. and D. St. John-street, Clerkenwell, cheesemongers. (Holme, Fiampton, and Loftus, New-inn.
 Holt, T. Arnold, Nottingham. (Fuller and Saltwell, Carlton-chambers, Regent-street.
 Huntington, T. late of Gilsland, Cumberland, victualler. (Addison, Verulam-buildings, Gray's inn.
 Hodgson, S. Dover-street. Piccadilly, hotel-keeper. (Cole, Fumival's-inn
 Hellicar, J. Andover, Hampshire, linen draper. (Walker, Rankin, and Richards, Basinghall-street.
 Hill, B. Bath, furniture-broker (Nether-soles and Barron, Essex-street, Strand.
 Hamilton, W. J. W. & F. G. New City-chambers, and J. H. Ridsdale, Leeds, merchants (Druce and Son, Billiter-square.
 Hopkins, J. jun. Cholesey, Berkshire, farmer. (Vandercom and Comyn, Bush-lane, Cannon-st.
 Henzell, E. W. White Lion wharf, Upper Thames-street, corn-dealer. (Tomlinson, Bennel, and Cooper, Cophall-court.
 Holmes, B. Thrum-hall, Yorkshire, merchant. (Walker, Exchequer-office, Lincoln's-inn.
 Hayward, J. W. Broad-street, Cheap-side, coal-merchant. (Grimaldi and Stables, Cophall-court, Throgmorton-street.
 Hewitt, H. Princes-street, Drury-lane, printer. (Parris, Surrey-street, Strand.
 Isaacs, J. Chatham, slopseller. (E. Isaacs, Bury-street, Saint Mary-Axe.
 Jackson, J. Holborn-hill, wine-merchant. (Pike, New Botwell-court, Lincoln's-inn-fields.
 Johnson, B. Cherry Trees, Worcestershire, farmer. (Fuller and Saltwell, Carlton-chambers, Regent-street.
 Jones, D. Brighthelmstone, stone-mason. (Sowton, Gray's-inn.
 Lloyd, T. Ross, Hereford, grocer. (Bridges and Quilter, Red Lion-square.
 Lyney, R. Fore-street, Limehouse, coal-merchant. (Baker, Nicholas-lane, Lombard-st.
 Levitt, Q. Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant. (Scholefield, Hull.
 Mundell, J. Liverpool, draper. (Lowe, Southampton buildings, Chancery-lane.
 Morris, J. late of Whistons, Claines, Worcestershire, carpenter. (J. Platt, New-Botwell-court, Lincoln's-inn.
 Moss, C. Cheltenham, ashmonger. (King and Son, Castle-street, Holborn.
 Mitchell, W. Wanstead, Essex, butcher. (Amory and Cole, Throgmorton-street.
 Maxfield, T. Salisbury, Wilts, linen-draper.

(Walker, Rankin, and Richards, Basinghall-street.
 Newman, G. Kingsdown, Wiltshire, victualler, (Frowd and Rose, Serle-street, Lincoln's-inn.
 Norton, D. S. Uxbridge, brewer. (Gale, Basinghall-street.
 Newhouse, R. Huddersfield, plumber. (Stocker and Dawson, Carey-street, Lincoln's-inn.
 Oliver, J. Broad-street, Golden-square, woollen-draper. (Barrow and Vincent, Basinghall-street.
 Petit, R. College-hill, London, packer. (Knight and Fyson, Basinghall-street.
 Pratt, R. Archer-street, Westminster, iron-founder. (Shuter, Milbank-street, Westminster.
 Powel, J. and T. Bristol, malsters. (Poole and Greenfield, Gray's-inn-square.
 Piper, W. Hammersmith, barge-builder. (Upstone and Carlon, Charles-street, Middlesex Hospital.
 Purley, J. Old Kent-road, Surrey, egg-salesman. (Wise, Red Lion-street, Wapping.
 Rigby, A. T. Liverpool, porter-dealer. (Steel, Queen-street, Cheapside.
 Smith, J. Newbury, Berkshire, baker. (Ashfield and Wright, Tokenhouse-yard.
 Squire, J. Kendal, watchmaker. (Addison, Verulam-buildings, Gray's-inn.
 Smallwood, T. late of Drayton in Hales, Shropshire, banker. (Rosser and Co. Bartlett's buildings.
 Sage, G. W. Walcot, Somersetshire, timber-merchant. (Poole and Greenfield, Gray's-inn-square.

Scott, S. and W. and J. Smith, Ashford, Kent, grocers. (Osbaldeston and Murray, London-street, Fenchurch-street.
 Smith, J. Bath, grocer. (Woodhouse, King's Bench-walk, Temple.
 Southbrook, E. C. Covent-garden-chambers, merchant. (Smith and Weir, Austin-friars.
 Shields, A. W. St. John-street, cheese-monger. (Warrand, Mark-lane.
 Sinclair, J. Bow-lane, Cheapside, warehouseman. (Abbot, Chancery-lane.
 Shirreff, M. A. Duke-street, St. James's, dress-maker. (Rice, Jermyu-street, Piccadilly.
 Sowden, J. jun., Wakefield, York, corn-factor. (Lake, Cateaton street.
 Tee, J. Hamsworth, Yorkshire, shopkeeper. (Bartlett, Bartholemew-close.
 Taylor, J. Leominster, skinner. (Stevenson and Bicknell, New-sq. Lincoln's-inn.
 Taberner, S. City-road, linen-draper. (Green, Pope's-head-alley, Cornhill.
 Tucker, W. H. High-holborn, window-glass-cutter. (Howell, Hutton-garden.
 White, G. Cherry Garden-street, Bermondsey, shipwright. (Jackson, Garden-court, Temple.
 Whiddon, J. Exeter, grocer. (Collet and Co., Chancery-lane.
 Walker, J. Great Smith-street, Westminster, carpenter. (Hannam, Piazza-chambers, Covent-garden.
 Watson, A. Warwick-place, Bedford-street, Bedford-row, carpet-dealer. (Richardson, Church-row, Stepney.
 Wood, B. Liverpool, mathematical instrument-maker. (Rowlinson, Watling-street.

DIVIDENDS.

Austin, G. Long-acre, coach-plater, May 10.
 Allen, S. and T. C. Noble, Bristol, linen-drappers, May 5.
 Atkins, R. N. Portsea, grocer, April 30.
 Baker, W. and N. Portsea, grocer, April 21.
 Barratt, A. Newport Pagnal, Buckinghamshire, farmer, April 12.
 Brammall, G. Sheffield, merchant, April 19.
 Butcher, W. Sutton-Ashfield, Nottinghamshire, mercer, April 30.
 Butcher, J. Alphamaton, Essex, malster, May 7.
 Bourne, S. Leek, Staffordshire, ironmonger, April 21.
 Curwen, J. Great Eastcheap, tea-broker, April 5.
 Colbeck, T. of West-house, Fawston; W. Ellis, of Castlefield, Bingley; J. Wilks, sen. of Burley, Otley; W. Holdsworth, of Bradford, and J. Holdsworth, of Morley, Batley, Yorkshire, flax-spinners, June 25.
 Cleugh, J. and R. Cleugh, Leadenhall-street, wholesale linen-draper, May 16.
 Cumberlege, J. George-yard, Lombard-street, merchant, April 29.
 Craig, J. High Holborn, linen-draper, April 19.
 Dunnett, D. Norwich, veterinary surgeon, April 10.
 Dickenson, Liverpool, merchant, May 1.
 England, M. Ilkinstone, Derbyshire, butcher, May 14.
 Eastwood, J. Liverpool, haberdasher, April 25.
 Evans, J. Wapping, linen-draper, April 19.
 Edmonds, N. Parliament-street, hatter, April 5.
 Enoch, J. Birmingham, brush-maker, April 29.
 Essex, W. Paddington, wharfinger, April 19.
 Foot, B. Gracechurch-street, tavern-keeper, April 19.
 Fox, J. Buncorn, Cheshire, grocer, April 21.
 Foster, T. and E. S. Foster, Yalding, Kent, malster, April 12.
 Griffiths, T. High-row, Knightsbridge, plumber, April 8.
 Gilthorpe, J. Molineux-street, Mary-le-bone, carpenter, April 22.
 Heseltine, B. Kingston upon Hull, merchant, April 29.
 Henley, John, Sols-row, Hampstead, road-rectifier, May 3.
 Hewitson, J. Ulrick, Antony, Jeffries-square, merchant, May 3.
 Hargreaves, Samuel, Liverpool, woollen-draper, May 7.
 Holmes, J. Portsmouth, corn-merchant, April 30.
 Jeffrey, G. New Bond-street, jeweller, April 19.
 Johnson, B. J. Houndditch, cabinet-maker, April 29.
 Jackson, T. and W. Jackson, Liverpool, merchant, May 5.

Living, H. J. S. Downes, and J. Living, Great Prescott-street, Goodman's fields, merchants, April 22.
 Mason, C. Birmingham, druggist, May 2.
 Morgan, C. Bishopsgate-street Within, wine merchant, April 26.
 Martindale, B. and E. Fitch, late of St. James's-street, wine-merchant, May 3.
 Masson, W. New Court, St. Swithin's-lane, merchant, April 29.
 Mills, O. Warwick, and of Leamington, wine-merchant, April 26.
 Oliver, J. R. Blackheath, ath, mariner, April 29.
 Pile, M. jun. Sidmouth, Devonshire, cabinet-maker, April 25.
 Powell, H. J. Uxbridge, builder, April 26.
 Roxby, Robert, Benton, Arbour-square, Commercial-road, merchant, May 3.
 Reeves, D. Wardour-street, grocer, April 15.
 Ramsden, W. Leeds, victualler, April 26.
 Richards, S. late of Liverpool, merchant, April 23.
 Russell, H. and R. Bruce, St. Martin's-lane, Charing-cross, cabinet-makers, April 19.
 Ryley, Birmingham, spoon-maker, May 2.
 Rawlings, John, and John Evans, Leicester-square, tailors, May 3.
 Rodd, C. W. Broad-way, Worcestershire, malster, April 22.
 Smith, R. Humberston, Yorkshire, dealer, April 22.
 Smith, J. S. Brighthelmston, druggist, April 19.
 Sill, J. High-street, Shadwell, cheese-monger, May 3.
 Sifton, P. and J. Sifton, Blackburn, Lancashire, cotton-manufacturers, May 17.
 Simpson, J. Kingston upon Hull, oil-merchant, April 19.
 Sherwin, W. T. Paternoster-row, bookseller, April 26.
 Strickland, J. sen. and J. Strickland jun. Newgate-market, cheese-mongers, May 3.
 Stoker, J. Doncaster, tin-man, April 26.
 Thomas D. London-street, Greenwich, china and glassman, May 17.
 Troubridge, J. Shaftesbury, Dorsetshire, stocking-manufacturer, May 5.
 Taylor, J. Sheffield, merchant, April 18.
 Troughton, B. sen. and J. Troughton, Wood-street, silkmen, April 26.
 Urquhart, W. Slon College Gardens, merchant, May 3.
 White, S. U. Edingley, Cotton Mill, Nottingham, cotton-spinner, April 21.
 Wheeler, J. jun. Abington, Berkshire, grocer, April 19.
 Walden, J. and M. Hackney, butchers, April 19.
 Westlake, W. Moxtonhamstead, Devonshire,

VARIATIONS OF BAROMETER, THERMOMETER, &c. AT NINE o'CLOCK, A. M.

From MARCH 25, to APRIL 26, 1823.

By T. BLUNT, Mathematical Instrument Maker to his Majesty, No. 22, CORNHILL.

Bar.	Ther.	Wind.	Obscr.	Bar.	Ther.	Wind.	Obscr.	Bar.	Ther.	Wind.	Obscr.
25 32-20	36	E.	Cldy.	5 29-03	43	S.W.	Rain	16 30-17	48	S.W.	Ditto
26 30-12	40	N.E.	Ditto	6 29-33	41	N.	Cldy.	17 29-81	51	W.	Ditto
27 29-92	42	N.E.	Foggy	7 29-61	45	N.	Rain	18 29-54	45	N.W.	Ditto
28 29-94	39	E.	Cldy.	8 29-77	42	N.E.	Fair	19 29-42	41	N.	Ditto
29 29-98	41	E.	Ditto	9 29-73	49	N.E.	Ditto	20 29-74	38	S.W.	Ditto
30 30-10	44	W.	Fair	10 30-13	46	E.	Fair	21 29-66	45	S.W.	Ditto
31 30-04	43	W.	Ditto	11 31-13	45	E.	Ditto	22 29-73	46	K.	Ditto
1 29-09	44	S.W.	Ditto	12 30-11	44	N.E.	Ditto	23 29-33	45	E.	Rain
2 29-67	48	S.W.	Ditto	13 30-02	40	N.E.	Ditto	24 29-45	44	N.E.	Fair
3 29-72	44	W.	Cldy.	14 30-03	41	N.E.	Ditto	25 29-81	49	S.W.	Ditto
4 29-34	48	W.	Ditto	15 30-27	44	E.	Ditto	26 29-63		S.E.	Rain

PRICE OF SHARES IN CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, MINES, &c.

MARCH 15, 1823.

	Per Share.	Div. per Ann.		Per Share.	Div. per Ann.
	£ s.	£ s. d.		£ s.	£ s. d.
<i>Canals.</i>			<i>Bridges.</i>		
Ashton and Oldham	125	4 10	Southwark	18	—
Barnesley	200	12	Ditto, New	55	7½ pr. et.
Birmingham (divided)	600	24	Ditto, Loan	—	5
Bolton and Bury	105	5	Vauxhall	25	—
Brecknock and Abergav.	80	4	Waterloo	5	—
Carlisle	—	—	<i>Water-works.</i>		
Chesterfield	120	8	Chelsea	—	—
Coventry	1040	44 & 3	East London	115	4
Cromford	270	14	Grand Junction	60	2 10
Croydon	3	3	Kent	35	1 10
Derby	110	6	London Bridge	50	2 10
Dudley	63	3	South London	30	—
Ellesmere and Chester	62	3	West Middlesex	58 10	2 5
Frewash	1000	58	York Buildings	25	—
Forth and Clyde	480	20	<i>Insurance.</i>		
Grand Junction	242	10	Albion	50	2 10
Grand Surrey	50	3	Atlas	5	5 6
Grand Union	18 10	—	Bath	575	40
Grand Western	4	—	Birmingham Fire	340	25
Griatham	145	8	British	50	3 3
Hereford and Gloucester	—	—	County	43	2 10
Lancaster	26 10	1	Eagle	3 3	5
Leeds and Liverpool	374	12	European	20	1
Leicester	295	13	Globe	—	7
Leicester & Northampton	72	4	Guardian	12 10	—
Loughborough	3500	170	Hope	4 15	6
Melton Mowbray	220	10	Imperial Fire	100	4 10
Monmouthshire	165	8	Ditto, Life	11 5	9 6
Montgomeryshire	70	2 10	Kent Fire	57 10	—
Neath	390	22	London Fire	—	1 5
Nottingham	200	12	London Ship	—	1
Oxford	720	32	Provident	20	1
Portsmouth and Arundel	30	—	Rock	3	2
Regent's	41	—	Royal Exchange	258	10
Rochdale	70	2	Sun Fire	—	8 10
Shrewsbury	170	9 10	Sun Life	23 10	10
Shropshire	125	7	Union	40	1 8
Somerset Coal	120	7	<i>Gas Lights.</i>		
Ditto, Lock Fund	105	5 15	Gas Light and Coke (Chart		
Staffords. & Worcestershire	206	40	Company	66	4
Stourbridge	200	10 10	City Gas Light Company	127	8 10
Stratford-on-Avon	17	—	Ditto, New	70 10	4 10
Stroudwater	420	22	South London	156	7 10
Swansea	190	10	Imperial	14	—
Tavistock	90	—	<i>Literary Institutions.</i>		
Thames and Medway	20	—	London	29	—
Thames and Severn, New	26	—	Russel	10	—
Trent & Mersey	2000	75	Surrey	—	—
Warwick and Birmingham	290	10	<i>Miscellaneous.</i>		
Warwick and Napton	210	8	Auction Mart	—	1 5
Worcester & Birmingham	30	1	British Copper Company	52	2 10
<i>Docks.</i>			Golden Lane Brewery	8	—
London	110	4 10	Ditto	5	—
West India	175	10	London Com. Sale Rooms	16	1
East India	8	8	Carnatic Stock 1st class	87	4
Commercial	82	3 10	Ditto, 2d ditto	75	3
East Country	28	—			

Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill.

[F. Warr, Red Lion Passage, Holborn.]

EAST INDIA SHIPPING LIST.—SEASON, 1822, 1823.

Ships' Names.	Consignments.	Vol.	Managing Owners.	Commanders.	First Officers.	Second Officers.	Third Officers.	Fourth Officers.	Surgeons.	Pursers.	To be adoft.	To be in the Downs.	When sailed.
2 Royal George .	Beng. & China	1233	John Fam Timins	Chris. Biden	J. H. Buttivant	R. H. Tieherne	A. C. Watling	William Carr	Thomas Hog	John Ward	1822 14 Oct.	1822 4 Dec.	1822 10 Dec.
5 General Kyd . .	Beng. & China	1240	James Walker	Alex. Nahn	Rd. Alpin	John Pearson	J. M. Ralph	H. Thompson	F. P. Alley	Jas. Cannan	1822 14 Oct.	1822 4 Dec.	1822 10 Dec.
2 Kent	Beng. & China	1332	S. Marjoribanks	Henry Cobb	James Sexton	Fran. Daniel	W. Mac Nair	B. W. Mure	Jas. Don	John Allan	1822 14 Oct.	1822 4 Dec.	1822 10 Dec.
5 Herefordshire .	Bomb. & China	1200	John Locke	William Hope	Robert Card	Richard Card	Wm Robson	T. G. Adams	Richard Boys	E. Crowfoot	1823 13 Nov.	1823 3 Jan.	1823 3 Jan.
6 Inglis	Bomb. & China	1200	R. Bourdaile	S. Seale (bank)	Jos. Dudman	Fred Orlebar	C. Pennington	H. Harris	John Lawson	Wash. Smith	1823 13 Nov.	1823 3 Jan.	1823 3 Jan.
2 Farquharson . .	Bomb. & China	1328	J. Chris. Lochner	Willm. Cruick	H. Cowan	W. H. White	H. Celouline	George Lloyd	John Scott	George Adam	1823 13 Nov.	1823 3 Jan.	1823 3 Jan.
2 Repulse	St. Hele. Ren & coolen & China	1334	John Fam Timins	J. Paterson	Edw. Foord	Edward Jacob	W. H. Walker	Chas. Clarkson	Samuel Symes	G. R. Griffiths	1823 13 Nov.	1823 3 Jan.	1823 3 Jan.
2 Hythe	Beng. & China	1333	S. Marjoribanks	J. P. Wilson	A. W. Law	Robt Linday	A. C. Proctor	Robt. Jobling	R. Alexander	John Ranney	1823 13 Dec.	1823 2 Feb.	1823 2 Feb.
3 Windsor	Beng. & China	1329	George Clay	T. Haviside	A. F. Proctor	Mark Clayton	R. C. Fowler	Wm. Edmunds	Edw. Edwards	Jas. Thomason	1823 13 Dec.	1823 2 Feb.	1823 2 Feb.
6 Bridgewater . . .	St. Hel. Bomb & China.	1200	James Sims	W. Mitchell	H. Bristow	T. Duttonshaw	Fred. E. Waime	James Walker	James Arnott	Joseph Cragg	1823 13 Dec.	1823 2 Feb.	1823 2 Feb.
4 Waterloo	Bomb & China	1335	(Company's ship)	R. Alsager	Chas. Shea	John Brown	G. T. Calvely	Fred. Hedgée	Jas. Halliday	George Homer	1823 13 Dec.	1823 2 Feb.	1823 2 Feb.
9 Scaleby Castle . .	Bomb & China	1242	(Company's ship)	D. R. Nevall	W. R. Blakeley	John Hallman	Robt. Robson	Chas. Allen	A. Johnstone	William Bruce	1823 13 Dec.	1823 2 Feb.	1823 2 Feb.
3 Kellie Castle . . .	Madr. & China	1322	Stewart Erskine	E. L. Adams	W. H. Ladd	John Hay	B. Pattullo	T. Sheerman	Robt. Elliot	William Cragg	1823 13 Dec.	1823 2 Feb.	1823 2 Feb.
6 Atlas	Madr. & China	1200	Jasper Vaux	C. O. Mayne	Jos. Stanton	G. M. Bruth-	P. C. Shadwell	B. J. Thomson	John Dill	J. W. Cragg	1823 13 Dec.	1823 2 Feb.	1823 2 Feb.
7 Charles Grant . .	Maur Penang & China.	1246	William Moffat	William Hay	Geo. Denny	Jos. Coates	C. A. Eastmure	Thos. Thoms	Robt. Strange	Fred. Palmer	1823 13 Dec.	1823 2 Feb.	1823 2 Feb.
5 Vaustrart	Bomb & China	1200	Joseph Harr	W. H. C. Dal-	J. R. Mander-	Wm. Allen	J. Sercombe	F. Bailey	J. W. Wilson	A. Beveridge	1823 13 Dec.	1823 2 Feb.	1823 2 Feb.
7 Bombay	Bomb & China	1242	Henry Temple	John Hine	J. R. Mander-	W. H. Edmonds	George Wise	T. Ingram	Robt. Murray	Robt. Miles	1823 13 Dec.	1823 2 Feb.	1823 2 Feb.
7 Lowther Castle . .	Bomb & China	1276	William Sims	Rd. Raves	Jas. Exles	H. Edmonds	W. B. Coles	John Ricketts	Jas. Bruce	David Liddell	1823 13 Dec.	1823 2 Feb.	1823 2 Feb.
6 P. C. of Wales . .	Bomb & China	1247	John Crosthwaite	Thos. Baker	J. Wilkinson	R. K. Lloyd	C. W. Francken	C. S. Bawtree	J. H. Blenner-	Nic. G. Glass	1823 13 Dec.	1823 2 Feb.	1823 2 Feb.
6 Mar. Wellington .	Bomb & China	978	C. B. Gribble	C. B. Gribble	J. Blanchard	Josiah Thomas	C. Ingram	Nath. Knox	Matt. Lovell	W. E. Brown	1823 13 Dec.	1823 2 Feb.	1823 2 Feb.
8 Thos. Grenville .	Bomb & China	981	Henry Bonham	C. B. Gribble	J. Blanchard	Stephen Pointz	G. R. Parkers	John Sparks	Wm. Winton	W. J. Shepherd	1823 13 Dec.	1823 2 Feb.	1823 2 Feb.
8 Minerva	Bomb & China	886	(Company's ship)	W. Manning	J. B. Burnett	P. Pilcher	John Roberts	Wm. Taylor	Adam Elliot	J. Benifold	1823 13 Dec.	1823 2 Feb.	1823 2 Feb.
	Bomb & China	976	George Palmer	Geo. Probyn	Edw. Ireland	Hector Rose	J. Drayner	E. N. Briggs	H. Mitchell	W. m. Allen	1823 13 Dec.	1823 2 Feb.	1823 2 Feb.

THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

MAY, 1823:

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF

JUNE.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF JOHN FLAXMAN, ESQ. R.A. TAKEN FROM THE
LIFE EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.

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EDITOR'S NOTICE.

*WE are continually receiving "Reviews" of books from publishers and authors, who have not the delicacy to send even a copy of the work by which we might judge of the talent and honesty of the reviewer; can any one be so unjust as to suppose, after reading our critiques, that we are to be induced to swerve from our duty by either partiality or party spirit? If authors or publishers are desirous of having their works noticed in our review department, they are requested to send copies of their books for that purpose, and not reviews of them, which we cannot anticipate will do us credit when they are sent *gratis*: we will always be impartial, and their works, if of sufficient merit, shall receive the earliest attention; if their merit is not considerable the authors will, we are sure, excuse our silence, as the least disagreeable mode of evincing our disapprobation.

Mr. W. H. M——d is requested to observe that our new mode of giving the Index of Bankrupts, &c. is followed in order to introduce as much original matter into the last number of each volume as possible; the mode he alludes to, as followed by our predecessors, is an ingenious branch of "book-making," in which we are not ambitious to excel.

In answer to "Veritas" at Boulogne, we must observe that we have no reason to distrust the accuracy of our correspondent in France. If Veritas will give authenticity to his version of the story he alludes to by favouring us with his real name and address, we shall be extremely happy to pay his letter every proper attention.

The author of the Hermit-ess is requested to send to our Publisher for a letter.

"The State Dunces," "British Antiquities," and "Algernon on Prison Discipline," shall certainly appear in our next number.

ERRATA IN OUR LAST NUMBER.

Page 311, col. 1, line 48, for Puritans, read "Partisans."

Page 313, col. 2, line 55, for Representations, read "Representatives."



John Flaxman

THE
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND

LONDON REVIEW.

MAY 1823.

MEMOIR

OF

JOHN FLAXMAN, Esq. R.A.

With a Portrait painted from Life expressly for this work,
and engraved by J. THOMPSON.

THE lives of artists and literati are proverbially destitute of those striking events that captivate the understanding and excite the curiosity of the ignorant multitude; but to the philosopher and politician, who dive beneath the surface for the causes that agitate the sea of political and moral contention, every event of those lives are truly interesting. They are the guides by which man is led from brutality to civilization; in comparison with which the stormy incidents, that crowd the lives of warriors and statesmen, are like the eruptions of volcanos over a fertile country. "The proper study of mankind is man," and where can we trace the inmost workings of the mind so well as in its silent retreats, undisturbed by extrinsic circumstances? Those, who would deduce the present improved state of society from the examples of potentates and legal desolators of the earth, know nothing of the philosophy of history or of the causes that secretly work out the amelioration of what is termed civilized society. From the diffusion of knowledge among the mass of mankind arises the only *real liberty* man is susceptible of, because that powerful engine not only teaches him the nature and advantages of rational freedom, but renders him incapable of abusing it. To this

general diffusion of knowledge we owe almost all that is commendable in history, which chiefly instructs us in the contests waged by ignorance and usurpation against nascent intelligence and the acknowledged rights of mankind. How puerile and contemptible do the exploits of the Macedonian bravo appear in the romance of Quintus Curtius, when compared with the philosophic heroism of the Athenian Sage as described in Plato: the one lived to scourge the world, the other died to enlighten it! These reflections naturally occur, when we contemplate the unobtrusive life of the subject of our present memoir, calculate its usefulness and compare it with those of inglorious men, who are now securing to themselves eternal infamy by their aggressions on a peaceful, magnanimous, and unoffending nation. They disgrace their Creator by impiously assuming his name to mask their hypocrisy; he honours the Eternal Being by shewing how much mankind is capable of intellectual improvement. We wish we were able to enter into those details that would develop the means by which the subject of our present memoir has arrived at the highest honour in his profession, and acquired a name that is not only at the present time European, but which will endure to the latest

posterity *an honour to the Fine Arts, and an ornament to his Country.*

John Flaxman, Esq. of an ancient and respectable family in Buckinghamshire, but originally from Norfolk, was born in the city of York, on the 6th July, 1755. The affluence of his ancestors was considerably diminished by the civil wars during the reign of Charles the First; four brothers of this respectable family joined the Parliamentarians against Charles at the battle of Naisby. James, the eldest, was shot through both arms while in pursuit of the King; Francis was killed in the battle; another brother after the fight emigrated to Ireland; and John, the youngest, from whom the subject of our memoir is lineally descended, settled in Buckinghamshire where he entered upon an agricultural life, at the same time following the business of a carrier.—Mr. Flaxman married Miss Anne Denman, of London; he is now a widower and without children, his wife died after a union of forty years, and left an indelible impression of the fondest affection on her husband's heart. She was distinguished for her literary attainments, particularly in the French and Italian literature, and was the companion of her husband's travels and studies in Italy.

Mr. Flaxman was elected a member of the Academies of Florence and Carrara while he was in Italy; and an academicien of the Royal Academy, about five years after his return to England. In this Institution, about ten years ago, he was appointed the first Professor of Sculpture, in which honourable situation he still continues. It is not, perhaps, generally known, that this is the only professorship of Sculpture in the world.

At an early age Mr. Flaxman applied himself to modelling and sculpture, which he has since continued without interruption. In the year 1782, he began his studies in Rome, which he continued seven years; in 1791, he returned to England. The principal works of this excellent sculptor are as follow:—

In Westminster Abbey—The monument of Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, and a monument to Captain Montagu, killed in a battle with

the French Fleet, over which Lord Howe obtained a signal victory in the year 1791. In St. Paul's—Earl Howe's monument in the south cross of the Cathedral; Lord Nelson's on the right hand, leading to the choir; Sir Joshua Reynolds' statue under the dome, and a tabular monument to Captain Millar.

In Winchester Cathedral—the monuments to Dr. Wharton and Mrs. North.

In Chichester Cathedral—a monument to Collins the Poet, and several others.

In Christchurch, Hampshire—a group the size of nature of Lady Fitz-Harris and her Children.

At Brington, near Althoupe, Northamptonshire—a monument to the late excellent Countess Dowager Spencer, terminated by a group of Charity at one end, and at the other by a figure of Faith.

In Lewisham Church, Kent—a monument to Miss Lushington.

In Ireland—a monument to the Earl of Mazarine.

In Scotland—a statue of the Right Hon. William Pitt, for the Town Hall of Glasgow, and a colossal statue, in bronze, of General Sir John Moore, in the same City.

In Oxford—two monuments to Sir William Jones.

The Designs and one Model for the Basso Relievos on Covent-Garden Theatre, and the statue of Comedy in the same building.

A group of the Fury of Athamas, colossal, executed for the Earl of Bristol.

A statue of Apollo, the Shepherd, and a colossal group of Michael the Archangel's Victory over Satan, both for the Earl of Egremont.

A sepulchral statue of Mrs. H Tighe, author of *Psyche*.

A monument of Mrs. Morley, in Gloucester Cathedral.

A monument of the Baring Family, in Micheldever Church, near Stratton Park, Hampshire.

A statue of the Right Honourable Warren Hastings.

A model for the Shield of Achilles, from Homer's description, executed in silver gilt, by Messrs. Rundell, Bridge and Rundell, for His Majesty King George IV., and His Royal Highness the Duke of York.

Volumes of Outlines have been also executed by Mr. Flaxman, which have considerably extended his fame as a classical scholar as

well as an artist; they are illustrative of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer, and the works of *Æschylus*, *Hesiod*, and *Dante*.

SLEEP.—A FRAGMENT.

Hark! the great Abbey clock, the faithful oracle whose honest tongue tells the same truth to all however unwelcome, utters with solemn voice the midnight hour, and time stands tiptoe on to-morrow's threshold. Thrice welcome, holy night, the joyful season of the joyless; welcome to many a throbbing head, and many an aching bosom. Now the proud sufferer, who has struggled through the day to keep his sorrows out of sight, forced to divide the mind against itself, to split the heart in two, as it were, and give one half to mirth and one to misery—may cast aside the mask upon the pillow, and shew his griefs to trusty solitude. Come, gentle Sleep, death's beautiful brother—fairest phenomenon—poetical reality—thou sweet collapsing of the weary spirit—thou mystery that every one knows—thou remnant of primal innocence and bliss, for Adam *sleep*d in Paradise. To sleep—there's a drowsy melliflence in the very word that would almost serve to interpret its meaning—to shut up the senses and hoodwink the soul—to dismiss the world—to escape from one's self—to be in ignorance of our own existence—to stagnate upon the earth—just breathing out the hours, not living them—"Doing no mischief, only dreaming of it"—neither merry nor melancholy, something between both, and better than either. Best friend of frail humanity, and like all other friends best estimated

in its loss. Who has not known the value of oblivium when'er some newly past or close impending evil has flung its giant shadows athwart the morning twilight of the soul? Who has not felt a vehement desire to retreat into insensibility; a clinging to unconsciousness; a recoiling from perception; a sickly aversion from the sun's brightness; a careless contempt for the great things of the world; a debility, a lassitude, a strengthlessness of spirit. Another day is before us to get through as best we may: we must go forth to meet our fate; we have come out of a land of pleasantness and peace to engage in strife, and toil, and warfare. And sleep too hath its sports and its diversions, its wild indefinable dreams; fantastic scenes, which fancy's finger sketches in the dark—distorted reflexion of the business of life on the *Camera-obscura* of the brains. Oh! kind and blissful mockery, when the manacled felon, on his bed of straw, is transported to the home of his innocent boyhood, and the pining and forsaken fair is happy with her fond and faithful lover,—and the poor man hath abundance,—and the dying man is in joyous health,—and despair hath hope,—and those that want are as though they wanted not,—and they who weep, are as though they wept not. But the fashion of these things passeth away.

ARIETTA.

LES ROCHERS," THE CHATEAU OF MADAME DE SEVIGNE.

You asked me to give you some description of the remarkable places I have visited.

I owe to the letters, from which Madame de Sévigné has deservedly obtained so much reputation, addressed to our illustrious president, a native of Bretagne, to inform you of the present state of this celebrated château.

The architecture is picturesque, I should think the greatest part of it was built in the twelfth and fourteenth centuries; there is the winding stair-case built in a tower; the body of the house flanked by two other towers, both of them ornamented with rude heads of animals, from the eaves to the summit; on one side is the chapel built for "*le bien bon*," (the Abbé de Coulanges) in the same style. It is placed in a large tower, covered with a roof in the shape of a priest's bonnet.

Such is the general aspect of a place rendered illustrious by the most amiable of women, and the tenderest of mothers. This is all, besides the antique esplanade upon which these old buildings are situated, that can remind us of Sévigné.

A rich Breton, M. des N——, the proprietor of *Rochers*, has whitened three layers thick inside and out, a barbarism worthy of a Turk, the walls and towers, the side of the house, and the chapel. He certainly never read the letters *par excellence*! Nothing now remains of the ancient dependencies of the castle. A wash-house, large enough for barracks, immense stables, supported by corinthian columns, courtyards, poultry-yards ornamented with fluted pilasters; in the midst of this grotesque farm

a new orangery, a new park, a new garden. He has destroyed, without mercy, that which *la belle des belles* had planted, that he himself might have the pleasure of planting.

"Hélas! qu'est devenu ce bosquet enchanté,"

said I, sighing to myself, so much did the allusion strike me; and the gardener, who acted as guide and ciceroni, told me those large oaks, which, according to him, were more than eighty years old and had not yet attained to half their size, that those fine beech trees, those tufted elms, those ash trees strait as an arrow, had been cut up to make the windows and doors of Monsieur's hen-house! Happily neither Monsieur nor his Celtic architects had the inclination to change the distribution of the garden. It is still a large parterre with long, wide, strait alleys, in the style of the parterres at Sceaux, Marly, or the grand Trianon.

The echo discovered by Madame de Sévigné, and which can only be heard by two persons, placed at the two points of the circle, and which distinctly carries their words to the distance of ten feet, even if they speak as low as possible only just stirring the lips, this echo, a singular trick of nature, is well preserved.

But the park, the mall, the beautiful alleys, ornamented with such pretty devices and such fine names, are all fallen under the axe of this terrible Breton, who seems to be inveterate against the memory of this incomparable woman. He is right; these places which would remind us of the admiration and loyalty of the Sévignés for their sovereigns, would now involuntarily recall to us the recollection of — La Bedoyère, and this contrast must have been painful. *L'alleé de ma fille* still existed in 1810. Now

"Ce ne sont que festons, ce ne sont qu'astragales,*
Je me salue au travers du jardin.†"

There I found new sources of regret; new walls on the terrace,

there is no longer a witness of those tender effusions, of those amiable disputes between the mother and daughter. There remains no longer a silent witness of the piquant conversations between the mother and son! What can remind us now of the mild reprimands of the *toute bonne*, the agreeable and *naïf* confessions of the amiable Vantrin, who, in one evening at Lansquenet swallowed up 500 of his mother's large oaks, who was handsome as Paris, brave as Condé, lively as St. Evremoud, amiable as Cheaulieu, who struggled with Dacier for the honour of commenting on Horace, who excelled in conversation, who lived with Racine and Boileau, Lafontaine and Moliere, got tipsy with an air of grace, committed an hundred follies, owned them in a charming manner, suffered himself to be scolded by his mother-in-law, reproached himself for his faults, repented of them, was always pardoned, and always began the same pranks.

The apartments even in the chateau no longer put us in mind of the *Belissima Madre*, except in a portrait painted, as they say, by Mignard, or rather copied from him, which is placed in a dining-room, low, narrow, and dark. The wainscot ceilings, furniture, paintings, all have been injured, broken, effaced, re-made, and re-made in the worst style; in the bedroom, and even in the reading-cabinet of the illustrious Sévigné. Really this destructive country-gentleman would be, God forgive me, a worthy chief of the *Bande noire*.

The court of the Chateau des Rochers is shut by gates. The proprietor scarcely permits strangers to see it.

Recommended and conducted by my nephew *à-la-mode de Bretagne* a cousin-german of the mistress of the house, they would not receive us, nor even shew us Mad. de Grignan's room where her portrait is, or the interior of the house, where are assembled the pictures of the N——

who have chased from their domicile the old Sévigné's.

I could not learn whether there exist any descendants of Pillois the honest gardener of Mad. de Sévigné; the only living things, contemporaries of the soft-eyed Marchioness and the beautiful and proud Countess of Guignan, are the large orange-trees which, thanks to the mild and damp climate of Brittany, live without artificial heat and almost without care in a vast greenhouse built like a cart-shed by the new proprietor; I begged leave to gather some flowers, it was the only favour they granted me, and the only relic I brought away from this celebrated place. The names of the avenues in the park still exist; I walked through *L'Allée royale*, in the *Allée de ma fille*, in that of *du point du jour*, in the *Tremaine*, in *l'infinité*, in the mall.

I sat down upon the three semi-circular banks of turf which were called *la place de Madame*, and which is now elegantly named *la Motte à Madame*. These are not the same banks, though situated in the same place. At the end of the *Allée royale* there is a beautiful view of the neighbouring woods. Near it are the little pavillions where the amiable Sévigné reposed during the day, reading, meditating and listening to the singing of the birds, or contemplating *l'astre mélancolique*. "*Envoyez moi de la rue et je vous enverrai des arbres*," were written by her to Mad. de Grignan, and I repeat this remarkable phrase because it agrees with the platform between *Vitré* and *Rennes*, it perfectly describes the country round Rochers where trees abound, and where the view is too confined.

This is what I saw of *Les Rochers Sévignéens*. It has left on my mind more of regret than remembrance; there pride usurps the tender throne of affability, and thence wit and good taste have apparently for ever fled. Ah! if the beautiful monuments of Italy had fallen under the scourge of this barbarous Breton! *Silco et Precor*.

LINES ADDRESSED TO MISS F. H. KELLY,

ON HER NOT HAVING RECENTLY APPEARED AT COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

Belov'd of genius, nature's artless child !
 By taste directed, and to feeling true—
 Thou on whose birth the sacred sisters smil'd,
 And held their mirror to thy infant view !

'Thee, as " the sweet Italian girl," we've seen—
 The young and gentle Juliet—when with light
 Elastic tread, and with celestial mien,
 Thou mov'dst—" to teach the torches to burn bright."

'Midst thy young blushes, in Verona's bowers,*
 We've mark'd love's new-born influence softly steal,
 (Like Morn's first zephyr among budding flowers)
 And in rich breathings all his soul reveal.

With thee we've smil'd and wept—as joy and woe
 Spread o'er thy features their alternate sway—
 For tears, that at thy grief so freely flow,
 Thy sunny smile as soon can chase away.

But wherefore from the world's admiring gaze
 Dost thou, fair Kelly ! *now* conceal thy power—
 Nor tread, as wont, the varied passions' maze,
 And thrill our bosom, in thy magic hour ?

Why—blest with talents to surprise and charm,
 To sway the soul, to captivate and move—
 In the young heart to raise the soft alarm,
 To melt to sorrow, or to mould to love !

Why hath a youthful *Siddons* met the eye
 To dazzle with a momentary blaze,
 And,—like a sun-beam in a wint'ry sky—
 Set in a cloud obscure, and mock our gaze ?

Thou gifted wonder !—vers'd in Shakspeare's page
 And with a kindred spirit deep imbued—
 Why thus withdraw, unkindly, from that stage
 Where rapture and applause thy steps pursued ?

Return, first fav'rite of the tragic Muse,
 Return, thy myriad votaries to cheer,
 Where to thy witching influence none refuse
 The sigh of sympathy, or silent tear !

So, like O'Neill, shalt thou each night impart
 Pleasures which wisdom, taste and virtue own ;
 And wake at will the pulses of the heart,
 Thou *gentle despot* of the tragic throne !

The first garden scene in *Romeo and Juliet*.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS IN LONDON AND PARIS.

LETTER XVII.

From SIR CHARLES DARNLEY, Bart. to the MARQUIS DE VERMONT.

Paris.

MY DEAR DE VERMONT,

THE numerous theatrical exhibitions (or *spectacles* as you call them) which occupy so much of the time of the inhabitants of this gay city, afford also to strangers a never failing source of variegated amusement. Though the imperfect manner in which the Opera-house is lighted diminishes the splendour of the first *coup d'œil*, while the large bonnets and morning dresses in which your ladies appear on these occasions in the boxes, and the great coats and boots of the gentlemen, present rather unseemly objects to the eye of an Englishman accustomed to the very different attire of the corresponding classes at the Theatre in the Haymarket; yet if the spectator directs his eye to the stage, and looks there only for his amusement, he must be fastidious indeed, if not gratified with the performance of one of those classical ballets which are exhibited in the utmost perfection, and accompanied by an orchestra, which, I believe I may say it without exaggeration, is composed of nearly two hundred musicians. When I complain of the Parisian habit of frequenting such places *en déshabillé*, I must in candour observe, that we are all so governed by early impressions, that my criticism may be solely occasioned by the opposite custom of my own country. I lately dined in company with a Swedish officer, who stated among the inconveniences which, he said, he had experienced in London, that when he wished to go to the opera, he was compelled to throw off those boots in which he had passed his life, and in which (as he belonged to the cavalry) he was allowed to appear at the Court of his Sovereign. I in vain reminded him that individuals must sacrifice their own inclinations to the advantage of the public, and that certainly a well-dressed audience contributed in no trifling degree to augment the

Eur. Mag. May, 1823:

liveliness of a theatrical representation. This was a kind of reasoning which this northern hero by no means understood, and I found the French ladies and gentlemen, who formed the rest of the society, seemed to think that it would be an intolerable burden were they under the necessity, before they appeared in the presence of a crowded audience, to comb their hair, to change their linen, and to throw off the dirty habiliments in which their morning exercise had been taken. On such subjects, as well as several similar ones, I can only observe, *qu'on ne peut pas disputer sur des sujets de gout.*

Your National Theatre, or *Les François*, (as it is commonly called) is the one which I am fondest of attending, because I find there both the most interesting dramatic compositions, and the best performers. You must pardon me for not admiring the pompous tones and violent gestures of your most celebrated tragedians: *La Font, Talma, and Mademoiselle Duchénois*, are certainly performers of no ordinary merit; but in witnessing their exertions I calmly commend, rather than strongly feel, the talent they display. But barbarous as this judgment may sound to your ear, my bad taste may, perhaps, in part be pardoned when I declare, that in *comedy* I commonly give unqualified praise to your performers; while many French plays, particularly those of Moliere, are exact representations of real life "Not overstepping the modesty of nature." Your actors in this line are equally careful, in performing the parts assigned them; not to go beyond the limits which she has prescribed. *Mademoiselle Mars*, though she has now been thirty years on the stage, is still beautiful, and still presents an unrivalled model of dramatic excellence. Many others of the leading performers might be mentioned, but even those to whom the lowest characters are allotted

do such justice to their comparatively trifling share of the general exhibition, that in witnessing the representation of a play thus uniformly well acted, I have experienced the kind of illusion which Dr. Johnson thought impossible—I mean that of fancying myself actually present at an occurrence in real life.

I went a few evenings since to *Les François*, and never do I remember to have been so highly amused. *Le Chevalier à la Mode* was the first piece, in which *Arnaud* portrayed the character of a coxcomb of the old school with such happy taste that, while assuming all the *hauteur* and levity which belonged to the part, he forgot not to display at the same time that elegance and refinement of manner which, in those days, threw a gloss over the most infamous vices; and when he declared, that he had made the purses of his mistresses contribute no less to his pleasures than the harvests of his farmers, he said so with a *grace* which made one, for the moment, admit an excuse both for the depravity of the libertine and the credulity of his victims. But the principal attraction of the evening was *Le Malade Imaginaire*, which succeeded *Le Chevalier à la Mode*, and in which all the best actors were employed. While enjoying this incomparable performance I could not help remarking and admiring the deep insight into the human heart which Moliere had obtained. Though this play was written 140 years ago, and in the time which has since elapsed, civilization is supposed to have advanced with rapid strides, we find that *quacks*, not only in medicine but in almost every condition of life, are now just as common as they were when this play first appeared; and the satire which it conveys on the folly of mankind is no less applicable to the present than to the then state of private society. With regard to the particular foible which he here attacks, I hope you read in one of the English newspapers the account of a trial which lately occurred on one of the circuits, the circumstances of which prove that *Le Malade Imaginaire* is by no means overdrawn. It was an action brought by a country apothecary against the executors of a gentleman, for attend-

ance given, and medicine supplied to the deceased; and the amount of the charge was so excessive, (I think £700,) though the bill was not of long standing that his representatives thought it their duty to resist the payment of the account; the particulars of which were accordingly laid before a jury. Among the items, I recollect, there was one for *fifty thousand pills*, sent to the patient on setting out on a journey, with directions for their use. Ten of these he was to take on rising from bed, in order to give him an appetite for his breakfast, as many more by way of assisting his digestion, ten before dinner, and an equal number afterwards, besides emollients, astringents, sordifics, diuretics, emetics, febrifuge powders, and aperients of all sorts and descriptions.

Now any person who will examine this bill, which was read in open court, will find it is almost a translation or counterpart of the one, in perusing the articles of which, the hero of *Le Malade Imaginaire* begins that excellent play.

But to return to the performance. I was much amused at the eulogy pronounced by Dr. Diafoirus on his pedantic son, of whom, in allusion to the discovery of the circulation of the blood, which was then recent, he says, "*Mais sur toute chose, ce que me plait en lui, et en quoi il suit mon exemple, c'est qu'il s'attache aveuglement aux opinions de nos anciens, et qu'il n'a jamais voulu comprendre, ni écouter les raisons et les expériences des prétendues découvertes de notre siècle, touchant la circulation du sang et autres opinions de la même forme.*"

Now, how many pompous blockheads have we still existing, who boast, like Dr. Diafoirus, that they have educated their children in those prejudices which they themselves had been taught, and in profound contempt of all the discoveries and inventions of the more enlightened age, in which it is the good fortune of the latter to begin their career. It appears also from this passage, that Dr. Harvey met with quite as much opposition from the ignorance and bigotted obstinacy of his contemporaries, in propagating a truth, since universally

acknowledged, as our equally illustrious countryman (Dr. Jenner) experienced, in teaching the virtues of a discovery scarcely less important to the interests of humanity.

You are so well acquainted both with the comedy, and the actors by whom it was performed, that I will say no more of the merits of either. I cannot dismiss the subject, however, without telling you how much I was delighted with the ballet, or *decoration* with which the play was concluded; I mean the representation of the ceremony of receiving M. Argent (*Le Malade Imaginaire*) as a member of the College of Physicians. Though in the exhibition there were some indelicacies rather discordant to our English ideas of propriety, I confess that on the whole I never witnessed a more laughable scene. The stage fitted up to resemble a medical school, with benches on each side, and two *rostra* placed in the centre; the higher one being destined for the president, and the lower for the candidate.

The procession beginning with a cavalcade of apothecaries and surgeons; each carrying on his shoulder, in lieu of a firelock, a certain emblem of his profession of colossal size, and these humbler practitioners performing a military salute with these instruments (for even the sons of Esculapins cannot in France meet without military ceremonies), and then seated themselves with becoming modesty on the ground! Then a regiment of doctors following, clad in scarlet gowns, marching two by two in solemn state, turning round as they approached the pit, and bowing first to the audience and then to their companions, and taking

their posts with gravity. The whole was perfect in its way, nor was it the least interesting circumstance attending the performance, that all the principal actors and actresses of the theatre were deputed to represent these learned personages; and the public therefore enjoyed an opportunity, which they did not neglect, of expressing, as they passed before them in review, the sense they entertained of their respective merits. Many a pretty woman wore on the occasion the solemn garb of science, and Mademoiselle Mars's fine eyes lost none of their lustre from the contrast of her doctor's robes. It is almost needless to add, that that lady engrossed the largest share of popular applause. When the conclave was formed, and the president and the candidates were seated in their pulpits, the examination began, and various questions were suggested with due solemnity by different Members of the College. Dr. Diafoirus, by the importance which he assumed, and the deliberation with which he put his interrogatories, was, in my opinion, not the *least* amusing. But nothing seemed so much to divert the audience as the hesitation of M. Argent, who never ventured to give an answer till standing up and whispering the president (who sat above him) he had received a friendly hint from *him*, though, after all this preparation, the replies were nearly the same. The examination, which you know is carried on in a dialect of mixed French and Latin, ran in my head all the night afterwards. I have endeavoured to paraphrase it in English, and I shall now venture to send you my humble attempt.

First Doctor } What is the system, learned sir,
to Candidate. } Which skill and science should prefer?
 How wouldst thou treat cold, bile, or phthisic?

Candidate.—I'd sweat and vomit, bleed and physic.

CHORUS OF DOCTORS.

Well hast thou answered, so may we
 In solemn conclave grant degree,
 And hail thee brother and M.D.

Second Doctor.—If patient break his arm or head?

Candidate.—He should be sweated, dosed, and bled.

CHORUS.

Well hast thou answered, so may we
 In solemn conclave grant degree,
 And hail thee brother and M.D.

Third Doctor.—How wouldst thou treat a fevered brain?

Candidate.—I'd physic, bleed, and bleed again.

CHORUS.

Well hast thou answered, so may we
In solemn conclave grant degree,
And hail thee brother and M.D.

Fourth Doctor.—How conquer measles or small-pox?

Candidate.—By lancet, syringe, and pill-box.

CHORUS.

Well hast thou answered, so may we
In solemn conclave grant degree,
And hail thee brother and M.D.

Fifth Doctor.—How ease the pangs of torturing gout?

Candidate.—By a like process, rout 'em out.

CHORUS.

Well hast thou answered, so may we
In solemn conclave grant degree,
And hail thee brother and M.D.

Sixth Doctor.—How cure a cancer or consumption?

Candidate.—Might I opine without presumption,
I'd say the ills which now you name
Should all be treated just the same.

CHORUS.

Well hast thou answered, so may we
In solemn conclave grant degree,
And hail thee brother and M.D.

Seventh Doctor.—Should a young girl grow pale and thin,

What wouldst thou order? (*Candidate.*) I'd begin
By sweating, dosing, bleeding well.

Eighth Doctor.—But should these fail to cure the belle?

Candidate.—I'd bid her without loss of time,
To seek for health at Hymen's shrine.

CHORUS.

Well hast thou answered, so may we
In solemn conclave grant degree,
And hail thee brother and M.D.

At the conclusion of this notable examination I was much amused by the form of the oath taken by the candidate, by which he pledges himself not only to obey all the laws and ordinances of the College, but even to let his patients die rather than to administer to them any medicine not sanctioned by ancient usage, or authorised by the fiat of his brotherhood. As soon as M. Argent in pronouncing the word "*Juro*," had assented to these becoming engagements so read to him by the president, he received from the latter the doctor's bonnet, with license to vomit, physic, blister, cut, mangle and kill with impunity. *Apròpos*, I find it mentioned in the life of Molière prefixed to his works, that the author himself performed the part of *Le Malade Imaginaire*, and on the third representation of his

incomparable play, just as he had said "*Juro*," he was seized with a convulsive fit, and having broken a blood vessel, was removed from the stage to his own house, where a few minutes afterwards he expired. I find this melancholy occurrence took place on the 17th February, 1673, when he had only just attained his fifty-third year.

For saying so much to you on a subject with which you are so familiar I have but one apology to offer, that you have more than once desired me to state without disguise the result of my first impressions, and certainly few things have pleased me more, since my arrival at Paris, than the performance which has formed the subject of the present letter.

Adieu,

CHARLES DARNLEY.

LETTER XVIII.

From the MARQUIS DE VERMONT to SIR CHARLES DARNLEY, Bart.

London.

MY DEAR DARNLEY,

YOUR last letter has given me much satisfaction, because by the observations made in it I perceive that you begin to derive amusement from our theatrical exhibitions, and they form so material a part of the pleasures of Paris, that till a taste for them is contracted, a stranger cannot properly appreciate the French capital. With regard to your criticisms I must be permitted to remark that the faults of which you complain, (if they deserve that name,) are solely occasioned by the difference which exists between your manners and our's. When your countrymen go to the play or Opera-house in the evening, they go thither

"To see and to be seen,"

precisely as they frequent Hyde-park or Bond-street in the morning; and the attractions of the drama would be powerless without that additional stimulus.

We, on the contrary, look alone to the stage for our amusement, and neither desire to make a display ourselves nor to derive any pleasure from the appearance, however splendid, of those around us.

Consuming a much less portion of time at table than the English, dining very frequently at home, or in unceremonious parties at the houses of our relations or intimate friends, we should find it highly inconvenient to be under the necessity of altering our dress before we adjourned to one of the many theatres which are opened every night at Paris. It happens frequently, while taking an afternoon's walk in the *Thuileries* or the *Boulevard*, or in paying a visit at the hotel of an acquaintance, that a proposal is suddenly made to go and see the performance of some favorite actor or actress, whose appearance is announced for that evening; the motion meets with general approbation, the family coach, or a hackney coach is ordered, and a whole company soon find themselves enjoying

a dramatic treat, of which no one had indulged a thought ten minutes before the party had been suggested. Now if the etiquette of *making a toilet*, (to adopt our phrase,) were indispensably necessary, such impromptu arrangements (which constitute a material ingredient in the pleasures of a Parisian life) would no longer be possible. With respect to the want of light, our ladies deem an excessive glare unfavorable to beauty, and we think by keeping the rest of the house in comparative darkness, that an additional splendour is thrown on the stage, for which all the brilliancy of illumination is reserved.

The tastes of nations on such subjects differ no less than the tastes of individuals, and such variations should make us very careful before we condemn in a foreign country that to which we have been unaccustomed at home; for it by no means follows that because a custom is the reverse of our own, that the habit is an improper one. If I may be permitted to return to the subject of your Opera House, I should observe that females of character and consideration have not the means of habitually frequenting that theatre, unless rich enough to command a yearly seat in one of those boxes, the acquisition of which is no trifling object of ambition in the eyes of the vain. But as your lords and ladies, in spite of all their haughtiness and boasted wealth, condescend to traffic in such possessions, and deign occasionally to let them at a price of exorbitant profit, it happens now and then that a party from the city or the country is enabled, by a temporary sacrifice, to enjoy for a few hours the envied pleasure and *éclat* of occupying these privileged places. Still as they cannot be obtained without some previous arrangement, ample time is found for preparing and putting on those articles of fashionable attire, which if your women had not the opportunity of displaying on such occasions, even an opera box would lose all its attractions.

The necessity, therefore, of appearing no less dressed at the theatre in the Hay-market than at Almack's, or at an assembly of fashion, acts with these ladies rather as a stimulant than as a preventive.

Let me too remark, *en passant*, that it happens oddly enough that we, who really have a taste for the drama, call all places where scenic representations are performed *des spectacles*, (which word would strictly imply that we considered them as shews, or exhibitions,) while you, who principally value them on the latter account, in speaking of them use no similar expression.

It seems very strange to me, that though you are so very punctilious in enforcing a particular style of costume at the Opera House, you still suffer the greatest violations of good manners there to pass unpunished. At the time when all that is good, great, or respectable in England may be seen in the boxes, the most abandoned females appear in the adjoining pit; and your young men of distinction make no scruple in paying attention to the latter in the presence, and almost in the hearing, of their mothers and sisters. Indeed nothing can be more common than to see the same person, five minutes after whispering in the ear of one of those less cruel fair ones, approach the box of a woman of rank and reputation, and receive as cordial a welcome as if he had committed no such impropriety. Indeed, accustomed as I have been to consider England as the most moral of nations, it seems to me most extraordinary that your ladies should tolerate a kind of behaviour which in every other country would banish the person, who had been guilty of it, from all the circles of decent society.

As after disapproving of any of your usages it always gives me pleasure to be able to commend, I must acknowledge that the whole universe offers not a more splendid *coup d'œil* than the English Opera House presents on a Saturday night. The beauty of the theatre, the richness of its decorations, the loveliness of the women, the variety and brilliancy of their dress and jewels, the blaze of light, and the number of distinguished characters who are

often found in the ranks of the audience, the general appearance of wealth and prosperity, and the total absence of all features of an opposite kind, form altogether such a picture of gaiety and magnificence as is indeed unrivalled. It was my good fortune to be present a few evenings since; when in honor of His Majesty's presence, "God save the King," was called for. Never shall I forget the splendor of the sight, or the enthusiasm which displayed itself in the audience when, at the commencement of that national song, the ladies dressed in feathers and diamonds rose from their seats, and joined their voices to those of the actors in the performance of the chorus. All the rank, beauty, talent, and elegance of London seemed to be concentrated there; and that heart must be cold indeed which could witness unmoved such a general burst of ardent loyalty.

Your play-houses of Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane are fine edifices, but I am sure you must join with me in regretting that, instead of those two colossal buildings, large enough to hold a little world, you have not several smaller but more convenient theatres. The preposterous dimensions of your present ones are attended by several bad consequences. In the first place, it is next to impossible for the spectator to see at such a distance those nice variations in the countenances of the performers, which constitute one of the principle charms of dramatic excellence; and in the second, it is equally difficult to hear what is said on the stage with sufficient accuracy to enable one to enjoy the quick repartee of an animated dialogue. The best written plays, therefore, lose half their powers of pleasing; and in spite of the wit of Sheridan, I doubt much, whether if the School for Scandal had lately been acted for the first time on one of these boards, it would have succeeded. This is the real cause of your drama having sunk to so low an ebb at the very moment when, in all other walks of literature, England has been taking such rapid strides. The fact is, as your great moralist and critic (Dr. Johnson) has observed, "That as those who live to please,

must please to live," the writers of the present day perceive that nothing animates the stagnant attention of the immense crowds which these theatres now contain but broad farce, splendid processions, or eloquent appeals to the best feelings of the human heart, appeals which it is but doing justice to this country to add, are never made in vain. Instead, therefore, of endeavouring to sketch real characters such as nature produces, and Shakspeare portrays, modern dramatists either try to force a smile by drawing caricatures which by their novelty or absurdity may challenge attention, to charm the eye with military parade, funeral pomp, and variegated scenery, or to move a tear by a pathetic, but often exaggerated, tale of sentimental sorrow. These compositions, therefore, however successfully performed on the stage, are seldom read with pleasure in the closet; nor is this the only inconvenience occasioned by the preposterous size of your theatres; in the vast multitudes which they contain vice finds a never failing shelter; and while robberies are nightly committed on the persons of the spectators, these nominal places of rational amusement are made the common rendezvous of wantonness and profligacy. The lobbies, tea rooms, passages and stair-cases, as well as the rows of the upper boxes, are filled with the most abandoned women, who neither in their dress nor manner seem to attempt disguising the profession which they come thither to exercise. It is therefore impossible for a modest uncontaminated female to pass an evening at Covent-garden or Drury-lane, without seeing or hearing much that is offensive to the eye and ear of modesty; I think you will allow that we manage these things much better in France, and that nothing can be more decorous than the conduct of all classes at our larger theatres.

Among the many-coloured characters which frequent your play-houses, I am told that drunken men are still occasionally seen, but much less frequently than they were a few years ago, when Bacchanalian excesses were more common in London; at that time I am told that few evenings passed without a theatrical quarrel, which ended in a duel on the following morning. Indeed I have heard mentioned the names of several gallant men who, after distinguishing themselves in the battles of their country abroad, returned home to lose their lives in ignoble combats, occasioned by altercations of this kind, with persons in a state of inebriety, whose insults they were forced to resist.

The necessity, too, of letting the hour at which the play begins be regulated by the habits of the greater number of those who reside in this over-grown capital, prevents the national theatres being places of convenient resort to the higher ranks, who consequently frequent them but rarely; and, as when they do so, they either dispense with dinner altogether, or take that meal at a much earlier part of the day than usual, for attending the theatre materially interferes with all their other arrangements. Now, if instead of two great play-houses you had a small one in every district, most of the inconveniences which I have enumerated would be avoided.

I cannot drop the subject without saying, that going to a play in this town is accompanied by so many sacrifices that, to use our French phrase, *le jeu ne vaut par la chandelle*, and those dramatic amusements which, in every other capital of Europe afford a daily resource to the rich and idle, can scarcely be counted among the pleasures of London.

I remain ever yours,

DE VERMONT.

EPISTLES BY MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Epistle from MARY to her UNCLEs.—December, 1566.

No. VI.

Who has with idle tales your ear abused ?
 Who in your noble breast such thoughts infus'd ?
 Trust me your offer'd aid, your plans I scorn,
 No—though this heart with injured love be torn,
 (That secret long conceal'd by jealous pride,
 That secret wedded duty bade me hide)
 I ne'er will fix a stain on Darnley's name,
 Ne'er tell my injuries, and a husband's shame ;
 Nor, howsoe'er with ceaseless injuries wild,
 Will I divorce the father of my child.*
 Whate'er the plea, such counsel I disdain,
 An I even you, lov'd Lords ! command in vain.
 But since with fruitless duty I have tried
 My Darnley's errors from your sight to hide ;
 I to your pitying breasts will dare to own,
 I feel the bitterest pangs to woman known ;
 Own that, before the nuptial torch was cold,
 For me the knell of wedded bliss was toll'd.
 I heard the cruel taunts, the cold reply ;
 I saw the loathing of the averted eye ;
 I knew that rivals from his Mary's arms
 Lur'd him I lov'd to their unhallow'd charms,
 And felt, sad climax to fond woman's ill,
 That spite of injury I lov'd him still.†

* It is an incontrovertible fact, that Mary could not be prevailed upon to divorce Darnley.

† I have always believed, and I have made Mary speak according to this belief, that, whatever was the conduct of the Queen of Scotland towards the King, she loved him with faithful, though ill requited tenderness; and the very circumstances, on which Dr. Robertson seems to build his conviction of her aversion from and indifference to her husband, are to me proofs of her continued and unhappy attachment to him. I subjoin what he says, page 385 of his 1st Volume.

"Meanwhile Mary fixed her residence at Craig-millar. Such a retirement, perhaps, suited the present temper of her mind, and induced her to prefer it before her own palace of Holyrood. Her aversion for the King grew every day more confirmed, and was become altogether incurable; a deep melancholy succeeded to that *gaiety of spirits* which was natural to her; the *rashness and levity* of her own choice, and the King's ingratitude and obstinacy, filled her with shame and despair; and a variety of passions preyed at once on a mind, all of whose sensations were exquisite, and all its emotions strong, and often extorted from her the last wish of the unfortunate—that *life itself would come to an end.*"

With all due deference to Dr. Robertson's talents and learning, I cannot admit that deep melancholy is ever a proof of aversion, though it is frequently an evidence of *hopeless love*, and of conscious injury and ill-requited tenderness in the heart of woman—and where were rashness and levity in Mary's choice? It was a choice which the truest *political* wisdom would have suggested, had her *heart* (according to the opinion of Mr. Chalmers) been silent in Darnley's favor, for his right to the throne of England after the death of Elizabeth was equal to her own. Hatred and its concomitant, indignation (where hatred proceeds from a sense of injury), usually lead to buoyancy and restlessness of *mind and spirit*, and are rather stimulants to a public life, and a life of pleasure and amusement; but it is the *marking characteristic* of unfortunate, despairing, disappointed love, to seek retirement, to loath scenes of activity and cheerfulness, and, above all, to feel and to express the fond and touching wish of the *wretched*—to find a refuge from intolerable misery in the arms of death.

Yet ill my actions with these words agree,
 No fond obedience he receives from me;
 For cold, repellant, and neglectful still,
 I seem o'erjoy'd to thwart my husband's will;
 I meet him now but with averted eye,
 And all he asks so firmly I deny,
 So fully now retort his past disdain
 That his heart pants to seek some far domain,
 Where he from Mary's hate remov'd can dwell,
 And bid each dream of power and love farewell.*
 But while, by seeming coldness, I've denied
 My conqueror's heart a triumph o'er my pride,
 In the still solitude of Mary's bed,
 How bleeds her soul o'er dear illusions fled!
 How deeply then her heart's affections glow,
 Like Etna's fires beneath its crown of snow;
 Yet hope now whispers, Darnley's wandering heart
 May from his wedded guilt remorseful start;
 And he, his crimes repented and confess'd,
 Seek the sure haven of his Mary's breast;
 While days to come of wedded bliss remove
 The festering, rankling thorn of slighted love;
 Nay, e'en already, from his gloomy brows,
 His faded cheek where health no longer glows,
 His soften'd voice whene'er to me he speaks,
 That downcast eye which mine no longer seeks,
 My heart forebodes it will its wish obtain,
 And love and Darnley be my own again.
 Meanwhile our only pledge of love I seek,
 And on the infant's, press its father's, cheek;
 While fancy oft anticipates the day
 When in his arms I shall our infant lay;
 And both of tears, of tenderest tears beguil'd,
 Shall see by turns each other in our child.
 But with my grief e'en now some comfort blends,
 Mine is the best of guides, the best of friends;
 One who your place, my honour'd lords, supplies,
 One next to you, on whom my heart relies;
 One known for gallant deeds and loyal truth,
 For Bothwell's age advises Mary's youth:
 And well ye know that many a year has shed
 Its ripening suns on noble Bothwell's head—
 My friend he was in childhood's early day,
 When in your presence pass'd its hours away;
 Much on my mother's worth he lov'd to dwell,
 And bid my breast with emulation swell;
 Then on th' ambition which he rais'd he smil'd
 And hail'd again the mother in the child:
 Vow'd he from ills, like her's, my life would ser een,
 And swore allegiance to his baby queen.
 Well has he kept that oath—his royal breast
 Has never yet one rebel wish exprest;
 O'er traitor lords he towers with lofty brow,
 Like yonder castle o'er the vale below;
 And, as its rock defies the power of time,
 So Bothwell's heart rejects rebellion's crime.
 Too-much on love my bosom dar'd repose,
 Love which inflicted wounds that ne'er may close,

But I on friendship lean without alarm,
 For while it charms the heart it cannot harm :
 Love's the meridian sun whose beams can kill,
 Friendship the moon whose rays soft calm instill ;
 Love's fatal power can wound like shining sabre's blade,
 But friendship heals the wound which love has made.
 Thus, while I Bothwell's soothing friendship prove,
 I learn to bear the loss of Darnley's love ;
 But the glad time will come when both combin'd
 Shall shine the pole-stars of my darken'd mind ;
 Then this distracted heart at length shall rest,
 And grateful *Mary* be, in *blessing, blest*.

Lines from MARY to DARNLEY.—January, 1567.

O THOU ! in spite of scorn and injury lov'd,
 How have thy touching prayers this bosom mov'd ;
 How has my heart the trembling writing blest,
 That all thy tender penitence exprest !*
 And does thy health from mental grief decay ?
 Has keen remorse been wearing life away ?
 No more, dear lord, shall lone distress be thine,
 To watch beside thy fever'd couch be mine :
 Thy nurse, physician, comforter to prove,
 By all the quick inventions taught by love.
 I by thy bed will take my patient stand,
 Wipe thy damp brow and hold thy burning hand ;
 Though some may deem I art too kind a part,
 My only counsellor shall be my *heart* :
 In man's proud bosom let resentment live,
 'Tis woman's dearest province to *forgive*.

Epistle from MARY to her UNCLÉS.—Dated Kirk in the Field, Feb. 1567.

No. VII.

YE soothing friends to whom your Mary's breast
 Has all her wrongs, her fears, her hopes confest ;
 Now in her joy, her triumph bear a part,
 For Mary rules once more o'er Darnley's heart.
 His faults confess'd, repented and forgiven,
 I raise my eyes in grateful joy to heaven !
 Yet, not unclouded beams this sun of joy,
 Death's envious hand its brilliance may destroy ;
 For pain, for sickness, bow my Darnley's head,
 And Mary watches by a sufferer's bed.
 Yet feels the narrow circle where she moves,
 With step slow stealing round the man she loves,
 More dear, more welcome to her faithful breast
 Than courtly scene in royal splendours drest.
 For still this truth will Mary's lip impart,
 Woman is never blest, but through *her heart* :

* If my view of the subject be a just one, Mary was quite as eager to *pardon* Darnley as he could be anxious to be *pardoned*.

To us ambition's star so cheerless shines,
 If love's extinguish'd, woman droops, and pines :
 Then blame not, lords, my promptness to forgive,
 Nor that again I shall with Darnley live ;
 If I to Darnley's faults indulgent prove,
 Ye know my counsellor is faithful love ;
 My pardoning kiss his faded lip has prest,
 And Darnley's penitent, and Mary blest.

Epistle from MARY to her Uncles,—February 1567.

No. VIII.

BLAME not my silence! Woe on woe has prest
 With such increasing weight upon my breast ;
 Such various agonies my bosom swell,
 Lip cannot utter them, nor language tell !
 Ye know the cause that chokes this labouring breath ;
 Ye know the tale of murder and of death ;
 But oh ! ye cannot guess my varied ills,
 The pang that maddens, and the thought that kills !
 Ye cannot view the visions I behold,
 Which make with horror all my blood run cold ;
 Ye cannot see my fond, my frenzied fears,
 When to my sight that future world appears,
 Where all his sins, however deep their stain,
 Still unatoned for, save by years of pain,
 Before his judge the murder'd Darnley stands,
 And lifts for pardon unavailing hands.
 Ruffians ! could nought your fatal rage controul,
 But with the body would you kill the soul ?
 No rites perform'd, no prayer for pardon said,
 No warning given, from his unconscious bed ;
 Fire's sudden flash the sleeping victim hurl'd
 To wake no more but in another world.
 Oh ! had I pardon to his faults denied,
 Withheld by woman's art or woman's pride,
 With what wild woe I now should tear my hair,
 And where obtain a refuge from despair ?
 But blessed thought ! that can from madness save,
 My Darnley's utmost frailties I forgave ;
 And oft when conscious error rack'd his breast,
 With pard'ning love his quiv'ring lip I prest,
 And to my bosom clasp'd him o'er and o'er,
 When last I saw him to behold no more.
 But still what horrid images I see,
 What starting eye-balls seem to fix on me !
 I never more will sleep in Holyrood,
 There, through the chambers, glide strange forms of blood,
 The swelling tapestry wakens into life,
 And acts a mimic scene of murderous strife !
 There Ruthven menaces ! there Darnley's hand
 Gives for the ruffian seizure dire command !
 They tear the struggling Rizzio from my sight,
 While shrieks and groans make clamorous the night ;
 There Rizzio laughing as in triumph glares,
 While he his torn and bleeding bosom bares ;
 And, as by Darnley's black'ning corpse he kneels,
 With pointed finger he to Heaven appeals ;
 Views with exulting eye the princely dust,
 And murmurs out, " the Retribution's just !"

Each night, lov'd kinsman, to my startled eyes
 These visions glare till sleep affrighted flies,
 And now the day to equal pangs awakes,
 While every nerve with some new injuries shakes ;
 But the dark tale I cannot yet pursue,
 Nor tell those matchless injuries e'en to you.
 Meanwhile to soothe my grief, belov'd Lorrain,
 For *Darnley's* soul the frequent mass ordain ;
 Mine, is a bark without a pilot, driven
 Before the warring wave and winds of Heaven.
 Hold ! thankless wretch ! the impious thought forego !
 Is there no succour for the child of woe ?
 Can injur'd innocence no refuge find ?
 Away ! dark dreams of a distempered mind !
 To Heaven's high hand let me submissive trust,
 Tho' erring man condemn me, God is Just.

ANALYSIS OF M. GIRARD'S WORK ON AGRICULTURAL INDUSTRY AND COMMERCE OF EGYPT.

IN this work the agriculture of this interesting country is treated of more at large, and the industry occupies a much smaller space than it would in the description of a European country.

Indeed, the prosperity of Egypt depends upon the productions of the soil, the arts being almost annihilated when the French were there. Thus, as men are as eager in Egypt after the enjoyments of luxury as any where else, it is necessary that the soil should furnish objects for exchange ; exportation was reduced to a small number of articles, while the list of importations was very extensive. It appears that this state of things is changed ; thanks to the active and clever man, who, under the name of governor, is really Sovereign of Egypt. Arts have been introduced, buildings erected, importation diminished, and exportations till more augmented. The balance of commerce daily approaches nearer to its equilibrium.

Egyptian agriculture is not remarkable for the perfection of its method, nor for the variety of its productions. Our kitchen gardens, our orchards, and our fields supply luxuries for our tables, and the necessities of life, in a much greater variety of enjoyment and comfort.

The nomenclature of the trees, cultivated in the fields and orchards, is still more limited than that of the plants. In this respect, says our author, Egypt is now what it was

in the time of Columella. Engrafting and pruning are unknown, yet the species do not appear to degenerate, and consequently are those which are propagated by seed, and which fructify abundantly and regularly, though left entirely to nature.

There are no forest trees, properly so called ; the fig and sycamore supply planks, and are used in building vessels ; the black thorn and the Egyptian acacia are employed in the construction of hydraulic machines. The grain of this last excels the oak and gall-nut in the bark, for tanning leather. Oxen, and not horses, are employed in agricultural operations.

The spirit of chivalry shews itself in Egypt in all its native harshness, and not, as it was in Europe, under the influence of women. Asiatic and African manners have not this happy corrective.

Our author enters into details upon the culture of every thing ; he mentions the time of sowing and planting, describes the produce, the harvest and the means of preservation. Then, passing to more general considerations, he treats of the management of land in Egypt, and the best way of cultivating it ; of assessments and taxes, if the extortions of the Beys and their overseers may be called by that name.

M. Girard calls his work a memorial, but he gives us a complete treatise on Egyptian agriculture.

The second part of the work explains the state of industry in Egypt—at the time that the French occupied that country.

The art of pottery is the first. The Egyptians make clumsy vases of more than an inch thick; their earthenware, ill-baked and very porous, suffers part of the water it contains to escape, which wets the outside; and the evaporation of this dampness lowers the heat of the temperament very agreeably in hot climates.

The art of making bricks, simpler than that of earthenware, and burning lime, have been described elsewhere, and the author refers us for information on the subject to the large work published by the *Savans* who visited Egypt. He then proceeds to the manufacture of stuffs: the country furnishes those of immediate necessity; but very little for the purposes of luxury.

Some fine linens, and some silk stuffs, are all that the Egyptian weavers furnish the opulent with.

The manufacture of oils does not possess the means of strong pressure, so that a great quantity of oil can not be extracted. The art of making the celebrated *Nôme Marcotique* wine is entirely lost; the excellent *Fayoum* grapes produce now but a very indifferent wine, which only keeps a few months.

Speaking of the professions followed in the towns, M. Girard remarks upon those that have acquired a certain degree of perfection, such as saddlery and embroidering; but he adds that the workmen are all foreigners, and the work goes on slowly.

To prove this last assertion, it is sufficient to say, that the blacksmiths, carpenters, and joiners, work sitting, and only stand up when they put the work they are upon in its proper place. Almost all the Egyptian arts having been already described elsewhere, that part of the memoir on industry is necessarily short.

The author dwells longer on the commerce of the Egyptians; and as he has given at the end a summary of his facts and the general considerations arising from them, we pass to it immediately, because all that concerns commerce is treated of in one general point of view.

Amongst the facts collected in Egypt by M. Girard, those relative to the soil may be consulted with confidence by posterity. In this country the soil neither gains nor acquires any thing: it participates in the stability of nature. But man and his works, the social state, public economy, and the statistics of the state, experience the influence of time. Contemporaries ought to know them, such as they are, and history supplies valuable materials: observations concerning them require to be constantly renewed, according to the place, people, and course of events. Ever since the occupation of Egypt by the French the commerce of this country has increased, and industry has made some progress; but the productions of the soil have not yet had sufficient time to undergo a perceptible variation.

According to M. Girard, the population of this country is extremely reduced; several of its arts have disappeared, industry and agriculture have declined, but the earth has preserved its fertility.

Every two acres produce in Egypt nearly twenty-two *hectolitres* of corn, deducting the seed; whilst the best soil in France only produces eighteen *hectolitres*. If we add to this the superiority of the harvest, the advantages resulting from the climate, the inundations of the Nile, and the mud used instead of manure, we shall see the reason that Egypt always was, and always will be, the granary of all the countries watered by the Mediterranean. The extent of cultivated ground might be increased, for the inundations, well conducted by machines, might bring the barren land into fertility. The careless and barbarous management of the Turks neglected to preserve the canals, and all the land not watered by the Nile, without the assistance of art, would have been lost. In the present state of Egypt there is much to repair and more to create. For the prosperity of agriculture reservoirs and canals must be made, and, what is still more difficult, a nation should be formed. The *fellah* of Egypt has not even the advantage of being attached to the land. When he is not proprietor the fields are badly cultivated. And

how can we get over the immense space that separates *what is*, from *what ought to be*? Agriculture has lost, not only canals, but all the land fertilized by them, as well as machines, and the way to make use of them. To restore it, industry must be animated, and these long and difficult enterprises be brought to maturity in a country where every thing depends on life, where no law secures and protects existence, and where life itself is enjoyed in doubt and fear: time is required, but time is wanted, and also a slow, continued and regular industry, a firm government, institutions and knowledge; but all is barbarity, ignorance and anarchy. It is much to be doubted whether Egypt will ever regain her ancient splendour if it remains under the dominion of the Turks.

M. Girard does not, however, give up all hope. "This country," says he, "will undoubtedly rise from the state of degradation into which it is fallen; new species of industry are every day introduced: but the circle to which they are confined is at present very narrow. There are no rivulets of water, no combustibles, nor hydraulic machines, nor steam-engines, the inanimate causes to which modern industry owes its astonishing progress. The force and regularity of wind might, indeed, be used instead of men and animals in the supplying of water, the thrashing of corn, the manufacturing of oil, and the bleaching of rice. But before wind-mills could be built, clock-wheels, buckets, and all machines necessary for dispersing water upon land must be brought to perfection; for the cultivation of the earth will always be in Egypt the most productive object of labour."

The author is right, if Egypt does not extend beyond its present limits; but if any powerful and civilized nation establishes itself upon the land of the Pharaohs, it would prescribe to itself its own limits, consulting only nature, its own wants, and those of its neighbours. The Nile would be no longer divided; this river would water only one state, and would carry as far as the sea the wood, the metal, and the combustibles that are wanted in the interior regions. The formation of a large state

at this extremity of Africa, together with the Asiatic regions, whose ancient splendour history has described to us, and the countries which neither the ancients nor moderns have ever known, might raise Asia, and entirely expel African barbarity.

Egypt, considered under this point of view, takes a new form. This privileged land is provided with all the best gifts of nature; a soil admirably fertile, a pure sky that never interrupts the observations of the astronomer, abundant rains, high mountains covered with forests that refresh the air, and create near the equator a perpetual spring; easy commercial relations with Europe and the East Indies, an interior commerce founded upon mutual wants, and which preserves union and the common interest between the most remote provinces. May such a country fulfil its great destiny, and contribute as much as possible to the happiness of the human species!

The author of this memoir follows the progress of commerce in Egypt through all its vicissitudes from the most remote times up to the present era. He thinks that the first connections were established with the interior of Africa, whose inhabitants have indeed more conformity with the Egyptians, than these have with the Asiatic nations; that commerce with India did not begin till the reign of Sesostri, the first Egyptian king, who equipped a fleet; that the riches gained by this new commerce gave rise to the grandeur of Thebes, up to the period of the foundation of Memphis, which displaced the first market. After which the commercial relations of Egypt were extended to the Mediterranean by the Phenicians. The town of Naucratis, and afterwards Alexandria, were founded. Ptolemy Philadelphus built Berenice upon the Red Sea; the destruction of Palmyra turned into Egypt the commerce of that celebrated city; an old town, now called *Qoceyn*, succeeded Coptos, which was ruined under Diocletian. The Roman Empire fell; and in Egypt and Syria the Mahometan faith changed the laws, manners, and customs of the people. However, commerce was still maintained in

the same places until the wars between the Christians and the Turks forced it to take another direction, and to penetrate into Europe by the Caspian sea. The Venetians turned it again into its old channel; but *Vasco de Gama* succeeded in doubling the Cape of Good Hope, in consequence of which the Portuguese were enabled to form establishments in India; the Venetians perceived the extent of the danger that menaced them, and the ties of religion were broken for the interests of commerce. Venice made an alliance with Cairo; Mussulmen were opposed to the Portuguese establishments in India; and they, in return, ruined the commercial towns in the Arabian Gulf. The efforts of the Venetians were useless; ships from all the commercial nations in Europe which traded to India touched at the Cape of Good Hope; the commerce of Egypt declined from day to day, and the lazy Turks made no effort to prevent it. In this state of things, says M. Girard, a canal between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean could not have maintained the commercial relations, and still less have recalled them after they had ceased. But did this communication ever exist? Though this doubt is against general opinion, our author founds it upon reasons well worth consideration, and which will stagger the most incredulous if it does not succeed in convincing them. We know the time when the great monuments of Egypt were constructed, and a canal of such importance would have been mentioned also; the honour of it has been attributed to Sesostris, then to Nechao, who lived 900 years later, to Darius, son of Hystapes, 200 years after Nechao, to Ptolemy Philadelphus, to the Emperor Adrian, to the Arab Amrou, Governor of Egypt, who, according to some historians, only repaired it, which did not prevent its being stopped up in the manner it

is at present. It may be true that all the conquerors of Egypt might conceive the design of executing this celebrated undertaking, and might have abandoned it, as the French did, after an attentive examination. All these reasons are excellent for the past, but their authority will perhaps weaken in futurity. A people who wished to secure to themselves the possession of Egypt will find, in a canal between the two seas, a means of defence, a system of lines capable of great resistance, and easy to protect. The military importance of this work is not less worthy of attention than its commercial consequences.

The author of this memoir has seen the places he speaks of; he has observed them at leisure in the most convenient position for judging of them, and with knowledge to direct his judgment; all that he says of the present limits of Egypt is very exact; but Egypt aggrandized, extending to its natural frontiers, and possessing the whole course of its rivers, would establish different connections with the rest of the world, and become capable of greater interior development. This new order of things is so conformable to the present state of our knowledge and the organization of societies, and is so desirable for the many peculiar advantages arising from it, that we cannot help indulging in the pleasing anticipation. Already a man of very superior intellect has begun the reformations, creations, and aggrandizements, which will work these happy changes and prepare a new destiny for Egypt. We conclude our observations on this interesting publication with a hope that this will prove the commencement of a series of memoirs, that may justly develop the statistics of this highly interesting country, which has in all ages attracted the attention of politicians, philosophers, and learned men.

MY SCHOOL-BOY SCENES.

Ah! happy hills, ah! pleasing shade,
 Ah! fields beloved in vain,
 Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
 A stranger yet to pain!
 I feel the gales that from ye blow
 A momentary bliss bestow,
 As waving forth their gladsome wing;
 My weary soul they seem to soothe,
 And, redolent of joy and youth,
 To breathe a second spring.

GRAY.

THESE lines have been often quoted to illustrate a subject on which the pen of almost every writer, from the olden time to the present, has been employed. But the theme which dwells on early affections is an heir-loom in society, and acquires additional value in its descent. It is almost the only one that can universally interest.

Age cannot weary it, or custom stale
 Its infinite variety.

I shared in the sentiment of the poet, and his lines spontaneously broke from my lips as I walked forth into the morning, once more to behold the scenes of my youth, and to welcome again those feelings which a cold world can never altogether chill. The day came calmly from the heavens; the clouds were moving slowly on; and the sun, which had just risen, appeared already an emblem of that Eternal, whom, although we cannot gaze upon, we feel. The tranquillity that reigned above had influenced all beneath. The breath of the morning came full of life upon the trees, which bent their branches as if grateful for its freshness; at either side of my pathway a clear streamlet rippled over the pebbles that obstructed it; the melody of the birds sounded joyously,—the voice of nature came from many sources—and mingled into song. I walked on, at times gazing around on the beautiful landscape that every way opened. But my heart yearned towards the place I was approaching, and seemed retaining its feeling to give them full vent—where my youthful days were passed—where I was once happy. Every object became more familiar as I advanced; I had already traced many of my early haunts, and I

soon reached the spot so dear to my memory, with which every idea of enjoyment had been long associated.

I came to the very house in which my school-boy days had passed. With my arms folded, my eyes fixed, my mind reverting to the past, contemplating the present, and wandering on the future, I gazed upon it. Like the feelings of my youth, it was no longer what it had been. In the possession of a new tenant, there was scarcely a trace left of its ancient appearance. Over the door, that had borne the name of my venerable master and declared the duties of his life, a sign-post had been elevated to tell the passing traveller that here he might have rest. Corporeal objects had succeeded to mental. The motto of the mansion was once "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest," it was now "eat, drink, and be merry." I entered it. The interior metamorphosis was still more striking, and to me more melancholy. Every thing had undergone an alteration. I paused but a moment to examine it, and hastily sought the school-room. The magic influence of time had converted it into a place of assembly for the village club; and in the mornings it was the lecture-room in which the high priest of Terpsichore was wont to instruct his pupils. This was, indeed, a change. The culture of the head had given place to that of the heels; and to him, who once laboured to instil into the mind seeds that should spring up and bring forth fruit in due season, had succeeded one whose only object was to teach his students to turn out their toes, and to accompany the scrapings of his instrument with the eternal one, two, three—hop.

I contemplated the scenes of my

youth with sensations that few can appreciate, and none sufficiently express; forgetting for awhile, in dwelling on the days gone by, it was but a shadow I grasped at, which mocks us the more as our feelings are awakened, and never visits us without leaving its sting. Yet for the moment I felt more pleasure in mingling with things that were not, save in the memory and in the imagination, than the worldling in his dearest of sensual delights. Before me once stood the throne of my venerable tutor, from whence he issued his mandates and his laws, imperative as those of the Spartans, unalterable as those of the Medes and Persians. Here he reigned in absolute monarchy; the great and the little trembled at his nod; and his subjects, however they might murmur, dared not complain. I fancied him before me now—I beheld my school-mates around his chair—and I was among them, once more a boy. There sat one I loved; there, one I feared. Here was the tyrant of the school; and here one more dangerous—the master's favourite. All were before me, bending over their books, and I was among them, once more a boy. The sharp, penetrating eye of the tutor glanced over the circle; his warning voice was heard, and the more awful sound of his cane, as it struck against his desk, made the attentive, careful, and the idle, studious. Now the hum of business met my ear, and the call to examination. Some full of confidence, others of terror, arranged themselves round the master's seat. It was over. The wild uproar of dismissal, and then the whoop from the play-ground, aroused me from my reverie. I was a boy no longer. I went to the place where I had so often joined in the revels of my play-mates. It was no more what it then was. Cattle were quietly grazing there. Yet every spot of it was familiar to me, and I recognised every where some object that reminded me of joys which I have known, of happiness which I have felt. I was a poet in those early days, when most of warm passions and feelings are poets, and could pen a sonnet on a fair lady's eye, or a ballad to her eye-brows. For some time I went

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hand in hand with the Muses, and they strewed flowers on my pathway: but the flowers withered, the Muses abandoned and my mistress jilted me. So the poetic fire was extinguished; I descended from my Pegasus, and drank no longer of that Castalian stream, whose waters gave Dr. Chandler the "stomach ache." I now stood on the very spot, still fresh in my memory, where my first stanzas were composed. The feasts on the banks of Helicon were dedicated to *Love* and the *Muses*. Certain it is, that without having been a lover no one was ever a poet. Love is the soul and source of poetry. It was so to me. Oh! with what feelings did I revert to those days when I loved, and thought not of deceit; when I shared my heart among the friends of my boyhood, and little dreamt that any would stab it to its core.

"But those who have lov'd, the fondest,
the purest,
Too often have wept o'er the dream
they believ'd;
And the heart that has slumber'd in
friendship securest,
Is happy, indeed, if 'twas never de-
ceiv'd."

It was in the morning of life, when hope brightens every thing, and the imagination dwells fondly on joys to come. When the heart, bidding pleasure all hail! walks forth gaily, and treads only on flowers. There is not a shadow over its path, or a blot on the page it studies. All its cares are ephemeral and die before the ardour of its own light. But the morning is succeeded by the noon; the feelings of man are changed; he finds the picture he has sketched has its shadows; and he learns, by mournful experience, how fading and how fleeting are all sublunary enjoyments; that happiness is but a syren's song, and charms to wound us; that pleasure is, indeed,

"The torrent's smoothness ere it dash
below."

and as the evening of life approaches he finds his hopes unrealised, his feelings withered, his affections betrayed, his heart broken.

I left the abode of my youth. I

could gain little intelligence from its new inmates; and I sought to discover the residence of some of my old acquaintances, in order to learn the fate of my venerable tutor, and to hear something of the companions of my boyhood. I had little difficulty in finding the house of one of my school-fellows. He had lost all recollection of me, but he willingly gave me the information he possessed. He was the first I had seen for many years, with the exception of one, who was my friend at school. We met, long after our early intimacy, under circumstances of a melancholy nature. We were both men, but we had not forgotten the sentiments of our youth. When we did meet, in was to part soon;—he died in my arms. While a boy, he was remarkable for his pensive and almost gloomy disposition. It was this endeared him to me; for the countenance of sorrow always won me more than that of joy. The heart speaks from it, and at least it does not deceive. It was far from our early haunts that we beheld each other. In him the sadness of his youth had been replaced only by despair; and he was on the bed from which he never rose. It seemed to me that some secret grief preyed upon his heart, and it must have been deeply seated. He never told it to me, and I respected the cause too much to ask it. But when he was dying he gave me a miniature, which he made me promise to bury with him in his grave. It was that of a female; the features were beautiful, but sad, like his own.—The man I now met was one of every day life, whom sorrow could scarcely touch, who cared little for the finer feelings of humanity, and who enjoyed them less. However, he told me much that I was anxious to know. My old master had been long dead. Before his death he had been reduced almost to want, and owed all his comforts to one who had been his pupil. There was something very melancholy in this; but how greatly was it softened, to hear that he had been led gently down the hill of life by him whom he had guided up it, who had rendered his pathway less rugged, and removed many a thorn from his pillow; that the tear I wept over it,

was not the only one that had glistened on the old man's grave. It reminded me of the noble act of Petrarch, who, while in poverty himself, pawned his most valuable and indeed his only property, his books, to console the misery and relieve the necessities of his old master, Conventino. I visited the church-yard where the good man's ashes reposed. I stood beside the grave over which his grateful pupil had raised a tablet to his memory, and I repeated the words engraven on it—"may he rest in peace!" Not far from his bed slept one who had been his scholar. I knew his story, and it was a sad one. I remembered him when he was the gayest of the gay; when he trifled away life's morning, and spent it in folly, though not in vice. He hated thought and, with him, to be serious was to be dull. Like Beatrice, he seemed "born to speak all mirth, and no matter." He loved—and then, like Benedict's, "his jesting spirit crept into a lute-string." He became altered, but improved. The passion, which gave Cymon a soul, taught *him* that man had other enjoyments than basking in the sunshine. His love was prosperous and fortune smiled; the smile was like the spring-bligh to the flower, which comes tranquil as the breeze, but leaves behind it—death. Preparing himself for the profession of a surgeon, he studied in one of the Metropolitan Hospitals, and, his diploma obtained, he was to have been united to the object of his affections. Having been absent from the city, he had not seen her for some weeks. On the morning of his return he went to the hospital in which he studied, with his usual gay heart, whistling his favourite air to set care and sorrow at defiance, little dreaming of the precipice on which he stood; he entered the dissecting-room—and, beheld the body of the woman he loved. He never spoke; he never wept; but, from that moment reason left him, and he was soon in his grave at peace. She had died of a fever during his absence, and the circumstance that followed is of too common a nature to require explanation. He had not even heard of her illness; he had left her happy and in health; and he beheld her—it was a blessing

to him that he was unconscious of his wretchedness.

The day had drawn to its close before I thought of leaving the scenes so dear to every feeling of my heart. I had roamed about them from morning till almost night. There was scarcely a path of all my haunts which I did not again tread; even with inanimate things I had claimed acquaintanceship, and every tree that I remembered received me once more beneath its branches; there was one in particular, an old oak which grew in the play-ground; I plucked a leaf from it, placed it in my bosom, and departed from the spot, in all human probability for ever.

As I passed through the village, in which a new race had sprung up, the usual amusements of the children were going forward; I stood and gazed upon them. The rhymes which I remembered so well broke on my ear; the little ones were

dancing in thoughtless merriment, beating time to the measure with their feet. I beheld them with envy bordering on hate, to see them so happy. It was but for an instant; my better feelings conquered, as they will always conquer, those momentary visitings of a dæmon. I joined them in their song, and though at every pause my heart told me too truly,

"I cannot feel as I have felt, or be what I have been."

Those few moments were to me, what a green spot is to the desert-worn traveller, which he loves to linger near, and leaves with regret.

"Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright beams of the past she can never destroy;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
To shine round the heart and make all pleasure there."

THE PRAISES OF OSIRIS.

FROM TIBULLUS.

OSIRIS first contriv'd, with skilful hand,
The crooked plough to turn the tender land;
He sow'd the first, in soil till then unsown,
And gather'd fruit from trees till then unknown.
He prun'd with steel the tendrils of the vine,
And taught her branches round the pole to twine.
The ripen'd grape, which barefoot rustics trod,
Its cheering juice at his request bestow'd:
The juice that tun'd the voice in various song,
And taught the shepherd's feet to trip along.
When, worn with toil, the rustic yields to care,
Inspiring Bacchus guards him from despair:
To wretched mortals Bacchus carries rest,
E'en when the feet by cruel chains are press'd.
Nor care, nor grief, dost thou, Osiris, see,
But dance and song and love belong to thee,
Sky-painted flow'rs, the brow with ivy crown'd,
And robe of yellow flowing to the ground,
With pipe of tuneful note, and Tyrian vest,
And fill'd with mystic scrolls the sacred chest.

ON POETICAL RESEMBLANCE.

IN pursuing our literary researches in the present day, we cannot but frequently observe the striking resemblance between various passages in the works of our best modern poets, either in character, images, or sentiment, or in some peculiar style or mode of expression; and this similarity is sometimes so close, as even to wear the appearance of direct imitation. But the reader must guard against forming a hasty conclusion on mere supposition. It will often happen, as a contemporary writer has justly observed, that the author whom we consider an imitator may be altogether unconscious of the resemblance; he may not even have read the work which he is thought to have followed; he may think a certain image original if he has not perceived it in the writings of another; or if he has read much, and, in general, allowed the thoughts of others to blend with his own, may after some time be unable to distinguish with precision the part which is his own from that which is borrowed. At all events, when two writers, who are nearly alike in their mode of thinking, happen to touch upon the same subject, it is highly probable that many of their ideas or expressions will appear as if taken from one another.

In illustration of the above remarks, I have selected the few following examples from the works of our best poets, as remarkable instances of coincidence of sentiment and similarity of description.

I.—“Or view the Lord of the unerring bow,
The God of life and poesy and light—
The Sun in human limbs array'd, and brow
All radiant, from his triumph in the fight;
The shaft hath just been shot—the arrow bright
With an immortal's vengeance; in his eye

And nostril beautiful disdain, and might
And majesty flash their full lightnings by,
Developing in that one glance the Deity.”

Childe Harold, Canto IV. st. clxi.

This beautiful picture of the Belvidere Apollo closely resembles the following passage: “An eternal spring of youth warms that celestial countenance! Are you not awe-struck by the majesty of the divinity in the calm turn of that head! in those luxuriant tresses waving as the golden hair of the God of Light should flow? There is nothing human about him—not a vein interrupts the softness, not a nerve swells the form; a celestial vapour circulates in the lovely contour of the whole figure! *Disdain just opens his lips, indignation just breathes in his nostrils*; but his forehead is smooth with perpetual tranquillity. Does he not seem to walk along the air? He does not touch the earth.”*

We may compare with these two passages the noble lines on the same subject in an Oxford prize poem, by the present Professor of Poetry in that University:—

“Heard ye the arrow hurtle in the sky?
Heard ye the dragon monster's deathful cry?”

In settled majesty of fierce disdain,
Proud of his might, yet scornful of the slain,

The heav'nly archer stands—no human birth,

No perishable denizen of earth;
Youth blooms immortal in his beardless face,

A God in strength, with more than godlike grace;

All, all divine—no struggling muscle glows,

Thro' heaving vein no mantling life-blood flows,

But animate with deity alone,
In deathless glory lives the breathing stone.

Bright kindling with a conqueror's stern delight,

* Flim Flams, Vol. III. ch. 54. The passage here quoted is taken from Winkelmann's description of the Belvidere Apollo in his “*Histoire de l'Art*,” tome II. quarto, page 427.

His keen eye tracks the arrow's fateful
flight;
Burns his indignant cheek with venge-
ful fire,
And his lip quivers with insulting ire:
Firm fix'd his head, yet light as when
on high
He walks th' impalpable and pathless
sky;
The rich luxuriance of his hair, con-
fin'd
In graceful ringlets, wantons on the
wind,
That lifts in sport his mantle's droop-
ing fold,
Proud to display that form of faultless
mould."

1—22.

II.—The following beautiful stan-
zas on the remains of ancient Rome
correspond with similar passages in
the works of Addison, Pope and
Dyer, on the same subject. We
have thus four distinct pictures of
these venerable relics of antiquity
drawn by four poets, all equally
celebrated for the varied beauties of
their compositions, and all equally
masters of the art of poetry.

"Cypress and ivy, weed and wall-
flower grown
Matted and mass'd together, hillocks
heap'd
On what were chambers, arch-crush'd,
column strown
In fragments, chok'd up vaults, and
frescos steep'd
In subterranean damps, where the owl
peep'd,
Deeming it midnight; temples, baths
or halls?
Pronounce who can; for all that
learning reap'd
From her research hath been that
these are walls—
Behold th' imperial mount! 'tis thus
the mighty falls.
Tully was not so eloquent as thou,
Thou nameless column with the buried
base!
What are the laurels of the Cæsar's
brow,
Crown me with ivy from his dwelling-
place.
Whose arch or pillar meets me in the
face,
Titus, or Trajan's? No—'tis that of
time:

*Triumph, arch, pillar, all he doth
displace*

*Scaffing; and apostolic statues climb,
To crush th' imperial urn whose ashes
slept sublime."**

Addison, in his "Letter from
Italy," addressed to Lord Halifax,
thus beautifully describes the ap-
pearance of ancient Rome:—

"Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my soul a thousand passions
strive,
When Rome's exalted beauties I de-
cry
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.
An amphitheatre's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and de-
light,
That on it's public shows unpeopled
Rome,
And held uncrowded nations in its
womb:
Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce
the skies,
And here the proud triumphal arches
rise;
Where the old Romans' deathless acts
display'd
Their base degen'rate progeny up-
braid;
Whole rivers here forsake the fields
below,
And wond'ring at their height thro'
airy channels flow."

69—82.

Pope, in his "Epistle to Addi-
son" on medals, commences with
these striking and elegant verses:—

See the wild waste of all-devouring
years!
How Rome her own sad sepulchre ap-
pears,
With nodding arches, broken temples,
spread!
The very tombs now vanish'd like their
dead!
Imperial wonders rais'd on nations
spoil'd,
Where, mix'd with slaves, the groan-
ing martyr toil'd;
Huge theatres, that now unpeopled
woods,
Now drain'd a distant country of her
floods;
Fanes, which admiring-gods with pride
survey,
Statues of men scarce less alive than
they!

* Childe Harold, Canto IV. stanzas cvii. and cx. See also the succeeding stanzas down to stanza civii.

Some felt the silent stroke of mould'-
ring age,
Some hostile fury, some religious rage;
Barbarian blindness, christian zeal,
conspire,
And Papal piety and gothic fire.
Perhaps by its own ruins sav'd from
flame,
Some bury'd marble half preserves a
name.
Ambition sigh'd! she found it vain
to trust
The faithless column and the crumb-
ling bust;
Huge moles, whose shadows stretch'd
from shore to shore,
Their ruins perish'd, and their place
no more."*

In these lines the reader may observe that Pope has borrowed many epithets from the description of Addison.

Dyer also, in his celebrated poem called the "Ruins of Rome," has not less ably succeeded.

"Fall'n, fall'n, a silent heap! Her
heroes all
Sunk in their urns; behold the pride
of pomp,
The throne of nations fallen, obscur'd
in dust,
E'en yet majestic: the solemn scene
Elates the soul, while now the rising
sun
Flames on the ruins in the purer air
Tow'ring aloft, upon the glittering plain
Like broken rocks, a vast circumfe-
rence;
Rent palaces, crush'd columns, rifled
moles
Fanes roll'd on fanes, and tombs on
buried tombs."

16—25.

—————"Here hoary time
Sits on his throne of ruins; while the
wind
Sweeps o'er his various lyre, how mu-
sical
How sweet the diapason: 'Melancholy
Spreads o'er the soul her mood; that
kindly mood
Which calms the thought, and lifts it
to the skies."

—————"The pilgrim oft
At dead of night, 'mid his orison hears,

Aghast, the voice of Time departing
tow'rs,
Tumbling all precipitate down dash'd,
Rattling around, loud thund'ring to the
moon."

38—42.

Of this latter passage Dr. Johnson has spoken in terms of the warmest approbation, and has justly observed, that it is conceived with the mind of a poet. "He was not, however, the first to discover its merits; for Hervey, in his 'Meditations,' had previously applauded it. The introduction of the pilgrim hearing the noise of the falling towers is a beautiful circumstance, and affects us much more forcibly than the simple assertion that they often fell. The fourth line has not the structure of any English verse, consequently has no melody; but it is a complete echo to the sense. It indeed represents, as far as the sound of words can admit, the exact thing designed to be represented."†

The reader will no doubt remark the similarity of idea in this passage, and in the second stanza of the quotation from Childe Harold. Dyer's subsequent animated picture of the Coliseum‡ appears also to have been the ground-work of Lord Byron's equally forcible and magnificent description.§

III.—In Pope's "Epistle on the Use of Riches," there are some excellent lines describing the abode of penury and inhospitality, which greatly resemble a passage in one of the Satires of Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich, in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James I.

"Like some lone Chartreux stands the
good old hall,
Silence without, and *fasts* within the
wall;
No *raftered* roofs with dance and tabor
sound,
No *noontide* bell invites the country
round;
Tenants with sighs the *smokeless* tow'rs
survey,
And turn th' unwilling steeds another
way;
Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,

* Moral Essays, Epist. V. To Mr. Addison, occasioned by his Dialogues on Medals. 1—22.

† Scott's Critical Essays.

‡ Ruins of Rome, 146—164.

§ Childe Harold, Cant. IV. stanzas cxlii. cxliii. cxliv. and cxlv.

Curse the *sav'd* candle and *unop'ning*
door;
While the *gaunt* mastiff, *growling* at
the gate,
Affrights the beggar whom he longs
to eat.*

"The use, the force, and the excellence of language," observes a judicious commentator on these lines, "certainly consist in raising *clear, complete, and circumstantial* images, and in turning *readers* into *spectators*. The preceding passage is quoted as a striking example of this excellence, of all others the most essential in poetry. Every epithet here used *paints* its object, and paints it *distinctly*. After having passed over the moat full of cresses, do you not *actually* find yourself in the middle court of this forlorn and solitary mansion, overgrown with docks and nettles? And do you not hear the dog that is going to assault you?"†

The following is the passage by Bishop Hall, to which I have before referred.

"Housekeeping's dead!———
Along thy way thou canst not but des-
cry
Fair glittering halls to tempt the hope-
ful eye.
So the gay gate adds fuel to thy thought,
That such proud piles were never rais'd
for nought.
Beat the broad gates! a goodly hollow
sound
With double echoes doth again re-
bound;
But not a dog doth bark to welcome
thee;
Nor churlish porter canst thou chafing
see:
All dumb and silent, like the dead of
night,
Or dwelling of some sleepy Sybarite.
The marble pavement, hid with desert
weed,
With house-leek, thistle, dock, and
hemlock seed!
Look to the tow'rd chimnies, which
should be
The wind pipes of good hospitality,
Thro' which it breatheth to the open
air,
Betokening life and liberal well-fare;

Lo, there th' unthankful swallow takes
her rest,
And fills the tunnell with her circled
nest!"‡

IV.—The fine personification of Death, contained in the following single verse of Milton, seems to have been taken from some lines on the same subject by Thomas Sackville, first Lord Buckhurst, a noble poet, who flourished in the reign of Queen Mary.

"And over them triumphant death his
dart
Shook." Paradise Lost, xi. 491.

"His dart anon out of the corse he
took,
And in his hand (a dreadful sight to
see)
With great triumph eftsouones the same
he shook."§

The reader will probably excuse the introduction of the whole of this striking passage, as a specimen of the force and energy of early English poetry. "Language can hardly paint expiring Famine, and Death triumphing, in stronger colours."

"But oh! the doleful sight that then
we see:
A griesly shape of famine:—
Her starved corse that rather seem'd a
shade,
Than any substance of a creature
made.

"On her while we thus firmly fix'd our
eyes,
That bled for ruth of such a dreary
sight,
Lo suddenly she shriek'd in so huge
wise,
As made hell-gates to shiver with the
might;
Wherewith a dart we saw how it did
light
Right on her breast, and therewithal
pale death
Enthrilling it to reave her of her
breath.

"And by and by a dumb dead corse
we saw,
Heavy and cold, the shape of death
aright,

* Moral Essays, Epist. iii. 137—196.

† Warton's Essay on Pope, Vol. II. page 165. ‡ Book V. Sat. II.

§ Introduction to the Mirror for Magistrates.

That daunts all earthly creatures to his law,
 Against whose force in vaine it is to fight.
 Ne peers, ne princes, ne no mortal wight,
 Ne towns, ne realms, cities, ne strongest tower,
 But all perforce must yield unto his power.

"His dart anon out of the corse he took,
 And in his hand (a dreadful sight to see)
 With great triumph eftsoones the same he shook,
 That most of all my fears affrayed me:
 His bodie dight with nought but bones perdie,
 The naked shape of man there saw I plaine,
 All save the flesh, the sinew, and the veyn."

V.—Let us next observe the two following parallel passages from the works of Gray and Akenside. The harmonious lines, so beautifully descriptive of the power of music, from the pen of the former poet, are closely translated from the first Pythian Ode of Pindar.

"Oh sov'reign of the willing soul,
 Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
 Enchanting shell! the sullen cares,
 And frantic passions, bear thy soft controul.

*On Thracia's hills the lord of war
 Has curb'd the fury of his oar,
 And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy command.*

Perching on the scepter'd hand
 Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feathered king

With ruffled plumes and flagging wing.
 Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
 The terrors of his beak, and light'nings
 of his eye."

Progress of Poesy, I. 2.

The reader will no doubt be gratified to see these striking images copied by the masterly hand of Akenside:—

— — — — "With slacken'd wings,
 While now the solemn concert breathes around,
 Incumbent o'er the sceptre of his Lord
 Sleeps the stern eagle; by the numbered notes

Possess'd, and satiate with the melting tone;
 Sov'reign of birds. *The furious God of war,
 His darts forgetting, and the rapid wheels,
 That bear him vengeful o'er th' embattled plains,
 Relents, and soothes his own fierce heart to ease."*

Hymn to the Naiads, 265—273.

Lord Byron also, in his *Childe Harold*, has a noble passage illustrative of the powerful effects of music (founded on an historical fact, related in Plutarch's *Life of Nicias*) which much resembles the fifth, sixth, and seventh lines of the preceding quotation from Gray; and the sixth, seventh, and eighth of Akenside:—

"When Athens' armies fell at Syracuse,
 And fetter'd thousands bore the yoke of war,
 Redemption rose up in the attic muse,
 Her voice their only ransom from afar:
 See! as they chaunt the tragic hymn,
the car
Of th' o'er-master'd victor stops, the reins
Fall from his hands—his idle scimitar
Drops from his belt—he rends his captive's chains,
 And bids him thank the bard for freedom and his strains."

Canto IV. st. xvi.

For other examples of the power of music, the reader is referred to Dryden's "*Alexander's Feast*;" Pope's "*Ode to St. Cecilia*;" and some verses by the same poet in his "*Essay on Criticism*." (374—381.)

VI.—Poets are fond of amplifying a happy thought, or an original idea; and, indeed, of occasionally borrowing them from the works of their predecessors. Thus the similitude so beautifully applied in the following lines is to be found, not only twice repeated in the pages of Pope, but also in *Silius Italicus*, in *Shakspeare*, in *Sir John Davies*, in *Du Bartas*, and in several subsequent English authors.

"Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
 As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;

The centre mov'd, a circle straight
 succeeds,
 Another still, and still another spreads;
 Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will
 embrace;
 His country next, and then all human
 race:
 Wide and more wide th' o'erflowings
 of the mind
 Take ev'ry creature in of ev'ry kind."
Essay on Man, Epist. IV. 363—370.

"As on the smooth expanse of chrystal
 lakes
 The sinking stone at first a circle
 makes,
 The trembling surface, by the motion
 stirr'd,
 Spreads in a second circle, then a
 third;
 Wide, and more wide, 'the floating
 rings advance,
 Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the
 margin dance:
 Thus ev'ry voice and sound, when first
 they break,
 On neighb'ring air a soft impression
 make;
 Another ambient circle then they
 move,
 That, in its turn, impells the next
 above;
 Through undulating air the sounds are
 sent,
 And spread o'er all the fluid element."*
Temple of Fame, 436—447.

"Sic ubi perrupt stagnanтем calculus
 undam,
 Exiguos format per prima volumina
 gyros:
 Mox, tremulum vibrans motu gliscente
 liquorem,
 Multiplicat crebros sinuati gurgitis
 orbes:
 Donec postremo laxatis circulus oris
 Contingat geminas patulo curvamine
 ripas."†

"Glory is like a circle in the water,
 Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
 Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to
 nought."
Henry VI. Part I. Act 2. Scene 2.

The image here represented is
 also to be found in a work, entitled
Nosce Teipsum, or a poem on the
 Immortality of the Soul, written by

Sir John Davies at the close of the
 sixteenth century. Detached parts
 of this poem, but not with the par-
 ticular passage here quoted, are con-
 tained in the second volume of
 Campbell's *Lives of the Poets*:—

"As when a stone is into water cast,
 One circle doth another circle make,
 Till the last circle reach the bank at
 last."

It again occurs in the *Orlando
 Furioso* of Ariosto, Book VIII.,
 Chap. 63, of Sir John Harrington's
 translation:—

"As circles in a water clear are spread,
 When sunne doth shine by day, and
 moone by night,
 Succeeding one another in a ranke,
 Till all by one and one do touch the
 banke."

Also in the *Epistle Dedicatorie*
 of Chapman, prefixed to his version
 of the *Iliad*:—

—"As in a spring
 The plyant water, mov'd with any
 thing
 Let fall into it, puts her motion out
 In perfect circles, that move round
 about
 The gentle fountain, one another ray-
 sing."

And again in Owen Feltham's
"Resolves" (Of judging charitably)
 Edit. of 1820, page 58.—"Report
 once vented, like a stone cast into a
 pond, begets circle upon circle, till
 it meets the bank that bounds it."

The idea here expressed also ap-
 pears, though in a much more ex-
 panded form, in Sylvester's trans-
 lation of *Du Bartas*, the third part
 of the second day of the second
 week.

VII.—The following description
 of the "Temple of Runnour" is taken
 from Ovid. Pope met with it in
 Chaucer's old work, entitled the
 "House of Fame," (of which Pope's
 poem is an improved and modernized
 version) and Chaucer found it in
 the twelfth book of Ovid's *Meta-
 morphoses*, from whence he has

* The same image again appears, though with a far less delicate application,
 in the *Dunciad*, Book II. 405—410.

† Silius Italicus' poem on the second Punic War, Book XIII. 24—29.
Eur. Mag. May, 1823.

closely copied the situation and formation of the edifice.

It is thus that a happy thought or striking description is successively transferred from one writer to another; each endeavouring to enlarge and amplify the original idea. Poets, indeed, seem to consider themselves privileged in thus borrowing from the works of their predecessors; a practice which must be allowed to be rather too bold an extension of their poetical licence. We may, in particular, trace the groundwork of many of Virgil's most celebrated passages in the pages of Homer.

"Before my view appear'd a structure fair,
Its site uncertain, if in earth or air;
With rapid motion turn'd the mansion round;
With ceaseless noise the ringing walls resound;
Not less in number were the spacious doors
Than leaves on trees, or sands upon the shores;
Which still unfolded stood, by night, by day,
Pervious to winds, and open ev'ry way.
Hither, as to their proper place, arise
All various sounds from earth, and seas, and skies,
Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear;
Nor ever silence, rest, or peace is here."
Temple of Fame, 420—435.

"Orbe locus medio est inter terrasque fretumque,
Cælestesque plagas, triplicis confinia mundi;
Unde, quod est usquam, quamvis regionibus absit,
Inspicitur; penetratque cava vox omnis ad aures.
Fama tenet, summæque domum sibi legit in arce:
Innumerosque aditus, ac mille foramina tectis
Addidit; et nullis inclusit limina portis.
Nocte dieque patent. Tota est ex aure sonanti:

* This simile Pope has imitated in describing the distant view of the Temple of Fame.—

"Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound
Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
Or billows murmur'ing on the hollow shore."

22—24.

Of these two passages Dryden's is the more poetically expressed, and indeed is superior to its original. The image here used is also to be found in Milton.—

"Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote."

Paradise Lost, II. 476, 477.

Tota fremit: vocesque refert: iteratque quod audit.

Nulla quies intus, nullæque silentia parte.

Nec tamen est clamor, sed parvæ murmura vocis:

Qualia de pelagi, si quis procul audiat, undis

Esse solent: *qualemve sonum, cum Jupiter atras*

Increpiscet nubes, *extrema tonitrua reddunt.*

Atria turba tenent; veniunt leve vulgus, euntque:

Mistaque cum veris passim commenta vagantur

Millia rumorem; confusaque verba volutant."

Famæ Domus, 1—17.

These lines have been thus harmoniously translated by Dryden, of whose version Pope no doubt availed himself in drawing his picture of the Temple of Rumour.

"'Tis built of brass, the better to diffuse

The spreading sounds, and multiply the news;

Where echos in repeated echos play,
A mart for ever full, and open night and day.

Nor silence is within, nor voice express,

But a deaf noise of sounds that never cease,

Confus'd and chiding, like the hollow roar

Of tides, receding from th' insulted shore:

*Or like the broken thunder, heard from far,**

When Jove to distance drives the rolling war."

In this passage of Dryden there are many beautiful instances of *alliteration*—a species of poetical embellishment with which he was particularly fond of adorning his poems; especially in that excellent version of the Tales of Chaucer and Boccaccio, so much admired as one of his latest performances, and so well known by the title of his "Fables."

W.

SKETCHES OF FRANCE.

SOCIETY.

I HAVE already noticed the different modes of receiving company in France and England, but the subject merits more attention than I at first imagined, as we may build upon the facts which it embraces very fair opinions of the national character. In England people ruin themselves by the dinners and suppers which they give to their friends; persons in high life hesitate not to provide the delicacies of the season *coute qui coute*; and unless they give green peas at five guineas per quart, and pine-apples at two or three guineas each, they are set down as stingy creatures. I know many good natured fools of good income so straightened by this ridiculous fashion, as to be compelled to emigrate to France where happily it is not in existence. The tradesman in England is, in his way, still more silly than the peer. He would dread the reproaches of his friends if he spared his portwine, or dismissed them without a substantial supper. We all know what jeers and ridicule the *tea and turn-out* system had to bear with when it was first attempted. There cannot be two opinions amongst sensible men as to the folly of the English in this respect, but it would be unjust not to give them the credit of erring on the side of hospitality; they consider that they cannot do better when they invite friends than to give them good fare. The French provide amusements and conversation, which cost them nothing, for their acquaintances, and pay no attention to the stomach; the extreme is a bad one, and it is much to be desired that the people of both countries would borrow a little from each other. I was invited to a *soirée*, as it is called, by a Frenchman of rank, and had the pleasure of meeting at his house about thirty persons, among whom were some of very pleasing and instructive conversation. The company met together at about six o'clock in the evening; the hour being so early I naturally expected that tea would be served up; nine o'clock however came and no refreshment was offered, nor

did the company generally seem to expect any. At about half-past nine o'clock two servants entered with silver trays covered with *bon-bons*, (sweetmeats of sugar) which were handed round to the company; among the *bon-bons* were a great many crackers, which the young ladies and their beaux amused themselves with by snapping; some raised a laugh by reading the printed questions and answers found in the papers which enveloped the *bon-bons*; others admired their flavour, and one gentleman gravely asked me if the sugar refiners in England furnished sugar sufficiently fine for *bon-bons*. The gossip occasioned by the service of the sweetmeats took up an hour, during which I frequently watched the door in expectation of some more solid refreshment, for I had taken a very early dinner, and was really hungry. Nothing however entered; at eleven o'clock some negus and a few sponge cakes were handed round, and at twelve o'clock the society separated. I had no high opinion of course of the hospitality of the French from this *soirée*, but I have since been to several others, which have made me consider my first inviter comparatively hospitable.

In many of the *soirées* which I have since attended, nothing in the way of refreshment was offered to the company, and I understand that it is by no means unusual for eighteen or twenty persons to be invited and to separate without eating or drinking any thing. It is impossible to admire such a mode of associating as this, but there are a great number of English in Paris who copy the French in their mode of conducting their *soirées*.

THE EXPENSES OF LIVING IN FRANCE.

This is a subject of some interest to the English at home and abroad, and it is one upon which a great deal has been said falsely; those who have treated it having given way too much to their prejudices. Some persons return from Paris after a visit of two or three days only, and declare that every thing is

dirt cheap in France, others declare that provisions are much dearer than in England. It is not by residing in Paris two or three months that a person can feel himself equal to a statement of pure fact; the Englishman who has lived extravagantly at home is surprised at the apparently low prices which he hears asked in Paris; and, on the other hand, he who has already economised at home, and comes to Paris for further economy, finds every article much beyond what he had expected; a whole volume might be written on this subject, and still something would be omitted. I must content myself with a mere sketch which, from the length of time that I have resided in Paris, I can assure the reader will be a correct one. First, as to lodgings; apartments, generally speaking, are expensive; a good bed-room and sitting-room, furnished, on the first floor of a house well situated is charged 130 to 150 francs a month; on the second floor the charge is about 15 per cent. lower, and on the third floor about 25 per cent. lower than on the first. Many very respectable persons live on the second and third floors in Paris, and there are some men of title, and even of fortune, who live on the fourth or fifth floors; unfurnished apartments are proportionably less expensive. In the very best situations they are, however, high; a suite of rooms in a good house of the *Chaussée d'Antin*, on the first floor, sufficient to accommodate a family of ten or twelve persons, costs 3 to 4000 francs per year. In some houses 5 and 6000 must be paid. In situations less fashionable, but equally respectable, a similar apartment may be had for 2000; and in the *Faubourg St. Germain* a very good suite of rooms may be had, unfurnished, for about 1000 or 1200 francs a year. In addition to the rent a sou per franc is charged for the porter, as a compensation for his trouble in answering enquiries, &c. After the lodgings, the most expensive article in a domestic establishment is fuel; the wood for one fire will cost at least two francs a day, if the fire be at all a good one. There are good coals in Paris which come from Mons, in the Netherlands, but the French have an idea that a coal fire is very destructive to

health, and therefore there are no grates in their houses. Some English persons, who are fixed here for some time, have had grates fixed up, and by burning coals have an economy of one half. The following is a list of the prices of provisions in Paris, at this time.

	fr.sous.
Bread called <i>Pain de Menage</i> , which is brown and sour, and which is therefore disagreeable to English taste, per pound.....	0 2
White bread, similar to our own	0 3
Best beef, but still very inferior to the English, per pound	0 14
Fillet from which the best steaks are cut	1 10
Shank	0 8
Veal per pound, best quality	0 18
Pork, first quality, but which is scarcely fit to be eaten..	0 16
Mutton, first quality	0 14

The lamb in Paris is sold cheap when in season, but it is very tough and inferior; in purchasing butcher's meat, a quantity of *rejouissance* must be taken, or an extra price paid. This *rejouissance* is bone, and is called the enjoyment of the butcher, who of course throws as much into the scale as he can; constant disputes are therefore the natural consequence—the addition of bone to the meat purchased, beyond the bone in the piece of meat chosen, may be fairly estimated to add two sous per pound to the price.

	fr.sous.
A good turkey	8 0
A good goose	4 10
A fat capon, large size	6 0
A pair of chickens	3 10
Large sized fowl	2 10
A brace of partridges	2 0
A brace of woodcocks.....	2 0
A rabbit	1 10

Fish is so very dear that I hardly know how to quote a regular market price; soles and turbot are the cheapest. It will be fair to quote the average price of fish in Paris as nearly double what it is in London.

	fr.sous.
Fresh butter per pound, of the first quality, but which is very inferior to the fresh butter sold in the London market	2 0

	fr.sous.
Salt butter, called <i>Bcurre de Bretagne</i> , which is really good	1 4
Eggs per quarter of a hundred	2 4
Cheese various prices, but as none of the cheese sold in Paris is equal to English cheese, the quoting the price would be almost useless; the only cheese which can be eaten by an Englishman is the <i>Neufchatel</i> , and the <i>Fromage de Gruyere</i> ; the <i>Neufchatel</i> is sold at three and four sous each; the <i>Gruyere</i> cheese is sold per pound	0 16
Good Dutch cheese per lb.	1 0
Candles per pound, (moulds) very inferior to the English	0 13
Lump sugar of the same quality as that sold in London at one shilling per pound, twenty-eight sous to	1 10
Moist sugar per pound, good quality	0 18
Good green tea per pound ..	12 0
Good black do.	8 0
Rice, first quality, per pound	0 16
Vermicelli.	0 8
Raisins, such as we use in England for puddings, per pound	0 18
Currants	1 6
Coffee of very good quality, and which is generally better flavoured than that sold in England on account of its being fresh roasted, but which if purchased in <i>Pardu</i> is generally mixed with powder of <i>chicorée</i> , a root cultivated for the purpose and roasted, and which is frequently used as indigenous coffee, per lb..	3 0

The wine in France is of course cheap, but unless the better sorts are used, by no means equal to that which is drank in England. The *vin ordinaire* sold in Paris is always adulterated, and agrees with few persons; this wine is sold at sixteen sous per *litre*, (an English quart). The genuine *vin ordinaire* when obtained direct from the places of its growth will, if of good quality, cost about sixteen sous per bottle in Paris; but the genuineness of the article can only be insured by pro-

curing it direct. After the *vin ordinaire*, nothing fit to drink can be had under four francs per bottle, and good hermitage and Champagne are always charged in the retail trade at seven francs per bottle.

	fr.sous.
Sherry, in bottles containing about two-thirds of the quantity in an English wine bottle, is	6 0
Madeira of good quality, do.	6 0
Port wine, if genuine, which happens very rarely, and in the same kind of bottle	7 0

The Cape wine which in England is to be had for 1s. 6d. and 2s. per bottle, is charged in Paris at 6, 7, 8, and 9 francs.

It may be safely asserted that good full-bodied wine is cheaper in England than in France; no wines are cheap in France except those of native growth, and what wine have the French for tonic and exhilarating properties that can be compared with the Sherry, Madeira, Port, and even Cape, which we get from a respectable wine merchant in London?

Brandy and Hollands, although dearer in Paris than in any part of France, are still cheap; the former of good quality is retailed at forty-eight sous per *litre*, or eight shillings English per gallon. The wholesale price of good brandy at Cognac is only 4s. 10s. per *vette* of two English gallons. The beer in Paris is very bad, and very dear, when compared with that of England; a beer equal in strength, but not in flavour, to the two-penny ale in London, is sold at five sous per bottle. The French beer is put into bottles and the fixed air secured; it is therefore in summer rather an agreeable beverage. There are two English breweries in Paris, but at neither of them can we get any thing like English beer; persons who understand the matter attribute the failure to the quality of the water. The Seine water which is used, that from the wells being totally unfit, is strongly impregnated with gypsum, which no filtration will remove. One of the English brewers is a Mr. Douglas, a native of Scotland, who amassed a fortune as a manufacturer; the other is a *ci-devant* butler of Lord Courtney. Both establishments are in the *Champs Elysées*.

The expense of household furniture is as great or even greater in France than in England. There is a few articles, indeed, of an ornamental description cheaper in France, but the solid and indispensable articles of furniture are dear. Indeed, a stranger may collect this fact from the scanty mode in which the lodging-houses of Paris are furnished; except in very good houses there is scarcely sufficient for use. The furniture of three rooms, for which I pay 120 francs per month upon the third floor, (and I believe my apartment is a pretty fair sample of others at the same rent) is as follows. In the sitting-room a secretaire, a few common chairs, an old table, and a few chimney ornaments; in the bedroom, a bedstead and curtains, three mattresses, and other necessary bedding, a chest of drawers, a small table, and two chairs; in the anti-room, nothing; in the kitchen, a few utensils not worth five shillings. To furnish an apartment or house well in Paris the expense is, at least, 10 per cent. greater than it would be in London. House-rent in Paris, except in the unfashionable quarters, is as high or even higher than in London; and although I hear a great deal constantly about the low taxation in France, I have only to apply to the proprietor of the house in which I now am for information, and he convinces me that the taxation is not 15 per cent. lower than in England.

I shall next consider the expense of clothing in the various modes. First, as to fashionable tailors, I cannot do better here than copy a bill delivered to a friend of mine by a fashionable tailor, who was recommended to him at Meurice's.

		Francs
A plain blue coat with gilt buttons	140	
A quiroga cloak	300	
A pair of pantaloons	60	
A waistcoat.....	26	

I question whether Stultz could make out a more trimming bill to any of his customers in London. I now come to the economical mode—the advertising tailor, taking it for granted that the articles are good, though not, perhaps, in the extreme of fashion.

A coat.....	from 80 to 100 francs.
Pantaloon.....	35 to 45 francs.
Waistcoats	10 to 20 francs.

All which prices are, I think, at least 10 per cent. higher than in London for the same description of articles.

Hats are much lower priced in Paris than in London; a best hat in the *Rue de Richelieu*, or the *Rue St. Honoré*, is twenty-four francs, but it is not saying a word more than the truth to declare that an English hat is worth two French hats in the wear, and fifty in the beauty. The French are behind the English in nothing more than in this article, and year after year passes on without improvement. Boots and shoes are cheaper in France, and it is only justice to state that very good may be had. Some years ago the English leather was very superior to the French, but since the plan of forcing leather by chemical means in England has been adopted, I prefer the French. A very good pair of Wellington boots may be had in Paris for twenty-four francs; the shop price is generally from eighteen to twenty; but when I speak of twenty-four francs I mean a good article. Shoes are eight and ten francs per pair, for good quality, and at this price they wear well. Linen and other articles of dress are at about the same price in both countries. Cotton stockings, however, are dearer, and silk a little cheaper. I do not know much about ladies' dresses, but my wife tells me that she can clothe herself much better for twenty-five pounds a year in London than for thirty-five pounds in Paris. This I can readily understand, when I find that the only article of a lady's dress which is cheaper here is silk, which, however, is much dearer than it used to be.

I shall conclude this account by a few observations on the mode of living in Paris which is usually adopted by single men, who are, indeed, the only persons who discover the great economy of living in France. The young men who come here are for the most part of a class accustomed to luxuries at home, and as luxuries and amusements are certainly to be had at a lower rate in Paris than in London, they are never tired of passing

encomiums upon the former. The single man who lives extravagantly in Paris may spend four or five pounds per week, but the same kind of living would cost him twelve or fourteen pounds in London. For five pounds per week he may take his dinner at *Very's*, *Grignon's*, the *Frères Provençaux*, or the *Rocher de Cancale*, and go to the theatre every evening; but he may have luxurious living at a still lower rate. A young friend of mine, who likes to enjoy himself at a cheap rate, assures me that he has a good bed-room, takes a good breakfast and dinner, with his half bottle of Champagne or Bordeaux Lafitte, his coffee in the evening, and his amusement at the theatre, for sixty francs a week, and I believe him.

There are several *restaurateurs* in Paris who give a very good dinner and half a bottle of *vin ordinaire* for two francs. There are some as low as twenty-six sous, but for two francs one has soup, four well dressed dishes, wine, desert and bread. I dined the other day at the *Salon Français*, which are very elegant rooms, superior in splendour, though not equal in size, to the Argyle-Rooms in London. For the information of the members of the John Bull family who meditate a trip to Paris I will state the particulars of my dinner:—First, I had pea soup, which was very good; then a stew of calves head; my second dish was the wing of a fowl and cresses; the third a fried sole; the fourth a *beignets de pommes*, a kind of apple fritters very nicely cooked, and then a desert of preserved cherries: for this, and the wine and bread, I paid two francs; a more serviceable dinner could scarcely be had at *Very's* for six times the money. At the present low price of provisions in England I am sure the same dinner, with porter instead of wine, and certainly good English porter is better than bad French wine, might be given for the same money, with a profit of thirty per cent.; but unfortunately people of small income in London have no idea of living genteelly upon a little, and therefore nobody sets up such an establishment in the dread of not being encouraged. Nothing can be more disgusting in my opinion than the

cook's shops in London, where one is served with slices of baked or boiled meat and nasty pudding, and yet made to pay handsomely; a Frenchman, accustomed to his silver fork and clean napkin, in an elegant room with five or six waiters at his command, must have a poor idea of English manners if he judges of them by the eating houses, taken whether as to the mode of serving the meats, the places themselves, or the manner of the attendance; the mere substance of what a man eats is less to be considered than the mode of eating, and certainly nothing tends so much to civilize a nation and polish the middling classes as genteel intercourse at table. The clerk in France who has only eighty pounds per annum, accustomed to dine in the same manner, though not with such expensive dishes, as the wealthiest nobleman in his own hotel, has all the elegance of manner and self-ease of the latter. The very mechanic, who dines for twenty sous, has his silver fork and clean napkin, and being treated like a gentleman, he behaves as such. Behind us as the French are in most things, I must confess that in this respect they are before us by centuries. This is a subject well worth the attention of persons in England who desire the improvement of the middle and lower classes. I should be the last man in the world to recommend an imitation of French vice or folly, but I think the English, instead of priding themselves upon their plainness, which too frequently approaches to coarseness and brutality, would do well to imitate the French in the habits which give them ease and elegance in society.

There is another way of living economically in Paris for single persons, that of boarding and lodging in a French family; a person may be very genteelly boarded and lodged in a family where the best society is to be found for 100 francs per month to 120 francs, but as it is the custom in such places to have only two meals a day, breakfast and dinner, I, who am an advocate for the old English mode of making four meals a day, cannot recommend the French mode to my acquaintance.

SKETCHES OF POPULAR PREACHERS.

(Continued from page 328.)

THE REV. GEORGE SAXBY PENFOLD, A.M.

MR. PENFOLD is the Vicar of Goring, Sussex; Rector of Pulham, Dorset; and Minister of Brunswick Chapel, St Mary-le-bone.

This gentleman is a plain useful preacher; and though he does not possess the talent necessary to constitute a great orator, yet the absence of gross defects, and the presence of many qualities indispensable in the Christian Teacher, render him a valuable advocate in the cause to which he is dedicated. His voice is not powerful, but very pleasing in its tones and modulations. His general deportment is not ungraceful, though it cannot claim the epithet of elegant. He is earnest and animated; far removed from lifeless monotony of manner, and equally at a distance from boisterous rant and noisy vulgarity. He gives to all he utters the additional advantage of an apparent anxiety to impart his own convictions to his hearers, the result of an unprejudiced investigation into their truth.

His sermons are marked by a decided inequality in merit; the language is sometimes very indifferent, the arrangement confused, and the conceptions common-place; these defects, however, are the occasional, and not the invariable characteristics of his discourses, which on many subjects are well calculated to operate the reformation of his hearers, by describing the various motives to virtuous conduct in a manner adapted to win their assent to the truth of the propositions he is enforcing. His sermons on the Sabbath display, in vivid colours, the mischiefs consequent on the neglect of this sacred and important institution; he describes it as the first retrograde step from the path of piety, as an almost unerring criterion by which to infer the decline of holy thought and religious attachment in the soul.

He addresses his exhortations to those springs of action which usually influence the will in its decisions to hope, to fear, to interest, to

benevolence; to hope, by telling the fear of conscience, and the eternal happiness promised to those who act in compliance with the admonitions of duty; to fear, by representing the punishment denounced against those who violate the declared will of their Creator; to interest, by enforcing the consideration that abstinence from a few evanescent pleasures is recompensed by perfect felicity; to benevolence, by depicting the pernicious influence of bad example, and the corruption it spreads over the circle within the reach of its infection.

On the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper Mr. Penfold has preached many useful discourses; he enlarges on the benefits accruing from the observation of this ordinance, its tendency to check in the mind the growth of evil inclinations, and to nurture and mature virtuous and pious dispositions; the consolation it imparts to the heart, which has sorrow alone for its inmate, and which turns from a world where disappointment has crushed the latest spark of joy to that religion which has peace for its companion here, and the hope of an immortality of bliss, to support the spirit which droops beneath the evils that oppress it. Mr. Penfold's charity sermons are animated, pathetic, and sometimes powerful appeals to the compassionate sympathies of the soul; he awakens the dormant feelings of pity, which but for him might have slumbered unnoticed beneath the selfishness that encrusted them. He pleads the cause of the afflicted with the zeal of a man deeply interested in the success of his endeavours, and labours to turn the stream of philanthropy into the channel most productive of utility.

Mr. Penfold illustrates what he reads by pointed and judicious emphasis; this, united to apparent seriousness and devotion, distinct enunciation and a melodious voice, render his labours in the desk a source of gratification and instruction to those

who hear him. The subject of this article can prefer no claim to the character of a great argumentative preacher, neither is his intellect formed for the discussion of the abstruse points of divinity; he is chiefly admirable as the inculcator of the great moral truths of Christianity; as the expounder of the duties which man owes to himself, to society, and to the Being who created him. He never in any of his ser-

mons rises to the highest scale of excellence, nor sinks to so low a point as to excite dissatisfaction or disgust, they are distinguished by a pleasing mediocrity, which, combined with the interest and importance of the subjects he is called upon to discuss, renders them, I have no doubt, salutary and useful admonitions to those to whom they are addressed.

CRITICUS.

LETTER RELATIVE TO THE STRICTURES ON POPULAR PREACHERS.

MR. EDITOR,

I AM one among the numerous readers of your well-conducted Miscellany, who participate most amply in the general satisfaction expressed respecting your Strictures upon those Preachers of the National Church, whom you have selected as the most popular advocates of her doctrines; and I beg to add my humble testimony to the talent displayed in this article; more especially as it is shown in the judicious discrimination with which the characteristics of each Reverend Gentleman are marked, the accuracy and truth of delineation, the manly tone supported throughout, the correctness of style, and its perfect appropriation to the subject.

It happens, Sir, that I have an opportunity of hearing the opinions of many of the Clergy upon this article, and it gives me pleasure to add that, with very slight exceptions, it meets with considerable approbation.

At its first appearance, indeed, some needless apprehensions were manifested that the cause of the National Church might be, in some degree, deteriorated by the nature of those Strictures; and by a few individuals they were regarded as altogether gratuitous and uncalled for.

Such impressions, however, I conceive to be erroneous, since within the pale of the Ecclesiastical Establishment of our country, and particularly in the Metropolitan part of it, there is a sufficient number of able and eloquent divines to vindicate its pretensions to superiority, and to maintain the balance of public opinion in its favour; and this they are well aware can be done,

Eur. Mag. May, 1823.

independently of that spurious popularity, which some of its members so assiduously seek to obtain by a character of effort that does not consult, so scrupulously as it ought, that dignified elevation of mind and strict consistency of expression and delivery, which give to pulpit oratory all its impressive power of eloquence and usefulness.

The object of the article alluded to appears to be the designation of this excellence in those preachers who possess it; and the manifestation of the want of it in those who factitiously pretend to it. The claims of both are exposed to publicity of acknowledgment or rejection; and public effort must be subjected to public judgment, by whatever class of men it be put forth.

What harm then is to be dreaded from the plan which you have adopted? As in a well-executed picture the true contrast of light and shade gives effect to the whole; so, by a just disposal of descriptive traits in such portraiture of the popular Clergy, the keeping of their general character is preserved.

Paul, Apollas and Cephas were all preachers of the gospel, and each effective according to the peculiar excellence which he possessed; yet can it be supposed that the sacred cause, which they upheld, was endangered because among their hearers one was of Paul, another of Apollas, and another of Cephas? Or because their individual efforts were characterized according to the qualifications by which each was distinguished? And if in this distinction it appeared that the depth of learning, which Paul evinced, and the argumentative skill with

F

which he elucidated his subject were not found in Apollas and Cephas; or the peculiar properties of eloquence which the two latter possessed were not discoverable in Paul, would the followers of any of them have considered the great object of all three as placed in a state of jeopardy, because a particular excellence or defect was attributable to one which was not so prominent in another? Truly I think not.

Surely then there is no reason for the apprehensions indulged by those who are averse from such a plan as you have adopted; and there can be less cause for offence at the impartial descriptions (for impartial they certainly are) that it contains

of the various pretensions which the preachers, whom it has hitherto comprehended in its disquisitions, appear anxious to substantiate in the estimation of their hearers.

Allow me, therefore, to urge your perseverance in this plan, and to recommend to your consideration when the task, which in this instance of your labours you have prescribed to yourself, shall be accomplished, the republication of these Strictures in a small volume, for which I have no hesitation in anticipating a favourable reception on the part of the public.

I am, Sir, with much respect,
Your obedient Servant,
A MEMBER OF THE
CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

THE SHIPWRECK.

*"While memory dictates, this sad shipwreck tell:
Then while the list'ning peasant shrink with fear,
And lisping infants drop the unconscious tear;
Oh! then this moral bid their souls retain,
All thoughts of happiness on earth are vain."*

FALCONER.

LIGHTLY the breezes o'er the waters flew,
And Heaven's wide arch was one unclouded blue,
As the bright sun a burst of glory gave,
Then slowly sinking, kiss'd the Western wave;
On the horizon is a distant sail,
That spreads her snowy bosom to the gale;
But late a speck, she seem'd to mock the eye,
And fade between the water and the sky;
And now the breezes wing her speed so fast,
A flag is seen to flutter from the mast;
Her size—her sails may be descried—and now
Her peopled gallery and golden prow.

Oh! many a wish, and many a rising care,
And many a joy, and many a hope is there;
For in that ship, the father, husband, friend,
Full anxiously await their travel's end;
And some are leaning o'er the vessel's side,
Straining their eyes along the heaving tide
To where the distant shore is seen to lie
Like a dim cloud, that rises in the sky;
And some stand musing, as they pensive view
The flying ship divide the water's blue,
And, while they mock the white and rushing foam,
Their thoughts are busy, and their hearts are home.
Now in the East, as daylight dies a-pace,
The moon arises in majestic grace,
And o'er the waves she flings a path of light;
How many gaze—and gazing bless the sight!
For Oh! that orb, where'er it may rise,
From Northern waves, or in far Southern skies,

Wherever thought can soar on fancy's wing,
 A thousand fond remembrances will bring.
 Then Oh! how dear when, after years of toil,
 With hearts elate we hail our native soil;
 How doubly dear that lovely light to view,
 Shining o'er hills where first our breath we drew!

Such thoughts are in the ship—and many more
 Of fonder framing—while the wish'd for shore
 Grows more and more distinct; and fancy sees
 Beyond the bound of human vision—trees,
 And flocks, and groves—and many a spot
 Of former happiness—his shelter'd cot,
 Where the sweet odour of the wild-rose hedge,
 With honey-suckles, fence the garden's edge,
 One views enraptur'd—while his blooming boy,
 A father's hope and pensive mother's joy,
 Another sees—for an aged parent here,
 Along a sun-burnt cheek, there rolls a tear,
 That checks the rising hope, and turns it into fear—
 Abstracted there, apart from all the rest,
 With eyes upturn'd, his arms upon his breast,
 An anxious lover takes his silent stand,
 And now he views the moon, and now the distant land—
 Thus muses each, as lightly bounds along
 The gallant vessel to the steersman's song;
 While the rough sailors, at a harmless play,
 Sit in a group, and laugh the time away.
 But lo! a sudden gloom involves the sky,
 The fav'ring breeze has dropp'd, a calm is nigh,—
 The ocean swells—the gentle waves no more
 Bound lightly on to waft the bark to shore:
 Struck in her flight, she flaps her canvass wings,
 And reels and staggers, while her cordage rings
 Against the creaking mast—the seamen stand
 Amaz'd, confounded—from his guiding hand
 The pilot feels the useless rudder fly;
 Again he grasps it as he lifts his eye,
 And looks around him to consult the sky.
 A black spot rising in the North he spies,
 "All hands aloft! Strike ev'ry sail!" he cries:
 And while he speaks th' affrighted sea-bird flies,
 Screaming along the deep, to where her nest
 Lies in the distant rocks, far to the dark'ning West.

And now big drops descend—and, gathering fast,
 That black cloud moves along—a moaning blast
 Howls o'er the waves—oh, down with ev'ry sail;
 That boding blast foreruns the coming gale,
 It comes! It bursts! Wildly the waves arise,
 And flash and foam—again the vessel flies
 With double speed—in vain the pilot tries
 To check her wild career—she scorns his hand,
 And madly rushes to the fatal land;
 While darker grow the Heavens, and not a speck
 Of blue is there—now from the crouded deck
 The signal gun is fir'd—'twas heard on shore,
 And some could see the flash—but the deep roar
 Of waves was such, so thick the gloom around,
 They deem'd them fancy, both the flash and sound.

"Breakers a head!" Oh! what a cry is there!
 All is confusion, horror, and despair.

Crash comes a mast, and, with the fall it gave,
 Three gallant men are swept into the wave.
 In speechless terror some are seen to stand,
 Others with arms outstretch'd look to the land,
 As if imploring aid—while, raving wild,
 A frantic father calls upon his child.
 A mother, next him, fill'd with deep alarms,
 Has two sweet babies lock'd within her arms;
 The savage waves have mark'd them for their prey.
 And now the loveliest is swept away;
 She, screaming, quits her hold to catch her hope,
 And all three perish!—Clinging to a rope
 Are half drown'd wretches seen—and now the deck
 Presents the wild confusion of a wreck;
 The rushing billows pour on either side,
 Sweeping off all into the roaring tide.
 There one with clenched hands despairing raves,
 And curses Heaven, to send such winds and waves,
 And he so near his home—on bended knee
 Another prays in fervent agony;
 While one with vacant eye seems lost in fear,
 An idiot laugh is rung into his ear;
 Some hurry to a boat—embracing here
 Are friends about to part—while mutely there,
 Fast clinging to each other, sit a pair,
 A miserable pair! on her pale brow,
 That lies upon her lover's bosom, now
 The damps of death are gath'ring fast—while he,
 As if he knew how useless it would be
 To stay her flutt'ring life, does nothing more
 Than gaze upon her marble face: The shore! The shore!
 Some cry aloud—that instant comes a shock,
 The vessel headlong dashes on a rock,
 And splits asunder! Nothing more is heard,
 Save the wild screaming of the startled bird,
 Whose rest was broken thus,—no human call
 Arises from the deep,—one cry was all
 That follow'd from the shock,—yet, by the light
 Of the pale struggling moon, from yonder height,
 In the black waves below, were seen a few
 Of that once stately ship's devoted crew
 Contending with their fate—alas! in vain;
 For while they strive the butting rocks to gain,
 The waves pursued—they dropt with those to go
 Already buried in the deep below.

What, buried all! And is it come to this?
 Oh, where are now those dreams of promised bliss?
 Those fond delusive hopes? all past and gone?
 And does there not survive a lonely one?
 A half drown'd wretch, who did not vainly strive,
 Thrown on the beach escap'd,—yet scarce alive
 To tell the dismal tale, and sadly bear
 A husband's blessing to a widow's ear,
 A friend's remembrance,—or with tears to tell
 A father's dying words—a lover's last farewell?
 No! buried all: for vale, and pleasant grove,
 And smiling home, and dear domestic love,
 And tender wife, and playful prattling child,
 And hedge of rose, and honeysuckle wild,
 Succeeds a cold damp grave—a long, long sleep
 Within the lonely chambers of the deep.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE MEMOIR OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

Compiled from the Journal of the Emperor Napoleon at St. Helena, by Count Las Cases, 4 Vols. 8vo. 1823.

IN noticing this work in our last number we candidly discussed those two great questions, which must ultimately serve as tests of soundness of all those parts of Count Las Cases' work, which relate to the treatment of Napoleon both before and subsequent to his arrival at St. Helena. It is foreign to our purpose to enter into the very numerous details, which these works afford, relative to the condition of the Emperor at his place of confinement; but, expressing our conviction that the treatment of Napoleon was derogatory from our national character, we shall proceed to make such extracts from the volumes before us, or to give such references to their contents, as will serve as a supplement to our preceding life of Napoleon, and will also enable the reader to judge of the merit of Count Las Cases's works, and of their claim to public attention as documents of history.

The Count professes that his main object is to afford a faithful portraiture of the private disposition and character of Napoleon, although by far the greater part of his work relates solely to the Emperor's public history. He commences with the return of Napoleon to Paris after the battle of Waterloo, and his fourth volume carries us through his intercourse with the Emperor up to July 1816, embracing numerous retrospects of the Emperor's life from his boyhood to his abdication. We have observed that Count Las Cases frequently displays all the frivolity of the old school of French courtiers; his work may be said to be in the worst of keeping; mixing the most trifling anecdotes with those which are interesting or even important, and dressing up the most insignificant facts in pompous language. Thus, by the index to the first volume (part I.) we are referred to page 54 for some "remarkable words of the Emperor," and turning to the page, we find the chapter under that head pompously introduced by the Emperor's testifying to the Count's own importance, by

saying that if only two persons were to accompany him to St. Helena, he, the said Count, should be one of them. Again, the same index refers us to page 92, for some "singular good fortune of the Emperor," and turning to the page in breathless expectation of finding some extraordinary fact relative perhaps to the battles of Marengo or Austerlitz, we discover that this "singular good fortune of the Emperor" is his playing at cards and winning a few Napoleons of Sir George Cockburn. Then we are told of the wonderful effects of a sight of Buonaparte's grey great coat upon the officers and crew of the Northumberland, and of the Emperor's mode of shaving, with his use of *eau de Cologne*, and with the afflicting circumstance of lavender water being substituted when the *eau de Cologne* was all gone. But, to give a thorough idea of the Count's trifling and frivolity, we will let him speak for himself in the following extract. "The Emperor walked out in the garden at five o'clock; the Emperor stopped a while to look at a flower in one of the beds, and asked me whether it was not a lily—it was, indeed, a magnificent one!"

We might almost imagine that the Count is sometimes, what would be vulgarly called, playing the fool with his readers; for instance, in page 61, vol. I. he says, "While conversing with the Emperor in the evening, he gave me two proofs of confidence, *but I cannot now confide them to paper*; and to complete this joke, if it be meant for one, he immediately does confide one of these proofs to his readers, by inserting it at the foot of the page in the form of a note.

But we have greater fault to find with the author even upon this very subject; for when describing that which, if confined to pure narration and simple facts, would amount to the sublime, or create a chain of great and useful reflections in the reader, the Count almost always mars the effect by introducing his own impertinent observations, or by king

out the passage by remarks that clearly evince that he had no just appreciation of what he had witnessed or heard. For instance, on Napoleon's going on board the *Northumberland*, the guard of marines, at his request, were made to go through their manual exercise; upon their coming to a charge, the Emperor, thrusting a bayonet of one of the front rank men aside, entered the ranks, and taking a musket shewed our officer how differently the operation was performed in the French service. This anecdote finely illustrates the admirable equanimity of temper in Napoleon, preserved even at the very moment of his entering his prison, and it displays the ruling passion of his soul—his love and attention to all things military; the Count Las Cases, on the contrary, relates the anecdote, as a proof of Napoleon's extraordinary personal courage in trusting himself amongst English bayonets. Again, in the first volume, (Part II.) beginning at page 253, the picture of this once ruler of the world a prisoner on the peak of a barren rock, in a hovel without shutters, curtains, or furniture, and with food scarcely eatable, leaving his miserable one room in order that it may be cleaned, and contrasting this treatment of himself with his own magnificent treatment of the sovereigns of Europe when he rode triumphant in their capitals, and when they sued to him for favours and called him their brother, is a picture as sublime as history can produce; but the Count mars the effect by his superabundant epithets, and either obvious or trifling remarks, or he renders it still worse by going into petty details. The Count cannot tell us that this conqueror of the earth "now occupied this hovel," but he must begin; "The Emperor Napoleon, who but

and disposed of so many crowns, now occupies a wretched hovel," &c. and after this great moral picture of human misfortunes, the Count makes his climax by going immediately into details of their want of "butter, oil," &c. In spite of this wretchedly bad taste the picture is impressive, and cannot but recall to the mind of the classic reader the fate of Marius and of Belisarius, and it will remind

him of the finest Satire of Juvenal, (the 10th, so beautifully paraphrased by Dr. Johnson. Ver. 147 to 167.

"On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes let Swedish Charles decide;

A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire:

O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain—

No joys to him pacific sceptres yield;
War sounds the trumpet, he rushes to the field:

Behold surrounding kings their power combine,

And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain,

'Think nothing gained,' he cries, 'till naught remain'

On Moscow's walls, till Gothic (Gallic) standards fly,

And all be mine beneath the polar sky.

* * * * *

The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,

And shews his miseries in distant lands!—

But did not chance at length her error mend,

Did not subverted empires mark his end;

Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound,

Did hostile millions press him to the ground.

His fall was destined to a barren strand,
* * * * *

And left a name at which the world grew pale,

To point a moral or adorn a tale."

With the alteration of a few words the passage, both from the Latin and from the English poet, would appear rather prophecy than poetry. We shall now, however, confine ourselves to Buonaparte, and take leave of Count Las Cases, by observing that in spite of his numerous and unpardonable errors in treating his subject, so great is that subject, that it is impossible to read twenty pages of the Count's Journal without finding something either amusing or important.

These volumes contain indubitable proof, both positive and indirect, of all that has been asserted about

the natural goodness of Napoleon's disposition. His goodness of heart, his mercy and forbearance were evinced by his munificent provision for all the meritorious, but poorer companions of his youth; by his saving the lives of the emigrants at Toulon, and contriving their escape to the English squadron (Vol. I. page 152,) by his resolute disobedience of all the sanguinary orders transmitted to him by the Directory whilst commanding the army of Italy, and by his refusal to execute General Wurmser, as an emigrant, when he was taken at Mantua; by his invariable protection of the emigrants and royalists, and of all objects of political animosity. His letter, as First Consul, to the present King of France, respecting his restoration to the throne, (Vol. I. Part I. page 271.) considering the extraordinary tone of feeling existing on the subject at the moment, exhibits great generosity and goodness. But this point of his character is fully established by the fact, that on his return to Paris from Elba he was put into possession of the correspondence of Mons. Blacas, and which at once laid open to him the treachery of many of his officers, both civil and military, as well as the ingratitude of so many of those who owed their all to his bounty; and yet we do not find that in any one instance did he execute or molest these offenders. So far from his having any rancour of disposition or spirit of revenge, we find him, in page 295, Vol. I., speaking very fairly of Angereau, a man who had betrayed and insulted him during his misfortunes, and speaking equally well of Marmont, whose treason and ingratitude had occasioned his downfall. In all conversations Napoleon appears to be the apologist of the calumniated. His temper seems to have been equally good with his nature and disposition, for his ebullitions of rage, although violent, were neither frequent nor long; and what is of more importance, they never led to immediate cruelty nor left any feelings of malevolence upon his mind. Witness the remarkable scene on his detection of a traitor in his Privy Council, (Vol. I. Part I. page 282,) in which, in the height of his rage

at treachery that might have cost him his crown, he only dismisses the culprit, and, in dismissing him, although at the moment infuriated, he exclaims, "I am sincerely grieved at this, sir, for the services of your father are still fresh in my memory." We might refer also to the Emperor's quarrel and reconciliation with Marshal Bertrand, (page 294, Vol. I.) or rather we might refer to the whole of these volumes, for every part of them bear evidence of his goodness of nature as well as of his goodness of temper. If several instances of severity or even of cruelty be attached to his name, such, for instance, as his executions of those who had rebelled against him at Cairo, they appear always to have been the result of absolute necessity, and to relate to him, not individually, but specifically, and in common with all conquerors; such facts therefore amount to a proof how much the happiness of mankind is injured by warriors and conquerors, even when the individuals themselves may be free from cruelty of disposition.

We may be allowed to remark that the reader will frequently experience great inconvenience in the perusal of these volumes by the want of dates and notes explanatory of the events of the revolution. A fault which has been often found with every French work relating to that event, or to the consequences that have arisen from it. When the Count, for instance, traces events to the 10th of August, or talks of Vendemiaire, or the revolution of Brumaire, he forgets that neither the words, nor their association with the scenes to which he alludes, are sufficiently familiar to the generality of English, or of any but French readers, to render his meaning intelligible. It is this inconvenience attending the perusal of foreign political works that induced us, in our number of last September, to publish a vocabulary of all the terms relating to the revolution, and which vocabulary will be extremely useful in going through the volumes now before us, as well as in perusing the other works which have proceeded from those who accompanied the Emperor to St. Helena. The Count's private

anecdotes of Napoleon's boyish disposition, and juvenile habits, have, in point of substance, appeared in our three articles upon the life of Napoleon; and numerous pages in these volumes are confirmatory of the most material as well as of the minor parts of our memoirs in our Magazine for February, March and April.

The Count's volumes contain many interesting anecdotes of the principal characters, which the revolution threw forward into the political arena. We have anecdotes of Pichegru in Vol. I. Part I. pages 116, 117, and 119; and in Vol. II. Part III. page 358. There are various interesting anecdotes and admirable sketches of characters, made by the Emperor upon those two perverse, intriguing, and able individuals Talleyrand and Fouché, of whom the Emperor observes that Talleyrand was the Fouché of the drawing-rooms, whilst Fouché was the Talleyrand of the clubs. They appear to have been always actuated solely by a lust of pelf, and of personal advantages, without the slightest principle of honour or integrity; and, as a climax of their baseness, when the Emperor landed from Elba, they took separate sides; Fouché guaranteeing the safety of Talleyrand with Napoleon should the Emperor succeed, whilst Talleyrand was to secure the favour of the Bourbons for Fouché in the event of the success of the allies. The ingratitude and perfidy of this latter character towards Napoleon exceeds any thing in history; but it appears a very erroneous idea that Napoleon was ever blind to the vices of this execrable wretch; that he was his dupe, or that he trusted him beyond the absolute necessity of circumstances. The Emperor, speaking of his employing him at the critical juncture of his affairs after his return from Elba, observes that he knew his fidelity or infidelity would depend on circumstances more than on the individual. "If I had been victorious," said the Emperor, "Fouché would have been faithful—I ought to have conquered." But, alas! to how many thousands will this observation apply; for what is fidelity, generally speaking, but the effect of the pros-

perity and affluence of those whom we serve. Napoleon's great principle, at this juncture, appears to have been, if I am victorious all will be faithful to me, if I am not victorious, few will be faithful, nor can infidelity be of much consequence, the game will be up. Whilst we are on this part of our article we may observe that the Emperor's observations and anecdotes afford lamentable but unquestionable evidence of the great inconsistency and depravity of human nature. In the course of his reign, as well as in that of the revolution, we find Sans-culotte leaders merged in pomp and luxury; hereditary noblemen free from pride and assumption; republican generals full of arrogance and personal tyranny; persons in the depth of misery and distress devoted to principles disinterested, and resisting the temptations of wealth; others of princely fortunes submitting to every thing degrading, and committing every crime for the sake of money; men heroically brave in fight, eventually dying like cowards; bold under some circumstances, poltroons under others; Lannes, who amidst the most frightful carnage could electrify battalions by his valour, at last died weeping like a nervous girl; Murat, the rival of Lannes in valour, was at last intimidated and yielded to a cowardly rabble. We have not only the "Fears of the brave and follies of the wise," but we have occasional wisdom from fools and valour from poltroons. How admirably are these inconsistencies and baseness of mankind displayed by Napoleon in his peculiarly profound, but sketchy manner of the different persons and classes who had betrayed him:—he says, speaking to Count Las Cases, "Fouché was not a noble, Talleyrand was not an emigrant, Augereau and Marmont were neither. Reckon yourselves here—among four, you find two nobles, one of whom was even an emigrant. The excellent M. de Segur, in spite of his age, at my departure, offered to follow me. I have been betrayed by Marmont whom I might call my son, my offspring; my own work, he to whom I had committed my destinies by

sending him to Paris at the very moment that he was putting the finishing hand to his treason and my ruin. I have been betrayed by Murat, whom I had raised from a soldier to a king, who was my sister's husband. I have been betrayed by Berthier, a mere goose, whom I had converted into a kind of eagle. I have been betrayed in the senate by those very men of the national party who owe every thing to me, and yet Macdonald, Valence, and Montesquiou (nobles or emigrants) were faithful; let them object to me the stupidity of Murat, I can oppose to it the judgment of Marmont, &c." In short, says Buonaparte, man is the animal of circumstances, there is no consistency either in his virtues or in his crimes. Las Cases, a prejudiced old Bourbonite emigrant, is his faithful follower in exile. Marmont, Angereau, Fouché, the creatures of the revolution and of his bounty, are traitors to his cause, and now the slaves of his enemies and of legitimacy. But the same inconsistency was developed in the revolutions of the Caesars, and how admirably is it painted in one of the satires of Horace. Duroc was raised from a subaltern to the rank of duke, he was devotedly attached to Napoleon, who declared that "Duroc was the only man who shared his intimacy and possessed his confidence." The dying scene between this officer and Napoleon (Vol. I. Part II. page 116), bespeaks the kindness of Napoleon's heart. The first rise of Junot is told in an anecdote (Vol. I. Part I. page 155), full of spirit and highly characteristic of the times. Whilst the republican army was taking every opportunity of elevating to command every man from the ranks who might display genius and intrepidity, the Bourbons, in their army of emigrants, were continuing the old and absurd practice of promoting solely by gradations of pedigree. We find, however, that in spite of the number of great men that this free promotion brought forth, and in spite of the unexampled enthusiasm of the French people, the revolution was yet, at several epochs, within an ace of being suppressed, *vide* Vol. I. Part II.

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page 161. The affairs of the republic were at the last gasp when Napoleon took the command of the army of Italy. The great talents of Massena and of Angereau had barely enabled them to maintain a defensive position near Savona and Genoa. Napoleon brought them no succours of men nor of money, and yet in a few months he was in possession of all the finest parts of Italy. The prodigious results of some of the Emperor's latter campaigns will secure them a pre-eminence in history, but in none of his military schemes did he evince such vast resources of intellect, such powers of calculation, such creative qualities of genius as in his first campaign in Italy. He took the command of his beaten and dispirited countrymen on the 29th of March 1796; they were couped up amongst barren rocks; in want of artillery, of cavalry, of clothes, food and money. So empty was the military chest that Napoleon could give to each Marshal only four louis to commence the campaign. A superior and victorious army was opposed to him, and it was impossible to force the Alps, for the King of Sardinia held all the fortified places commanding the roads and passes. The Alps gradually descend from their greatest elevation (St. Gothard) to the Mediterranean to the south-west of Genoa; Napoleon conceived the design of turning the Alps at their lowest and most accessible parts near Savona, and, by threatening the roads both to Turin and Milan, to separate the interests of the Austrian and Italian armies. He completely succeeded; and to quote his own address to the soldiers, "in 15 days he had gained six victories, taken 21 stand of colours, 55 pieces of cannon, several fortresses, and conquered the richest parts of Piedmont; made 15,000 prisoners, and had killed and wounded 10,000, of the enemy." Thus had the genius of one man, as if by magic, in the space of 15 days overcome all the barriers of the Alps, and had transported his army from wretchedness and despair to the height of glory, and to the possession of the most luxurious country in the world; effects unexampled in military history. So thorough

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was his contempt of money that he resisted the offers of immense treasures made to him by the Italians; and after his conquest of this rich country, and transmitting to the national treasury 50,000,000 of francs, he returned to France possessed of only 300,000 francs, or about 12,000*l.* sterling. These important events are admirably told in about 30*s.* pages of the first volume (Part II), we should suppose by Napoleon himself, for they are told in the very perfection of style, that is to say, a style that comprises the greatest possible number of facts in the fewest possible words.

We are obliged, by the irregularity and want of classification in the Count's works, to be discursive in the nature of our remarks, and our transition must be from the *bella! horrida bella!* to the amusing and instructive remarks made by the Emperor upon the literary works that formed the solace of the hours of his captivity.

We have heard of Madame de Stael's ridiculous offer of marrying Mr. Gibbon, and of her numberless other extravagancies. A very amusing anecdote is told of her by the Emperor (Vol. I. Part II. page 131). Attracted by the young general's renown the lady had written to him "long and numerous epistles," some of them, we imagine, not calculated to be very acceptable to Josephine; she had at length intruded her acquaintance on Napoleon to an inconvenient degree; and on one of her visits, wishing to get rid of her, Napoleon sent her word that he was scarcely dressed, on which the lady promptly and earnestly replied, that it was of no consequence, for "that genius was of no sex." The Emperor's great and favourite author was Corneille. Speaking upon the subject of ancient and modern dramas, he exclaimed with enthusiasm, "Tragedy fires the soul, elevates the heart, and is calculated to generate heroes. Considered under this point of view, perhaps France owes to Corneille a part of her great actions, and, gentlemen, had he lived in my time I would have made him a Prince." But Corneille lived under Louis XIV. poor and neglected. The Emperor

admired Racine, but in a less degree. He seems not to have often resorted to Moliere, and never to Crebillon; his opinion of Voltaire, as a dramatist, was very humble: he pronounced him "full of bombast and trick, always incorrect, unacquainted either with men or things, with truth, or the sublimity of passion." The fact is, that Voltaire's literary productions are so incredibly numerous and diversified, that his equalling Corneille as a dramatist was not to be expected, but the sentence passed on his dramas are so unreasonably severe, that we are inclined to think that the Count has scarcely given us the Emperor's opinions with precision. The Emperor admired Rousseau, and frequently expatiated on "the force of his arguments, and the elegance of his style and expressions." He read the Nouvelle Héloïse for two hours together, and observed, that "Jean Jacques has overcharged his subject; he has painted madness; love should be a source of pleasure, not of misery. Really this work is not without fire, it moves, it rouses the feelings." The Emperor thought very contemptibly of Rollin, and still more so of the continuation of his history by Crevier; he expressed a great contempt for all the French historians, "Velly," said the Emperor, "is rich in words, and poor in meaning; his continuators are still worse: our history should either be in four or five volumes, or in a hundred." Bernadin de St. Pierre was an object of ridicule with the Emperor. Reading Madame de Sevigne's celebrated account of the death of Turenne, and of the trial of Fouquet, he observed, with respect to the latter, that Madame de Sevigne seemed to evince too much warmth, too much earnestness and tenderness for mere friendship." He was of opinion that our youth is too much spent in studying the classics. Napoleon's views of French literature were precisely in unison with those which are entertained on the subject by the critics of this, and, we believe, of every other country, except France herself. He thought it declamatory and diffuse. One day he amused himself by striking out the superfluous passages from Vertot,

and after the erasures the work appeared much more energetic and animated, on which the Emperor observed, "It would certainly be a most valuable and successful labour, if any man of taste and discernment would devote his time to reducing the principal works in our language in this manner, I know nobody but Montesquieu who would escape these curtailments." Napoleon seems to have had a sound judgment with an excellent taste in literature; he appears to have had the tact of almost intuitively fathoming an author's resources and depth of intellect, and of rapidly comprehending his design, his method, his style, and the value of his reflections; and of pointing out where any of these are defective, and how they might have been improved. His opinions upon points of ancient history appear to us to be extremely rational. He doubted most of their assertions, and positively disbelieved their accounts of the numbers of their armies. He credited the statements relative to the immense armies of Gengiskan and Tamerlane, because they were followed by gregarious nations, who, on their part, were joined to other wandering tribes as they advanced, "and it is not impossible," observed the Emperor, "that this may, one day, be the case in Europe. The revolution produced by the Huns, the cause of which is unknown because the tract is lost in the desert, may at a future period be renewed." This is clearly an allusion to Russia, and it is evident from numerous observations made by the Emperor, that it was his firm conviction that southern and western Europe would, at no distant period, be over-run by Asiatic hordes, under the influence of Russia. For our parts we cannot conceive the possibility of such an event. The modern arts of fortification, of gunnery, and of field tactics, give civilized nations a superiority over barbarians, infinitely greater than what was derived by the ancient Romans from their comparatively impotent missiles, and imperfect discipline and manœuvres. Added to which, the denser state of modern population, and the immense armies, which societies can now support by the improvements

in agriculture and in the modes of manufactures, would enable any of the leading nations of modern Europe to present a force, on any point of attack, equally numerous with that which gregarious nations could assemble for the purposes of invasion. But what is the efficiency of the troops of the demi-civilized nations of Asia and Africa? Napoleon, before the frost at Moscow, found the Cossacs beneath contempt as a military force; nor did he find the Russian armies so difficult to defeat as those of Prussia, Austria, or England. How easily he defeated the Arabians and Mamelukes of Egypt. But there is one unanswerable objection to all such calculations respecting the subjugation of western Europe by Russia: we mean to say, that the boundless extent of the Russian Empire, with the vast difference in the opinions, the manners, the religions, and interests of her northern and southern population, are unquestionably seeds of the ultimate dissolution of her power, and of her dominions being divided into separate states at some future period. So that an internal war, in the badly amalgamated parts of the Russian Empire, is by far more probable than any union of such heterogeneous materials for the purposes of foreign conquest. However, Napoleon thought directly the reverse on the subject, and no man had greater opportunities of forming a correct opinion. It seems almost impertinent to differ from him.

The following observations are in Napoleon's best style, and evince a sound judgment and great sagacity. He had been reading Racine's *Phedre* and *Athalié*, and Voltaire's *Mahomet*. "Voltaire," said the Emperor, "in the character and conduct of his hero, (*Mahomet*) has departed both from nature and from history. He has degraded *Mahomet* by making him descend to the lowest intrigues. • He has represented a great man, who changed the face of the world, acting like a scoundrel worthy of the gallows. He has committed a fundamental error in attributing to intrigue what was solely the result of opinion. Those who have wrought great changes in the world never succeeded by gaining over chiefs, but always by exciting

the multitude. The first is the source of intrigue, and produces only secondary results; the second is the resort of genius, and transforms the face of the universe. Mahomet must doubtless have been like all chiefs of sects. The Koran, having been written thirty years after his death, may have recorded many falsehoods.* The empire of the Prophet, his doctrine, and his mission, being established and fulfilled, people might and must have spoken accordingly. Still it remains to be explained how the mighty event which we are certain did take place, namely, the conquest of the world, could have been effected in the short space of fifty or sixty years. By whom was it brought about? By the hordes of the desert, who, as we are informed, were few in number, ignorant, unwarlike, undisciplined, and destitute of system, and yet they opposed the civilized world abounding in resources. Fanaticism could not have accomplished this miracle, for fanaticism must have had time to accomplish her dominion; and the career of Mahomet lasted only thirteen years. Independently of the fortuitous events by which miracles are sometimes produced, there must have been in this case some hidden circumstances which has never been transmitted to our knowledge. Europe had doubtless sunk beneath some first cause, of which we are ignorant; the different races of people who suddenly issued from the deserts had, perhaps, been engaged in long civil wars, in which men of heroic character and great talent might have risen up, and irresistible impulses have been created." In these observations there is an abundant field for reflection. This is reading history philosophically, it is reading history as Tacitus wrote it. But as to Voltaire, the Emperor unquestionably has attri-

buted to ignorance what was the effect of his sagacity; Voltaire's great object in writing the tragedy of Mahomet was not to give any portrait of the great genius of that surprising character, but to shew that the miracles and revelations of the Koran were either false and absurd, or the effect of trick and imposition; and his impious hope was to create in the spectators associations of ideas with other revelations, and to lead a christian audience to the conclusion, *ex uno disce omnes*, an object in which he has greatly failed. We must all recollect the very current report, spread for the purpose of casting ridicule on the Emperor, of his having taken lessons of declamation from Talma. What sound good sense the Emperor displayed by his opinions and sentiments on this occasion; the report was false, and the Emperor rallying Talma on the subject, the tragedian was disconcerted and confused. "You are wrong," said the Emperor, "I certainly could not have employed myself better, if I had had leisure for it." He then proceeds to give Talma a lesson; "Racine," continued the Emperor, "has loaded his character of Orestes with imbecilities, and you only add to their extravagance. In the Mort de Pompée, you do not play Caesar like a hero, in Britannicus you do not play Nero like a tyrant." And Talma improved himself by the hints.

The great work of Napoleon, which will transmit his name to posterity with more glory even than his conquests, is his code of laws. A code which seems to have attained to as much perfection as any thing human can attain to, and on the principles of which all foreign jurists now build their systems. The great effect of these laws may be ascertained to demonstration by the following statement.

FRANCE.			ENGLAND.		
Inhabitants.	Condemned to Death	Years.	Inhabitants.	Condemned to Death.	
34,000,000.....	882.....	1801.	16,000,000.....	3,400.	
42,000,000.....	392.....	1811.	17,000,000.....	6,400.	

* The Emperor was a disbeliever in Revelation, and probably meant this observation on the Koran to be applied to Christianity, some parts of the Sacred Volumes of Christianity having been written even so late as ninety-seven years after the death of him to whom they relate.

So that these laws had so improved the French people, that in only ten years the capital convictions from being as 26 to 1,000,000 decreased as 9 to 1,000,000; whilst in England the capital convictions had increased from 212 to 376 out of every million. The condemnations in England exceed those in France in the proportion of 42 to 1.

The Emperor's plans for educating his son and the children of the different members of his family were admirably adapted to render them efficient sovereigns, and still better adapted to consolidate the interests of his family, and to permanently establish his dynasty, and to insure it a superiority over the other sovereign families of Europe. In the first Volume, Part II. we refer our readers to interesting passages, respecting the system of the French post as to opening letters (page 52;) to his notions respecting the liberty of the press (page 55;) to his tact in composing his court of the old nobles, and assimilating it to the old regime (page 268;) to his opinions of the Kings of Saxony and Prussia, and of the Emperors of Austria and Russia, and of the mischief to be apprehended from this latter potentate (pages 297 to 302;) to his remarkable and highly important conversation with Mr. Benjamin Constant respecting his views and intentions towards Europe in 1815 (page 314,) the Emperor's views in this conference are remarkably grand, and he shews clearly that it was both his intention and his interest to abstain from wars and foreign conquest, and to govern France by a free press and representative constitution. If Europe could have depended on the ruling passion not warping him from such designs, every rational and philosophic mind must lament his downfall. In page 238, the Emperor shews clearly the weakness of the principles on which the Bourbons act, and concludes that their errors will only irritate the French, and not subdue the spirit of freedom. In page 361, the mind is led into a chain of great reflections by the Emperor's calculations of the prodigious effects, which would have resulted from his capture of St. Jean d'Acre, and the permanent occupation of Egypt by the French. The

most fertile, extensive and interesting regions of Asia and Africa would at this day have been in a course of civilization. We have read of great praises bestowed on Alexander and Cæsar for their self-possession in sleeping on the eve of a battle; but it appears that Napoleon would sleep even during a battle, and on horse-back within range of the enemy's cannon. "I was obliged to do so," said Napoleon, "when I fought battles that lasted three days. Nature was also to have her due; I took advantage of the smallest intervals, and slept where and when I could." The exertions of his intellect were so prodigious as to exhaust the physical powers of the brain, and he would fall asleep at a tangent immediately he had pronounced the last word of a speech or order, so that many persons conceived the idea of his being disposed to apoplexy. In page 30, of Vol. II. Part III. the Count gives us the Emperor's opinions upon Talleyrand, Pozzo di Borgo, Bassano, Clarke, Le Brun, Cambaceres, &c. but he often inserts whole lines of asterisks when he arrives at any thing important, so that it really seems as if he were quizzing the reader. For instance, at the head of a chapter he promises us the Emperor's opinions of Prince Metternich, and anxious to learn something of so great a Cabinet Minister, we refer to the page, and find the following matter. "He (the Emperor) then spoke of M. de Metternich, 'It was he,' said Napoleon, 'who'" and this is all we learn of Prince Metternich, for immediately after the "who," we have three lines of asterisks. Count Las Cases ought to blush at such imbecility, or at such a low trick at book-making.

The following opinions, thoughts and intentions, were entertained by Napoleon, and they are either extraordinary or important. He was a fatalist, and trusted much to his "lucky star." He saw but two chances of his ever quitting Saint Helena, that of his being wanted by the sovereigns to suppress the rebellion of their subjects, or that of his being wanted by the people of Europe against their sovereigns in the contests that might arise between the despotism of courts, and the in-

telligence and freedom of communities. He conceived it possible that Europe very soon might be over-run by Russia, or entirely subject to Republican Governments. He attributed his ruin greatly to his marriage with Maria Louisa. As to the charge made against him that in Egypt he had conformed to the Mahometan religion or customs, he denied it positively, but jocosely observed, that "the dominion of the East, and the subjugation of all Asia would have been well worth a turban and a pair of trowsers." He considered suicide as no fault against morals, but, in his individual case, he viewed it as derogatory from his glory. He read the Bible solely as a book of history, observing at the names he came to of places, "I encamped there," "I carried that place by assault," "I gave battle here," &c. Had he reached America it was his design to have assembled a sort of French colony around him, and he observed that the state of Europe would have induced 60,000 persons to repair to his settlement, "a sort of second France." He thought he might have reached America, but he would not condescend to use any disguise or resort to flight. A great maxim of his policy was that agriculture should be more attended to than manufactures, and manufactures than trade; but his attention to manufactures was such, that he offered 1,000,000 of francs as a reward, merely for the invention of any means of spinning flax like cotton. He refused taking the sacrament, declaring that he had no faith in it, but would not profane it by hypocrisy. He thought highly of Mr. Fox, saying, that "half a dozen men such as Fox and Cornwallis would be sufficient to establish the moral character of a nation."

It is necessarily beyond the limits of any magazine to quote or even to enter into the numerous and important passages respecting the policy of the different potentates and cabinets of Europe, or respecting the great political system which Napoleon had adopted, and which, had he been successful, was to have terminated in his being the arbiter of the fates of nations and of kings, and in his governing his vast domi-

nions with a union of wisdom and virtue that would have realized the golden age. Even with all the prejudices of Englishmen about us, there is something so beautiful in the picture which Napoleon has drawn of his ultimate intentions of government, that we can scarcely abstain from exclaiming, "Oh! its a consummation devoutly to be wished."

As we have referred to or quoted so much relative to the Emperor's opinions of individuals, and of books and principles, we shall now terminate this article by a few of his opinions and views of several of those great events which so recently shook the civilized world to its centre.

Speaking of Waterloo, he exclaims in a tone of sorrow, "Incomprehensible day! Concurrence of unheard of fatalities! Grouchy, Ney, Derlon—was there treachery or only misfortune? Alas! poor France. And yet all that human skill could do was accomplished. All was not lost until the moment when all had succeeded." As to his continuing the struggle for power after the loss of the battle, he observes, "It would have been necessary to arraign great criminals, and to decree great punishments. Blood must have been shed and then who can tell where we should have stopped. What scenes of horror must not have been renewed. By pursuing this line of conduct should I not have drowned my memory in the deluge of blood, crimes and abominations of every kind, with which libelists (libellers) have already overwhelmed me? Posterity and history would have viewed me as a second Nero or Tiberius if, after all, I could have saved France at such a price. I had energy sufficient to carry me through any difficulty." And he continues in a strain which evinces that his own name in history and the happiness of France were paramount to any considerations of his continuing to reign.

"Marengo," said the Emperor, "was the battle in which the Austrians fought best; but that was the grave of their valour. The battle of Austerlitz, which was so completely won, would have been lost if

I had attacked six hours sooner. The Russians shewed themselves on that occasion such excellent troops as they have never appeared since. The Prussians at Jena did not make such a resistance as was expected from their reputation. As to the multitudes of 1814 and 1815, they were mere rabble compared to the real soldiers of Marengo, Austerlitz and Jena." But battles, after all, are not such sanguinary affairs as we timid civilians and stay at home gentlemen are wont to imagine. The Emperor says, that at Wagram he had 160,000 men, and the killed were only 3000. At Esling he had 40,000 and lost only 4000 men, although this was one of the most severe battles. The estimates of other battles are incomparably lower.

It was a subject of regret with Napoleon that, after his victory at Wagram, he had not reduced the House of Austria to a lower condition, and separated the crowns of Austria, Hungary and Bohemia. He tells us that even one of the Emperor of Austria's family had proposed to him to dethrone the Emperor, and to raise the proposer to the throne in his stead. In short, it is evident that the Court of Europe, and even the different royal families, are replete with crime and meanness. The alternations of crouching servility, of professions of friendship and of love, and finally of treachery and of persecution, evinced by the Emperors Francis and Alexander and by the King of Prussia towards Napoleon, indeed, justify all that satirists have said against kings and palaces.

Of Ferdinand of Spain, for whom thousands are now to bleed, and for whom some of the finest regions of the earth are to be desolated, these volumes afford a lamentable portrait. So eager was this proud Bourbon to be allied to the "Corsican Upstart," that he solicited his permission to marry Mademoiselle de Tascher, cousin-german of Josephine; and, on being refused, he then solicited the hand of Marshal Lannes's widow, "or of any other French lady whom the Emperor might think proper to adopt." Napoleon treated this sorry creature and his family with great liberality at Valencey: he says, "the princes hunted and gave balls at

Valencey, without being physically aware of their chains. They experienced courtesy and respect at all hands; old King Charles IV. removed from Compiègne to Marseilles and from Marseilles to Rome, whenever he wished, and yet how different are those places from this (St. Helena)." Speaking of the weakness and the wickedness of Ferdinand, and of the revolution of his subjects to emancipate themselves from his tyranny, Napoleon, in February 1816, foretold the revolutions that have since taken place in Spain, and added "Ferdinand in his madness may grasp his sceptre as firmly as he will, but one day or other it will slip through his fingers like an eel." In Vol. II. Part IV. page 189, the whole of Napoleon's policy as to Spain, and the *data* on which he proceeded, are laid open with the Emperor's usual brief and business-like manner; and his plans appear at least more justifiable than they had hitherto been represented to the world. The Emperor shews in what points his policy towards Spain was bad, and declares that his right course would have been to have given Spain a free constitution, and to have left the execution of it to Ferdinand. However, the knot was to have been cut, and all errors repaired by the restoration of Ferdinand on his marrying the daughter of Joseph Buonaparte, a scheme which failed solely on account of Napoleon's downfall in 1814. But on the reports of the Emperor's having inveigled away King Charles and his son Ferdinand, he declares, "History will do me justice; the world will one day be convinced that in the principal transactions relative to Spain I was completely a stranger to all the domestic intrigues of its court; that I broke no promise, made either to Charles IV. or to Ferdinand VII.; that I violated no engagement with the father or the son; that I made use of no falsehoods to entice them to Bayonne, but that they both strove which should be the first to shew themselves there. When I saw them at my feet and was enabled to form a correct opinion of their total incapacity, I beheld with compassion the fate of a great people; I eagerly seized the

singular opportunity held out to us by fortune for regenerating Spain, rescuing her from the yoke of England, and intimately uniting her with our system." But if the Spanish revolution proved the ultimate ruin of Napoleon, even its commencement was no bed of roses. The Emperor declares, "that unlucky war ruined me; it divided my forces, obliged me to multiply my efforts and caused my principles to be assailed: and yet it was impossible to leave the Peninsula a prey to the machinations of the English. The intrigues, the hopes, and the pretensions of the Bourbons." The most splendid and successful Monarch of history was Napoleon, and yet these volumes bear ample testimony, that "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

We have been induced to go into this voluminous journal at such a length, on account of the great variety and still greater importance of its contents. Napoleon's style of conversation is remarkable: it is brief, sententious, full of fire, and always leading to some great result by the shortest road. His conversation is to style, what Rembrandt's style is to painting. There are no

elaborate and careful touches, but all the prominent points are seized upon and given with the utmost possible vigour. If we may be allowed the *sic parvis componere magna solebam* we should say that the very opposite to this is the style in which the Count Las Cases has composed his journal. The Count is not to Napoleon what Sully was to Henry IV. but rather what Boswell was to Dr. Johnson. However, these four volumes of the journal (two more volumes are expected from the press) contain much amusement, with an inexhaustible fund of data for the politician, and of subjects of reflection for the moralist. They will be volumes of research and of authority with the historian, who may write the eventful period of Napoleon's career; and even the superficial reader will find few works capable of affording more amusement. We must conclude, with expressing a hope that Count Las Cases, in his future volumes, will confine himself to simple narration, and not intrude upon the reader any of his own observations, or continue to expatiate upon what may fall from the Emperor.

TRANSLATION OF THE FRENCH LINES

Under the recently published Print of Mary, Queen of Scots, and her Secretary Chatelar; supposed to be the Subject of the Secretary's Song.

A Queen is mistress of my heart,
 She reigns from pole to pole;
 Those eyes as bright
 As solar light
 Are Love's two sceptres o'er the soul;
 And when towards me their flame they turn,
 My soul the fires of passion burn,
 And glow through every part.
 Happy! were it mine to reign
 Monarch of yon azure plain,
 Then might she
 Willing be,
 Nor let me sigh in vain.
 But ah! I sigh in silence now;
 Venturous to love, but not that love avow.

THE FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY AT SOMERSET HOUSE.

TRUTH compels us, however reluctantly, to commence our remarks on the exhibition of the present year, by a confession that it is, in our opinion, inferior to several which have preceded it. Far are we from denying that it contains a number of individual productions of considerable, and a few of superlative merit; but, as a whole, we own that we do not think it conveys an adequate notion of the degree of talent which we know exists in the country. Why is this? We fear that the reply would deeply implicate the national taste and feeling for the fine arts. The fact really is, that although one here and there meets with a man of rank or fortune, who is properly impressed with the intrinsic value of the productions of genius, and with their importance in every respect to a great empire, the higher classes of society in England are, generally speaking, extremely ignorant of the subject; and, of course, very insensible with regard to it. We have long been convinced that the only remedy for this evil (which is a much more serious one than an ordinary observer is aware of), would be the adoption of the judicious plan suggested some years ago by Mr. Prince Hoare; namely, the appointment of Professors of the Fine Arts in our Universities; so that a knowledge of their principles might come to be considered an indispensable part of a liberal education. The rest would follow.

The present Exhibition consists of 1131 works of various kinds. We shall confine our observations to some of those which would do honour to any collection, age, or country; and which do not require the relief which they nevertheless receive from the mass of mediocrity surrounding them.

HISTORICAL AND POETICAL.

No. 196. *Comus, with the Lady in the Enchanted Chair.* W. HILTON, R.A. — This is a delightful
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picture; equally admirable in composition, effect, and colouring. It strikes the spectator forcibly on the first view; and the impression then made is increased by contemplation. Purity, that true charm of the female character, was never more successfully depicted than in the "Lady;" unmoved as she is by the allurements of the wine-flushed Comus, and by every other incitement to a participation in the Bacchanalian revelry of the scene. The attitude of Comus is remarkably fine, and reminds us of some of the most beautiful relics of Grecian sculpture. Indeed, the whole group of figures, which is numerous, evinces the benefit Mr. Hilton now derives from the laborious study of the antique to which his early days were devoted.

No. 21. *The Solar System.* H. HOWARD, R.A. — A suitable companion to the "Pleiades," which we noticed in our last number as now adorning Sir John Leicester's Gallery. Apollo, with his lyre, sits in the centre, while the planets, most happily personified, move round the God of light, with astronomical precision, and poetical beauty. We did not before know that we were so worldly in our inclinations; but really, of all "the starry host," we were most charmed with the figures of our own "green earth," and her fair lunar attendant. The composition is eminently graceful and picturesque, and the whole affords another proof of the elegance of Mr. Howard's conceptions, and the refinement of his taste.

No. 197. *The Child exposed by Antigonus on the sea-shore found by the Shepherd.* H. THOMSON, R.A. — Mr. Thomson's pencil is full of amenity. The subjects which he chooses are invariably pleasing. Without advancing any high pretensions, the character of the present picture is very agreeable. The surprise of the Old Shepherd and his son at the discovery of the

infant Perdita, in its royal swaddling clothes, is very naturally portrayed. The child itself is beautiful, both in form and in colour. Nor must we forget the faithful dog, who forms an important part of the pyramidal composition; and who is looking on with the interest which all animals of his species take in every thing that concerns their masters.

No. 77. *The Bay of Baïæ, with Apollo and the Sybil*. J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.—A gorgeous painter's vision. We were much annoyed by a cold-blooded critic, standing near us while we were admiring this dazzling and magnificent picture; who observed that it was not natural. Natural! No, not in his limited and purblind view of nature. But perfectly natural to the man who is capable of appreciating the value of a poetical concentration of all that nature occasionally and partially discloses of the rich, the glowing, and the splendid.

No. 22. *The Dawn*. H. FUSELI, R.A.—Simple and affecting; and, if not sublime, a near approximation to it.

No. 34. *John Knox admonishing Mary, Queen of Scots, on the day when her intention to marry Darnley had been made public*. W. ALLAN.—Although we will not flatter Mr. Allan by saying that we think this picture equal to some of his former productions, we are most ready to admit and to admire its beauties; and especially the intense expression in the countenance of the fair Scottish Queen, suddenly thwarted as she is in the prosecution of her amorous intent by the remonstrances of the austere reformer. Who does not nevertheless see that all his representations will be unavailing!

No. 305. *Discovery of the Gunpowder Plot, and taking of Guy Fawkes*. H. P. BRIGGS.—There is a manly boldness and breadth in Mr. Briggs's style, both of conception and of execution. We wish we could observe his powers exerted in a more ample field, and on subjects of higher interest. He appears to us to be capable of great things, if he had encouragement to undertake them. Nothing can be finer than the figure of Sir Thomas Knevet in the present composition.

No. 427. *The Paphian Bower*. J. MARTIN. Highly characteristic of the boundless exuberance of Mr. Martin's imagination. In such a scene too, the extraordinary vividness of his colouring is quite appropriate.

No. 384. *The Lily and the Rose*. R. WESTALL, R.A.—A beautiful little specimen of this veteran artist's peculiar qualities.

FAMILIAR SUBJECTS.

No. 135. *The Parish Beadle*. D. WILKIE, R.A.—We will venture to say that Burn's Justice was never before quoted as affording the theme for a work of art! Whatever may be the gravity of Mr. Wilkie's authority, he has however made a highly entertaining picture of this exhibition of official dignity manifested towards an unfortunate group of Savoyards, with their bear, monkeys, dancing-dogs, &c. all of whom are on the point of being consigned to the parochial cage. The character of every individual in the piece, the animals, and the still-life, are all painted with extraordinary truth and minuteness of detail. Mr. Wilkie has evidently had Rembrandt in his eye, in point of effect; but, surely, the general hue of his half-tints and shadows is considerably too cold.

No. 128. *The Reconciliation*. J. P. STEPHANOFF.—The triumph of paternal affection over paternal severity, of a legitimate and permanent over an unnatural and temporary sentiment, is here most agreeably depicted. The emotion of the daughter, who is promising on her knees, "that if forgiven this once she will never do so any more," the returning love of the father, the joyful surprise of the mother, and the comparatively but not wholly tranquil observance of the bridegroom, are all interestingly displayed.

No. 13. *A Scene from the Spoiled Child. Mrs. Harlowe, Mr. Tayleure, and Miss Clara Fisher, as Miss Pickle, Tag, and Little Pickle*. G. CLINT, A.—Mr. Clint is unrivalled in dramatic subjects of a comic nature. This is one of his best productions. The resemblances are very striking, especially that of Tayleure, whose Tag is allowed by all who

have been so lucky as to see it, to be one of the most laughable performances of the present day.

No. 965. *John Gilpin*. W. F. WITHERINGTON.—Placed much too high for such a subject. It abounds with whimsicality, although, of course, the principal figure is the worthy citizen, clinging to his horse's mane, and, much against his inclination, distancing the post-boy, whom the anxiety of his spouse had dispatched in pursuit of him.

No. 272. *Shakspeare's Jubilee, with Portraits of the Performers of the Theatre-Royal Covent-Garden*. M. W. SHARP.—The crowd which surrounded it prevented us from catching more than an occasional glimpse of this elaborate and entertaining work. We saw enough, however, to convince us, that Mr. Sharp had been as felicitous as usual, especially in Charles Kemble, Young, Terry, Liston, Farren, Abbot, &c.

No. 178. *Domestic Quarrels*. T. FOSTER.—Notwithstanding the quaintness of the title, this is a very clever and finely-toned picture. It represents a servant, a man of colour, roaring out with the pain inflicted on him by a parrot, who has fastened upon his thumb. The contest between amusement and apprehension in the countenance of a child, standing by, is remarkably well expressed.

No. 289. *Portraits of Hunters*. E. LANDSEER.—One of the most beautiful little pictures in the Exhibition. The animals and figures are delightfully drawn and painted; and the back-ground is executed with a truth and spirit which few artists, even of those who have made landscape their exclusive study, could rival.

PORTRAITS.

No. 84. *Portrait of Lord Francis Conyngham*. No. 124. *Portrait of the Right Hon. the Chancellor of the Exchequer*. SIR T. LAWRENCE, P. R. A.—The gallant leader of the academical bands has by no means brought so powerful a force into the field on the present as on some former occasions. He has furnished his regular contingent in point of number, but we do not think that, generally speaking, his troops are of their usual quality. Nothing,

however, can exceed the elegance and beauty of the first of the portraits which we have quoted. The resemblance of Mr. Robinson is also very striking. In both pictures, and, indeed, in all Sir T. Lawrence's heads, the features are drawn and marked with a feeling in which this admirable artist is unrivalled.

No. 78. *Portrait of H. R. H. the Duke of York: painted by desire of the Common Council of the Town of Liverpool, for their Town-hall*. T. PHILLIPS, R. A.—In the composition and in the general arrangement of this noble picture Mr. Phillips has shown a profound knowledge of the principles of his profession. The unaffected dignity of the attitude, the masterly disposition of the drapery, and the delightful harmonious tone of colour which pervades the canvas, are all deserving of the highest admiration. We congratulate the town of Liverpool on the acquisition of so fine a specimen of modern art.

No. 207. *Portrait of the Right Hon. Lawrence Lord Dundas, as Lord Mayor of York. Painted at the request of the Corporation*. J. JACKSON, R. A.—This is one of Mr. Jackson's most successful productions. Its solidity and force render it extremely well adapted for a public hall.

No. 142. *Portrait of a Gentleman*. SIR H. RAEBURN, R. A.—A most pleasing portrait; and in the strength of its character bearing intrinsic evidence of fidelity. But why will this otherwise highly-accomplished artist adhere so tenaciously to the crude tones, which he delights to introduce into his back-grounds? We fear that he does not avail himself of one of the principal advantages of the Exhibition, that of enabling painters to compare themselves with one another.

No. 131. *Portrait of H. R. H. the Duke of York*. D. WILKIE, R. A.—With the single exception of the remark, that truth compelled us to make on Mr. Wilkie's "Parish Beadle;" namely, that the general hue of the half-tints and shadows is too cold, our praise of this beautiful little work must be wholly unalloyed. The resemblance is perfect. This is really a delightful way of painting portraits, but it must be

attended with much difficulty and labour. There can be no doubt that Mr. Wilkie might have as many sitters as he chose to receive, but we own that we should regret to see him put his "unhoused free condition" into "circumscription and confine;" we should regret to see him exchange the liberty and independence of his usual line of art, for the constraint and exposure to every description of folly, affectation, and caprice, which the practice of portrait-painting would inevitably inflict upon him.

No. 1. *Portrait of Judge Best*. No. 261. *L'Improvisatrice*. H. W. PICKERSGILL, A.—Mr. Pickersgill has been for some years steadily advancing to a high rank in his profession. His head of Judge Best is firm and characteristic; that of *L'Improvisatrice* possesses the much rarer qualities of feminine grace and delicacy.

No. 370. *Portrait of Sir James Mackintosh, Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow*. C. SMITH.—As the University of Glasgow did itself great honour by the election of this eminent individual to its highest office, so has Mr. Smith done himself great honour by this masculine portrait, which yields, in resemblance, and in many other valuable properties, to no work in the Exhibition.

No. 311. *Portrait of a Cadet in the Hon. East India Company's service*. R. R. REINAGLE, R.A. Elect.—There is great nature in this finely drawn face. It is surprising how so powerful a relief can have been effected by nice discriminations of tone, with scarcely any shadow.

No. 284. *Portrait of a Gentleman*. MRS. W. CARPENTER.—It is not gallantry, "though peradventure we stand accountants for as great a sin," but truth which compels us to say that this lady's portraits ought to put many male artists to the blush. Among other excellent qualities, they are distinguished by the mellowness of the tints, and a constant attention to the harmony of the general effect. The resemblance of the present portrait is extremely happy.

LANDSCAPE.

No. 158. *Dutch Market-boats. Rotterdam*. A. W. CALLCOTT, R.A.—Although we were disappointed

at not finding a larger work by Mr. Callcott in the Exhibition, it would be extremely ungrateful were we not to express the gratification we received from this comparatively small picture; which is one of the brightest stars of the constellation. There is no artist who appears more aware than Mr. Callcott of the value of the introduction of a small quantity of positive colour, surrounded by a mass of hazy neutral tint. Perhaps this principle is pushed to excess in the work under our consideration. The fore-ground and the extreme distance charmed us; and it is with great diffidence we ask whether portions of the middle distance might not advantageously receive an increase of strength.

No. 438. *Walmer Castle, a Seat of the Earl of Liverpool*. W. COLLINS, R.A.—Of three beautiful landscapes by Mr. Collins, in the present Exhibition, "*Walmer Castle*" is our favourite. The sunniness of the lights, and the flatness and transparency of the shadows rival nature herself.

No. 59. *Salisbury Cathedral, from the Bishop's Grounds*. J. CONSTABLE, A.—One of the best specimens that we have seen of the peculiarities of Mr. Constable's style. The freshness and truth of the tones are inimitable.

No. 373. *Windsor Castle*. S. W. REYNOLDS, Senior.—Grandly composed, and painted with great vigour.

No. 208. *Hampstead Heath. Harrow in the distance*. W. LINTON.—Why do the academicians permit any picture, much more a clever picture, as this evidently is, to be so placed? It is merely exposing the artist to severe and undeserved mortification.

No. 245. *The great Cavern of the Peak of Derbyshire, and the ancient Castle of the Peverils*. T. C. HURLAND.—A beautiful little picture; and interesting in every respect.

Our limits compel us to conclude for the present. We regret that we are unable to mention many other works of considerable merit; especially by Shee, Beechey, Stothard, Cooper, Daniel, Green, Arnold, Linnell, Eastlake, Dagley, Joseph, Clover, Hobday, Jones, &c. &c. In our next we intend to make a few observations on the room of sculpture, as well as on the drawings, miniatures and enamels.

THE NINETEENTH EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN
WATER COLOURS.

We congratulate the Society on taking possession of their new room in Pall Mall, East; and wish they may enjoy many years of prosperity in it. It is a noble and well-proportioned apartment, and the light (the excess of which is moderated by an ingeniously constructed blind,) is equally diffused over the walls. The effect on entrance is remarkably pleasing. Whoever may have been entrusted with the hanging of the drawings, they have executed their task with great skill and judgment. We never witnessed a better arrangement.

However foreign countries may compete with us in all the other branches of the Fine Arts, to any thing like an approach to our water-colour drawings, they have not the slightest pretension whatever. The present state of that art is entirely the creation of British taste and genius. Our water-colour drawings now possess a power, a vigour, a spirit, and a richness of effect, which make them in most respects rival, and in some excel the productions of the easel. With as much depth and solidity as pictures in oil, they have a great deal more brightness and clearness; and in the aerial flatness and delicacy of distances, (a matter of the highest importance in landscape,) they are infinitely superior. How far they may yield in durability we do not know; but we believe that great improvements, the result of the advance of chemical knowledge, have recently taken place in the preparation of water-colours; so as to insure to them at least a nearer approximation to permanence than they have hitherto possessed; and it must not be forgotten that the viscid materials, used to bind them, are much more pure and much less liable to change than the ingredients, which enter into the composition of the megelp of the oil-painter.

The present Exhibition consists of 303 drawings; the contribution of twenty Members of the Society and twelve Associate Exhibitors. Of all these works there really is not one (for we have gone carefully

through the whole number,) which does not manifest more or less merit; although certainly the most striking are the productions of Messrs. Barrett, Fielding, Robson, Cristall, Richter, Prout, Cox, Hills, Turner, Stephanoff, Varley, Harding, &c.—We must content ourselves with noticing a few of the most prominent; as they occur in order in the catalogue.

No. 9. *Cotton Spinning, Luss, Lock Lomond, North Britain.* J. CRISTALL.—The beautiful countenance and the unaffected grace of this young female peasant are bewitching. We are aware of the frequency of "Sandy Locks" in Scotland; but are not the tones of the hair and those of the blue dress a little too harshly opposed?

No. 13. *Sheep.* R. HILLS.—There is probably no man living who has made so many and such careful studies of animals as Mr. Hills. The consequence is, that, even in the most difficult positions, he is enabled to delineate them with the utmost accuracy, and to impart to every sub-division of a species its distinguishing character. But this is an admirable drawing in all respects. The back-ground, with regard both to the landscape and to the figures, is very happily managed.

No. 14. *Twilight.* G. BARRETT.—Full of truth and beauty, to which qualities the long unbroken continuity of the horizon adds grandeur.

No. 16. *Peter Boat on the Thames, above Westminster Bridge.* D. COX.—A rich sparkling little drawing.

No. 18. *Evening.* G. BARRETT.—Nothing can exceed the sweetness, harmony and chastened warmth of the distance and middle distance. The fore-ground appears to us to be rather too fluttering.

No. 23. *Stag and Hind.* R. HILLS.—The dauntless air of the hero of the mountains, broken in upon as he is in his romantic retirement, well contrasts with the timid expression of his fair one. The surrounding scenery is highly appropriate.

No. 28. *Maline, Flanders.* S. PROUT.—Mr. Prout's style is well

suit to these subjects; on which the clearness and transparency of his tints pours the full light of the sun. His handling also communicates extraordinary richness to the details of picturesque buildings. If Mr. Prout is a little liable to the imputation of being a mannerist, it cannot be denied that his manner is very masterly, and could be successfully adopted by no one who is not as thoroughly conversant as himself with the principles of the art.

No. 35. *Retirement.* G. BARRETT.—A noble composition and of extraordinary magnitude. The effect is solemn and impressive in the highest degree. Who would not love to wander and meditate in such a scene?

No. 40. *View of the South Downs and Bramber Castle, Sussex.* COPLEY FIELDING.—To a thorough knowledge of nature, Mr. Fielding adds an unrivalled dexterity of execution. Let any one who may look at this beautiful drawing, minutely examine its details; and if he have any acquaintance with the practice of water-colour drawing, they will amuse and gratify, and peradventure puzzle him. In every respect it is one of the finest things in the Exhibition.

No. 53. *The Trout Stream.* J. D. HARDING.—The tones of this able and powerful drawing are singularly deep and mellow.

No. 81. *Receiving Ships. Portsmouth.* S. PROUT.—There is no artist of the present day, one alone

excepted, who can convey so complete a notion of the immensity of these monsters of the deep as Mr. Prout. The coppery hues in which he delights are also admirably suited to them; and give a perfect idea of their rust and decay.

No. 91. *Ferry from Eton to Windsor, during the re-building of the Bridge which was taken down in 1822.* H. GASTINEAU.—A solid and excellent drawing; replete with variety.

No. 92. *Solitude. A Scene in the Interior range of the Grampian Mountains, on the Banks of Loch Avon. Aberdeenshire.* G. F. ROBSON.—A most masterly drawing; grandly composed in point of form, powerful in effect, vivid in colour, and abounding in all the rich haziness of Mr. Robson's peculiar style. So well does the sentiment correspond with the title, that we believe if ten persons were asked what Mr. Robson intended to represent, nine of them would immediately reply, "Solitude." Can there be higher praise?

No. 101. *Harlech Castle. Sunset.* COPLEY FIELDING.—We cannot better describe this pleasing drawing than by using the words of the quotation in the catalogue:—

"The shifting clouds
Assembled gay, a richly gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his setting
throne."

(To be continued.)

MR. GLOVER'S EXHIBITION OF OIL AND WATER-COLOUR PAINTINGS.

We believe that this is the fourth year that the veteran Glover, with his single unaided strength (for the presence in the Exhibition of two or three works by his son, and by one of his pupils, can hardly be said to contradict the assertion) has maintained a contest like that of Dr. Johnson, in his dictionary, with the forty academicians of France; and, besides the gratification with which he has furnished the lovers of the arts, has afforded a fine moral lesson in the exemplification of what may be achieved by courage and perseverance.

Although it would be extremely

unreasonable to expect to find in Mr. Glover's rooms the diversity of an Exhibition, to the formation of which a number of artists of different styles have contributed; they who have not seen the century of drawings and pictures of which his present collection is composed (above a fourth of which appear to be new introductions) can scarcely anticipate the agreeable variety which, by a selection of opposite subjects, treated in manners as dissimilar as the habits of a long-disciplined pencil would permit, Mr. Glover has contrived to produce. The general characteristic of Mr. Glover's style,

however, is simple truth. He seldom aims at extraordinary effects, either of composition, chiaro-scuro, or colour; content with the beauties of nature in her every-day appearances. In his distances and middle-distances, and especially in the representation of a sunbeam, partially illuminating a small portion of the remote landscape, Mr. Glover is pre-eminently successful; and, indeed, at times his works are, in the latter respect, absolutely deceptive.

The pictures in the present collection with which we were the most struck, and every one of which is an admirable specimen of Mr. Glover's peculiar powers, are,—No. 40. *Loch Katrine, and Benn Venner, Scotland*; No. 66. *Worksworth, near Matlock, Derbyshire*; No. 76. *Sutton Castle, near Whitby, Yorkshire*; No. 78. *View between Bangor and Capel Cerrig, North Wales*; No. 86. *View in Dovedale, Derbyshire*.

THE PANORAMA, LEICESTER SQUARE.*

Of the various Exhibitions connected with the Fine Arts, which are at the present season of the year opened to the public, the Panorama has always appeared to us to be one of the most interesting. It is really a delightful thing to be suddenly transported to a foreign capital, or placed in the midst of a novel and magnificent spectacle; and all "at the trifling charge of one shilling."

To those who had not an opportunity of seeing the Coronation in July, 1821, the Panorama will prove a very gratifying sight; and even they, who witnessed that gorgeous ceremony, will not be displeased to feel the impression which it must have made upon them at the time very forcibly recalled. The spectators are supposed to be in the Central Pavilion, as it was termed; an extensive range of galleries, erected in the garden of Parliament Square. This point was the most favourable that could be selected, as it embraced nearly the whole of the platform on which the procession moved; and a great portion of it turning round the Central Pavilion, an opportunity was afforded of giving a near view of the most interesting part of the splendid pageant, combined with the surrounding buildings and galleries, faithfully copied in all their ornamental variety.

The period exhibited is the return from Westminster Abbey to the Hall, after the religious part of the ceremony was completed, when his Majesty appeared in the full costume of royalty, wearing the magnificent crown of state, expressly made for the occasion. The scene at that time was particularly grand, as the galleries were more numerous attended than at the early part of the day; and, as the King approached, the company in them rose, demonstrating their loyalty by loud and repeated acclamations, the gentlemen uncovered, and the ladies waving their white handkerchiefs; the whole forming the most imposing spectacle that can be imagined.

The execution of the painting is very masterly, especially in the neighbourhood of the Royal Canopy, on the figures before and about which, as well as on the venerable Abbey in the back-ground, the artist has evidently exhausted all his efforts. We beg leave to advise those of our readers who mean to visit this interesting Exhibition, to choose a fine morning for that purpose, as the effect of the splendid costumes, as well as of the various gay decorations of the scene, is considerably heightened by the brightness of sunlight.

* In our number for March, (page 247) we inadvertently followed a French account, and conferred the honour of the invention of the Panorama on M. Prevost. We are now better informed, and willingly correct the mistake. The merit of that invention is due to the late Mr. Robert Barker, an Englishman, for which he took out a patent; and it was not till some years after his representations had been exhibited in London that any such establishment was formed on the continent. Indeed, the first Panorama ever seen there was one of London, painted by Mr. Barker, and sold to a person who took it over to France on speculation.

MODEL OF PALESTINE.

Passing along Adam-street, in the Adelphi, the other day, our attention was attracted by a placard announcing the Exhibition of an embossed model of Palestine, or the Holy Land. It is a very ingenious production, being a parallelogram of about twenty feet by ten, on which are represented, in relief, and distinctively tinted, the principal features of the Holy Land, and the different places connected with Scripture history, and with the most prominent circumstances recorded in the Old and New Testaments.

Palestine, or the Holy Land, which is unquestionably the most remarkable country upon the face of the earth, is, as our readers know, the Southern district of Syria; having on the North, Mount Libanus; on the South, Mount Seir, and the Desert of Pharan, in Arabia; on the East, Mount Hermon and Gilead, with Arabia Deserta; and on the West, the Mediterranean Sea. It has, at successive periods, borne the

appellation of Canaan, the Promised Land, Palestine, Judea, and the Holy Land. After the Babylonish captivity, it became successively subject to Persia, to Macedonia, to Syria, to Egypt, to Rome, to the Ottoman Turks, to the Seljubian Turks, to the Crusaders of Europe, to the Saracens, and eventually again to the Ottoman Turks, under whose barbarous dominion it has remained for above three centuries.

To the serious and devout this model will be a source of deep interest. It is impossible to contemplate it without strongly feeling, as the detailed and well-composed description, sold in the room, expresses it, "the contrast of magnificence and desolation, of holiness and depravity, of which this portion of the earth presents an example so forcible and gloomy."

In the same place is a similar model, in the shape of a circle of about ten or twelve feet in diameter, of the Northern Polar Regions.

THE GALLERY OF RAPHAEL.

THERE are now exhibiting at Mr. Cauty's Great Rooms, No. 80½, Pall Mall, copies in water colours, executed by Monsieur de Meulemeester, a foreign artist of eminence, from the celebrated paintings in *fresco* by Raphael, in the "Loggia" of the Vatican Palace at Rome. The originals, which contain illustrations of the most sublime events of Holy Writ, have long been the admiration of the world; they occupied Raphael, aided by the most eminent artists of Italy, during the Pontificates of Julius II. and Leo X., and are magnificent examples of their patronage of the Fine Arts, while they establish the claim of the artist to the eulogium of the poet,

"Unrivalled master of the realms of grace."

We have not room to particularize the merit of the copies now exhibiting; they occupied the artist twelve years, and are in all their details

minute representations of the originals, reduced to one-ninth of the superficies in size; they are the more valuable as being the only complete copies, extant, of a series of paintings, now from accidental causes connected with their situation, fast hastening into decay. The conception and imagination, which the composition of these great works disclose, can only be estimated here by an inspection of the copies; there is no variety of attitude or expression, which taste of the highest order could invent or combine, that these works do not exhibit. The water-colour drawings now exhibiting are beautiful specimens of M. de Meulemeester's skill in that department of art. We are not so selfish as to desire that an interesting branch of art, brought to great perfection, indeed invented in England, should be confined to this country, but are always glad to see, both in arts and manufactures, the spirit of improvement universally diffused.

INTELLIGENCE RELATIVE TO THE FINE ARTS.

THE gallery of Paintings and Engravings at the Imperial Hermitage of Petersburg consists of more than 4,000 paintings, and 30,000 engravings. Among the paintings most admired are two by Paul Potter, which the Emperor Alexander purchased for 40,000 roubles when he was in Paris in 1814. This gallery has just been increased by a collection of the portraits of celebrated Russian Generals, painted by Dow, an English artist. This collection will consist of about 200 portraits, for each of which the artist is to receive about 1,000 roubles.

We should be deficient in our duty as superintendents of the Fine Arts, if we were to omit noticing a painting lately executed by Monsieur Fradelle, of which the subject is Mary, Queen of Scots, listening to the strains of her Secretary Chastelar, who is playing to her on the guitar. The story of this secretary as a favourite of the ill-starred Queen is sufficiently known. The chief merit of the picture is in the exquisite expression given to the countenances of the two characters, but particularly to that of the Queen, whose eyes dart from beneath their arched canopy at once a suppressed and most impassioned glance, mingled with a pensive tenderness finely thrown over her cheeks. On his part, the gesture of a person playing on the guitar is successfully portrayed, while the raising of his eyes and the inclination of his head intimate a deep feeling of interest in the subject of his song. The posture of both is suitably imagined; the minstrel leans gently over his instrument, resting on his knee; and the Queen, in a half-melting and half suffocating fulness of delight, reclines on the back of her chair, in an attitude that displays to the best advantage her fine form. With one hand she supports her fair cheek, while the other, holding a closed book, reposes languishingly on her lap. A pot of beautiful flowers stands by her on the table, in which the lily in particular droops with most expressive sadness. There is in this

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picture a peculiarity in its design highly favourable to its effect. —The engraving is the production of Mr. Say, Engraver to the Duke of York.

Mr. Bewick has in progress a large work which will be ready for exhibition next spring; the subject of the picture is, David bearing the head of Goliath to King Saul; and the principal figures are larger than life.

Exhibition of Mythological Paintings. By Professor Reina.—This collection is the production of one foreign artist, and is now open to the public at No. 56, Pall Mall; as we shall give a detailed criticism of these paintings in our next number, we shall at present confine ourselves to an enumeration of the subjects, which are sufficiently interesting to excite and gratify the curiosity of the public: *The Holy Family*, a copy from the St. Jerome of Correggio; *A Pastoral*; *June at her Toilet*; *The Infernal Judgment*; *The Scourging of Christ*; *The Assemblage of Beauties before Venus, Love and Paris*; *The Market of Souls*; *Sappho and Phoon*; *The Net of Love*; *The Burning of Troy*; *The Rival of Love*.

Mr. Muss is at present engaged on several works of considerable importance; a highly finished enamel and other works for that distinguished patron of the Fine Arts H. P. Hope, Esq.; two splendid stained-glass Windows for Watts Russell, Esq., one of which is after the celebrated picture of the Ascension of the Virgin, by Guido, in the possession of Watson Taylor, Esq.; a splendid stained-glass Window for the Catholic Chapel building at Richmond, by Mrs. Doughty; a stained-glass Window for St. Bride's Church, Fleet-street, after the Descent from the Cross, by Rubens; a stained ornamental Window for St. Andrew's Undershaft, in St. Mary Axe; an enamel of Sir Francis Baring, after Sir Thomas Lawrence, &c. &c.

Mr. Martin is now studying his picture of the Fall of Niueveh, or the Death of Sardanapalus, which is expected to surpass his Belshazzar's Feast.

LONDON REVIEW

OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS,

Foreign and Domestic.

QUID SIT PULCHRUM, QUID TURPE, QUID UTILE, QUID NON.

FOREIGN BOOKS.

Histoire abrégée de la vie et des exploits de Jeanne d'Arc.

An abridged History of the Life and Actions of Joan of Arc, surnamed the Maid of Orleans; with a description of the Monument erected to her Memory at Domremy, also of the Cottage where this Heroine was born, and the Old Things it contains, and the Feast of Inauguration celebrated on the 10th of September, 1820. By M. Jollois.

THE ancients, grateful to the heroes whose valour delivered their country from a foreign yoke, raised altars to their memory, and placed their illustrious defenders far above the weakness of humanity by exalting them to the rank of demi-gods. A purer faith does not allow to the moderns these profane apotheoses; but at least they may commemorate noble actions by erecting monuments, the sight of which may lead the spectator to emulate the great services rendered to a state which knows so well how to reward great deeds, accomplished for its glory and safety.

These thoughts must occur to the mind on perusing this excellent work, which contains an account of the monument erected in honour of Joan of Arc, at Douremy, her native place.

The descendant of the King Charles, whose crown was saved by this heroic female, caused this monument to be erected to her memory. A fountain, with a quadrangular base, is built upon the borders of the Meuse, in the middle of a public place, and embellished by a plantation of poplars. This fountain has four separate pilasters, surmounted by an entablature and double pe-

diment; in the middle of this building is a cippus, on which stands the bust of Joan of Arc. Such a monument as this perfectly agrees with the character of this heroine; simple and austere in her life, and pure in her manners as the clear waters that wash the foot of the modest temple consecrated to her glory. The inscription upon the frieze is in harmony with the general effect of the edifice, and the thoughts it gives rise to; it contains these words: "To the memory of Joan of Arc." The heart of every Frenchman who reads these words will add, "To the memory of her who broke the English yoke, and recalled victory to the French banner."

The inauguration of the monument took place on the 10th September, 1820, before the deputations of the towns of Nancy, Toul, Commercy, and Vaucouleurs; the national guards of the neighbouring towns; the prefect and the counsel general of the department of Vosges; a deputation from the city of Orleans, which was delivered by Joan, surnamed by the French the "*Maid of Orleans*;" and a vast concourse of people from the adjacent towns and villages; having the appearance of a national assembly, or those festivals celebrated by the ancients in honor of great actions and high virtues. Crowns were placed on the brow of the virgin of Vaucouleurs by young girls from Dreux and Douremy, dressed in white, and by their innocence and rustic simplicity recalling to remembrance that the heroine, whose war-like exploits they celebrated, had been like themselves a country girl, and employed in the humble station of a shepherdess.

After an appropriate speech de-

livered by the Prefect of the department of Vosges, the Mayor of Orleans in few words delivered the purport of his journey, and his opinion upon it. Then the Duke of Choiseul-Stainville, a Peer of France, made a speech, in which he said, "During the last invasion of France by hordes of Foreigners, these strangers were surprised that a country *so fertile in heroes** should not then produce one to show them the road they had so often taken—that of retreat and flight; they went under arms to Domremy, to contemplate all that remained of the habitation of her who, though only a simple shepherdess, had driven their predecessors from before her; and foreign princes, uncovering their proud heads, bowed before the statue of this humble heroine. A Prussian Count even dared to ask the proprietor of the ancient habitation of Joan of Arc to sell him the statue preserved there; upon a refusal he offered to buy the whole house, but the stranger's gold could not corrupt him; he preserved for his country a monument of glory and immortality. Gerardin was the name of this Frenchman who refused 6,000 francs from the Prussian, and was satisfied with 2,500 francs given him by the Counsel-general of the department of Vosges, that the house of Joan of Arc might become national property. The King, pleased at this noble and disinterested action of Gerardin, conferred on him the Cross of the Legion of Honour. Soon after the King gave 12,000 francs towards the erection of a monument to Joan of Arc, 8,000 francs to found a free-school for the instruction of the young women of Domremy, Dreux, and the surrounding villages, and also a capital of 8,000 francs, producing 400 francs a year, for the maintenance of a sister of charity to superintend the school. The King likewise gave the marble bust which decorates the monument, and ordered M. Laurent, who, as well as Joan, was born in the department of Vosges, to paint a picture to

ornament the interior of the paternal house of this female warrior.

It was certainly a noble and praiseworthy action to establish for poor children a royal school on the very spot where a daughter of the poor was raised up to save the monarchy, by expelling the foreign power from the territory which it sullied by its usurpation and influence.

There are in M. Jollois's work some curious and interesting details on the antiquities, more or less preserved, which still embellish the house of Joan of Arc, and the restorations going on to prevent further dilapidation. This history will be as much read for the interest of the subject as for the talent of the writer. M. Jollois's style is grave and simple as becomes an historian. Amongst the number of the vouchers published at the end of the narration are all the official documents relative to that infamous trial and horrible death ordered by a Pontiff, in the name of a God of peace, love, and mercy, actuated by the vilest sentiments that can dishonour the heart of man.

M. Jollois also gives a description of the monument just erected, of the house of Joan of Arc, and the festival celebrated to inaugurate the monument.

The work is accompanied by eleven copper-plates, designed with taste and carefully engraved, preceded by a frontispiece representing the bust of Joan, crowned by France. This noble and graceful composition is by M. Lafitte, artist to the King; a figure representing France with her brow encircled by a crown of laurels, places a similar one upon the bust of Joan; a winged genius standing behind France bears the sacred standard that guided the warrior to battle; another genius seated on the pedestal upon which the bust is placed, supported by a shield, holds in one hand the sword that saved France, and with the other points to the chains and remains of the funeral pile, strewed upon the earth. The trunk of a column, raised upon a

* French modesty.—Ed.

base, bears the names of the places signalized by the exploits of Joan : *Orleans, Gergeau, Beaugency, Troyes, and Rheims*. The first plate represents the topographical plan of the village of Domremy and its environs ; in the second plate is a view of the village and valley of the Meuse where it is situated ; the third is the entry to Joan's house, and the church ; the fourth is the general view of the church and monument ; the fifth contains a geometrical plan of the house and the habitations surrounding it ; also a correct copy of the sculptures, statue, and inscriptions formerly placed over Gerardin's door, and which are still visible ; the sixth plate represents the general plan of the monument, the school, and the house of Joan of Arc ; the seventh, which is one of the finest in the collection, is a perspective of the monument, surrounded by overshadowing poplars, and in the distance is seen the Meuse, and the mountains rising on each side of the valley through which the river runs ; the eighth is the geometrical plan and elevation of the monument ; the ninth represents, on a large scale, an interior and exterior view of the house ; the tenth is the plan, elevation, and cupola of the school of Mutual Instruction, instituted at Domremy ; the last plate is a view of the place at the time of the inauguration of the monument.

The work we have just given an account of deserves, for the beauty of its typographical execution, to be placed in every library by the side of the most expensive works ; and for the subject it treats of, by the side of those books which revive in every generous mind the most glorious recollections.

Nachrichten über den jetzigen Zustand der Evangelischen in Ungarn.

State of the Protestants in Hungary.
By Gregory de Berzeviczy, 8vo.
Leipsick, 1822.

The Catholic and Protestant religions are in directly opposite situations in Hungary and Great Britain :

here the Catholics are oppressed, and the English clergy prevent their emancipation ; in Hungary the Protestants are oppressed by the Catholic clergy. In both countries the oppressed address, in vain, petitions to the government ; their petitions fall into the hands of men who, through ignorance, fanaticism, or interest, are resolved to listen to no demand of this kind, however just.

But in England the constitution protects every subject ; and, though less favourable to the Catholic than the Protestant, maintains, in some degree, the rights of each. Hungary has her constitution also, but what a difference between the national representations of the two countries ! In the two English Houses of Parliament there are generous voices always ready to speak in favour of misfortune, which also finds a powerful support in public opinion. In the Hungarian diet, prelates, richly endowed, intolerant, and unenlightened, exercise a preponderating influence ; the nobles coincide with the prelates, and if the Protestants address themselves to the ministers at Vienna, they are sure to find prelates, nobles, monks, and chiefs, to receive their complaints with indifference.

The Catholic clergy are indefatigable in Hungary in persecuting the unhappy Protestants, who uselessly invoke the edict of toleration promulgated by the Emperor Joseph II. and the constitution which secures the liberty of conscience. If a Protestant and Catholic marry they are almost compelled to educate their children in the Catholic faith ; intolerant priests oppose the interment of Protestants in Catholic burying grounds, and brand them with the name of heretics. When a father, for reasons best known to himself, embraces the prevailing religion, his children are forced to imitate his example ; and, if they refuse, means are used similar to those practised by Louis IV. who made converts by the help of his dragoons.

Priests are seen, accompanied by the police, surrounding dying men, to prevent them from receiving the consolatory aid of their evangelical pastors. M. de Berzeviczy, an Hungarian landholder, relates these facts,

and says, that this persecution assumes now a *jesuitical character*; particularly since the government, to prevent the young Hungarians from frequenting the excellent German Universities, has founded, or pretended to found, two Protestant Universities in Hungary. Proselytism penetrates even into public instruction, and the author fears there is an intention to destroy, if possible, the evangelical church in Hungary.

He maintains that in the other Austrian States, where the Emperor is absolute, the Protestants are less tormented than in Hungary,

where his power is limited by the constitution. It will be asked how the author dared to reveal these truths: it will be seen by the title that his work appeared at Leipsic, and we have since learnt that it was not published till after his death. M. de Berzeviczy died in February, 1822; he was the author of two other works upon Hungary, *De commercio et industria Hungariæ*. Published at Leutchau in 1797, and *De indole et conditione Rusticorum in Hungaria*, without date, in 8vo. and also two German works upon the commerce of Europe.

ENGLISH BOOKS.

Fables for the Holy Alliance.—Rhymes on the Road, &c. By Thomas Brown, the Younger. 12mo, pp. 198. London, 1823.

It is so foreign to our habits to review any party or even political work, unless it relates to general principles of political science, or unless it involves facts and questions which may effect our national history, that we cannot review the volume now before us, or notice it otherwise than in very general terms. The fables display a rich vein of light satire, and they exhibit great vivacity of manner, with considerable brilliancy of imagination. The union of these qualities, with the mellifluous nature of the verse, clearly points out the real author of the volume. We run no risk of error in pronouncing that there is but one poet now living who could have composed either these Fables, or the "Rhymes on the Road." Some of them are in this eminent author's best style; and although the wit and elegance of the volume cannot fail to render the work a source of amusement to even the most illiberal of the opposite party, we cannot ourselves but regret, that such high qualities of the poetic temperament should be devoted to any subject so ephemeral in its nature, or so partial in its application. A poet like Mr. — should write for posterity and for mankind. It is evident that the old latin adage, *non generant aquilæ columbas*, is not always true.

The Naval History of Great Britain from the year 1783 to 1822. By Edward Pelham Brenton, Esq. Captain in the Royal Navy. 4 vols. 8vo. London, 1823.

A work like that which we have now the pleasure of noticing may obviously be intended either to excite the bravery and emulation of future naval officers, or may be designed to afford to the general reader that strong degree of interest which men always take in authentic histories of personal bravery and adventure; it may even assume a higher character, exhibiting the whole science of naval warfare, with the effect of naval operations upon the security and prosperity of kingdoms, and upon the international policy of the civilized world. These three objects of a naval history are by no means incompatible, and accordingly Captain Brenton has endeavoured to unite them in the work which he has now presented to the public. This gentleman from his professional experience, from his opportunities of arriving at many facts by his acquaintance with the actors in the scenes he describes, and from his access to the papers of, excepting one, the greatest naval characters, has been able to produce an invaluable work, combining the most lively and intense amusement with much of information most important to every class of readers.

We think Captain Brenton what may be called pretty fair, generally speaking, in his strictures upon

naval characters and events; but we look sometimes in vain for those strong terms of reprobation with which, as an historian and a patriot, he ought to brand many of those individuals, who, during the American and the succeeding wars, were lamentably deficient in their professional zeal or courage; nor does he sufficiently stigmatize that scandalous perversion of principle, which, within the period of his history, was but too often displayed by the executive government to the great injury of our country. On this principle we read his account of the naval campaign in the Channel, in 1794, with diminished satisfaction. Surely something strong should have been said of the Captain of the *Cesar*, of the spirited and patriotic Major of marines, who brought him to a court-martial, and of the highly reprehensible conduct of the administration in shielding the guilty, or at least in negatively oppressing the guiltless. From personal and professional knowledge we can venture to say, that the conduct of the Rear-Admiral in not intercepting the return ships into Brest, after the battle of the first of June, might have been more strongly stated. Surely some term of horror might have been expressed at the treatment of the crew of the *Hermione*, as well as upon the needless severity of executing the mutineers so long after a crime to which they had been stimulated by such dreadful ill usage. The dignity of history is rather sunk by the social mention of surnames, without the rank or christian names of the parties. Some parts of the history might, we apprehend, be curtailed with advantage.

But the merits of the work are very considerable, and the interest which a perusal of it excites is intense and varied. To support our opinion we need but refer to the account of the mutinies of the *Bounty* and *Hermione*, and of the general mutiny of the navy, of the actions between the *Nymph* and *Cleopatra*, or of the *Ruse de Guerre* so admirably practised by Captain Hood in the *June*.

Our limits prevent our entering at any length into Captain Brenton's views of continental affairs, and of

the general policy of Great Britain, and we, therefore, conclude our review by bearing testimony to the merit with which this gentleman has recorded the history of his profession, during the most eventful period of our national existence.

Description of the Ruins of an ancient City, discovered near Palenque, in Guatemala, in Spanish America. Translated from the Spanish. 4to. pp. 128. London, 1823.

This work is dedicated, with permission, to Lord Holland, a nobleman so distinguished in literature in general, and particularly in the literature of Spain, that the prefixure of his name is a sufficient guarantee for the authenticity of the original Spanish documents, of which this work professes to be a translation; and the critic is, therefore, left only to the task of examining into the nature of these ruins, and into the sagacity of the speculations that have been formed upon their discovery.

Guatemala is a narrow mountainous tract of country, about 100 miles broad, and 400 miles long, situated on the western shores of the Isthmus of Darien, and consequently washed by the Pacific Ocean. It is very subject to earthquakes, and the capital of the province was destroyed by these convulsions of nature in 1751, and again in 1773, when the Spanish government built a capital, about twenty-five miles distant from the site of the former city.

Several ruins having been reported to exist near Palenque, a city on the Isthmus, and on the Micol, a river emptying itself into the Bay of Campeche, the Cabinet of Madrid, on the 15th May, 1786, issued an order for the exploring of these objects of antiquarian research, and the execution of these instructions were intrusted to a Captain Antonio del Rio, of whose report to government on the subject we have now a literal translation.

Captain del Rio found a line of road extending half a league, and covered with ruins, at the extremity of which, on an elevation, were situated the remains of fourteen stone houses, the most dilapidated of which were sufficiently perfect to

have their apartments discernable. The most considerable of these buildings stands in a rectangular area of 450 yards by 300, and on a mound twenty yards high; it is surrounded by the remaining thirteen ruins. The fragments of stone buildings viewed from this spot extend in a line E. and W. near eight leagues, and from N. to S. not more than half a league. Under the chief building are the remains of a subterranean stone aqueduct of great solidity, and at a distance of twenty leagues to the South are similar ruins, in one of which the friezes, with statues and figures in relief, are still in good preservation; eight leagues to the North are other extensive ruins, and the whole line of country, on the interior borders of Campeche, bears evident marks of former population by a people advanced in civilization. But the principal building near Palenque is an architecture rude and massive, and resembling the gothic. The entrance on the East is by a portico thirty-six yards long and three broad, supported by rectangular pillars, or rather isolated pilasters, without base or pedestal, with massive architraves, ornamented by a species of shield, and over this architrave, between two of the pilasters, there is extant a frieze of five feet long by six broad. Between the windows, some of which are square and others in the form of a Greek cross, are medallions containing heads and other devices. Beyond the portico is a square court, entered by seven steps, and on the south side of which are remaining four small chambers without ornament. There is another court and a tower of sixteen yards high, with an interior tower and a flight of steps leading to the summit. There are very numerous devices on various parts of the building, all in relief, and generally in *medio relievo*, many of them grotesque and therefore probably intended to represent their deities. The blocks of stone composing the building were generally very large, being sometimes seven or eight feet long by about four feet broad. A second building examined by Captain del Rio had a saloon of sixty feet long by ten feet broad, orna-

mented by stucco figures of females with children in their arms, in demi-relief. All these fourteen buildings were of great similarity in their architecture, and analogous in the arrangement and distribution of their compartments. Captain del Rio indulges in very little conjecture, and broaches no theory or hypothesis relating to his discoveries, but has confined himself simply to reporting facts, and giving literal and linear descriptions of these vestiges of antiquity.

Captain del Rio's report is dated June 21, 1787, and in 1794, a Doctor Paul Felix Cabrera, of the city of New Guatemala, published a treatise on these discoveries of the Spanish officer, in which he endeavours to prove a connexion anciently existing between the Americans and the Egyptians, and other people of our hemisphere. Our Spanish doctor, like all theorists, has no notion of stopping half way in his ocean of deductions; for he not only tells us that he has solved the grand problem of the aborigines, or first population of America, but he informs us who were the first inhabitants of Mexico, and precisely when they first arrived, &c. &c. Virgil tells us, "*Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas*," and if he speaks truth, the antiquaries must be a most happy class of gentlemen, for no objects of antiquity can be discovered that dozens of causes do not follow in rapid succession, and, although contradictory, the greater part of them are always given in the *ex cathedrâ* form.

Doctor Cabrera is a faithful Catholic, but he thinks it consistent to give us a broad assertion (page 26), that the scriptures are a "record of superstitions, idolatries, and other errors repugnant to true religion." Now, with Hamlet, "we hold it not honesty to have it thus set down," and least of all by one possessing the degree of doctor. Following this assertion we have pages of reasoning too contemptible for us to notice; and although the problem of the first population of America has been declared by the greatest authors to be a mere theory, elucidated by no histories, manuscripts, nor traditions of the American tribes, the doctor, on a

host of assumed or perverted *data*, and by a chain of reasoning that could prove any thing and every thing, comes to a positive conclusion that the Americans are derived from the Egyptians, Carthagenians, Jews, &c. &c. that the ancient Atlantis was no other than the island of Hispaniola, and, in short, so wonderfully successful has this Doctor Paul Felix Cabrera been in his historical and antiquarian researches, that he has even given us a chronological table, containing all the Mexican Kings from 291 years to 34 years before Christ. We will not insult our readers by saying any thing further of the part of this volume which relates to Doctor Cabrera, who exhibits a strong proof of the mischief done to society by rearing men to a religion, which can be supported only by means of training the mind to the perversion of its ratiocinative and other faculties.

The report and graphic illustrations of these antiquities by Captain Antonio del Rio are well worthy of the attention of the curious, but his discoveries do not appear to us to throw the smallest light upon the problem of how America first became inhabited by the human species; they merely establish that cities and populous districts existed formerly on the borders of Campeche, and that their inhabitants were not identically the same people as those whom the Spaniards, on their arrival, found in such power in other parts of Mexico. Writers on such subjects have the absurd habit of selecting two distant nations, and tracing some resemblance in their ancient customs, manners, religions, and civil architecture, they draw the inference that one must have been descended from the other, forgetting that such resemblances merely prove the general analogy of our animal nature; and that man, under similar stages in the scale of civilization, will have analogous institutions, and analogous objects both of ornament and of convenience, although these may be all modified differently by various contingent circumstances.

The human figures copied by Captain del Rio all bear a resemblance to each other, and have a

contour both of face and of body different from any race that we have yet been made acquainted with; but how is it possible to tell whether these figures were good or bad representations of a people who have left no other records of their existence, or whether they might not have been capricious personifications of their objects of worship. On such subjects all is vague conjecture, and it is idle to speculate on such uncertain *data*. The origin of the human race is beyond the powers of the human faculties to discover, and it is no mark of wisdom to inquire into that which, from the nature of the human mind, it is abstractedly impossible for us to ascertain. Sufficient is it for us to know that the great object of our being made is, to modify our thoughts and conduct so as to produce the greatest possible sum of happiness to society, with the least quantity of evil.

Matins and Vespers, with Hymns, and occasional devotional Pieces.

By John Bowring, 12mo. pp. 255. London, 1823.

If the volume before us were of less merit, or even devoid of any pretensions to public favour, any literary censures ought to fall rather on ourselves and on other critics than upon Mr. Bowring; for the high degree of praise which we, in common with others, bestowed upon this gentleman for his translations in his "Russian Anthology" was calculated to act as a stimulus to any person to put forth his powers in original composition.

These matins, vespers, and hymns breathe a fervid spirit of piety and devotion, but we doubt whether they will do more than sustain the reputation that Mr. Bowring has acquired by his preceding works. Considering the prodigious number of forms of almost every possible description, which men of every degree of talent have devoted to the subject of religious worship, it is obvious that it is almost impossible for any person to compose a volume of this description without repeatedly recurring to ideas and to figures which have been before presented to the public, or without

frequently varying from himself more in form of expression than in substance of thought. It is for these reasons that the little volume now before us bears no impress of novelty, and even in those compositions which most evince Mr. Bowring's powers of intellect, and display his usual strength and elegance, we often meet with ideas that have been made familiar to us by preceding authors, or which we have before seen in the present volume, either in other forms, or in forms but little varied from what may be immediately under our cognizance. But Mr. Bowring's good sense and candour are commensurate with his intellectual superiority, for in his preface he acknowledges having taken much from foreign authors, and to this praise we may add that his devotional feelings are far from proscriptive or circumscribed by any spirit of sect, or attachment to creed or religious theory, they breathe the feelings of general piety to the Godhead, and are such as every denomination of christians may join in with equal zeal and sincerity.

There is a matin and a vesper for every morning and evening of a week in spring, in summer, in autumn, and in winter, and after which we have about sixty pages of hymns and light devotional pieces.

We have thus already passed our judgment in general terms upon the volume, and it remains for us only to support that judgment by a few opinions in detail, or by giving a few references to particular pieces, or a few quotations from particular passages. We must only here express our satisfaction in acknowledging that every merit of the work is peculiarly to be attached to the author, whilst its defects are solely to be attributed to his course having been so frequently traversed before.

In elucidation of this remark we may refer to the first matin (page 3), which the author has rendered impressive, but which yet does not contain a single idea that has not been before us repeatedly, or which is not obvious to every educated person. Many of the pieces associate the mind immediately to some of Addison's most celebrated hymns,

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whilst others recall to our recollection the psalms in the sacred volume. Who is there that will not have such associations created in his mind by the following lines:—

"How shall I praise Thee, Lord of Light,
How shall I all thy love declare."

"Come hither, spirit, come, they say."

"The Heavens, O Lord, Thy power proclaim,
And the earth echoes back thy name;
Ten thousand voices speak thy might,
And day to day, and night to night."

"How sweet to think of him, how sweet
To hold with him communion meet,
In his blest presence to rejoice."

But the recurrence of the same ideas in different, and not very different language is almost endless, we shall mention but one or two instances:

P. 60.—"No distance can outreach thy eye,
No night obscure thy endless day," &c.

P. 155.—"Darkness deep, or distance wide,
Cannot man from God divide"

P. 60.—"No night of sorrow can conceal
Man from thy notice, from thy care."

We have just quoted,

"How sweet to think of him, how sweet,
To hold with him communion meet."

In page 107 we have again:

"In such an hour as this how sweet,
To hold with Heaven communion meet."

But in spite, if we may use the term, of the ground having been worn out before him, Mr. Bowring's genius has made many of his pieces attractive and pleasing; the following is simple and pretty:

"When the arousing call of morn
Breaks o'er the hills, and day new born
Comes smiling from the purple east,
And the pure streams of liquid light
Bathe all the earth—renewed and bright,

K

Uprising from its dream of rest—
O how delightful then, how sweet,
Again to feel life's pulses beat,
Again life's kindly warmth to prove,
To drink anew of pleasure's spring,
Again our matin song to sing,
To the great cause of light and love."

The following lines appear to us prosaic to a degree, that no counting on the fingers can induce us to call them poetical; such as

- "Heaven's right lined path may I discern."
"A hand-breadth from the onward road."
"Walkest sublime in the winds, and greatest," &c.

In some instances whole measures are to us dissonant; such as

- "Come forth in thy purple robes again,
Thou bright star of Heaven;
Another day the guardian of men
Has to his children given."

The following is simple and pretty, although the ideas are not new:

- "Yes Nature is a splendid shew,
Where an attentive mind may hear,
Music in all winds that blow;
And see a silent worshipper
In every flower, in every tree,
In every vale, on every hill;
Perceive a choir of melody
In waving grass or whispering rill,
And catch a soft but solemn sound;
Or worship from the smallest fly,
The cricket chirping on the ground,
The trembling leaf that hangs on high."

If we are rather severe in our critique upon Mr. Bowring, it has been on the principle that able minds can bear to have their faults laid open. We have a high respect for this gentleman's powers of intellect, and, considering the pre-occupied nature of his subjects, we are bound to acknowledge that very few of our living authors could

have given us a more impressive volume.

The Hermit of Mona, a Poem, and other Poems. By Thomas Joones, Esq. of the Inner Temple. 12mo. pp. 110. London, 1822.

WE trust that Mr. Pope's well-known line, "Who pens a stanza when he should engross," does not apply to this gentleman of the Inner Temple, whose volume gives us a proof that he has been toiling up the steep and difficult ascent of Parnassus. Of the numberless works that now issue from the press it is not to be imagined that many can attain to lasting celebrity, or that even their authors design them for any thing more than a recreation to themselves and an amusement to the public for a season. We are far from wishing to condemn works of minor interest, and we view their increase without any of the asperity so commonly attributed to critics, but, on the contrary, we accept them as proofs of the growing propensity to literature, and hail them as evidence of the improved state of society.

The volume now before us is one of the minor productions of the season, and if it cannot boast any lofty pretensions to merit, it is at least on a level with the better productions of its class. The two principal poems, the one consisting of fifty pages, and the other of forty-three, are the best, the miscellaneous poems being of little merit. We are always unwilling to censure, but we cannot flatter the author that he is imbued with the poetic fire sufficiently to attract much attention in an age which boasts so many writers of genius and learning. If the work be intended for its "hour upon the stage," we do not condemn it; if it be intended for a longer life, the author's hopes will be disappointed.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE,

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

AMERICA.

New York.—A merchant of this city has just established a steam packet-boat, to ply regularly between New York and Charleston, South Carolina, from whence it is to proceed to the Havannah, and to touch again at Charleston on its return. The vessel is named the Robert Fulton, she is of 700 tons, and can use her sails in case of necessity. She is well armed, and is easily supplied with fuel, from the abundance of wood in all parts of America.

Virginia, Charlottesville.—Mr. Jefferson, the former President of the United States, has finished a useful and glorious life by establishing "the University of Virginia," at Charlottesville, near Monticello, his place of residence. The building, raised at the expense of the province, is of the ancient order of architecture. There will be ten professors, each having a separate apartment, and there will be five refectories, and 104 chambers for 208 pupils. Mr. Jefferson declares his intention to select the most able professors from Europe, in order to make this University the first in the United States.

SOUTH AMERICA.

Buenos Ayres.—The public instruction established in this city is divided into four branches. 1st. languages, metaphysics, and belles lettres; 2nd. the abstract and mixed sciences; 3rd. medicine; and 4th. jurisprudence. The societies established to correspond with these four divisions are, the Literary Society, the Societies for Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, both in theory and application to public works; the Society of Medicine, and lastly, the Society of Jurisprudence.

ASIA.

Sumatra, Bencoulen.—The expedition fitted out at Madras, to ascertain the length of the pendulum under the line, arrived at Bencoulen, on the 20th of April, 1822, on board the Morning Star. The governor immediately provided a vessel to convey the gentlemen of the expedition, with their attendants and instruments, to a place adapted to their object.

Calcutta.—The Agricultural Society of this city held its sitting on the 22nd May, 1822. Dr. Russell was admitted a member. The government have offered the society the annual sum of one thousand roupees. Several prizes

were offered for the promotion of objects of a local interest. The government has further ordered that those members of the Academy of Oriental Languages at Fort William who can produce certificates from the professors, stating their progress in any one of the languages taught, shall receive a reward of 800 roupees (about £84). If their progress be at all remarkable the reward may be extended to 1,600 roupees.

GERMANY.

The Concordia (an almanack) for 1823, published at Leipsic, has been seized and confiscated, on account of its containing the lives of Themistocles and Camillus, with some allusions which were considered of a seditious nature.

The Literary Gazette, published at Munich, by M. de Mastiaux, for the use of the Catholic priests, has been subjected to the censor of the press.

A Rescript of the King of Bavaria has just founded, in Schleisheim, a school of rural economy, similar to the agricultural institutions of M. de Fellenberg, in which the pupils are divided into three classes. The first class comprehends all those who are destined to inferior species of labour, the second admits those who are to be made acquainted with various practical modes of agriculture; and the third class consists of persons who are to be taught the sciences relating to rural economy. Theories are to be abjured, and the instructions will be founded upon the basis of observation and experiment. This establishment, as well as the Polytechnical Museum, opened in May, 1822, must be considered amongst the most useful institutions for promoting industry. The plan originated with the Minister of Finance.

The last convent of monks in Saxony has at length been broken up. It had been reduced to only eight monks, and the building had long been used as a magazine for military stores. Five of these monks have been appointed teachers in the Catholic Gymnasium at Erfurt.

For a length of time the students of the German Universities have been in the habit of forming either secret or public associations, and which the government has in vain attempted to prevent. The associations known under the names of *Laudsmannschaften*, *Bur-*

schenschaften, &c. have no sooner been suppressed than they have been again secretly organized under other names. The government has, therefore, at length so far yielded to the spirit of the times as to grant a sort of representative constitution to the University of Tübingen. Students, not matriculated, elect a council of fifteen from amongst themselves, and which council is to be renewed by two-thirds every six months. To be qualified for this council a youth must have attended the upper schools for six months, without any censure from the "Commission of Discipline." The council is authorised to represent the general body of the students, and to prefer to the higher authorities of the academy all complaints as well as propositions relative to the improvement of studies; it has also the power of convoking the students in a general assembly, and that without the approbation of the "Commission of Discipline." The principal objects of this council are to superintend the morals and the studies of the pupils, to prevent minor disorders and discord, but more especially to supercede the former secret association. This constitution has now existed for one year, and has been found very useful. It is a sagacious and profound measure, calculated to direct the improved spirit of the age to results most beneficial to society, and is infinitely preferable to the system of coercion and suppression of public opinion, adopted in other states of Germany. The whole plan reflects high honour on the government of Bavaria, and it is to be hoped that other countries will follow so useful an example.

In making excavations in the mountain of Brouslawn, in the province of Cracow, not far from the monument erected in honour of Kosciusko, there has been found in a rock or bed of chalk, and at ten ells below the surface, an enormous back bone of an animal. It is twelve ells long, and anatomists are examining it in order to ascertain whether it is the remnant of any animal existing before the deluge.

RUSSIA.

In last September was held at Berlin, the first exhibition of objects of national art and industry. The exhibition was on the plan of those of France and Bavaria; it lasted six weeks, and was held at the Institute of Industry. The sums paid for tickets of admission and for catalogues were devoted to afford gratuitous instruction to pupils of merit. After the close of the exhibition honorary me-

dals were distributed to the artists and manufacturers who had most distinguished themselves.

In the half-yearly meeting of the University of Berlin, held in the summer of 1822, the University was found to contain 1,182 students, of which 109 were foreigners; 227 were students of protestant divinity; 411 of jurisprudence; 370 of medicine; and 174 of philology, philosophy, and the sciences. It appeared also that the other Universities of Prussia were as follows:—Bonn 571 students, of which 80 were foreigners; 151 were studying theology, 206 jurisprudence, 130 medicine, and 84 philology and philosophy.—Breslaw 539 students, of which 60 were foreigners; 231 were studying theology, 159 jurisprudence, 46 medicine, 100 philosophy and philology.—Halle 866 students, of which 147 were foreigners; 540 were studying theology, 198 jurisprudence, 78 medicine, and 50 philosophy and philology.—Königsberg 259 students, of which 29 were foreigners; 84 were studying theology, 95 jurisprudence, 20 medicine, 60 philosophy and philology. No report had been received from the University of Greisswalde, and which, it was feared, would be suppressed. From the total of the above returns it appears that in the Prussian Universities there are 1,236 students of theology (only 193 are Catholics) 10,69 of jurisprudence, 644 of medicine, and 468 of philosophy and philology. The few students at Greisswalde are in about the same proportion.

RUSSIA.

Extraordinary instance of longevity.

—In the city of Feodosia there is living a porter who was born at Erzerum, in Armenia, in 1702. His name is Soast Oglov, and last year he performed the feat of carrying a sack of flour to the top of a little hill. He has a strong appetite, and his memory is excellent. His grey beard has begun to grow black at the roots, a phenomenon not without precedent amongst old people. He has cut three teeth since he was 100 years old, but his hearing has totally failed him, owing, perhaps, to his poverty obliging him to sleep in the streets during the rigour of the season, and owing also to his want of clothing. M. Busche, counsellor of state, has taken the portrait of this old man, and the military governor, Count Langeron, has afforded him assistance.

The government of Caucasus has been erected into a province of four districts, by an Ukase, dated the 24th July, 1822, Staropol to be the capital.

SWEDEN.

The Swedes have improved so much in the art of making saltpetre, that they entertain hopes of entirely dispensing with any importation of that article. According to the official return, East Gothland has alone manufactured last year 3,400 Swedish liepfunds.

The journal printed at Stockholm, under the title of *Argus* the Second, has been suppressed, and superseded by one entitled *Argus* the Third.

TURKEY.

A Greek bishop has put into the hands of M. Beiggren, Swedish Almoner at Constantinople, the sacred book of the Druses, which consists of 146 quarto pages. This volume, containing principles dishonourable to humanity, has hitherto been concealed from the laity.

ITALY.

There have been discovered at Vercelle a manuscript copy of the *Procemium* of the Institutes, and of the *Epitome* of Julien; and there has also been discovered at Pistoja a copy of the *Code* of Justinian, made in the tenth century.

Mr. Blahme, who has been a long time at Verona, preparing a second edition of *Gaius*, has just discovered at Vercelli a manuscript of the *Collatio legum mosarum et romanarum* of the tenth century.

SWITZERLAND.

Berne.—Mr. Ulric Schenk, a skilful mechanist of Berne, and pupil of the celebrated Reichenbach, has just invented a new sort of pump or fire engine. In September last he exhibited the powers of this useful engine in the presence of a vast number of spectators at Lozwyl, near Langenthal. The pump placed in any stream or basin, was able to throw up a volume of water to the height of 125 feet, simultaneously supplying two other pumps of an ordinary description.

Lausanne.—Messrs. Reynier and de Dompierre, conservators of the antiquities of the Canton, reported to the Council of State, last November, a discovery at the site of the ancient Avenches of two mosaic pavements of a beautiful description, and in high preservation. The largest of these pavements represented a head of Ceres, of the natural size, a part of a stag, a jay, a lion, &c. elegantly framed. The other pavement was about twenty-two feet square, and was situated in the meadows of Maladeyre; its designs are various but fantastical. Measures

have been taken for the preservation of these antiquities.

The Society for the Improvement of Arts at Geneva have offered a premium of 500 florins (about £100), for the best plan of a Museum, to be constructed above the Orangery of the Botanical Garden, on the scale of the Orangery being enlarged on each side by five arches equal to those already existing. The building is to contain, besides the elongation of the orangery on the ground floor, a hall of antiquities, a picture gallery, a hall, lighted from the top, for the exhibition of paintings, another hall for drawings after nature, with one or two contiguous cabinets, and, finally, a hall for the school of modeling. The candidates, in their plans, are not to neglect the details of the interior ornaments. Two other prizes have also been offered by anonymous individuals for plans of the same description of building to be erected on some public spot, such, for instance, as the *Place de la Comedie*. The first prize is a golden medal, valued at 500 florins, and the second a similar medal, but valued at only 200 florins. These plans are to contain, on the ground floor, two halls for the school of painting, one for that of modeling, a depôt for the plaster and casts, apartments for the keeper, and other accommodations for the directors of the studies and for the keeper; two halls to be used as depôts for the machines relative to agriculture and industry. On the first floor, the building to contain a hall for antiquities, two contiguous picture galleries, a hall for drawings after nature, a hall for the assembly of about 100 persons, and a cabinet for engravings. On the second floor, two suits of apartments for the directors of the academy, each consisting of five rooms and two working apartments, offices for the above officers and the keeper. The building is to occupy not more than 7,000 superficial square feet. The plans are to be on a scale of two lines to a foot. A statement of details with an estimate is to accompany each plan.

The government of Berne has entrusted to Professor Snell, the charge of compiling a code of municipal laws.

FRANCE.

The following is a list of the works of the Emperor Napoleon, and which will undoubtedly be inserted in the collection of the works of Napoleon Buonaparte, published at Paris, by M. Pauckoucke. 1. Letter of M. Buonaparte to M. Mattes Buttafuoco, Deputy of Corsica, at the National Assembly,

1790, signed Buonaparte, and dated from the Cabinet of Millet, 29th Jan. Second Year of Liberty, 1790. This letter consists of 28 pages, 8vo., and was printed by M. Fr. X. Joly, at Dole; when Buonaparte was a lieutenant of the regiment de la Fere. Napoleon himself corrected the proofs, and set out for that purpose at four o'clock in the morning from Auxonne to Dole; after he had finished the correction he partook of a breakfast with M. Joly, and returned to his garrison, at noon, the distance being eight leagues, by post. M. Amanthou of Dijon, has a copy of this letter, which was presented by the author to a lady of Auxonne. 2. The Supper of Beaucaire. Avignon, a Sabine Journal, (Journal Sabin) 1793, 8vo. and anonymous. 3. A complete collection of the letters, proclamations, speeches, messages, &c. of Napoleon, 2 vol. 8vo. 4. The unpublished correspondence, official and confidential, of Napoleon Buonaparte, 7 vols. 8vo. 5. The notes to a volume intitled the Battle of Austerlitz, by the Austrian General, Baron Stutterheim, 8vo. 6. Manuscript from the Island of Elba, from the Bourbons in 1815, Memoirs of Napoleon. 7. On the Education of the Princes of the Blood in France. 8. Notes annexed to the *Mouiteur* upon the translations of the English Journals, which were submitted to him. 9. Essay, for the Prize proposed by the Academy of Besançon. 10. History of Corsica, in 2 vols. 12mo. When Napoleon was in the Garrison of Auxonne in 1790, he sent for M. Joly to treat with him on the printing of this work. Napoleon, at that time, occupied in the barracks a room, of which the whole furniture consisted of a bad bed, two chairs, and a table placed before the window, and covered with books and papers. One of his brothers slept on a mattress in a little side room. The bookseller agreed upon the price, but Napoleon was ordered to Toulon, and the work was never printed. 11. An account of a Polygraphic Machine for printing circulars with rapidity. 12. A Manuscript at present in possession of Count Dzialinski. 13. A history of his Public Life, written at St. Helena, and at present in possession of his testamentary executors.

A very serious defect in the construction of the houses in many cities, and particularly in that of Mentz, is the apertures in the pavements leading into the cellars, and by which a person might be precipitated to the depth of fifteen or twenty feet, a species of ac-

cident that often occurs. M. Herpin, of Mentz, and Secretary of the Society of Arts in that city, has effected a security against such accidents by a very simple machine, by which it is contrived that on opening the cellar, two triangular pieces of iron, by a self-action, rise at the extremities of the opening, and, on shutting the cellar, those triangles rest against one of the walls; neither in opening nor in shutting the cellars, does this contrivance produce any inconvenience to the street. It has been examined and approved by the Academical Society of Metz.

Swimming Machine.—At the Academy of Swimming (*d'hiver du Gros-Cuillow*) on the 23rd March, an experiment was made before a vast concourse of spectators, of a machine for preserving swimmers from submersion. The machine is called a *Rouanette* from its inventor, M. Rouan, a teacher of Paris, residing at No. 21, Marché Saint Honoré. The contrivance is two tin cones, very much elongated and strongly joined together. They are applied under the arm-pits, and a person by their means can cross a river, bearing even a load or weight. The experiment was continued for more than half an hour, and by four persons, amongst whom was the inventor, and a young child that did not know how to swim. The exhibition took place on a basin nearly 100 feet long, and 20 broad, and 7 or 8 deep. The success of the experiment was complete.

M. Barrot Rouillon, editor of a work entitled, *Of the People and of Governments*, taken from the Philosophical History of Raynal, has been sentenced to three months imprisonment, and to pay 200 francs, on the ground of his publication containing noxious opinions.

M. Dardonville, a dentist, and the author of some reflections upon treason, has been condemned to pay a fine 500 francs, and to suffer one month's imprisonment.

The romance of Felicia, and the poems "*de la Chandelle d'Arras*" have been destroyed, by order of the Court Royal of Paris. M. Logier, a bookseller, accused of selling the works to the injury of good morals, has been released from the charge.

M. B. Constant has been sentenced to pay a fine of 1000 francs, for libels against the Attorney-general of the Court of Poitiers, contained in a Letter addressed to that Officer. He has been sentenced to a further fine of 1000 francs, for his Letter to M. de Carrere, which appeared in several of the public journals.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Mr. Thomas Taylor, the Platonist, is engaged in preparing for the press a mathematical work entitled the Elements of a new Arithmetical Notation, in some respects analogous to that of Decimals; by which expressions producing a great variety of infinite series may be obtained, which can by no other means be found; the series discovered by the moderns, for the quadrature of the circle and hyperbola, are shown to be aggregately incommensurable quantities; and a criterion is given by which the commensurability or incommensurability of infinite series may be infallibly and universally ascertained. The work will be published in 8vo.

The third edition, is in the press, of Sir Astley Cooper's work on Dislocations and Fractures of the Joints, 4to. royal.

Mr. T. D. Worgan is preparing for publication a Treatise on a Motel, in forty-five parts; ten vocal and thirty-five instrumental, composed for every class of voice, and every sort of instrument generally used in concert; and illustrated by two Lectures, of which Mr. T. D. W. has published a Prospectus.

Dr. Gordon Smith has in the press a new edition of the Principles of Forensic Medicine, which will contain much additional matter. The volume will embrace every topic on which the medical practitioner is liable to be called to give a professional opinion in aid of judiciary inquiries.

Dr. Forster is about to publish Illustrations of the Mode of maintaining Health, curing Diseases, and protracting Longevity, by attention to the state of the Digestive Organs; with popular Observations on the Influence of Peculiarities of Air, of Diet, and of exercise, on the Human System, in 1 vol. 8vo.

Mr. Earle has in the press a work, containing—1st, Practical Remarks on Fractures at the Upper Part of the Thigh, and particularly Fractures within the Capsular Ligament; with critical Observations on Sir Astley Cooper's Treatise on that subject, and a Description of a Bed for the Relief of Patients suffering under these Accidents and other Injuries, and Diseases which require a state of permanent Rest.—2d, Observations on Fractures of the Olecranon.—3d, Description of a new Apparatus for more effectually Securing the Upper Extremity in cases of complicated Injury of the Shoulder-joint and Scapula.—4th, On the Re-establishment of a Canal in the place

of a large Portion of the Urethra which had been destroyed.—5th, On the Mechanism of the Spine.

Gas Lighting.—In the press, and speedily will be published, a second edition of the Theory and Practice of Gas Lighting, by T. S. Peckston.—In this edition the author has considerably abridged the theoretical part of the work as given in the first edition; and to render it as useful as possible to every practical man, there is introduced much original matter relative to coal gas, and an entirely new treatise on the economy of the gases obtained for illuminating purposes from oil, turf, &c.

Mr. J. Frederic Daniell, F. R. S., has in the press a volume of Meteorological Essays, embracing, among others, the following important subjects:—On the Constitution of the Atmosphere; on the Radiation of Heat in the Atmosphere; on Meteorological Instruments; on the Climate of London; on the Construction and uses of a New Hygrometer.

Mr. Robert Meikleham, civil engineer, has in the press a practical Treatise on the various methods of Heating Buildings by steam, hot air, stoves, and open fires, with some Introductory Observations on the Combustion of Fuel; on the contrivances for burning smoke and other subjects connected with the economy and distribution of heat. With numerous explanatory Engravings. It will be published in June.

The author of Domestic Scenes will shortly publish, in 3 vols. 12mo. Self Delusion, a novel.

Mrs. Hofland, author of Integrity, Son of a Genius, Tales of the Manor, &c. is engaged on a new Tale, entitled Patience.

Mr. Lowe is printing a new edition of his popular work on the State and Prospects of England, followed by a Parallel between England and France.

A new novel will shortly appear, in 3 vols, under the title of Edward Neville; or, the Memoirs of an Orphan.

An Elementary Treatise on Algebra, adapted to the present State of the Sciences, is preparing for publication; it contains a new and general demonstration of the Birromial Theorem; a new Method of extracting the Cube Root; Improvements in Equations, the Summation of Series, &c. &c. By J. R. Young.

Facetiæ Cantabrigiensis is in the press, being anecdotes, smart sayings, satires, &c. By, or relating to, celebrated Cantabs; being a Companion to the Cambridge Tart.

Mr. Charles Dubois, F.L.S. is about to publish in a small volume an easy introduction to Lamarck, arrangement of the Genera of Shells; being a free translation of that part of his work (*L'Histoire des Animaux sans vertèbres*), which treats on *Mollusca* with *cerata* coverings, to which are added illustrative remarks, additional observations, and a synoptic table.

Captain A. Cruise, of the 84th regiment, has in the press, "Journal of a Ten Months Residence in New Zealand," which will appear next month in an octavo volume.

The author of Domestic Scenes has nearly ready for publication a new Novel, entitled, "Self-Delusion, or Adelaide d'Hautervche," in 3 vols.

The Rev. G. Wilson, author of the History of the Destruction of Jerusalem, &c. &c. will shortly publish, in a duodecimo volume, "An Antidote to the Prison of Scepticism."

The public will receive, in the course of a few weeks, from the pen of the Rev. R. Harmer, Rector of Great Chalfield, Wilts, the First Part of Illustrations, Historical, Biographical, and Miscellaneous of the Novels, by the author of Waverley, with criticisms general and particular, in three parts.

Preparing for publication, "Historical Notices of Two Characters in Peveril of the Peak," to be printed in port 8vo. uniform with that work.

A new Novel will appear in the course of a few Days, entitled, "Edward Neville, or the Memoirs of an Orphan," in 3 vols.

Early in June will be published, in 18mo. price 3s. Elizabeth; being the first part of a series of French Classics, handsomely printed in the original, with elegant Engravings and Vignettes, by eminent Artists. Printed from the best Paris editions, revised, corrected, and accompanied with instructive Notes, and the Lives of the Authors. By L. T. Ventouillac.

In the press, a Memoir of Central India, with the History and copious Illustrations of the past and present condition of that Country, in 2 vols. 8vo. with an original Map recently constructed; tables of the revenue, population, &c. A geological report and comprehensive index. By Sir John Malcolm, G.C.B., &c.

Museum Worsleyanum. This highly interesting and valuable work, consisting of the antique Basso Reliefs, Busts, Statues, and Gems; with Views of the Levant, collected by the late Sir Richard Worsley, is preparing for publication; 2 vols. imperial 4to.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

DIVINITY.

The Harmony of the Scriptures Vindicated, or apparently contradictory Passages reconciled, in a Series of Nineteen Lectures. By John Hayter Cox, 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Jesus shewing Mercy, the fifth edition, 18mo. bds. 2s. 6d.

EDUCATION.

On Education. By the late President Dwight; 18mo. 1s. 6d.

Dissertations introductory to the Study and right Understanding of the Language, Structure, and Contents of the Apocalypse. By Alexander Tillock, LL.D., &c. &c.

First Lessons in Latin, consisting of easy and progressive Selections in Latin Construing. By the Rev. J. Evans, second edition, enlarged and improved.

MEDICINE.

Pharmacopœia Imperialis, sive Pharmacopœia Londinensis, Edinburgensis et Dublinensis, collatæ; cum Notæ Angliis decompositiones chemicas exponentibus. Editio Secunda, 12mo. 7s.

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TALES.

Tales for my Pupils. By E. Dove.

POLITICAL DIGEST.

BOTH the domestic and the foreign news of the preceding month are so barren of events, that they may be little attractive to the superficial observers, but read by men of penetration, with a reference to the future and to the past, they are most important, so clearly developing the present state of political science and of political

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morality, as to form a remarkable portraiture of the features of the age.

On the 17th of February last, the Earl of Liverpool, in the House of Lords, assured the country, that with reference to the debt due by Austria to Great Britain (about 18,000,000 sterling) our government had been pressing that of Vienna for a settlement, and

"he had no hesitation in saying, that the principle of an arrangement for the payment had been agreed to by the Austrian government." We regret, therefore, to communicate that on the 22d of April last, the Earl of Liverpool, in reply to Lord Darnley, stated, that Mr. Pitt very soon after these loans were made, had no expectation of the Austrian government fulfilling their promise of repayment, "and certainly the succeeding administration had not entertained such an expectation." We suppose we must therefore conclude, that this is amongst the large and countless sums that Great Britain has lost by trusting to the honour and honesty of foreign governments.

The affairs of France and Spain have undergone a very lengthened discussion in the House of Lords. The Earl of Liverpool stated, that his Majesty's ministers had ascertained that the French government had employed large sums of money for the purpose of exciting insurrections in Spain, at a time when they were professing amity and good faith towards the cabinet of Madrid, but that the French government had positively denied the fact in their correspondence with our ministry.—Lord Ellenborough observed, that this disgraceful falsehood on the part of France was equalled by the tergiversation of the other courts of Europe. In 1820, the Congress at Laybach officially declared, that they had no intention whatever to interfere in the internal concerns of Spain, although from 1814 they had adopted the principle of crushing the spirit of liberty wherever its sacred flame might be rekindled. His Lordship proceeded to observe, that our Ambassador had advised the Spaniards to entrust to Ferdinand that degree of absolute power that might satisfy himself and the Bourbons of France, forgetting the degenerate character of Ferdinand, and that the views of France were such as this country had since most strongly reprobated as iniquitous in principle and absurd in policy; that whilst France was assuring our Ambassador of her pacific intentions, she had actually sent her fleets to the West Indies with instructions to begin the war, and that no reliance ought to have been placed upon a Cabinet so lost to all honour and principle as that of the Bourbons. Lord Holland, in a strain of the highest morals and of national pride, most strongly reprobated the ministry for resting all their defence upon the expediency and individual interests of

England, instead of assuming the higher ground of the injustice and wickedness of the attack upon Spain; he observed that at the Congress of Verona, our government had had a negotiator of brilliant talents, they had the honest opinion of the Parliament and people of England in their favour, and above all, they had a just cause, and yet they had suffered France to pursue her daring scheme of oppression against our allies of Spain; without our possessing the magnanimity to shield the oppressed or to defend the cause of justice. His Lordship was followed in the same strain by Lords King and Grey, by the Marquis of Lansdowne and by the Duke of Sussex.—The subject was renewed in the House of Lords on the 12th of May, by Lords Grey and Holland, when Lord Liverpool entered into a defence of the course pursued by ministry, grounding his arguments upon the inexpediency of Great Britain even risking a war by assuming a higher attitude than she had done.

On the 13th of May, the Archbishop of Canterbury brought up the report of the Committee on the Marriage Bill, which recommended the discontinuance of the forms of the late bill that had given such general dissatisfaction; it further left untouched the present regulations of banns and licences, and recommended that the marriages of minors should be valid at the discretion of the Lord Chancellor, and by suits at law brought by the proper parties within twelve months after such marriages had been solemnised.

In the House of Commons, strong petitions have been presented praying for reform, that from Yorkshire was signed by 17,083 persons, forming two-thirds of the freeholders of the county. Petitions were presented from Lincoln and from Norfolk.

Lord John Russell made his motion for a Committee to inquire into the state of the representation, supporting it by such acknowledged facts of the system of the House, as violated the first principles of religion and abstract justice, as well as the whole letter and spirit of the Constitution. The division upon the question was 280 against 169, the motion being therefore lost by 111.

With respect to the inquiry now carrying on in the House relative to the conduct of the High Sheriff of Dublin, in empanelling the Grand Jury to try the late Orange faction for their assault on the Lord Lieutenant at the

Theatre, until that inquiry be terminated we must abstain from any lengthened remarks; we can only observe, at present, that the evidence given at the Bar of the House clearly shews that the mode of administering justice in Ireland is most polluted by party zeal and religious virulence, and that even the sacred nature of an oath is no protection against the spirit of religious animosity.

The Cause of Negro Emancipation has been ably argued in the House by Mr. Buxton, Mr. Wilberforce, and by Mr. Brougham. Mr. Buxton proved by an appeal to history and to recent events, that no danger whatever was to be apprehended from agitating the question, or from rapidly pursuing the objects of the abolitionists. He stated that the principal design of his present measures would be to grant the slaves the sabbath as a day of rest, as well as one week day for the cultivation of their own grounds, to emancipate all the future offspring of slaves, and to abolish the system of working the negroes under the lash of the cart-whip. Mr. Canning stated, that the government would consent to Mr. Buxton's measures as far as they went to the prevention of the flogging of females, of working the slaves by the cart-whip, and to giving them more time to attend to their own affairs. He would also pledge himself to measures that would tend to the protection of the property of the negroes, and to their leaving that property by will, as well as to any measures that could promote the marriages of negroes, and facilitate the admission of their evidence in Courts of Law, but he would not consent to the emancipation of the children, or to any measures relative to the slaves that might operate to the injury of the whites. Mr. Buxton finally withdrew his motion on the understanding that government would substitute measures corresponding to the views which had just been declared by Mr. Canning.

It is exceedingly satisfactory to hear the government so frequently avow themselves proselytes to the enlarged principles of free trade, so ably advanced by Du Quesnay, and subsequently expatiated upon by Adam Smith, by Ricardo, and other eminent men; but we regret that the practical measures of administration are so far behind the theory they now advance. The President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Huskisson, has, however, avowed that it is the intention of government to put the commerce of Ireland upon a

parity with that of England, so that there shall be no more restrictions between the Irish and English ports than between the ports of any two English counties. This measure is due in common justice to Ireland, and, by tending to relieve her distresses, will essentially contribute to tranquillize that unhappy country. The other measure relating to Ireland is that of compelling the Protestant clergy, at the desire of their parishioners, to accept a commutation of their tithes, the amount to be settled by a sort of Parish Jury upon the calculation of the neat receipt for tithes upon the average of the seven preceding years. Although these measures will have the most beneficial effects upon the condition of the Irish, they are trifling in comparison to what must eventually be done in correcting abuses, before the Irish can be put in that condition in which it is possible to moralize any people. Mr. Goulburn has moved a renewal of the Irish Insurrection Act, declaring that country to be in a state of demoralization unequalled in modern Europe. It has been replied to his statement, that it is in vain to continue to meet the evil by martial law and insurrection acts, or by any coercive measures whatever. That the only possible way of tranquillizing the Irish, and converting them into good citizens, is to relieve them from religious disqualifications and from religious and political oppression of every sort; that their present disorganized state must arise either from our bad government of them, or from some essential difference in their physical character from that of any other people existing. That as no such difference in the Irish character has ever been alledged, the inference is, that the evils existing in Ireland are the mere results of our system of ruling, and *cessante causa cessat et effectus*.

Sir James Mackintosh has renewed his enlightened efforts to relieve our criminal code of its sanguinary features, and to render it at once humane and efficacious, but the government, although agreeing with his principles, have opposed their application in detail, and the motion of Sir James Mackintosh was lost by a division of 86 to 76.

Mr. Whitmore again brought forward his motion upon equalizing the duties on West and East India Sugar. He stated that the imposing so heavy a duty upon the East India sugars, to order to favour the West India proprietors, amounted to a tax of between

2 and £3,000,000 per annum on the people of England. Independent of which the relief of the East India trade, from the unnatural restrictions now imposed upon it, would be of an

immense benefit to England, in proof of which he quoted the following return to shew the beneficial effects of having lately enlarged our system of commerce with the East Indies.

	1815.	1822.
Woollens exported to India	£183,450	£1,421,649
Cottons exported to India	109,840	1,200,325

It was further urged that the present monopoly of the sugar market, granted to the West Indians, was nothing more than a bounty enabling and encouraging them to continue their slave system, and that unnatural state of commercial and political existence that never could continue longer than it was supported by the arm of government at the expense of the community

at large. His motion, however, was opposed by Mr. Huskisson, and lost.

On the whole, the domestic occurrences of the month are important, as evincing an incipient advance towards those enlarged principles of commerce and of general policy, upon which the prosperity of states, and the happiness of individuals can alone be founded.

FOREIGN.

The annals of modern France do not present us with any campaign more iniquitous in its objects, more inglorious in its results, or more mean and petty in its details than that of the Duke D'Angoulême against the Spanish constitution. The character of this campaign is rendered still more ridiculous by its contrast with the recent meteor-like movements of Napoleon. The latest accounts from France represent the Duke D'Angoulême no further advanced on the 12th of May than Valladolid, whilst Marshal Mouton, harassed and endangered by Mina, has not been able to leave the Frontier of Catalonia; the last accounts represent him still at Gerona. The Marshal had made several movements, and had put his whole corps in motion with a view to drive Mina either before him or into Barcelona, but that skilful officer, well acquainted with the passes of the mountains, has eluded every effort of the French, and has again got into their rear, preventing their advance into Spain, and even threatening the Frontiers of France. The war in Spain may, indeed, be considered as virtually over, for the French avowedly built their hopes of success upon the calculation of the Spaniards rising in their favour; so far from these views being realised, they have not been joined as yet by a single Spaniard of rank or consequence, except Abisbal and those who originally belonged to the army of the faith, and they have not been able to raise one single additional Spanish corps since their advance. The tone of the Spanish Cortes and Govern-

ment continues bold and independent—worthy of their cause. The rebel, Count Amarante, has been entirely driven out of Portugal, and has retreated into Spain, evidently supported by the Duke D'Angoulême. This support by France of a traitor in open rebellion against our ally, the King of Portugal, is the beginning of those acts which must eventually reduce Great Britain to the dilemma of drawing the sword, or of submitting to what no independent state has yet been found mean enough to submit to. If France be successful, the free constitution of Portugal will be as dangerous to despotism in Spain, as freedom in Spain was dangerous to despotism in France, and with such views possessed by France, she will have a cordon-sanitaire on the Frontiers of Portugal, and an inflammable train of war will thus be laid between her and Great Britain.

The cause of the Greeks is prosperous. They have the undisputed command of the Levant and Archipelago, and they are in possession of the whole of Peleponnesus, except three places which are blockaded, and which would have been in the power of the Greeks but for relief afforded to them by English vessels violating the blockade. The great defect of the Greeks was their want of union, and of an established government, but this is an evil not likely to be felt much longer, as a representative government has been convened at Napoli de Romania, to which seventy deputies have already repaired. The establishment of a free

representative government in Greece will have incalculable effects upon the whole of Asia-minor and the neighbouring Asiatic regions.

Europe is evidently on the eve of some great crisis. Russia, although at peace with all around her, has marched an immensely large army to the Vistula.—Austria, not content with her possession of Naples, has marched an army to the frontiers of Piedmont, and there is something more than mere suspicion that she has been tampering with Switzerland, with a view to possess herself of that country as an arrondissement of her territory.—Since the death of Maria Theresa in 1780, it is well known that the anxious desire of the Court of Vienna has been to possess herself of Italy, Switzerland, and Bavaria, and to allow Russia, as an equivalent, to seek accessions of territory from Poland and Turkey. The King of Bavaria to be compensated by the Austrian Netherlands. Joseph, the predecessor of the present Emperor of Germany, frequently proposed this ar-

rangement to Catherine and to Frederick the Great, and considering the total want of principle, of honour and humanity exhibited by the leading powers of Europe since the downfall of Buonaparte, and viewing the attitude that Austria and Russia have assumed, with the sentiments they have promulgated, there can be little doubt that some such scheme is now in contemplation. We must conclude, by observing, that Russia has laid positive claim to the immense line of coast from Nootka Sound, on the western shores of America, (latitude 49) through Behring's Straits to Japan; this is really seizing upon about the sixth of the globe by a mere dash of the pen; and it evinces the rapacity, the ambition and the total want of principle in this Northern Autocrat. Such strides of power may remind us of the Emperor Napoleon's frequent predictions of what Europe had to apprehend from the growing power of Russia, and from the personal character of her Emperor.

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE, ITALIAN OPERA.

SINCE our last publication we have had the pleasure of seeing on these boards the introduction of two new performers in the ballet department, and the re-appearance of a third in the higher grade of serious opera. We allude to Madame Anatole, Mademoiselle Aimée and Signor Garcia. Madame Anatole is certainly not only a fine dancer, but is to the ballet what Mad. de Begnis is to the opera, imparting more of intellect and a knowledge of the heart into her performances than is usually seen in the votaries of Terpsichore. Although not equal to Mercandotti in beauty, she is particularly graceful, and excels her predecessor in imparting mind and character to her performance; considering her figure, which would appear to us rather too robust, her evolutions are eminently easy, graceful and airy. We particularly allude to the part she performs in *Alfred le Grand*.—Signor Garcia made his re-appearance in Rossini's serious opera *Otello*; he is a tenor who appeared here five years ago, and has since been engaged at the Italian Opera in Paris. When Signor Garcia

was in England before, he was particularly admired for his *roulades*, or the inflexions of his tones, but in the Opera of *Otello*, the music was more pathetic than florid; and he infused into his under-tones, particularly when he had to hold long on a note, more of feeling than we have lately been accustomed to hear, and more perhaps than the music of Rossini, generally speaking, admits of. It has been generally observed of this composer, that his music is that of the imagination rather than of the heart, but in his Opera of *Otello* there was often so much of pathos, as to remind us of the deeper pieces of Mozart.

We were by no means so pleased with the Opera, *Otello*, as we anticipated, perhaps this disappointment arose from the impossibility of removing from our minds the recollection of the tragedy of our immortal Shakspeare, with which it cannot bear the slightest comparison. It has a few parts perhaps of considerable merit, but we must agree with the opinion of the public, that as a whole it is exceedingly heavy and fatiguing.

Aline, Reine de Golconde, the new ballet pantomime, composed by M. Aumer, is formed upon the same story as one with a similar name, brought out at this theatre about eight or nine years ago, by M. Didelot. *Aline* originally appeared upon the French stage as an opera, written by M. Boufflers, and set to music by M. Boyeldieu, where it met with great success. The *Queen of Golconda* (Madame Ronzi Vestris) is by birth a native of France; by original profession a milk-maid; on the banks of the Durance she first beheld the light of day, and there her heart was given to *St. Phar* (M. Aumer.) Amidst the dazzling splendour of a throne supported by diamonds, she never forgets her beautiful hamlet of Dauphiny, a picture of which she conceals behind the drapery of her grand saloon. This she shews to *Zelia* (Mademoiselle Aimee) her confidante, after repulsing *Sigiskar* (M. Boisgerard) her chief minister, who has the temerity to aspire to her hand. A discharge of artillery announces the arrival of an Ambassador from France; in which capacity, to the wonder and delight of *Aline*, *St. Phar* presents himself. The Queen receives him veiled, and as soon as the ceremony of a public audience is over, she unbosoms herself to her friend *Zelia*; with whom, in the second act, she changes dresses, in order to put the constancy of *St. Phar* to the test. He is then invited to an entertainment given in the royal gardens, at which *Zelia* appears as queen, and shews him the most marked attention. But the attachment of the diplomatist is not to be shaken. All his views are directed towards *Aline*, disguised as an attendant, who strives in every way to attract his notice and rivet his affection; though—such is the marvellous nature of a ballet-lover!—he never recognizes his *belle laitierre*. *Zelia*, still personating the queen, boldly avows her liking for *St. Phar*, who receives the declaration with a repulsive coldness, to the great happiness of *Aline*; and the affected displeasure of her representative. *St. Phar* is cast into a deep sleep by the influence of a whole bed of poppies shed over him by some children, in which dormant state he is conveyed into a hamlet made to imitate that wherein he plighted his youthful faith. Here he awakes, and *Aline* appears before him in the dress she wore when they first met. A recognition takes place, and the queen clears up the mystery. *Sigiskar*, in the mean time, has not been inactive; he excites a revolt against the queen,

and, in the midst of her delirium of joy, *Osmin* (M. Coulou) brings intelligence of her minister's treachery. The clash of arms is heard—a battle ensues—*St. Phar* puts himself at the head of the royal adherents, and is of course successful; the unfaithful *Sigiskar* is vanquished, and the queen rewards her valiant lover and defender with her hand, and the moiety of her throne. This pantomime has an abundance of rich dresses and splendid scenery, which will support it for a time, though we fear that it will not enlarge the sphere of M. Aumer's fame.

A grand concert has been given at this theatre, in aid of the funds of the Royal Academy of Musick, at which nearly the whole profession, whatever their difference of sentiment respecting this infant institution, liberally assisted. The house was crowded in every part, and among the company were nearly all the distinguished leaders of the fashionable world. The concert was perhaps inferior to an occasion intended to exhibit every department of the art in the highest perfection. A selection from Dr. Crotch's oratorio of *Palestine* occupied the 1st act. In this act the orchestra was led by F. Cramer. In the 2d, Spagnoletti presided, and it consisted of a miscellany from Beethoven, Mozart, Rossini, Paer, &c. Among the finest pieces were the overture to *Prometheus*, and a *Gloria in excelsis* from a mass by Beethoven. The introductory movement of the first was given with full grandeur, but the *Allegro* was played with too much rapidity to be effective. The *Gloria in excelsis* was a fine specimen of the genius of the composer for vocal musick, though its beauties were unfortunately far from being appreciated by the audience. The public taste, it would appear, is far from the sublime in musical composition, and is more attracted by a simple ballad than the finest works of authors whose names must exist while music is a science. The third act was led by Mori, and comprised Atwood's *Coronation Anthem*, with a selection from Webbe, Reeve and other modern composers. All the singers distinguished themselves, but we have no space for a separate notice of each. Mrs. Salmon's first song, from *Palestine*, was languid; but an air with variations in the second part had the full effect, both of her silvery tones and power of execution, and was much applauded. Braham gave a song from Paer, with an obligato accompaniment for the horn, in his best style, but too much obscuring the melody by his

redundancy of ornament. The chorusses were very effective. The orchestra was erected on the stage in the same manner as at the Oratorios. Much

interest was excited by the presence of the pupils of the academy. The performance did not close till a very late hour

DRURY LANE.

The success of Drury-lane Theatre, under its present management, has considerably exceeded that of any former season. We are glad to hear that its present Stage Director resumes the conduct of the Haymarket Company, as Stage Manager, for two ensuing seasons; and we may justly anticipate that overflowing houses at this delightful little summer theatre will reward the well directed talents that have so materially contributed to the prosperity of Drury-lane.

The long and dull opera of *The Travellers* has been revived, with better success than it merited. The Chinese scenery of the last melodrama, the acting of Dowton, and the singing of Mr. Braham and Miss Stephens, gave it an attraction far beyond its intrinsic merits. It has been received with considerable applause by crowded audiences.

A new farce has been produced, entitled *£3 1s. 1d. if Quite Convenient*. The principal character was performed

by Mr. Liston, who excited a good deal of laughter at the commencement by the ludicrous personation of a *Tailor*, but as the piece advanced, the audience manifested symptoms of dissatisfaction, which, increasing as it proceeded, ended in the total failure of the attempt. In the early scenes there was a very injudicious imitation of the plot of Sheridan's *School for Scandal*. The contrast thus provoked had of course a bad effect, and was in all probability among the prominent causes of the failure. On the falling of the curtain, Mr. Liston came forward and informed the audience, that in consequence of the opinion expressed by them, the farce should be withdrawn.

The following plays have also been acted during the month, but we have not space to dwell on their merits. *The Hypocrite*, *Venice Preserved*, *Richard III.*, *Cymbeline*, *Hamlet*, and the opera of *The Cabinet*.

COVENT GARDEN.

The new opera, entitled *Clari, or the Maid of Milan*, has been performed to crowded audiences. It is said to be a translation from the French, and Mr. Howard Payne is reported to be the translator. The plot, which is extremely simple, is also without any pretension to originality; but the topic on which it proceeds is full of interest, and, though in some parts the dialogue hangs rather heavy, the situations soon awaken the attention from any languor that may originate in this cause. *Clari* (Miss M. Tree), the heroine of the piece, is the daughter of a farmer named *Isolano* (Mr. Fawcett). By the artifice of the *Duke Vivaldi* (Mr. Abbott), who conceived a violent passion for her, she is brought from her humble home into his splendid mansion; she there resists his addresses as firmly as before. The most tedious portion of the whole mechanism of this drama is the performance of a play in the Duke's Palace, calculated to awaken the feelings of his mistress to the horrors of her situation.—The *Duke* surprises *Clari* shortly afterwards of the

real nature of his views, but she resents all his offers as insolent, and finally makes her escape. After some adventures she arrives at her father's house, whither she is pursued by her now penitent lover, who lays his fortune at her feet and makes her his wife, to the delight of her astonished relations and of all Milan. Though there are some situations in the early scenes which produce considerable effect, the last scene is beyond comparison the most impressive. Mr. Fawcett, who in the character of an enraged and heart-broken father, had nothing else to do, threw his whole force into the interview with the daughter. He was well supported by Miss Tree at a crisis so important, and it is but justice to say, that his picture of parental suffering and rage could not be contemplated without emotion, except by the few, if there be any, who have no sympathy for distress. There were some incidents (the connection of which with the main plot it would not be easy to discover) involved in the subject, but as they were the means of introducing

Miss Love as a smart but accomplished chamber-maid, and Mr. Pearman as a musical valet, it would be difficult to find fault with them on the score of consistency alone. Mr. Meadows has a character which gives his talents no scope, and Mrs. Vining is in the same situation. The music is very pleasing, and in some instances delightful. We never heard Miss Tree to more advantage.

To those, who prefer the excellence of natural genius combined with a cultivated taste, the re-appearance of *Romeo and Juliet* on the stage, during the present month, presented a high gratification. The appearance of Miss F. H. Kelly, in the delightful *Juliet*, was as usual greeted with unmixed, and what is of more consequence and of rarer occurrence, *unbiassed* applause. Independent of the merit of her performance the audience appeared to greet her as one who had received unmerited treatment during her engagement at Covent Garden. By some extraordinary and unknown influence, this amiable young lady and excellent actress has not been allowed to perform in characters for which she was engaged, and for which she alone, either at this or the other theatre, is eminently qualified. The treatment which this lady has received obliges us to remind managers in general, that they have no right to engage performers of the first talents, merely, as it would appear, to put them on the *shelf*, or to prevent them from acting in a rival establishment. If *Drury* had possessed this *brightest star* during the present season, the manager would have made a fortune; and her powers, joined to those of Kean and Young, would have rendered Covent Garden a *perfect desert*. It has been said, that previously to Miss Kelly's engagement

her parts were appropriated to other actresses; then why was she engaged? Why give her double the salary that is given to her rivals and keep her unemployed? It has also been industriously reported, that she is incapable of acting any part but that of *Juliet*, and these unmanly detractors point to the parts she performed in the *Earl of Essex* and the *Huguenot*, as if those contemptible characters could change their calumny into truth! It must, however, be confessed, that Miss Kelly disgraced her talents, and hazarded her reputation when she condescended to appear in those tragedies. The night for her benefit is drawing near, when the public will have an opportunity of again fairly judging of her abilities, and we shall see whether there be such an anomaly in nature as an *excellent Juliet* who is incompetent to other characters. *Venice Preserved* will be acted for Miss Kelly's benefit, in which she will perform the character of *Belvidera*, and from the extreme interest that is felt by the public there can be no doubt of a numerous audience, who will not suffer any *party influence* to be exerted in order to obscure her rising fame. All public characters of eminent merit are the property of the country, and are peculiarly entitled to the protection of a Free Press; we therefore heartily lend our assistance in promoting the cause of Virtue and Talent.

Much Ado about Nothing has been repeated at this theatre, and we can not but admire the classic acting of Mr. Charles Kemble, in *Benedict*; the gentlemanly elegance which was diffused over all his railings against love, as well as the parts, in which he afterwards persuades himself that he was a martyr to the passion, were admirably sustained.

MONTHLY MEMORANDA.

The *Secretary* to the SOCIETY of GUARDIANS for the PROTECTION of TRADE by Circulars has informed the Members thereof, that a person calling himself

FRANCIS HARTWELL, Wholesale Druggist, 6, Swan-lane, Upper Thames-street, and Walworth, sometimes uses the name of

ROBERT HARTWELL, and sometimes that of

FRANCIS ROBERT HARTWELL, of the same place.

That the persons undernamed, or using the firm and description of

FRANCIS and WHITE, Stone, Marble, Cement, Lime and Coal Merchants, 22, Trafalgar-street, Walworth-road, and Thames-street, City, are in no way connected with Messrs. Francis, White, and Francis, MEMBERS of THIS SOCIETY, who are Roman Cement Manufacturers, at Nine Elms, Vauxhall, in Middle Scotland-yard, and in Earl-street, Blackfriars.

Grand Entertainment at the Mansion-house.—The entertainment which was postponed from Easter Monday in consequence of the extensive repairs in that building, took place on the 7th inst. The Egyptian Hall was most superbly fitted up for the occasion, but the number of tickets issued for the dinner having considerably exceeded what is usual, two of the spacious apartments on the same floor were appropriated to the reception of the later guests. The arrangements made by the Committee were, however, such as to prevent any long continued confusion in the course of the arrival of a dinner party consisting of nearly 500 individuals. The company experienced in the change of the drawing-room, which has been transferred from the second to the first-floor, a very great convenience. The dancing commenced at half-past ten. The ball was opened by the daughter of Sir C. Hunter and the Bavarian Minister.

By a Parliamentary account just printed it appears that the net Revenue of Ireland, for the year ending 5th April, 1823, was 3,513,814*l.*; for 5th April, 1822, 3,990,498*l.* The Customs for the year ending 5th April,

1823, amounted to 1,168,939*l.*; 5th April, 1822, 1,118,786*l.*; so that in this branch alone there is a falling off of 249,847*l.* In Great Britain the produce of the Customs for the year ending 5th April, 1823, exceeded that of the preceding year.

Wanstead-house was sold by auction, on the premises, for 10,000*l.*; one of the conditions of sale binds the purchaser to clear every thing away, even to the foundation, by Lady-day 1825. The biddings commenced at 1600*l.* and advanced by thousands till they reached 8000*l.* when they dwindled to an advance of 100*l.* each bidding, till they reached the sum at which the building was sold: the purchasers are Messrs. Stannard and Athow, of Norwich, in conjunction with three other of their townsmen. The auctioneer announced to the company, by their request, that they intended to sell the whole in lots, large or small, to suit buyers, and they absolutely sold a pair of marble chimney-pieces for 300 guineas before they left the room. Thus is sacrificed, on the shrine of extravagance, a mansion, which cost in its erection more than 360,000*l.* and which has no equal in the county of Essex!

BIRTHS.

The Lady of William Peter, esq. Cadogan-place
The Lady of William Henry Armstrong, esq. Brighton
The Lady of William Cartwright, esq. New Norfolk-street
The Lady of John Brown, esq. still-born, Kingston, Oxon.
Mrs. Captain Protheroe, Hampton
Mrs. S. S. Edkins, Salisbury-square

The Lady of Captain J. P. Walton, of Hon. East India Company's Ship *Hythe*
Mrs. J. White, Margate
Lady Tullamore, Grosvenor-place
The Lady of John Lusk, esq. Nunbury, Herts.
Mrs. Thomas Gid, Frankfurt-place, Plymouth
The Lady of John Henry Pells, esq. Great Cornhill-place.

DAUGHTERS.

The Lady of Patrick Power, esq. Gifford's-hall, Suffolk
The Lady of Richard Gosling, esq. Devonshire-street, Portland-place
The Lady of John Allen, esq. Leicester-square
Mrs. Mathieu, Finsbury-place

The Lady of A. Brymer Belcher, esq. Roehampton
The Lady of A. W. Law, esq. Islington
The Lady of J. B. Nicholls, esq. Parliament-st.
The Lady of the Rev. C. E. Keene, Buckland Rectory.

MARRIAGES.

Browning, John, esq. to
Jackson, Miss Harriet Augusta Ernst, Hanover-street, Hanover-square
Butt, William, Jun. esq. of Cornybury, Herts, to
Touple, Miss Eliza, Bronpton-grove
Bowler, Edward, esq. Ragland, Monmouthshire, to
Theakston, Miss Isabella, of Ripon, County of York
Barclay, John, esq. of Barnes, Surrey, to
Hawes, Miss Martha, Spring-gardens
Cowell, Charles, esq. of Ipswich, to
Byles, Miss Marianne, Hill-house
Curtis, William, esq. of Finchley, to
Soppitt, Miss, youngest daughter of the late William Soppitt, esq.

Eur. Mag. May, 1823.

Campbell, George, esq. of Edenwood, to
Christie, Miss Margaret, Ferrybank
Edmeston, James, esq. of Hometon, to
Robson, Miss Anna Priscilla, Hackney
Grenside, John, esq. of Clapham-rise, to
Foyster, Miss Harriet Pratt, daughter of the late Samuel Foyster, esq. Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square
Hammer, Captain J. R.N. of Holbrook-hall, Suffolk, to
Dawson, Miss Harriet, daughter of the late Thomas Dawson, esq. of Edwardston-hall, Suffolk
Herbert, John Owen, esq. of Dolforgan, Montgomeryshire, to
Johnson, Miss Harriet, Southstoke, Somerset

Herbert, George Flower, esq. Lieutenant R.N. Ilfracombe, to
 Harding, Miss Mary, niece of Commissioner Bowen, of the Navy
 Hill, St. Leger, esq. Brighton, to
 Nugent, Miss, daughter of the late John Nugent, esq. of Epsom
 James, John, esq. Dartford, to
 Jackson, Miss Emily, Kidbrook-lodge, Kent
 Jukes, Rev. J. Yeovil, Somersetshire, to
 Griffith, Miss Mary, Connaught-terrace
 King, Rev. Walker, eldest son of the Lord Bishop of Rochester, to
 Heberden, Miss Anne, third daughter of Dr. Heberden
 Luke, Lieut. George Rivers, of the Royal Artillery, to
 Todd, Miss Mary Ann, Weres Cot, County of Somerset
 Lugger, Robert, esq. Catherine-hall, Cambridge, to
 Dixon, Miss Harriet, Mecklenburgh-square
 Mould, Jacob, esq. Lincoln's-inn-helds, to
 Oakley, Miss Mary Ann, eldest daughter of William Oakley, esq. late of Chislehurst, Kent
 Murray, Major, of his Majesty's 30th Regt to Browne, Miss Amelia Ann, daughter of Samuel Browne, esq. late of the General Post Office, London

Page, Mr. Samuel, of Great Surrey-street, to Stonehouse, Miss Mary Ann, Belmont-cottage, Vauxhall
 Peckett, Captain, of the Corp of Engineers on the Bengal Establishment, to
 Gordon, Miss Catherine, daughter of Robert Hepburne, esq. of Clarkington
 Rickwood, George, esq. of Lydd, County of Kent, to
 Marsh, Miss Susannah Jones, Colney-hatch
 Ross, Mr. J. P. Hammersmith, to
 Long, Miss Ann, Chalford-on-the-hill, Gloucestershire
 Schreiber, Charles, esq. of Hinchelsea-lodge, Hants, to
 Amelia, eldest daughter of Major General Sir John Cameron, K.C.B.
 Sims, John, M.D. of Cavendish-square, to
 Dillwyn, Miss Lydia, Higham-lodge, Walthamstow
 Say, Thomas, esq. 5th Regt. of Bombay Native Infantry, to
 Hill, Miss, late of Glastonbury, Somersetshire
 Touray, B. J. esq. Brixton, to
 Clark, Miss Sarah, daughter of the late Dr. Clark, of the Island of Dominica
 Towton, Rev. Dr. of the Island of Jamaica, to
 Thorn, Miss Mary, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Thorn, Bath.

DEATHS.

Anderdon, Mrs. relict of the late Ferdinando Anderdon, esq. Taunton, 86—Abdy, the Rev. Wm. Jarvis, St. John's Rectory, Southwark, 68.
 Frederick, the infant son of the Rev. H. Breedon, Rectory Paigebourne, Berks—Big-nold, John, C. esq. Catton, in Norfolk—The Right Hon. William, Earl Beauchamp, at his seat in Worcestershire—Bathurst, Mrs. Lady of the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Norwich, Great Malvern, Worcestershire—Brown, widow of the late Thomas Brown, esq. Lower Cheam, Surrey—Brant, Mrs. Isabella Anne, wife of the Rev. W. C. Brant, Farthingo-lodge, 27—Billingay, Samuel, esq. Plaistow, Essex, 70—Bertin, Mrs. Amelia, wife of S. Bertin, esq. Berners-street—Blith, James, esq. Twickenham.
 Colquit, Goodwin, esq. late of the Grenadier Guards, Le Mons, in France—Cartwright, Mrs. Maria, wife of William Cartwright, esq. Sidmouth-street, Mecklenburgh-square—Cook, Bryan William Darwin, esq. Alverley-grange, County of Yorkshire—Cornish, Hubert, esq. Salcombe-hill, near Sidmouth, 65—Cox, J. W. esq. Hatton-garden.
 Dowding, Mrs. Mecklenburgh-sq.—Davies, John, esq. Surrey-street, Strand, 82—Dinsdale, Thomas, esq. Charlotte-street, Portland-place, 65—Davey, Lieut. Colonel Thomas, Royal Marines.
 Filton, Miss, Hastings, Sussex—Forsters, Mrs. Susannah, widow of the late Edward Forster, esq. Walthamstow, Essex—Fordham, Mrs. Sarah, wife of Edward K. Fordham, esq. Royston, Herts, 76—Faithorn, Mrs. wife of Dr. Faithorn, Berners-street.
 Gilchrist, James, esq. Kensington, 24—Gellibrand, Mrs. wife of T. Gellibrand, esq. Carshalton, Surrey—Lady Gethin, wife of Sir Percy Gethin, bart. Percy-mount, Sligo, Ireland—Grace, Mr. Thomas, jun. Puttlowes, County of Bucks—Grant, Charles, esq. younger brother of the Right Hon. Sir William Grant—Right Hon. Lord Glenbervie, Cheltenham, 87—Green, Mrs. Ann, Westerham, Kent, 83.
 The infant daughter of the Rev. Sir John Head, bart. Rector of Rayleigh, Essex—Horton, Eusebius, esq. Catton, Derbyshire, 76—Hast, Philip Francis, esq. Haymarket, 82—Haworth, Dr. Red Lion-square—Hunter, F. W. esq. surgeon to the Hon. East India Company's Ship Asia, Sangur-roads—Hussey, Lieut.-Gen. Vere Warner, Great Cumberland-place, 76—Hall, William, esq. Vale-place, Hammersmith, 33.
 Iibert, Rev. Roope, Bouringaleigh, Devon—Judd, Miss Ellen Louisa, youngest daughter of William Judd, esq. Loughton, Essex.

Kenrick, John, esq. Wynn-hall, Ruabon, County of Denbigh—Kingsmill, Sir Robert, bart. Sidmonton, Hants, 53.
 Lefevre, Charles Shaw, esq. Whitehall-place, 61—Lloyd, Mrs. relict of John Lloyd, esq. Union-parade, Leamington-spa, 80—Lovell, Robert, M.D. Begbrook, Bristol—Lambert, Rev. James, sen. Fensfield Prisonage, 82.
 The Right Hon. Catherine, Countess Dowager Morton, Park-street, 86—The infant son of Major M'Caskill, Kensington-gore—Muckle, Captain, Lt. N. Keswick, 76—Merchant, Mrs. relict of the Rev. James Merchant, Shaftesbury—M'Kenzie, the Hon. Caroline, third daughter of Lord Seaforth, Brahan-castle.
 Nollekins, Joseph, esq. R.A. Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square, 86.
 Lady Owen, Portman-square.
 Purling, Mrs. Maria, wife of John Charles Purling, esq. Kingston-Russell, Dorsetshire—Preston, Sir Thomas, Bee-ton-hall, Norfolk, 56.
 Reinagle, Mrs. wife of P. Reinagle, esq. R.A. Chelsea—Rendall, Charles Henry, esq. Oxenwood, Berkshire—Reader, Mrs. wife of W. Reader, esq. Brunswick-square—Ruth, Charlotte, daughter of the late Rev. Houlton Hartwell, and grand-daughter of Sir Francis John Hartwell, bart. Leamington, 9.
 Strange, Alexander, esq. Lieut. in the 42d, or Royal Highlanders, Island of Madeira, 29—Sutton, Mrs. Margaret, wife of Daniel Sutton, jun. esq. Kensington—Staines, John, esq. Palmer-terrace, Islington, 26—Sutton, Major Matthew, Frith-street, Solio—Shaw, James, esq. Gillingham, County of Norfolk—Steele, Robert, esq. Abresford, Hants—Sanders, Captain Thos. of the Hon. East India Company's Ship Orwell, Canton—Sterling, Mr. John, Old Broad-street, 72—Smyth, Colonel Sir William, bart. Hill-hall, Essex, 78—Seale, Gregory, esq. Crookerton, Wilts, 85—Schomberg, Miss Anne, only daughter of Captain Schomberg, R.N.—Sayer, James, esq. Chapel-street, May-fair, 75.
 Tonison, esq. Rockhall, County Kilkenny, 58—Troy, Dr. Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, in Dublin—Thackeray, the Hon. William, Member of the Council in the Government of Madras on his passage to the Cape—The Dowager Viscountess Torrington, Tenterden-street—Tilt, Miss, Tavistock-square.
 Upton, Mrs. wife of Henry Upton, esq. Cheltenham, 70.
 Walker, Mrs. Mary, wife of John Walker, esq. Rickmansworth—William, Viscount Dudley and Ward, Himley-hall, Staffordshire, 74.
 Young, Mrs. Alicia Maria, relict of the late John Young, esq. Fairview, Ellesmere, 70.

LIST OF PATENTS.

Thomas Hancock, of Goswell-mews, St. Luke, Old-street, Middlesex, patent cork-manufacturer, for an improvement in the preparations for various useful purposes of pitch and of tar, separately or in union, by an admixture of other ingredients with either or both of them. Dated March 22, 1823.

Thomas Wickham, of Nottingham, lace-manufacturer; for a compound paste and liquid, to be used for the purpose of improving and colouring lace and net, and all other manufactured articles made of flax, cotton,

wool, silk, or any other animal or vegetable substance, whether the fabric of the same be composed of holes or interstices, or of open or close work, or otherwise, and to be applied in the process of getting up, dressing, or colouring the same. Dated March 24, 1823.

William Jessop, of Butterly-hall, Derbyshire, iron-master; for an elastic metallic piston, or packing of pistons, to be applied externally or internally to cylinders. Dated March 27, 1823.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Tuesday, May 20, 1823.

COTTON.—It was generally believed the heavy prompt day at the India House on Friday last would bring several large parcels of Cotton on the market at prices a shade under what had been paid at the last India sale; there were however few parcels pressing upon the market, and although one or two purchases could be made at a small decline, yet the reduction was not general. The purchases since our last consist of 1750 bales, *viz.* in bond, 300 Surats, 5½*d.* a 5¾*d.* ordinary to good fair; 1200 Bengals, 5*d.* a 5¾*d.* ordinary to good fair; 130 Madras, 5¾*d.* a 5½*d.* fair and good fair; 20 Boweds, 7¾*d.* good fair; 70 Smyrnas, 7½*d.* a 8*d.* and 50 Demeraras, 10¾*d.* duty paid.

COFFEE.—The very languid and depressed state of the Coffee market which we noticed on Tuesday last, had the effect of deterring the principal holders from advertising sales; the parcels brought forward were too limited to afford any criterion of the market prices. There were no public sales brought forward this forenoon, and very few purchases are reported by private contract. The arrivals to-day are large, but the exports continue considerable.

SUGAR.—The demand for muscovades during the last week has been limited, and for good and fine Sugars rather lower prices were submitted to; the brown fully supported the previous currency. The public sale of Friday consisted of 327 casks of Grenada Sugars, new, and of a very excellent quality; the bright yellow and strong grey, 62*s.* a 63*s.* went 6*d.* a 1*s.*

per cwt. under the prices by private contract; the good, 60*s.* a 61*s.* also a shade lower; the inferior quality, 58*s.* 6*d.* a 59*s.* 6*d.* sold rather higher. This forenoon no Sugars were on sale, on account of the holidays.

CORN.—The Wheat market closed on Friday with so much life, that a further advance was asked yesterday; the supply was larger than last week, and after a few of the best runs were picked out at 3*s.* a 4*s.* per quarter advance, the trade became heavy, and some quantity remains unsold, and the market went a little lower, but it may be quoted fully 2*s.* higher than on the Monday preceding; Flour supports the advance, but the sales are not brisk. There was a good deal of Barley fresh in, which met a dull sale at a decline of 1*s.* per quarter. A great many vessels from Ireland, which have been long detained by contrary winds, have now got round, and we have also a large arrival of Oats from our own coast; the trade was very dull, though the sales made were on terms equal to the preceding Monday; the supply, including the arrivals since Saturday, is very large, and it is hardly probable it will be cleared off without submitting to some depression.

RUM, BRANDY, and HOLLANDS.—The Rum market continues in a very depressed state; there are sellers at the reduced quotations, but no buyers. The best marks of Brandy offer free on board to arrive at 2*s.* 10*d.* a 2*s.* 11*d.* In Geneva there is little alteration.

SPICES.—There is no alteration since the India sale; Cinnamon bears a small premium.

LIST OF BANKRUPTS AND DIVIDENDS,

FROM SATURDAY, APRIL 15, TO SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1823.

Extracted from the London Gazette.

N.B. All the Meetings are at the Court of Commissioners, Basinghall-street, unless otherwise expressed. The Attornies' Names are in Parenthesis.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

M. Glass, Potterne, Wilts, victualler.
O. Holden, Clitheroe, Lancashire, calico-manufacturer.
J. Holden, Manchester, calico-dealer.
W. Lovell, Kilmersden, Somersetshire, linen-draper.
L. H. Martelly, Finsbury-square, merchant.

W. Piper, Hammersmith, barge-builder.
T. Lidbetter, Southwick, Sussex, corn-merchant.
T. Charlesworth, Clare-street, Clare-market, grocer.
J. Eaglesfield and J. Wall, Hinckley, Leicester-shire, hosiers.

BANKRUPTCIES ENLARGED.

S. Wagstaff and T. Baylis, Kidderminster, carpet warehousemen, from Mar. 11 to April 23.
H. Newhouse, Huddersfield, plumber, from May 3 to 24.

J. O'Brien, Broad-street-buildings, merchant, from March 8 to April 26.
W. Johnson, Addington-place, Camberwell, butcher, from March 28 to May 10.

BANKRUPTS.

Autrobus, J. Liverpool, draper. (Blackstock and Bunce, Temple.
Ablett, J. Bucklebury, tustian-manufacturer. (Hurd and Johnson, King's Bench-walk, Temple.
Ansell, J. Deptford, shoe maker. (Woodward, Oveiton and Combe, Tokenhouse-yard.
Alloway, J. and J. Bedminster, Somersetshire, cutleryware-dealers. (Hicks and Braikenridge, Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn.
Allen, W. Seething-lane, Tower-street, ale-dealer. (Van Sandau, Nicholas-lane, Lombard-street.
Lambury, C. H. Wood-street, Cheapside, silk-manufacturer. (Hurd and Johnson, King's Bench-walk, Temple.
Brown, P. Wharton, Lancashire, dealer. (Wheeler, Castle-street, Holborn.
Barge, B. Clifford street, Bond-street, wine merchant. (Gale, Basinghall-street.
Beckett, E. Crawford street, St. Mary le bone, printer. (Jones and Howard, Mincing-lane.
Broom, W. Walcot, Somersetshire, builder (Jenkins, James and Abbott, New-inn.
Binton, J. Edward-street, Portman-square, ironmonger. (Jones and Bland, Great Mary-le-bone-street.
Baxter, R. Great Eastcheap, Scotch-factor (Walker, Rankin and Richards, Basinghall-street.
Buckle, T. Leeds, merchant. (Maxon, Little Friday-street.
Bradley, R. Bromley, Kent, victualler. (Baddeley, Leman-street, Goodman's-fields.
Burton, C. Bristol, grocer. (Edmunds, Exchequer-office, Lincoln's-inn.
Bowman, P. R. Arundel, Sussex, tanner. (Freeman and Heathcote, Coleman-street.
Burn, G. Maidstone, pastry-cook. (Wildes, Chancery-lane.
Beak, H. Hathampton, Somersetshire, mealman. (Nethersoles and Co. Essex-street, Strand.
Bandeira, J. J. late of Great Winchester-street, merchant. (Blunt and Co. Broad-street-buildings.
Bligh, W. C. Bath, grocer. (Hurd and Co. King's Bench-walk, Temple.
Beadmore, J. Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicester-shire, printer. (Dax and Co. Guildford-street.
Burgess, G. and J. Gate, Portsmouth, brewers. (Rague, Great James-street.
Carter, T. H. Minorles, victualler. (Younger, John-street, America-square.
Cooper, H. A. Stocklinch-Ottersay, Somersetshire. (Poole and Greenfield, Gray's-inn-sq.
Chabaud, H. Plumtree str. Bloomsbury-square, Jeweller. (Hurd and Johnson, King's Bench-walk, Temple.
Cullingham, H. Kensington, carpenter. (Poole and Greenfield, Gray's-inn-square.
Dryden, J. Rathbone-place, Oxford-street, haberdasher. (Fisher, Bucklersbury.
Davies, E. High-street, Southwark, hatter. (Blake, Great Surrey-str., Blackfriars-road.

Denison, H. Liverpool, money-scrivener. (Taylor and Roscoe, King's Bench-walk, Temple.
Dickenson, R. B. Little Grosvenor-street, Grosvenor-square, victualler. (Plaisted, East-pl. Lambeth.
Dodd, E. Manchester, painter. (Buttye, Chancery-lane.
Edwards, J. Elder-street, Nortonfalgate, silk-weaver. (James, Bucklersbury.
Evans, D. Marchmont-street, draper. (Ashurst, Sanbrook-court, Basinghall-street.
Fowler, D. Cophall-street, broker. (Fisher, Bucklersbury.
Fleet, F. Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire, corn-dealer. (Baxter, Gray's-inn-place.
Fowle, J. Sandwich, common-brewer. (Lodington and Hall, Sergeant's-inn, Fleet-street.
Fox, J. Claremont-place, Kent-road, Camberwell, politerer. (W. and D. Richardson, Walbrook.
Gilbert, T. jun. Long-acre, coach-maker. (Kaye, Dyer's buildings, Holborn.
Godsell, J. Winchester, linen-draper (Bremridge, Chancery-lane.
Grove, G. and H. Wilkinson, Liverpool, ironmongers. (Perkins and Frampton, Gray's inn.
Giddon, A. King-street, Covent-garden, tobacconist. (Faithful, Brechin-lane.
Howarth, E. Leeds, woolstapler. (Batty, Chancery-lane.
Hilder, W. New Windsor, saddler. (Webb, Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn.
Haswell, J. F. Fox and Hounds-yard, Curtain-road, Shoreditch, horse dealer. (Denton and Barker, Gray's-inn-square.
Hickman, W. and D. Timothy, Leicester-square, hosiers. (Whitelock, King-street, Cheapside.
Hewitt, T. Whitechurch, Shropshire, furrier. (Procter and Slaney, Gray's-inn-place.
Hardern, P. and J. Macclesfield, silk-manufacturers. (Blackley, Frith-street, Soho.
Henty, W. Pluckley, Kent, smith. (Lindsay, St. Thomas's-street, Southwark.
Hammon, J. Great Portland-street, Oxford-st., plumber. (Stevens and Wood, Little St. Thomas Apostle.
Herbert, W. Goldsmith-street, Cheapside, ribbon-manufacturer. (Webster & Son, Queen-street, Cheapside.
Hedges, T. Bristol, grocer. (Poole and Greenfield, Gray's-inn-square.
Innell, J. and J. Chalford, Gloucestershire, clothiers. (King, Sergeant's-inn, Fleet-street.
Jepson, T. Heaton Norris, Lancashire, brewer. (Ellis and Co. Cursitor-street.
Johnson, W. Grange, Bermondsey, tanner. (Walker, Rankin and Richards, Basinghall-st.
Jarmain, J. Cumberland-street, New-road, upholsterer. (Clarke, Little St. Thomas Apostle, Queen-street.
Jefferis, J. Lisbon-green, Paddington, ink-manufacturer. (Rogers and Son, Manchester-buildings, Westminster.
Joseph, M. J. Fox, Ordinary-court, Nicholas-

lane, Lombard-street, merchant. (Hird, Berwick-street, Soho.
 Kirby, J. Chelsea, linen-draper. (Gates, Cateaton-street.
 Kinning, T. Oxford-street, linen-draper. (Willis, Watson and Bower, Tokenhouse-yard, Lothbury.
 Kimber, C. Lambourne, Berkshire, brewer. (Boasfield, Chatham-place, Blackfriars.
 Liddbetter, T. Southwick, Sussex, corn-merchant. (Gregson and Fonnereau, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street.
 Lucas, C. Kennington, dealer. (Perkins and Frampton, Holborn-court, Gray's-lun.
 Lowe, J. Warrington, currier. (Mason, Crescent-place, New Bridge-street.
 Lowe, S. Burton-on-Trent, scrivener. (Caser, Wolverhampton.
 Loner, W. Jun. Southampton, printer. (Slade and Jones, John-street, Bedford-row.
 Leonard, W. Norfolk-place, Newington-butts, tea dealer. (Gellibrand, Austinfriars.
 Lewis, L. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, milliner. (Bell and Brodriek, Bow-church-yard.
 Lunnbert, C. Sloane-street, Chelsea, school-master. (Stafford, Buckingham-st., Strand.
 Middleton, J. New Tophill-street, Westminster, smith. (Way, Lucas and Parkinson, Argyle-street, Oxford-street.
 Murrell, W. Skinner-street, Snow-hill, auctioneer. (Russen, Crown-court, Aldersgate-street.
 McQueen, W. H. and S. Hamilton, Newman-street, Oxford-street, stationers. (Hutchinson and Co. Lincoln's-inn, New-square.
 Miller, H. F. T. Fome-Selwood, money-scrivener. (Williams, Red Lion-square.
 Nash, D. Finsbury-place, Finsbury-square, stable-keeper. (Coates, Pump-court, Temple.
 Nichols, J. Finchingham, Essex, tanner. (Nicholls, Great Winchester-street, Old Broad-street.
 Penn, B. Birchills, Staffordshire, coal-master. (Hunt, Surrey-street, Strand.
 Phillips, T. Strand, victualler. (J. Newton, Serle's-place, Carey-street.
 Powell, P. Brighton, silk-merc. (Tanner, Fore-street, Cripplegate.
 Roberts, T. and J. de Yrigoyti, Broad-street, stock-brokers. (Farien, Scrivenor and Stuart, King's Arms-yard, Coleman-street.
 Read, R. Newcastle-under-Lyme, carpenter. (Stocker and Dawson, New Boswell-court, Carey-street.

Robson, J. H. Sunderland near the Sea, mercer. (Blakiston, Symond's-inn, Chancery-lane.
 Roper, J. Norwich, woollen-draper. (Poole and Co. Gray's-inn-square.
 Robertson, J. Wilton, Wiltshire, surgeon. (Santer, Chancery-lane.
 Shaw, W. Thornhill Fens, Yorkshire, boat-builder. (Battye, Chancery-lane.
 Sprent, J. Gosport, builder. (Bogue, Great James-street, Bedford-row.
 Starmer, W. Odell's-place, Little Chelsea, linen-draper. (C. Hertslet, Northumberland-street, Strand.
 Spindelov, R. Drayton in Hales, Shropshire, ironmonger. (Benbow and Co. Lincoln's-inn.
 Skinner, W. Bradninch, Devonshire, sergeant-maker. (Darke, Red Lion-square.
 Spikins, C. Bethnal-green, bookseller. (White, Garden-row, London-road.
 Syker, T. Rath-Easton, Somersetshire, clothier. (Nind and Cotterill, Throgmorton-street.
 Thompson, J. Manchester, tea-dealer. (Adlington, Gregory and Faulkner, Bedford-row.
 Thompson, J. and W. Walker, Wolverhampton, draper. (Chester, Staple's-inn.
 Titterton, J. Wilmington-square, Spa-fields, surgeon. (Heard, Hooper-square, Leaman-street, Goodman's-fields.
 Tomlins, J. Boddicot, Oxfordshire, nurseryman. (Makinson, Elm-court, Temple.
 Thomas, J. Kent-street, Southwark, builder. (Newbon, Great Carter-lane, Doctors'-commons.
 Todd, E. Liverpool, woollen-draper. (Adlington and Co. Bedford-row.
 Viney, J. Bristol, cabinet-maker. (Williams and White, Lincoln's-inn.
 Vivian, S. Tywardreath, Cornwall, linen-draper. (Shaw, Bly-place.
 Wainwright, H. and J. Liverpool. (Blackstock and Bunce, Temple.
 Wike, J. Adlington, Cheshire, farmer. (Milne and Parry, Temple.
 Wright, G. St. Martin's-lane, boot-factor. (Jeyes, Chancery-lane.
 Weild, G. Nottingham, draper. (Hurd and Johnson, Temple.
 Willingham, G. Great Mary-le-bone-str. Mary-le-bone, money scrivener. (Tanner, Fore-st. Cripplegate.
 Wilkin, T. Soham, Cambridgeshire, scrivener. (Leuber, Newmarket.

DIVIDENDS.

Abithol, late of Bury-street, St. James's, merchant, May 24.
 Ambrose, E. King-street, City, warehouseman, June 17.
 Alvin, R. P. Elm-street, Gray's-inn-lane, ale and table beer brewer, May 17.
 Axford, T. Abington, Berkshire, wine-merchant, May 20.
 Asquith, S. otherwise T. G. Asquith and D. Asquith, Bernondsey, and T. Mellish, New Kent-road, ship-owners, May 27.
 Bosisto, W. Reading, Woollen-draper, May 20.
 Bowring, T. G. Fenchurch-buildings, broker, May 31.
 Beadey, J. Wootton Underedge, clothier, June 4.
 Billingham, J. Uttoxeter, nail-manufacturer, May 23.
 Bell, G. Berwick-upon-Tweed, cooper, May 27.
 Bennett, S. A. Worship-street, Shoreditch, and Battle-bridge, coach-manufacturers, May 17.
 Bradford, G. Bristol, broker, May 12.
 Baker, W. and N. Portsea, grocers, April 26.
 Bedson, T. and R. Bishop Aston, near Birmingham, brass-founder, May 21.
 Herriman, W. late of Lyneham, Wiltshire, dealer, June 9.
 Bromley, T. Circus-street, New-road, Mary-le-bone, ironmonger, May 13.
 Body, E. Morrice-town, Stoke Damerell, Devonshire, merchant, June 5.
 Bird, T. Solihull-lodge, Warwickshire, coal-dealer, May 14.
 Braanwhite, Bristol, frings-manufacturer, May 14.

Birch, J. Birmingham, jeweller, May 13.
 Bowditch, B. T. and R. Wilks, Bristol, hat-manufacturers, May 20.
 Brammall, G. Sheffield, file-maker, May 12.
 Croft, J. late of Kingston-upon-Hull, draper, June 11.
 Cande, L. Liverpool, merchant, June 5.
 Cragg, J. Whitehaven, ironmonger, June 3.
 Carter, H. Ratcliffe-highway, linen-draper, July 26.
 Clarke, T. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer, May 23.
 Cive, T. and S. Richardson, Tokenhouse-yard, merchants, May 27.
 Cowell, J. Jun. Torquay, Devonshire, wine-merchant, June 10.
 Cumberlege, J. George-yard, Lombard-street, merchant.
 Candler, J. Jewry-street, Aldgate, flour-factor, May 17.
 Coates, J. Edrith, Huntingdonshire, liquor-merchant, May 7.
 Cleugh, J. and R. Leadenhall-street, wholesale linen-draper, May 10.
 Callow, Princes-street, Soho, medical bookseller, June 3.
 Dawson, J. Bury, Lancashire, linen-draper, June 9.
 De Roure and J. Hambrook, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street, merchants, June 10.
 Deschamps, W. W. B. S. Morgan, and P. M. Taggart, Suffolk-lane, merchants, May 24.
 Dick, Q. and J. Dick, Finsbury-square, merchants, May 24.

- Dean, R. W. and T. W. Cook, Sugar-street-alley, Bethnal-green, brewers, May 18.
- Drake, J. Lewisham, Kent, saddler, June 21.
- Ellie, T. Crooked-lane, drysalter, May 17.
- Edwards, G. H. Craven-street, St. Martin's-in-the-fields, wine-merchant, May 31.
- Eastwood, H. of Eastwood, Yorkshire, sustian manufacturer, June 11.
- Foster, T. and S. B. Felling, Kent, maltsters, May 10.
- Ford, H. Portsmouth, hardwareman, May 28.
- Fate, W. Settle, Yorkshire, cabinet-maker, May 30.
- Fearnley, C. Crutched-friars, wine-merchant, May 13.
- Gerrard, D. Old-Catendish-street, Mary-le-bone, milliner, May 10.
- Gregg, T. R. and W. Phene, Jun. Watling-street, confectioners, June 7.
- Griffin, T. Knightsbridge, plumber, April 26.
- Gowland, T. Great-Winchester-street, merchant, June 7.
- Gloag, R. Little Hermitage-street, Wapping, fishmonger, June 7.
- Gilbert, W. R. and H. Burgess, Leicestershire, woolstaplers, June 19.
- Grill, C. Dunster-court, Mincing-lane, merchant, May 31.
- Hill, T. Thornbury, Gloucestershire, linen-draper, May 27.
- Hall, C. G. and H. B. Grosvenor-street, West-pitchco, carpenters, May 17.
- Heydon, W. late of South Audley-street, plumber, June 7.
- Higgs, R. Bristol, leather-factor, June 12.
- Hays, C. and W. H. Blunden, Oxford-street, linen-draper, May 31.
- Hoyle, T. J. Lord, J. Chatburn, and W. Pothergill, Irwell Springs, Lancashire, calico-printers, May 24.
- Hope, J. Sandwich, Kent, toyman, June 6.
- Heap, W. Cobbe's Nab, Lancashire, calico-printer, May 27.
- Holmes, F. Vere-street, Oxford-road, merchant, May 24.
- Hales, E. Newark-upon-Trent, cornfactor, May 29.
- Hicks, H. and S. W. Woodward, Bank side, Southwark, timber-merchants, May 13.
- Hudson, late of Havill-street, Gamberwell, brick-layer, May 24.
- Holman, W. Totnes, Devonshire, ironmonger, June 23.
- Halliley, R. Lumby, Yorkshire, dealer, May 2.
- Hayton, J. W. Greenfield, Flintshire, and M. P. Leasinby, London, wire-manufacturers, May 17.
- Holmes, J. Portsmouth, coal-merchant, May 10.
- Heatfield, H. Abingdon-row, Goswell-street-road, merchant, May 17.
- Hughes, S. Oxford-street, hosier, May 27.
- Hext, S. Hardington, Mandevill, Somersetshire, cloth-maker, June 17.
- Herbert, and W. Buckmaster, St. Mary Axe, wine-merchants, May 24.
- Hughes, T. Chelsea, linen-draper, May 27.
- Jent, T. Piccadilly, chinaman, May 10.
- Joplin, J. Sunderland-near-the-Sea, linen-draper, May 23.
- Johnson, Houndsditch, cabinet-maker.
- Jackson, J. W. Liverpool, drysalter, May 19.
- Jenkins, E. Picketstone, Glamorganshire, miller, May 26.
- Kirkman, J. Liverpool, merchant, May 29.
- Latham, T. D. and J. Farry, Devonshire-square, merchants, May 10.
- Long, D. Andover, gun-maker, May 10.
- Latham, P. Bowness-hall, Cumberland, corn-factor, May 23.
- Lawler, H. Birmingham, button-maker, June 6.
- Leach, G. Cumberland-street, Mary-le-bone, brewer, May 17.
- Lea, S. G. New England Coffee-house, merchant, May 10.
- Lawrence, T. Mitre-court, Cheapside, ware-houseman, May 24.
- Manthorpe, R. Backville street, Piccadilly, tailor, June 14.
- Mason, New-court, St. Swithin's-lane, merchant, W. Rye, Sussex, draper, June 10.
- Mackerman, J. Ratton-gard, music-seller, May 31.
- Matthie, and G. Yates, Liverpool, merchants, June 22.
- Murray, W. Pall-mall-court, Pall-mall, tailor, May 24.
- Mercer, T. Billinghamhurst, Sussex, brewer, May 31.
- Marsh, Huddersfield, grocer, May 24.
- Mallinson, J. Birdsedge, Yorkshire, and A. G. and J. Mallinson, Huddersfield, merchants, May 24.
- Mitchell, J. sen. Essenden, Hertfordshire, dealer, May 14.
- Mottram, J. Bristol, hop-merchant, May 28.
- Nibbel, J. and R. S. Latham, Bath, woollen-draper, May 20.
- Oliver, J. R. Blackheath, mariner.
- Phillips, P. King-street, Bartholomew-close, merchant, May 31.
- Parker, J. Jun. Wood-street, hosier, May 27.
- Powder, J. and R. Warwick, Finsbury-square, merchants, June 3.
- Perkins, R. Lympington, grocer.
- Philipp, J. and J. Old City-chambers, merchants, May 10.
- Peltier, J. Duke-street, Portland-place, merchant, June 14.
- Pearson, E. and L. Claude, Liverpool, merchants, May 20.
- Richardson, J. J. Fleet-market, fishmonger, May 31.
- Rose, R. N. Holborn-hill, book-dealer, May 13.
- Rodd, C. W. late of Broadway, Worcester-shire, maltster, June 10.
- Roose, T. Liverpool, baker, May 20.
- Russell, J. Rochester, wine-merchant, May 17.
- Roy, J. Wolverhampton, tea-dealer, May 27.
- Ramsay, T. Mark lane, wine-merchant, May 13.
- Robinson, R. North Walsham, Norfolk, linen-draper, June 13.
- Shipway, T. Tidworth-warren-farm, Hampshire, sheep-dealer, May 10.
- Skinner, S. Sharp's-buildings, Rosemary-lane, elop-seller, June 7.
- Seager, S. P. Maldstone, dealer and chapman, May 24.
- Spitta, C. L. Molling, F. and G. Molling, and H. A. Spitta, Lawrence Pountney-lane, merchants, May 24.
- Stanley, J. Rochester, coal-merchant, June 10.
- Small, T. Alnwick, Northumberland, common brewer, June 4.
- Shackle, J. Milk-st. Cheapside, hosier, May 20.
- Still, J. Brixton, merchant, May 10.
- Sykes, P. Manchester, cooper, June 11.
- Streets, W. Aldermanbury, galloon-manufacturer, May 10.
- Tucker, J. H. Jermyn-street, St. James's, chymist, May 24.
- Turney, J. Sedgbrook, Lincolnshire, and W. Bates, of Halifax, Yorkshire, merchants, May 26.
- Tate, W. Cateaton-street, bookseller, May 10.
- Thompson, P. and C. A. Thomson, Tom's Coffee-house, Cornhill, wine merchants, May 31.
- Traves, J. Oldham, Lancashire, grocer, May 30.
- Toll, W. St. Germain's, Cornwall, miller, June 3.
- Turner, S. Sheffield, mercer, May 16.
- Terry, R. Holborn-bridge, haberdasher, May 24.
- Urmston, J. Liverpool, ship-chandler, May 20.
- Urquhart, W. Slon College-gardens, merchant, May 24.
- Vose, J. Hardshaw, within Windle, Lancashire, ironmonger, May 15.
- Westbrook, J. Redburn, Herefordshire, inn-keeper, May 13.
- Washburn, J. Great Marlow, Buckinghamshire, wire-manufacturer, June 7.
- Whittle, R. and T. Lutwyche, Liverpool, merchants, May 14.
- White, W. B. Strand, draper, May 17.
- White, G. and J. Fowler, Lime-st., tea-brokers, June 7.
- Wilson, J. Swanton Molesey, Norfolk, farmer, May 13.
- Wilks, J. Finsbury-square, merchant, May 16.
- Walter, G. Upper-street, Islington, linen-draper, May 27.
- Wilcox, and T. T. Titterton, Theobald's-road, coach-makers, May 24.
- White, T. late of Regent-street, St. James's, Westminster, whitesmith, June 7.
- Wors, C. Cloth-fair, woollen-draper, May 16.

EAST INDIA SHIPPING LIST.—SEASON, 1822, 1823.

Ships' Names.	Consignments.	Ship.	Managing Owners.	Commanders.	First Officers.	Second Officers.	Third Officers.	Fourth Officers.	Surgeons.	Purifiers.	To be adoad.	To be in the Down.	When sailed.
1 Royal George ..	Beng. & China	1333	John Fan Timins	Chris. Biden	J. H. Buttivant	R. H. Treherne	A. C. Watling	William Carr	Thomas Hog	John Ward	1822	1822	1823
2 General Kely ..	Beng. & China	1200	James Walker	Alex. Nairn	Rd. Albin	John Pearson	J. M. Ralph	H. Thompson	F. P. Alleyne	Jas. Carman	14 Oct.	4 Dec.	10 Dec.
3 Kent	Beng. & China	1332	S. Marjoribanks	Henry Cobb	James Sexton	Fran Danell	W. Mac Nair	B. W. Mure	James Don	John Allan			8 Jan.
4 Hercules	Bomb. & China	1200	John Locke	William Hope	Robert Card	Richard Card	Wm. Robson	T. G. Adams	Richard Boys	E. Crowfoot	13 Nov.	1923	8 Jan.
5 Cecilia	Bomb. & China	1200	R. R. Borradaile	S. Serle (shank)	John Dudman	Fred Orlebar	C. Pennington	H. Harris	John Lawson	Wash. Smith			7 Jan.
6 Fawcett	Bomb. & China	1336	J. Chris. Lochner	William Cruick	Jos. Cowan	W. H. White	H. Colomblie	George Lloyd	John Scott	George Adam			8 Jan.
7 Apollo	St. Hele. Ren	1334	John Fan Timins	J. Paterson	Edw. Ford	Edward Jacob	W. H. Walker	Chas. Clarkson	Samuel Symes	G. R. Griffin			8 Jan.
8 Apollo	and China												
9 Apollo	Beng. & China	1333	S. Marjoribanks	J. P. Wilson	A. W. Law	Robt. Lindley	A. C. Proctor	Robt. Jobling	R. Alexander	John Ranney	13 Dec.	2 Feb.	27 Feb.
10 Apollo	Beng. & China	1332	George Clay	T. Haviside	A. E. Proctor	Mark Clayton	R. C. Fowler	Wm. Edmonds	Edw. Edwards	Jas. Thomson			
11 Bridgewater ..	St. Hel. Bomb.	1200	James Sims	W. Mitchell	H. Bristow	T. Buttershaw	Fred. E. Waine	James Walker	James Arnott	Joseph Cragg			
12 Bridgewater ..	and China												
13 Waterloo	Bomb. & China	1335	(Company's ship)	R. Alsager	Chas. Shea	John Brown	G. T. Calvely	Fred. Hedges	Jas. Halliday	George Homer			28 Feb.
14 Sealby Castle ..	Bomb. & China	1242	(Company's ship)	D. R. Newall	W. R. Blakeley	John Hillman	Robt. Robson	Chas. Allen	A. Johnstone	William Bruce			15 Mar.
15 Kellie Castle ..	Madr. & China	1335	Stewart Erskine	E. L. Adams	W. H. Ladd	John Hay	R. Pattullo	T. Shearman	Robt. Elliot	William Cragg	27 Dec.	16 Feb.	27 Feb.
16 Atlas	Madr. & China	1200	Jasper Vaux	C. C. Mayne	Jos. Stanton	G. M. Braith-	P. C. Shadwell	B. J. Thomson	John Dill	J. W. Cragg			15 Mar.
17 Charles Grant ..	Madr. Penang	1246	William Moffat	William Hay	Geo. Dehny	Jos. Coates	C. A. Eastmure	Thos. Thoms	Robt. Strange	Fred. Palmer	1823	19 Mar.	27 Mar.
18 Charles Grant ..	and China												
19 Vassilart	China	1200	Joseph Hare	W. H. C. Dal-	J. R. Mander	Wm. Allen	J. Sercombe	F. Bayley	J. W. Wilson	A. Beveridge			30 Apr.
20 Bombay	China	1242	Henry Templer	John Hine	H. Clement	W. H. Edmonds	George Wise	T. Ingram	Robt. Murray	Robt. Miles			30 Apr.
21 Warras Hastings	China	1276	William Sims	Rd. Hawes	Jas. Eyles	H. Edmonds	W. B. Coles	John Ricketts	James Bruce	David Liddell			30 Apr.
22 Lower Castle ..	China	1427	John Crosthwaite	Thos. Baker	J. Wilkinson	R. K. Lloyd	C. W. Francken	C. S. Bawtree	J. H. Biemer	Nic. G. Glas			30 Apr.
23 P. C. of Wales ..	Madr. & Beng.	978	C. B. Gribble	C. B. Gribble	Josiah Thomas	John Burt	C. Ingram	Nath. Knox	Matt. Lovell	W. E. Brown			18 May
24 P. C. of Wales ..	Madr. & Beng.	961	Henry Bonham	J. Blanchard	Stephen Pointz	G. R. Parkers	J. Hawthorth	John Sparks	Wm. Winton	W. J. Shephard			1 May
25 Thos. Grenville ..	Bengal.	886	(Company's ship)	W. Manning	J. B. Burnett	P. Picher	John Relvatts	Wm. Taylor	Adam Elliot	J. Benifold			15 June
26 Minerva	Bengal.	976	George Palmer	Geo. Probyn	Edw. Ireland	Hector Rose	J. Drayner	E. N. Briggs	Wm. Allen	Wm. Allen			15 June
27 Buckingham ..	China	1369	(Company's ship)	Fred. Adams	James Head	W. Fulham	A. Rivers	Thos. Alchin	W. Hayland	J. W. Graham			July

VARIATIONS OF BAROMETER, THERMOMETER & AT NINE O'CLOCK A M

From APRIL 27 to MAY 27 1823

By F BLUNT Mathematician Instrument Maker to his Majesty No 27 CORNHILL

Bar	Ther	Wind	Obs r	Bar	Ther	Wind	Obs r	Bar	Ther	Wind	Obs r
27 29 81	42	S	Ditt	8 17 9	58	S	Lair	19 23 74	52	S	Fah
28 30 06	40	S	Ditt	12 1 1	4	S	Rail	0 21 3	6	S	Shewy
29 30 14	40	N	Ditt	11 3 1	60	S	Lair	1 28 4	60	S	Lair
30 30 26	46	N	Clly	11 26 1	8	S	W Ditt	2 1 3	2	S	Lair
1 30 30	47	N	Ditto	1 3 1	61	S	W Ditt	2 1 3	1	W	Lair
2 30 23	48	N	L Ditt	1 2 1	61	S	W Ditt	2 1 3	60	S	Lair
3 30 23	50	N	L Ditt	1 2 1	50	S	W Ditt	2 1 3	60	S	Lair
4 30 14	43	N	Ditt	1 2 1	5	W	Ditt	2 1 3	60	S	Lair
5 30 14	48	N	Ditt	1 2 1	5	S	W Ditt	2 1 3	60	S	Lair
6 29 58	59	N	L Ditt	17 2 3	7	S	W Ditt	2 1 3	60	S	Lair
7 2 17	67	N	Ditt	18	9	L	Ditt				

PRICE OF SHARES IN CANALS DOCKS BRIDGES WATERWORKS FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES INSURERS MINES &c

MAY 21 1823

Canals	Per Share	Div per Ann	Bridges	Per Share	Div per Ann
Whitton and Oldham	120	4 10	Southwark	18	
Barnesley	202	12	Ditto New	50	1 10
Birmingham (United)	100	12	Ditto Loan	21	
Birmingham by	105	5	Vauxhall		
Blackburn and Bolton	80	4	Watling		
Canals					
Chesterfield	120	8	Chelsea		
Coventry	1040	44	East London	11	4
Crumford	270	14	Grand Junction	60 10	2 10
Croydon	3 3		Kenil		1 10
Derby	110	6	London Bridge	0	2 10
Dudley	63	2	South London	12	
Lilleshall and Chester	60	3	West Middlesex	61	2 10
Lewash	1000	58	York Buildings		
North and Clyde	460	20	Insurance		
Grand Junction	245	10	Albion	50	2 10
Grand Surrey	45		Atlas	5	6
Grand Union	18 10		Bith		40
Grand Western	4		Birmingham Fire	140	2
Grantham	145	5	British	40	3 3
Harefield and Gloucester	2 10	1	County	47	2 10
Leeds and Liverpool	375	12	Edinburgh	3 3	
Leicester	300	13	European	20	1
Leicester & Northampton	78	4	Globe	153 10	7
Loughborough	300	170	Guardian	12 10	
Melton Mowbray	215	10	Hope		10
Monmouthshire	170	8	Imperial Fire	106	4 10
Northampton	70	2 10	Ditto Life	11	9 6
Nottingham	355	22	Kenil		1 5
Oxford	250	12	London Fire	20 10	1
Portsmouth and London	740	22	London Ship	20	1
Regent	21		Providence		
Rochdale	78	3	Rock		
Shrewsbury	175	9 10	Royal Exchange	217	10
Shropshire	75	7	Sun Fire	21	8 10
Somerset Coal	180	7	Union	40	1 8
Ditto, Lock Fund	185	5 10			
Stoke & Worcester	700	49	Gas Light and Coke (Chart		4
Stonbridge	200	10 10	Company	1 8 10	8 10
Stratford on Avon	175		City Gas Light Company	70 10	4 10
Stroudwater	450	22	Ditto New	115	7 10
Swansea	190	10	South London		
Tavistock			Imperial		
Thames and Medway	19		Insurance Institutions		
Thames and Severn New	26		London	29	
Trent & Mersey	2000	75	Russell	10	
Warwick and Birmingham	120	10	Surrey	5	
Warwick and Nampton	205	8	Miscellaneous		
Worcester & Birmingham	30	1	Auction Mart	30 23	1 5
Docks			British Copper Company	50	2 10
London	113	4 10	Golden Lane Brewery	5	
West India	172	10	Ditto		
East India	144	5	London Com. Rooms	15	
Commercial	82	3 10	Cornatic Stock 1st class	91	
East Country	28		Ditto	75	

Messrs WOLFE and EDMONDS, No 9, Change-Alley, Cornhill,

[F. Warr, Red Lion Passage, Bulbore]

THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

JUNE, 1823: .

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF

JULY.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE LATE DR. CHARLES HUTTON, LL.D. F.R.S.

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Hutton

THE
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND
LONDON REVIEW.

JUNE 1823.

MEMOIR
OF
CHARLES HUTTON, LL.D. F.R.S.

Late Professor of Mathematics in the Royal Military Academy, at Woolwich; and Member of several learned Academies in Europe and America.

(With a Portrait by J. Thomson, from a Bust by S. Gahan.)

DR. CHARLES HUTTON, the distinguished subject of our present memoir, has lately paid the last debt of nature, and according to our usual plan, we now give a short biographical sketch of his highly useful and honourable life, to accompany an excellent and faithful engraved Portrait, which embellishes our present number.

Mr. Hutton was born at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in Northumberland, on the 14th Aug. 1737, of respectable, though not affluent parents. The family was originally from Westmoreland, and had the honor of being connected by marriage with that of Sir Isaac Newton. At an early age he was sent to a school in his native town, where he soon made a rapid progress in the first rudiments of Education. In consequence of this apparent aptitude to literary distinction, he was continued by his parents, though the youngest of the family, at country schools in the vicinity of Newcastle, till he arrived nearly at the age of manhood.

About the eighteenth year of his age, having long before lost his father, who was a superintendent of mines, and being obliged to resort to some profession, he commenced the occupation of a school-master, at Jesmond, near Newcastle, the master of which, a clergyman, hav-

ing been presented with a living, resigned the school in Mr. Hutton's favour.

In the year 1760 Mr. Hutton, after residing a few years at Jesmond, removed to Newcastle, where he soon experienced great encouragement; and about this time married his first wife. About the years 1771, and 1772, Mr. Hutton was employed by the Magistrates of this place, to make an accurate survey of the town and county of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, which he completed with the greatest accuracy; and it was soon after engraved and published, together with an abridged account of the history, trade, and population of that curious and extensive place. In consequence of the printing of Mr. Hutton's works at Newcastle, the ingenious artist, Bewick, who was employed in executing the wood cuts, emerged from his obscurity, and became patronized by Dr. Horsley, afterwards Bishop of Rochester.

Mr. Hutton removed from Newcastle, after a thirteen years' residence, progressively increasing in knowledge and respectability, to the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, in the spring of the year 1773, where he occupied, till within a few years of his death, the head office in the mathematical department, with increasing credit to himself and benefit to the public.

Soon after Mr. Hutton's removal to Woolwich, he was appointed by the Stationers' Company compiler of the Ladies' Diary, with increased emoluments. He also at this period commenced writing accounts of mathematical and philosophical books for the periodical Reviews, monthly published in London. In the first year of Mr. Hutton's residence at Woolwich, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and this honor was conferred totally unsolicited by and unknown to himself: how honourable and advantageous to the Society his accession proved to be, his numerous and valuable communications published in the Philosophical Transactions abundantly testify.

In 1779, Mr. Hutton had the honor of being presented with a Diploma, constituting him Doctor of Laws, by the University of Edinburgh; and he was afterwards elected Honorary Member of several learned Societies, both in Europe and America.

In the year 1787, in consequence of the publication of the Elements of Conic Sections, which was ordered to be printed by the Duke of Richmond, at that time Master-general of the Ordnance, Dr. Hutton had the honor of being presented to his late Majesty.

In 1806 the Doctor became afflicted with a pulmonary complaint, which confined him for several weeks; but in the following year he resumed his professional duties. His medical friends, however, advised him to retire from the labours of the Academy as soon as it might be deemed convenient; and, in consequence of an application to this effect, the Master-General and Board of Ordnance acceded to his wishes, and manifested their approbation of his long and meritorious services by granting him a pension for life of 500*l.* *per annum*. This annuity, together with a considerable property which he had realised, chiefly by his publications, enabled him to retire in very affluent circumstances. But in his retirement his chief employment continued to be the cultivation and diffusion of useful science. He officiated for some time, every half-year, while his health would permit, as the princi-

pal examiner of the Royal Military Academy, and also to the East India College at Addiscombe.

During this period, as well as previously, he was indefatigable in rendering kind offices where they were merited, especially in promoting the interest of scientific men, and recommending them to situations, where their talents might prove most beneficial to themselves, and to their country. To his recommendations, as well as to his instructions, our most eminent scientific institutions have been chiefly indebted for their Professors of Mathematics, during the last thirty years.

He was constantly visited at his residence in Bedford-row by an extensive circle of friends: his cheerfulness and urbanity were uniformly the same: and, during the last twelve months of his life, he was often heard to declare, that it was one of the happiest years he ever experienced. His death was caused by a cold, which brought on a return of his pulmonary complaint. His illness was neither tedious nor painful: and his valuable life terminated early on Monday morning, the 27th of January, 1823, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. His remains were interred in the family vault at Charlton, in Kent; and his funeral was most respectfully and numerously attended.

It must be gratifying to the friends of Dr. Hutton to know that he retained his faculties unimpaired almost to the last; and that his dissolution was apparently without pain. It is likewise worthy of remark, that, only three days previous to his death, he received certain scientific questions from the Corporation of London, which he answered immediately in the most masterly manner. These questions related to the intended arches of the new London-bridge; and his paper on the subject is considered not only a valuable document, but also highly interesting, as being the last production of this great man, and at such a period of his advanced age, and illness.

Dr. Hutton's character is thus given in an elegant Memoir of him, which has been published, by his friend and successor, Dr. Olinthus Gregory:—

“As a Preceptor, Dr. Hutton was characterized by mildness, kindness, promptness in discovering the difficulties which his pupils experienced, patience in labouring to remove those difficulties, unwearied perseverance, and a never-failing love of the art of communicating knowledge by oral instruction. His patience, indeed, was perfectly invincible. No dulness of apprehension, no forgetfulness in the pupil, ever induced him to yield to irascible emotions, or to forfeit his astonishing power of self-control. During the last twenty-five years, I have had the most favourable opportunities of acquainting myself with the best modes of giving instruction, in the University of Cambridge, and in other institutions, both public and private; and during much of that time I have been extensively engaged in the same profession; but I do not hesitate to say, that I have neither seen, nor have the least conception, of any oral instruction, the excellencies of which bear any comparison with those of Dr. Hutton.

“As a Lecturer, his manner was deliberate and perspicuous, his illustrations happy and convincing, and his experiments usually performed with neatness and success.

“As an Author, Dr. Hutton has long been the most popular of English mathematical writers; and there are obvious reasons for this popularity; which promises to be as permanent as it is extensive. His grand objects, are utility in the topics of investigation, simplicity in the mode of their attainment or advancement. He has a constitutional, and, I believe, a conscientious, aversion from the pedantry and parade of science. He loves science, and he promotes it for its own sake, and that of its tendencies. He never, by affecting to be abstruse, becomes obscure; nor does he ever slide into digressions for the purpose of shewing how much he knows of other things, besides those that are immediately under discussion. Hence, he is at once concise and perspicuous; and though he evidently writes rather to be useful than to obtain celebrity, he has procured for himself a reputation; such as hundreds, who have written for reputation alone, will never attain.

“The valuable peculiarities of

Dr. Hutton, as a teacher, professor, and writer, emanate from intellectual and moral characteristics, which I cannot attempt to delineate fully. Suffice it to say, that he is remarkable for his unassuming deportment, for the simplicity of his habits, the mildness and equability of his temper, and the permanency and warmth of his personal attachment. He owes much to an undeviating regularity in the distribution of his time, to a correct and tenacious memory, (from which, until he was more than eighty years of age, scarcely any thing escaped,) and at the same time, to a steady practice of tabulating and classifying memoranda, on all subjects of conversation, speculation, and inquiry, as though he had no memory at all. The habits and dispositions of many men tend to stifle their genius, and preclude them from attaining eminence; but the habits and dispositions of Dr. Hutton have all contributed to the maturity and perfection of his genius, by supplying that admirable stability of purpose, and continuity of effort, with which he has always kept it under beneficial discipline.”

During the last year of Mr. Hutton's life many of his scientific friends, wishing to possess a correct and lasting a resemblance of his person as his valuable works exhibit of his mind, entered into a subscription for a marble bust, from which casts might be taken, in any number that might be required. This bust has been admirably executed by Mr. Sebastian Gahagan. The subscription was supported by many of the Doctor's early pupils and friends, and numerous eminent persons, who appeared happy in thus manifesting their respect and gratitude. The sums subscribed having been found greatly to exceed the disbursements, the committee resolved to employ the surplus in executing a medal; to contain on one side the head of Dr. Hutton, and, on the other, emblems of his discoveries on the force of gunpowder; and the density of the earth. These medals have been finely executed by Mr. Wyon, and each subscriber to the bust has been presented with one of them. About three months previous to his death the bust was presented to the Doctor by a committee of the subscribers; but the medals were finished

only in time to be distributed among his friends who attended his funeral.

It should not be forgotten, that amongst the subscribers to the bust was the Earl of Eldon, Lord Chancellor of England: upon this occasion the Doctor wrote a letter of thanks; and a few days after his decease his son, General Hutton, sent the medal to this highly distinguished nobleman, with an account of the melancholy event. The following letter was written in answer to the General; and we insert it here, as not less honourable to his Lordship's feelings, than to the memory of Dr. Hutton:—

SIR, Feb. 3, 1823.

I request you to accept my very sincere thanks for your communication received on Saturday last.

Full sixty years have passed since I had the benefit of your venerable father's instructions, and that benefit I regard as one of the many blessings which I have enjoyed in life, and of which blessings I wish I had been more worthy.

I feel very painfully that I did not wait upon Dr. Hutton personally to thank him for his letter, in which he wrote with such remarkable and affecting kindness respecting Lady Eldon and myself,—both his pupils. I shall preserve that letter as a testimony that a person of his eminence had, through so many years, recollected us with a sort of parental affection.

I shall not fail to preserve anxiously the medal which you have been pleased to send to me, and for which I beg you to receive my thanks. To secure to his memory the respect and veneration of his country, this memorial was not wanting: he will long be remembered by a country so essentially benefited by his life, and works.

I am, sir,

Your obedient

And obliged Servant,

To Lieut.-Gen. Hutton. • ELDON.

Dr. Hutton was twice married, and left at his decease, one son and two daughters: the former is a Lieut.-General in the Army, a member of several literary societies, and has been honoured with the degree of LL.D.

Dr. Hutton bequeathed his marble bust to the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle. It

it placed in their new and splendid Institution, where it will be long regarded with pride and veneration. The Doctor always manifested a laudable affection for his native place, of which he gave a proof soon after his retirement from Woolwich; by investing sums of money, for the perpetual support of education, &c. at Newcastle. His benevolence was extensive: to merit in distress, and more especially to the votaries of science, he was always a kind friend and benefactor.

Dr. Hutton, although a profound scholar, and indefatigable in the pursuits of science, did not consider it beneath him to attend to the economy and good management of his domestic concerns, by which he was enabled to provide for a large family in great respectability, and to realize a comfortable independence; a circumstance which proves that his great talents were founded on VIRTUE, the only principle that could render them permanently beneficial to HIMSELF, his FAMILY, and his COUNTRY.

LIST OF DR. HUTTON'S WORKS.

1st. *A little Book on Arithmetic for the use of Schools.* First printed at Newcastle, in 1764: public approbation has carried it through ten numerous editions. In printing the first edition of this work, to supply the want of proper mathematical types, in so distant a provincial town as Newcastle, Mr. H. was obliged, with his own hand, to cut with a pen-knife, on the reversed end of old types, many of the algebraical characters that were used in the vulgar fractions, and other parts.

2nd. *A large Work on Mensuration*, afterwards published in 4to. numbers, the last of them in 1770: printed at Newcastle. So high had the author's talents risen in public esteem, that more than 1,000 subscribers encouraged the work, which was peculiarly remarkable for traits of genius, industry, and acquaintance with the best of the more ancient authors.

3rd. A publication of all the useful parts of the *Ladies' Diaries*, from the beginning in 1704, to 1773: published quarterly, in parts, beginning in July, 1771, and ending in July, 1775. With long and numerous notes. 5 vols.

4th. *Survey of the Town and County of Newcastle-upon-Tyne*, with an abridged account of the history, trade, and population of that place, in 1771, or 1772. A very learned and useful work.

5th. *The Principles of Bridges*; containing the mathematical demonstrations of the properties of the arches, the thickness of the piers, the force of the water against them, &c. with practical observations and directions drawn from the whole. 8vo. 1772. A very learned and useful work.

6th. *Contributions to Periodical Reviews*.

7th. Numerous and valuable communications, printed in the *Philosophical Transactions*.

8th. *Mathematical and Philosophical Tracts*. 1 vol. 4to.

9th. *Tables of the products and powers of numbers*, published by order of the Commissioners of Longitude. 1 vol. folio, 1781.

10th. *Mathematical Tables*; containing the common hyperbolic, and logistic Logarithms: also Sines, Tangents, Secants, and versed Sines, both natural and logarithmic; with several other tables useful in mathematical calculations: to which is prefixed a large and original History of the discoveries and writings relating to those subjects. 1785.

11th. *The Compendious Measurer*; a brief, yet comprehensive Treatise on Mensuration, and practical Geometry; with an introduction to decimal and duodecimal Arithmetic, adapted to practice and the use of Schools, 1786. Chiefly an abridgment of his large work on Mensuration.

12th. *Elements of Conic Sections*, with select Exercises in various branches of the Mathematics and Philosophy, for the use of the Royal Military Academy, at Woolwich. 1 vol. 8vo. 1787.

13th. *Mathematical and Philosophical Dictionary*, 2 large vols. 4to. 1796.

14th. *A new Course of Mathematics*, composed, and more especially designed, for the use of the Gentlemen Cadets, in the Royal Military Academy, at Woolwich. 2 vols. 8vo.

15th. *Select Amusements in Philosophy and Mathematics*, from the French of DESPRAU, with corrections and additions, particularly a large table of the chances or odds at play. 1801.

16th. *An Abridgement of the Philosophical Transactions*, 15 vols. 4to.

17th. *A Translation of Montucla's Recreations in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy*.

MADAME D'HOUDETOT.

MR. EDITOR,

An interesting article on the abovenamed Lady having appeared in the third number of "The Liberal," perhaps the following additional particulars may not prove unacceptable to your numerous readers:—

Madame la Comtesse d'Houdetot, who, though plain in person, and more than thirty years old when first seen by Jean Jacques Rousseau, excited by the charms of her conversation, and the fascination of her manner, the admiration of that eccentric being, retained to a very advanced period of life her peculiar talent of pleasing and delighting all who approached her.

After the signature of the preliminaries of peace in 1801, I spent some months in France, and had frequent opportunities of seeing this lady, and partaking of her hospitality, both at Paris and at her villa in the valley of Montmorency. At both those places, though then nearly eighty years old, she collected around her a circle formed of persons most eminent for literary reputation; among whom it will be sufficient to name the Abbe Morelet, Mons. and Madame Pastoret, Mons. and Madame Suard, the Marquis de Bonay, and Madame la Comtesse de Flahô, author of *Charles et Marie*, and other popular novels. Madame d'Houdetot was herself not the least

distinguished of her society; and her *bon mots*, her epigrams, and her *rapartees*, were the delight of her guests; while her habitual sweetness of temper, amenity and cheerful spirits, gave a constant charm to her evening *coteries*.

M. St. Lambert, the object of her early attachment, and for whom she resisted the eloquence and assiduity of Rousseau, was, when I had the honour of knowing Madame d'Houdetot, an inmate in the family, which then presented a scene very singular indeed to the eye of an Englishman. M. St. Lambert had fallen into a state of mental imbecility, bordering on idiocy, and, with the capriciousness often remarked in persons labouring under such calamities, had taken an antipathy to Madame d'Houdetot, whose unwearied attentions he received in the most ungracious manner, while he was, on the contrary, delighted with those of her husband, who, on his part, with a generosity truly French, offered every possible mark of kindness to his afflicted guest.

At Madame d'Houdetot's parties the letters of *La Nouvelle Heloise* were frequently made the subject of conversation; and I recollect very well, on an English lady observing how dangerously seductive was the language of those epistles—"What would you have thought," replied Madame d'Houdetot with a smile of self-approbation, "if you had known, as I did, that these letters, though nominally addressed to Julie were meant for yourself?"

It was the rare good fortune of this lady, who was more than ninety years of age at the time of her death, to continue till the last moment surrounded by friends and relations: of the former I have already spoken, perhaps the following account of her immediate relations may not be uninteresting.

Madame d'Houdetot's only son, who survives her, was already a field officer when the French Revolution burst forth. Though a member of the ancient Aristocracy he did not emigrate, but, remaining in the service, was a general under Napoleon,

and had a command at Martinique when that island was captured by the British forces. He was conveyed to England, and resided several years at Lichfield on his parole. While he was so detained, it is creditable to the present Marquis of Lansdown to state, that his Lordship, who had known his mother at Paris, made every possible exertion to procure the liberation of the general: he failed in the attempt: and, after a long captivity, Count d'Houdetot did not return to Paris till nearly the conclusion of the last war. His son was, during the imperial government, Prefect of Brussels; and his daughter married the Baron de Barante, one of the most eloquent speakers in the present French House of Peers.

Besides M. D'Epinay, Madame d'Houdetot had another brother, who held the office of *Introducteur des Ambassadeurs* in the reign of Louis XVI., and his widow is that Madame de la Briche whose Sunday *soirees* are mentioned by Lady Morgan, and other travellers, as affording the best specimen of literary and fashionable society in the French Capital.

The only child of Mons. and Madame de la Briche,—and therefore the grand-niece of Madame d'Houdetot,—is now the wife of Count Molé, the descendant of the celebrated President of that name, Grand Judge under Napoleon, some time Minister of Marine under Louis XVIII., and one of the most distinguished members of the French Peerage.

Perhaps I ought to apologize for having troubled you with so long an account of this lady's family, but as the celebrity of Rousseau gave her importance, so her own many amiable qualities will excite a wish in those who become acquainted with her history to know something of the society in which she closed the evening of her lengthened life.

I remain, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
A Traveller.

London, June 24, 1823.

ON THE ORIGIN, USE, AND ANTIQUITY OF THE PAINTED VASES, CALLED TUSCAN OR GRECIAN.

EVERY one, however slight his antiquarian knowledge may be, has heard of the celebrated painted vases, formerly called Tuscan, but now Grecian: numbers of which are found in Campania, Sicily, Magna Græcia, and also in Attica and other parts of Greece, properly so called: they represent Grecian mythology and customs, and the Greek inscriptions on some of them entitle them to the appellation of Grecian: because they are also to be met with in Tuscany, and abound more particularly in Campania, where the Tuscans twice gained a settlement, many are induced to think that the Grecians had them from the Tuscans, and therefore call them Tuscan. If the fact is urged that there were no Tuscans in Sicily and Greece, in both of which are abundance of such vases, it is said in reply that they were imported from Tuscany, and some were made for the Greeks with Grecian inscriptions. It is very certain that manufactories existed not only in Campania but in middle Tuscany; and especially in Arezzo, the neighbourhood of which has produced some equal to the most beautiful of Campania.

The vases discovered under ground are in great numbers, and are recognized by the faintness of the ground of the painting, and also of the flowers and figures which commonly represent the rites and triumphs of Bacchus. If we are to judge from the places in which they are found, they may as well be called Greek as Tuscan; and the argument in favour of the former acquires a very considerable force, when we consider that all the mythological scenes represented on them are Grecian, that they are used by Grecians, and that the inscriptions on the Campanian and Sicilian vases are Grecian, whilst there is not one in the Tuscan character. Besides, when we consider the epochs of the first and second arrival of the Tuscans in Campania, we are able fully to establish the facts, that in their first arrival the Tuscans did not possess the arts in

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that perfection which is seen in many of these vases; at the time of the second they were the scholars and imitators of the Greeks which they continued to be; their elegance will not allow a supposition that they were made at the former of these periods; at the latter, the indisputable connection of the Tuscans with the Grecians, the indications which these vases possess of a Greek origin, and the perfection of the Tuscan arts through Grecian masters, entirely remove any foundation to call them exclusively Tuscan. That vases of more or less elegance are found in Tuscany is no objection to this hypothesis, for we reply that the Tuscans took the usages or at least the perfection and elegance of the Greeks from Campania or other countries, and in proportion to the increase or decay of the Tuscan arts they were formed better or worse, and therefore the locality and the goodness of the workmanship decide nothing in favour of their Tuscan origin, but rather turn the balance in favour of the Greeks.

We will leave the question of their origin, which will always be a matter of doubt, and call them *ancient painted vases*, whilst we proceed to their uses; which we shall divide into two classes, the primitive and the secondary.

We are of opinion that their primitive use may be conjectured from the paintings on them, consisting of various representations but verging to the same point; births, marriages, games, combats, victories, Philosophers, Bacchanalians and Bacchanalian scenes are the chief subjects of the pictures on them; also sacrifices, libations and other sacred ceremonies, together with the common customs of life and the deeds of heroes more or less celebrated. Various are the explanations that have been given by different antiquaries of these pictures, and the use of the vase according to the painting upon it. From the inscription, on some *He tæus Kalos, a handsome young man*, it has been

supposed they were amatory presents from the mistress to her lover; others will have it, that this signifies *a brave, noble, or celebrated man*, in which sense the Greeks sometimes use *Kalos*, and the Latins *egregius*, *pulcher*, as Servius remarks in the words of Virgil, *Satus Hercule pulchro pulcher Aventinus*: and Florus says, *Hactenus Populus Romanus pulcher, egregius, pius atque magnificus*. The principal sustainer of the amatory sense of these words was the famous Lanzi, in his book *de' vasi antichi dipinti detti volgarmente Etruschi*. We shall in this place insert the words of Onofrius Boni, who gives a just tribute of praise to Lanzi, in his learned analysis of that person's work: "A celebrated cup, in the possession of Mazzocchi, affords a clue to the explanation of the painting; on the insides of the vases, which are much more difficult to decipher than the outsides. In the inside of this cup is represented a young man sitting down, wrapped entirely in a cloak, and a cloth on his head, in the act of listening to another young man half naked, who by his gesture appears instructing the former, with the inscription *Opoa Bello*. Mazzocchi is content with giving the same name *Opoa*, to every figure painted on the convex or outward part, and leaves it to be elucidated by antiquaries. Lanzi does the same, and thinks it is a word of much the same signification as the Latin *quintium*, which signifies the five games of the palæstra, leaping, running, throwing the discus, hurling the spear, and wrestling. The word or name *Opoa*, repeated on every vase with five figures, shews that the person excelled in all the exercises of the *gymnasium*."

Lanzi adds many thing in his work to prove the amatory sense of the word *Kalos* of the Agrigentine vase. Boni, in the place before-mentioned says, "its inscriptions are two: one signifies, *Talides made this*, which being repeated on the inside, and outside, means that the artificer was pleased with his work: the other, over a young man, standing by himself and holding the beam of a pair of scales, whose countenance is more highly finished than ordinary, is, *to the handsome Cli-*

tarcus, and is merely an exclamation to the beauty of Clitarcus drawn by the painter." A little before he says, "the form of the inscribed Greek letters is very ancient, and not those of Simonides who flourished U. C. 350; but the poverty of the design and the figures, which are all in profile, are a sufficient proof that it is anterior to his date, and Lanzi refers it to the first age of Rome."

Before we attempt to speak of their use let us consider what remains to be said of the word *Kalos*. The celebrated antiquary, David Akerblad, thus wrote in the year 1809: "The discussion about the painted vases with de Rossi has been exceedingly interesting, and I might say new; perhaps there are few *literati* in Italy who are aware of the value of his remarkable collection, which must be of the greatest service to the arts and sciences. If you should have occasion to mention the various inscriptions which make this collection of so much value, you may say *meo periculo*, that *Ho πας Kalos*, which is met with on one or two *distæ* (cups with handles) and a *palera* (goblet) is not singular, as I have met with it on different vases in Italian collections as well as beyond the mountains. As this formula was very common among the ancients, on that account it might have been negligently written; and the learned who are fond of involving themselves in the midst of obscurity, whilst they neglect what is plain and simple, have done so particularly in this inscription. Mazzocchi, interpreting it on a *palera* when it is five times repeated, makes out the barbarous name *Ho πας* or *πας*; and Lanzi, without giving himself any trouble for further search, thinks it represents a beautiful youth from *Opoa*, which certainly never existed." In the Royal Museum at Florence, there is a vase on which the great Visconti reads *Kairos Kalos*; nor has Lanzi or any other a better opinion, the words preceding *Kalos* being very much effaced; but we think that instead of *Kairos Kalos* was written *Kalos Kalos*, as in the vase which we shall mention hereafter. That this word *Kalos* refers to bravery rather than to beauty, can be proved, by observ-

ing that it is made use of in reference to subjects which have nothing to do with beauty; as, on the vase we are speaking of, it is found over two men fighting. On a vase explained by Signor Millingen, to represent Theseus obliging Procrustes to lie on the same bed in which he was accustomed to torment strangers, is seen a young man crowned with an axe in his hand, and who has just conquered another; on it is written *Αλχημακος Καλος*. Millingen, however, takes this word in an amatory sense, and believes it to mean *the beautiful Alchimachus*, to whom this vase was presented. Passeri mentions a vase on which is drawn another vase between two men, on one side of whom is written *Καλοι*. We are of opinion that these vases, with such inscriptions, allude to the valour of the conquerors in the games, gymnastic exercises, or other sports, to whom they were given as a reward; to this correspond the subjects of the paintings on the *patereæ*, the five players of the *quinquertium*: on the vase of Millingen, the two combatants; on that of Passeri, two young men to whom a reward is promised, and perhaps the inscription was not *Καλοι*, but *Καλούς*, to *the brave*; and on the Agrigentine vase *Κλειταρκος Καλος*, which is written near the young man holding the balance, whilst a man with a beard, on foot, standing between the youth just mentioned, and another on the opposite side of the balance, put something in the first basin to equalize the weight, and indicate the justice of the reward to the conqueror or conquerors. The names *Κλειταρκος*, *Καλλικλες*, were perhaps allegorical and suited to every victor, signifying an illustrious prince, renowned for glory. The circumstance of vases being given as prizes is mentioned by Pindar; not only for the gymnastic exercises, but also for music and tragedy.

During the feasts of Bacchus there was a musical contest of three days called *Antisteria*, on the third of which was awarded the prize of poetry; and in Troezen annual games of music, rowing and swimming, were instituted in honour of Bacchus Melanegides. That they were presented as rewards, the vase of Nicopolis adds a farther proof,

on which are painted youths dancing the Pyrrhic dance. This may be thought an example too modern, as Augustus was the founder of Nicopolis, and instituted those games in honour of Apollo, in which, according to Spanheim, were introduced *Chori et saltationes ad aram Apollinis*.

However, it is certain, the ancient custom of giving these vases as rewards was imitated. A medal of Perinthus, coined in honour of Heleogabalus, is a confirmation of this, on which is a naked man, taking hold of a vase with his right hand, and thus explained by Sestini; *athleta nudus, capite pileo obfecto, adstant, e vase repando aliquid eximens*; a victorious athlete about to carry away a vase obtained as his prize;—and this will explain the reason of vases being crowned with palm so frequent on coins. Horace also alludes to this custom in his Ode to Censorinus, *Donarem pateras, donarem tripodas, præmia fortium Grajorum*, where *fortium* has the sense of *Καλῶν*: it may be said that Horace here alludes to bronze vases, but in former ages they might have made use of earthen ones, whose construction is more simple than those of metal; *antiquiorem* writes Isidore, *fuisse dicunt usum fictilium vasorum, quam fundendi æris, aut argenti, apud veteres enim nec aurea, nec argentea, sed fictilia vasa habebantur*. They were then bestowed as rewards on conquerors, particularly those inscribed with *Καλος*. But what has been the use of those, which have not this word upon them, and the subjects of whose painting are foreign to the ideas of prowess and valour? We think they were of service in celebrating the mysteries of Bacchus; and for what sort of vases were at that time employed to contain must and wine, see Origen, lib. xx. In Campania, which produced the best wines, especially the Falernian, these vases must have been in frequent use. Because then all that belonged to Bacchus and his mysteries served as symbols of human life, its various stages and future state, it came to pass that they thought of adorning these vases, which were first of wood and afterwards of baked clay, with pictures and emblems analogous to

the mystical ceremonies, allegories and initiations into the rites of Bacchus. The God represented as a child, a youth, an old man, was a type of the progress of human life; and compared with the sun, which rises in the morning, is vertical at noon, and sinks behind the mountains in the evening, through which it happened that the mysteries of the sun were often confounded with those of Bacchus. On these vases, therefore, and to such intents were painted natal feasts, and the *loga preterita*, relative to the first stage of life, marriages, gymnastic exercises, hunting, wars, triumphs, spectacle, initiations, Bacchanalian sacrifices, and other scenes pertaining to youth and manhood: finally, instruction given to youth, sorrow, death, funerals, expiation, &c. give us a melancholy presentiment of our latter days. To express all this, allegory was frequently employed; for example, the labours and deeds of Hercules and Theseus exhorted the young men to open themselves a road to glory by despising idleness and pleasure. The contest of drinking between Bacchus and Hercules, in which the latter is overcome, points out that strength falls before wine, and therefore we must be guarded against drunkenness. With the same intentions the Duke d'Urbino caused to be painted the deeds of Sacred History on his utensils. The worship of Bacchus being thus applied to the stages of life, it is no wonder that the vases were painted in this manner, and not only were made use of in his religious ceremonies, but, when their ornaments and elegance gave them a splendid appearance, that they should be presented as rewards and adorn the palaces of princes and nobles, as our porcelain and alabaster do at present.

To the conquerors in the Bacchanalian games, no doubt, were given vases with paintings on them, relating to such contests: when presented as marriage gifts they were adorned in a suitable style, &c. &c. On a vase in the possession of Sig. Santangeli, of Naples, is seen a nuptial ceremony, in a room furnished with several utensils, among which is observable a vase adorned with a similar subject. Perhaps the

vases used in nuptial feasts had another intention, that as they ought carefully to be preserved, so young men and women should bear to the marriage their bodies pure and chaste; and there are several proofs of the body being compared to a vase: *Corpus quasi vas est, aut aliquod animi receptaculum*. Cic. Tusc. *Vix sum possidere in sanctificationem*, St. Paul. *Fario quod manifesto mœchi haud ferme solent, refero vasa salua*, Plautus. Words meaning, that as the vases are to be preserved entire, so the body is to be kept in chastity. For some such reasons those painted with the rites of Bacchus were placed in the graves, in which they are found of all sorts and qualities; and the ancients were accustomed to pour libations on the sepulchres, as Cicero witnesses (*de legibus*, lib. 2.), which was prohibited by Solon, and afterwards by the xii tables, *ne sumptuosa respersio fiat*, and Festus affirms that, in the xii tables, it is prohibited *ne myrrhata potio mortuo inficeretur*. Sig. Fran. Cancellieri, in his learned illustration of *Epitaffi delle SS martiri Simplicia ed Orsu*, treats in a most learned manner of these libations and feasts. In proportion to the wealth, rank, and number of the friends of the deceased they placed in the tomb, or left them after their libations, more or less ornamented vases. Some with inscriptions, such as *καὶς καλλός*, or with emblems and allusions to different games, might be placed with the dead to illustrate his victories, or attest his honours or profession. Others with Bacchanalian ceremonies, initiations, Bacchanals, &c. might have relation to the different degrees in those rites, and were buried with the Bacchanalian implements of their possessor.

The initiation into the mysteries of Bacchus gave hope of a better life; hence Cicero, *neque solum cum lætitia vivendi rationem accepimus, sed etiam cum spe meliori moriendi*. (*De legibus*, lib. ii. 24.) Libations of wine and precious liquors, poured on the dead body, augured a future and happier life; and, as earnest of his hope, they buried with him the symbols of his initiation. The same subjects, and for the same reasons, are sculptured on sarcophagi and

cinerary urns, and allude to the state, profession, degree in the mysteries, and the actions of the defunct.

Now let us proceed to their antiquity, and the length of time they were probably in use. The foundation of their great age rests on that of the sepulchres they are found in, which are hollowed out of the earth or rock, just large enough to contain a human body; in some of which are found more than twenty of different shapes, size, and colour. At Polignano, in Puglia, a sepulchre was opened in the garden belonging to the Bishop's palace, and in it were found twenty-four. Suetonius, in the Life of Cæsar, writes thus, (lib. i. c. 81.) *Cum in Colonia Capua deducti lege Julia coloni ad extruendas villas sepulchra vetustissima disjicerent: idque eo studiosius facerent quod aliquantulum vasculorum operis antiqui scrutantes reperiabant, tabula ænea in monumento, in quo dicebatur Cupys conditor Capuæ sepultus, inventa est, conscripta literis verbisque grævis.* It appears in this passage that he speaks of these vases, and if in Cæsar's time they were called *antiqui operis*, to what a height must their antiquity now be carried! The fact of their being found in this place, and a tablet of bronze with a Greek inscription, favor the idea of their Grecian origin. As a farther proof of what we have said, Strabo in lib. viii. writes, *Corinthus, cum diu desertus jaciisset, instaurata est a divo Cæsare propter loci opportunitatem, missis eo in coloniam libertinis plurimis. Hic cum rudera cœpissent moliri, simulque sepulchra effodissent testacea opera multa, atque etiam ænea invenere, quorum admirati artificium, nullum sepulchrum non effoderunt, magnaque id genus rerum copia potiti, isque magno dividenditis Romam impleverunt necorcorinthiis, id est, mortuis Corinthi.* The custom of burying in graves, or holes in the rock, is very ancient: *Nam et Athenis*, (says Cicero, de legibus), *jam ille mos a Cecrope, ut aiunt, permansit hoc jus terra humandi; quam cum proximi iniecerant, obductaque terra erat, frugibus obserebatur:* and in the same book, *at mihi quidem antiquissimum sepulture genus id*

fuisse videtur quo apud Xenophontem Cyrus utitur: redditur enim terre corpus eodemque ritu regem nostrum conditum accepimus, gentemque Corneliam usque ad memoriam nostram hac sepultura scimus esse usam. C. Marius sitas reliquias apud Axiensem dissipari jussit Sylla victor.

Pliny is of opinion that burning the dead was not a very old custom of the Romans; when it began in Greece and Italy cannot be exactly ascertained: burning is mentioned by Homer, and it was resorted to during the plague at Athens, perhaps through the frequency of the deaths on these two occasions.—Among the Romans it was practised at the time of the institution of the xii tables, when it is said *in urbe ne seplito, neve urito.*

As the progress of philosophical opinions became general the funeral rites were conducted in a more simple manner, particularly when the nature of the soul was better understood. It is attributed by Plutarch to Pythagoras, that he commanded nothing but a branch of olive should be put into the grave; and thus Pliny says *defrictos æ multi fictilibus solis condi maluerunt Pythagoreo modo in myrti et oleæ atque populi nigra foliis.* Solon about the same time prohibited libations to be made over dead bodies, and restrained the ceremony and pomp of funerals. His mortuary laws were also adopted by the Romans. It appears then that after Solon and Pythagoras in Greece, and the laws of the xii tables in Rome, the advance of philosophy changed the manner of conducting burials; and by degrees the custom of burning was established, chiefly from the doctrine of the Stoics, who taught that every thing would end by combustion.

When the costly libations were put a stop to, and the manner of burying was changed, vases could no longer be placed in the tomb, and this luxury ceased on the introduction of cinerary urns, which were sculptured; this might be about the fourth or fifth age of Rome. We conjecture the use of painted vases to have continued beyond Olym. 83, and U. C. 300, from the circumstance of a vase being dug up at Athens, painted with the frontispiece of the Parthenon, which

was sculptured about that time. The inferences that have been drawn, respecting the age and the progress of the arts, from the style of painting on these vases, the costumes of the figures, and even from the shape of the letters, appear to us very uncertain; we will take for example the Agrigentine vase, which Lanzi refers to the first age of Rome. The form of the letters, says Sig. Boni in the words of Lanzi, is very ancient, nor are those of Simonides to be found amongst them; and the figures in profile declare it to be much anterior to his time: then he adds, "On it are two inscriptions, one is *Talides made this*, which repeated on the inside and outside, signifies that the artificer was pleased with his work." Now the authority of Pliny fixes this expression to belong to a much later period; he says, that among the statuaries, Policletus, who flourished Olyn. 87, and among the painters, Apelles, in Olyn. 62, introduced the custom of adding to their works the word *faciebat*, and afterwards the principal artists did the same, *tantum inchoata semper arte atque imperfecta, ut contra judiciorum varietates superesset artifici regressus ad veniam, veluti enendaturus quidquid desideraretur si non esset interceptus*. From which he gives us to understand, that they put this mark on their works either through modesty or caution. According to Lanzi, then, this painter Talides, gave the example to Policletus and Apelles more than two centuries before the time when the want of improvement was confessed; and this not through modesty but from complacence to himself. It appears very clear to us, that this miserable vase-maker, although conscious of his inability; yet wished to emulate the great masters in his inscription at least, as inferior artists have their ciphers and marks in imitation of the great masters. The execution of this design is more conformable to the infancy than the youth of the arts, and the want of the letters of Simonides cannot be considered as material; for who can be ignorant that in every age there exist some rude and barbarous artists, who, without genius or study, foolishly endeavour to execute what can

scarcely be termed designs, but rather caricatures, with which they please those equally rude and ignorant as themselves? May it not follow, then, that when the arts rose to a higher state of perfection, whatever motive might have induced them, they continued in some of their works the ancient style, because in that manner men were accustomed to worship the images of their gods, sculptured or painted? Thus, writing was not equally well preserved by all men in every nation; and although Simonides did not invent his alphabet till the fourth age of Rome, it is impossible from this to affirm, that a monument on which his letters are not, *must* be anterior to him; it might have been erected in the preceding age, or long after the times in which he lived, as this manner of writing could not have taken place suddenly in every part of the world, and those trivial artists are particularly fond of copying whatever has been in use, or what they have learned from tradition. Should the style of painting, and the characters on this vase, be allowed to be very ancient, it does not necessarily follow that the vase and the artist belong to the same age as the style. From this it appears to us that the use of painted vases, for whatever purpose, was continued at least to the fifth age of Rome.

As the custom of burning the dead prevailed, small urns were used to deposit the ashes in, and the luxury of the vases was absorbed in that of the urns, which were embellished with sculptured ornaments of every sort, and were composed of baked clay, earth, marble, alabaster, stone, or whatever the country most abounded in; and after the introduction of riches, of bronze, and other precious materials, the common people alone still continued to use pots and vases of baked clay, especially those living among the vines, who joined the rites of Bacchus to the funeral ceremonies; and thus, in later times, they still enclosed in the graves small vases which were made use of in the simple traditionary rites of that God, although libations had been discontinued, or, if not entirely so, they had dwindled into a mere cere-

monial form; whilst the Christians continued to place in the tomb of their martyrs, bottles, lamps, and other utensils, they altered only the emblem of the practice; and though it was entirely a Pagan superstition, they did it from an habitual custom, without being able to give any other reason.

As it always happens that that which has fallen into disuse comes into fashion again, thus it was with these vessels after the time of Augustus; this might have been through the earthen vases found at Capua and Corinth; and as the great desire for works in Corinthian brass caused speculators to counterfeited these labours, and as every one who gave himself airs of consequence must have either the true or the false, the very same thing probably occurred to the vases of Capua and Corinth. They were sought for and ordered from those places that were most famous for making such vases. Cicero commissioned Atticus to procure him some from Rhosus in Cilicia.

The art of painting ancient vases was not entirely lost in Greece, or Augustus endeavoured to revive it, as the one said to have been found at Nicopolis proves.

Quintus Coponius, condemned for raising a sedition, was charged with having presented an earthen amphora, full of wine, to one who had given him a vote, according to Pliny, lib. xxxv. c. 46, and in his time were celebrated the earthen vessels of Samos, Pergamus, Saguntum, Arretinum, Sarrentum, Reggium, Cumæ, and Mutina. But the kind of which we are speaking was not made, only those in common use, which is implied in the following words, *major quoque pars hominum terrenis utitur vasis*. One may judge of the expense attending even these, for Esop, the player, gave for one of baked clay a hundred sesterces; and the Emperor Vitellius caused one to be made of an exorbitant price and size, so that they were obliged to construct a furnace in the open country to bake it in. (Plin. l.c.) Applying what has been said to the vase in question there is no doubt that it is Grecian, because it was found at *Girgentum*, and has on it Greek in-

scriptions; but the figures are of that ancient style which has been found on those of Campania. The design, the colours, and size of this vase, were accurately made in Naples by Christofer Wiesiolowski, an amateur and collector of antiquities, residing at Warsaw, from the original, which Count Walincki, a Pole, obtained with thirty others from Prince Petropersia, a Sicilian. They were all carried to Warsaw, and offered for sale to Stanislaus Augustus, King of Poland, but he not paying much attention to them, part were sent to Petersburg, and sold to Prince Bedborodko, and at his death were dispersed into several hands. One, they say, is in the possession of Baron Morenheim, Secretary to the Grand Duke Constantine. The shape of it is like a *crater*, which was destined to hold a large quantity of wine, from whence they served it round at table in small cups; as Virgil

Crateres magnos statuunt et vina coronant.

A bearded combatant crowned with ivy, a long thyrsus in his right hand, in his left, from which arm hangs suspended a panther's or tiger's skin, a branch putting aside the lance of his bearded antagonist; who is overcome by him, and in the act of falling sustains himself on one knee, and rests on his shield, whilst he endeavours to retain his lance with his right hand, and not to yield to his conqueror. The thyrsus and tiger's skin point out to us Bacchus, or at least a Bacchanalian; and we certainly ought to consider this as some exploit of Bacchus, and, perhaps, the following:—Bacchus, returning from the Indies, finds his preceptor, Nisus, unwilling to restore to him the kingdom of Thebes, which had been entrusted to his care by that hero; and Eginus relates, that a certain respect deters Bacchus from using force; and, waiting till the Trieterridian games, he disguised his soldiers as Bacchanalian women, and arrested him in the middle of the feast. This picture will not illustrate this passage of Eginus, unless we suppose Nisus to be arrested by Bacchus himself, or one of his

men; the man clothed with a vest applies to the Indian Bacchus, as do his sandals; the conquered seems a Theban. The subject may be the defeat of Lycurgus, King of Thrace, by Bacchus; the branch in his left hand is, perhaps, that of the palm, which is an Indian tree, or the *herba victorialis*, given in the Palæstrum by the conquered to the victor, with the expression *herbam do*, whence the palm represented victory; this custom was brought from Greece into Rome, U. C. 461. It is very possible to be allegorical, shewing that Bacchus vanquishes every one who gives himself up to excesses, which is represented by the figures of lions tearing to pieces goats, or other animals, often sculptured on sarcophagi; also Love, as a boy riding on lions, tigers, and dolphins, is figured on sepulchral monuments. And on the Tuscan urns, a naked soldier with a species of plough (called by Pausanius *Echetlus*) overthrows two armed soldiers; denoting the triumphs of strength and time, and many other representations of the same sort. The word *kalos* repeated, shews that this vase was destined to be a reward in the games of Bacchus, perhaps for tragedy. We will add another conjecture to what has been said above, that the word *kalos* might have been an exclamation of praise or encouragement as *pulchrè, benè, &c.* which was inscribed on vases destined to be the reward of victory, and

also on those which represented some deed, in which the possessor distinguished himself, and were allegorical, and not given or intended as a reward. The beards which both the men have is a mark of great antiquity, particularly as the vase came from Sicily, where the use of shaving began very early; from whence the first barbers came to Rome; unless, indeed, the painter represented the manners and ceremonies of a time greatly anterior to his own, which, we are of opinion, has been often done on the Tuscan vases and urns. On the other side is drawn a bearded man, with long and loose hair, on his head a helmet of tiger's skin, with long ears, as Silenus is represented, and covered to his middle with a sort of striped waistcoat, the rest of his body is naked. In his hands he holds towards the ground an altar, evidently dedicated to Bacchus from the two stars. Opposite him is a priestess of Bacchus, pouring wine into a cup to make a libation; and between them are two amphoræ, a probable offering from him who gave the libation.

After games or victories the ancients were accustomed to make libations—*ludi, libationes epulæque ludorum*. Cic. de Harusp. responsu. Bacchus instituted this custom, in honour of Jupiter, after his return from the conquest of India, in memory of which libations were used in the rites of Bacchus.

SEBASTIAN CIAMPI.

FRIENDSHIP.

DEAR to the heart in sorrow's hour,
'Midst pride's neglect and fortune's lower,
When cares and woe the bosom rend,
Dear is the soothing, faithful friend.

Not those whose proffers teem with guile,
Or wait the world's approving smile;
Not those whose specious arts intend
To blast the sacred name of friend,

But those who own a kindred mind,
Just, liberal, candid, true, and kind,
Who prudence, feeling, interest blend,
And prove in word and deed a friend.

Such may be worn within the heart,
Share in our joys, bid grief depart,
On such undoubting, safe depend,
Acknowledge, love, and claim as friend.

MR. EDITOR,

I send you the following poetical effusion of the last century for your use, under the idea that it will prove a valuable acquisition to the cluster of attractions in your publication. It was copied from an ancient manuscript, somewhat mutilated by the hand of time, and unaccompanied by the name of the author, or the date of its composition. It does not appear to have ever been given to the world in a printed form, being probably too keen and caustic for the temper of the times in which it was written. Its personality and asperity will now have disappeared, without impairing or blunting the pungency of the satire conveyed in it. The point couched in the expressions is the peculiar merit of the poem, and is far beyond the talents of men of ordinary mould; and this

energy is well borne out by the strength and harmony of the verse. To political characters, and to men of education interested in the history of those days, it must possess unusual charms, as it may be considered the voice of a large part of the then population, and indicates the sentiments of one who, if less than a nobleman, was yet at least ennobled in the endowments of mind. The original manuscript was in the possession of an ancient and illustrious family, only reduced from their pristine splendour by the increased number of the descendants, and the consequent distribution of the property.

I have preserved the various ellipsis in the state in which they present themselves in the original; and have only made some slight alterations in the orthography.

L. H. W.

THE STATE DUNCES.

Inscribed to Mr. Pope

I from my soul sincerely hate
Both — and M——rs of State.

SWIFT.

WHILE cringing crowds at faithless levees wait,
Fond to be fools of fame, or slaves of state;
And others, studious to increase their store,
Plough the rough ocean for Peruvian ore;
How blest thy fate whom calmer hours attend,
Peace thy companion, fame thy faithful friend.
While in thy Twick'nham bowers, devoid of care,
You feast the fancy, and enchant the fair;
'Thames gently rolls her* silver tide along,
And the charm'd Naiads listen to thy song.
Here peaceful pass the gentle hours away,
While tuneful science measures out the day;
Here, happy bard, as various fancies lead,
You paint the blooming maid or flow'ry mead,
Sound the rough clamour of tumultuous war,
Or sing the ravish'd tendrils † of the fair;

* So in the manuscript, but I should presume it to have been an error, in the copying, for *his*.

† This is the language of the manuscript, which I should otherwise have supposed to have usurped the place of *Tresses*. The illusion is doubtless to the Rape of the Lock.

Now melting move the tender tear to flow,
 And wake our sighs with Eloisa's woe.
 But chief to dullness ever for decreed,
 The apes of science with thy satire bleed :
 P—rs, poets, panders, mingle in thy throng,
 Smart with thy touch, and tremble at thy song.

Yet vain, O Pope, is all thy sharpest rage,
 Still starv'ling Dunces persecute the age ;
 Faithful to folly, or enrag'd with spite,
 Still tasteless Timons build, and Tibbalds write :
 Still Welstead tunes his beer-inspired lays,
 And Ralph in metre howls forth Stanhope's praise,—
 Ah ! hapless victim to the poet's flame,
 While his eulogiuns crucify thy fame.
 Shall embryo wits thy studious hours engage,
 Live in thy labours, and profane thy page,
 While virtue, ever lov'd, demands thy lays,
 And claims the tuneful tribute of thy praise ?
 Can Pope be silent, and not grateful lend
 One strain to sing the patriot and the friend,
 Who, nobly anxious in his country's cause,
 Maintains her honours, and defends her laws ?
 Could I, my bard, but equal numbers raise,
 Then would I sing,—for Oh, I burst to praise.
 Sing how a Pulteney charms the list'ning throng,
 While senates hang enraptur'd on his tongue ;
 With Tully's fire how each oration glows,
 In Tully's music how each period flows ;
 Instruct each babe to lisp the patriot's name,
 Who in each bosom breathes a Roman flame.

So when the genius of the Roman age
 Stem'd the strong torrent of tyrannic rage,
 In freedom's cause each glowing breast he warm'd,
 And, like a Pulteney, then a Brutus charm'd.
 How blest while we a British Brutus see,
 And all the Roman stands confest in thee !
 Equal thy worth, but * equal were thy doom
 To save Britannia as he rescu'd Rome :
 He from a Tarquin snatch'd the destin'd prey,
 Britannia still laments a W——'s † sway.

Arise, my tuneful bard, nor thus in vain
 Let thy Britannia, whom thou lov'st, complain.
 If thou in mournful lays relate her woe,
 Each heart shall bleed, each eye with pity flow.
 If to revenge you swell the sounding strain,
 Revenge and fury fire each British swain.
 Obsequious to thy verse each breast shall move,
 Or burn with rage, or soften into love.
 O let Britannia be her poet's care,
 And lash the spoiler while you save the fair.
 Lo ! where he stands amidst the servile crew,
 Nor blushes stain his cheek with crimson hue,

* This is an expression used in the optative sense. As though he should say, "O, that thy fate were but equal," to effect the desired object.

† This savours of the prevailing spirit of dislike to the measures of the then minister, Sir Robert Walpole.

While due corruption all around he spreads,
 And every ductile conscience captive leads.
 Bribe'd by his boons, behold the venal band
 Worship the idol they could once command.
 So Britain's now, as Judah's sons before,
 First raise a golden calf, and then adore.

Let dull Parnassian sons of rhyme no more
 Provoke thy satire and employ thy power:
 New objects rise to share an equal fate,
 The big, rich, mighty Dunces of the State.
 Shall Ralph, Cooke, Welstead, then engross thy rage,
 While Courts afford a H—, Y—, or G—.*
 Dullness no more roosts only near the sky,†
 But Senates, Drawing-rooms, with Garrets vie;
 Plump P—s and breadless bards alike are dull,
 St. James's and Rag-fair club fool for fool‡

Amidst the mighty Dull behold how great
 An Appius swells the Tibbald of the state;
 Long had he strove to spread his lawless sway
 O'er Britain's sons, and force them to obey,
 But, blasted all his blooming hopes, he flies
 To vent his woe, and mourn his lost Ex—se.

Pensive he sat and sigh'd, while round him lay
 Loads of dull lumber, all inspired by pay.
 Here puny pamphlets spun from Prelate's brains,
 There the smooth jingle of Cook's lighter strains:
 Here Walsingham's soft lulling opiates spread,
 There gloomy Osborn's quintessence of lead.
 With these the Statesman strove to ease his care,
 To sooth his sorrows and divert despair,
 But long his grief sleep's gentle aid denies;
 At length the slumb'rous Briton closed his eyes.
 Yet vain the healing balm of downy rest,
 To chase his woe or ease his labouring breast;
 Now frightful forms rise hideous to his view,
 More, Stafford, Laud and all his headless crew:
 Daggers and halters boding terror breeds,
 And here a Dudley swings, there Villars§ bleeds.

Now Goddess Dullness, watchful o'er his fate,
 And ever anxious for her child of state,
 From couch of down slow rais'd her drowsy head,
 Forsook her slumbers, and to Appius sped.

"Awake, my son, awake," the Goddess cries,
 "Nor longer mourn thy darling lost Ex—se."
 (Here the sad aound unseal'd the statesman's eyes.)
 "Why slumbers thus my son, oppress'd with care,
 While Dullness rules, say, shall her sons despair?
 O'er all I spread my universal sway,
 K—gs, Pr—tes, P—rs, and Rulers, all obey."

* A Harvey, Younge, or Gage.

† A metaphorical allusion to the tenants of the Grub-street garrets, then occupied entirely by hireling-writers.

‡ Share the office of supplying fools; one finds one fool, and the other another.

§ This must mean Villiers, the unfortunate Duke of Buckingham.

Lo in the church my mighty power I shew,
 In pulpit preach, and slumber in the pew :
 The bench—the bar, alike my influence owns,
 Here prate my magpies, and there doze my drones.
 In the grave Dons how formal is my mien,
 Who rule the gallipots of Warwick-lane.
 At Court behold me strut in purple pride,
 At Hockley roar, and in Crane-court preside.
 But chief in thee my mighty pow'r is seen,
 'Tis I inspire thy mind, and fill thy mien ;
 On thee my child my duller blessings shed,
 And pour my opium o'er thy favourite head :
 Rais'd thee a ruler of Britannia's fate,
 And led thee blund'ring to the helm of state."
 Here bow'd the statesman low, and thus address'd :—
 " O Goddess, sole inspirer of my breast,
 To gall the British neck with gallic chain
 Long have I strove, but long have strove in vain ;
 While Caleb, rebel to thy sacred power,
 Unveils those eyes which thou hadst curtain'd o'er ;
 Makes Britain's sons my dark designs foresee,
 Blast all my schemes, and struggle to be free.
 O had my projects met a milder fate,
 How had I reigned a Bashaw of the state :
 How o'er Britannia spread m' imperial sway,
 How taught each free-born Briton to obey.
 No smiling freedom then had cheer'd her swains,
 But Asia's desarts w'd with Albion's plains :
 Turks, Vandals,—Britain, then compared with thee.
 Had hugged their chains, and joy'd that they were free ;
 While wand'ring nations all around had seen
 Me rise a Great Mogul, or Mazarin.
 Then had I taught Britannia to adore,
 Then led her captive to my lawless power.
 Methinks I view her now no more appear
 First in the train, and fairest midst the fair ;
 Joyless I see the lovely mourner lie,
 Nor glow her cheek, nor sparkle now her eye ;
 Faded each grace, no smiling feature warm,
 Torn all her tresses, blighted every charm ;
 Nor teeming plenty now each valley crowns,
 Slaves are her sons, and tradeless all her towns ;
 For this, behold you peaceful army fed,
 For this on senates see my bounty shed ;
 For this what wonders, Goddess, have I wrought,
 How bully'd, begg'd, how treated, and how fought ;
 What wand'ring maze of error blunder'd through,
 And how repair'd old blunders still by new.
 Hence the long train of never-ending jars,
 Of warlike peace, and of peaceful wars,
 Each mystic treaty of the mighty store,
 Which to explain demands ten treaties more ;
 Hence scare-crow navies, floating raree-shows,
 And hence Iberia's pride, and Britain's woes.
 These wond'rous works, O Goddess, have I done,
 Works ever worthy Dullness' fav'rite son.
 Lo! on thy sons alone my favours shower,
 None share my bounty that disdain thy power.
 Yon feathers, ribbons, titles light as air,
 Behold thy choicest children only share ;
 Each views the pageant with admiring eyes,
 And fondly grasps the visionary prize ;

Now proudly spreads his leading-string of state,
And thinks to be a wretch is to be great!

“ But turn, O Goddess, turn thine eyes, and view
The darling leaders of thy gloomy crew.
Full open-mouth’d N———e* there behold,
Aping a Tully, swell into a scold;
Grievous to mortal ear: as at the place
Where loud-tongu’d virgins vend the scaly race,
Harsh peals of vocal thunder fill the skies,
And stunning sounds in hideous discord rise;
So when he tries the wond’rous power of noise,
Each hapless ear’s a victim to his voice.
How blest, O Chiselden, whose art can mend,
Those ears N———e was ordain’d to rend.

“ See H———n† secure in silence sit,
No empty words betray his want of wit:
If sense in hiding folly is express’d,
O H———n, thy wisdom stands confess’d.

“ To Dullness’ sacred cause for ever true,
Thy darling Caledonian,‡ Goddess, view;
The pride and glory of thy Scotia’s plains,
And faithful leader of her venal swains.
Loaded he moves beneath a servile weight,
The dull laborious pack-horse of the state;
Drudges through tracks of infamy for pay,
And hacknies out his conscience by the day
Yonder behold the busy peerless peer
With aspect meagre and important air,
His form how gothic, and his looks how sage,
He seems the living Plato of the age.
Blest form in which alone thy merit’s seen,
Since all thy wisdom centres in thy mien!
Here E——x and A——le§ (for senates fit)
And W———by|| the wise, in council sit.
Here looby G———n,¶ G———m** ever dull,
By birth a senator, by fate a fool.

“ While these, Britannia, watchful o’er thy state,
Maintain thine honours, and direct thy fate,
How shall admiring nations round adore,
Behold thy greatness, tremble at thy power!
How Shebas come, invited by thy fame,
Revere thy wisdom and extol thy name!

“ Lo! to yon bench†† now, Goddess, turn thine eyes,
And view thy sons in solemn dullness rise.
All doating, wrinkled, grave and gloomy, see
Each form confess thy dull divinity.
True to thy cause, behold each trencher’d sage
Increas’d in folly, as advanc’d in age.
Here Ch——r,†† learn’d in mystic prophesy,
Confuting Collins, wakes each prophet lie.

* Newcastle. † Harrington. ‡ Doubtless the first Marquis of Bute.
§ Essex and Argyle. || Willoughby. ¶ Grafton. ** Grantham.
†† The Bench of Bishops. ††† Chester.

* Poor Woolston boldly Smallbrook there assailed,
Jails sure convinc'd him tho' the prelate fail'd.

" But chief Pastorius, ever grave and dull,
Devoid of sense, of zeal divinely full,
Retails his squibs of science o'er the town,
While charges, pastorals, through each street resound.
These teach a heav'nly Jesus to obey,
While those maintain an earthly Appius' sway.
Thy gospel truth, Pastorius, cross'd we see,†
While God and Mammon's serv'd at once by thee!

" Who would not run, speak, vote, or conscience pawn,
To lord it o'er a see, and swell in lawn?
If arts like these, O! S——k, † honours claim,
Than thee none merits more the Prelate's name.
Wond'ring, behold him faithful to his fee,
Prove Parliament dependent to be free,
In senates blunder, flounder, and dispute,
For ever reas'ning, never to confute.
Since courts for this their fated gifts decree,
Say, what is reputation to a see?

" Lo! o'er yon flood H——e § casts his low'ring eyes,
And wishful sees the reverend turrets rise.
While Lambeth opens to thy longing view,
Uapless! the mitre ne'er can bind thy brow;
Though courts should deign the gift, how wond'rous hard,
By thy own doctrines still to be debarr'd;
For if from change|| such mighty evil springs,
Translations sure, O! H——e, are sinful things.

" These rulers see, and nameless numbers more,
O, Goddess, of thy train the choicest store;
Who ignorance in gravity entrench,
And grace alike the pulpit and the bench.

" Full plac'd and pension'd see H——r—o ¶ stands
Begrin'd his face, unpurify'd his hands.
To decency he scorns all nice pretence,
And reigns firm foe to cleanliness and sense.
How did H——r—o Britain's cause advance,
How shine the sloven and buffoon of France!
In senates now how scold, how rave, how roar,
Of treaties run the tedious train-trow** o'er;
How blunder out what's'er should be conceal'd,
And how keep secret what should be reveal'd!
True child of Dulness I see him, Goddess, claim
Power next myself, as next in birth and fame.

* The transcriber is not quite sure whether he is correct in his reading of this line, but he conceives the present form of words is fully adequate to satisfy the same.

† A Prelate noted for writing spiritual pastorals and temporal charges; in the one he endeavours to serve the cause of christianity; in the other, the mammon of a ministry. M.S.

‡ herlock.

§ Hare.

¶ A noted sermon preached on the 30th of January on this text, "Woe be unto them that are given to changes, &c." M.S.

** Horatio, meaning Horatio Walpole, afterwards Lord Oxford.

*** This is apparently the word in the manuscript. I presume it means the catalogue.

" Silence! ye senates, while enribbon'd Y—e, *
 Pours forth melodious nothings from his tongue;
 How sweet the accents play around the ear,
 Form'd of smooth periods, and of well-tun'd air!
 Leave, gentle Y—e, the senate's dry debate,
 Nor labour 'midst the labyrinth of state;
 Suit thy soft genius to more tender themes,
 And sing of cooling shades and purling streams;
 With modern sing-song murder ancient plays,
 Or warble in sweet ode a Brunswick's praise;
 So shall thy strains in purer dullness flow,
 And laurels wither on a Cibber's† brow.
 Say, can the statesman wield the poet's quill,
 And quit the senate for Parnassus' hill?
 Since there no venal vote a pension shares,
 Nor wants Apollo Lords Commissioners?

" There W—n and P—,‡ Goddess, view,
 Firm in thy cause, and to thy Appius true.
 Lo! from their labours what reward betides,
 One pays my army, one my navy guides.

" To dance, dress, sing, and serenade the fair,
 Conduct a finger, or reclaim a hair;
 O'er baleful tea with females taught to blame,
 And spread a slander o'er each virgin's fame;
 Form'd for these softer arts, shall H—y§ strain
 With stubborn politics his tender brain?
 For ministers laborious pamphlets write,
 In senates prattle, and with patriots fight!
 Thy fond ambition, pretty youth, give o'er,
 Preside at balls, old fashions lost restore.
 So shall each toilet in thy cause engage,
 And H—y shine a P—re|| of the age.

" Behold a star emblazon C—n's coat,
 Not that the knight has merit but a vote.
 And here, O Goddess, numerous Wrongheads trace,
 Lur'd by a pension, ribbon, or a place.

" To murder science, and my cause defend,
 Now shoals of Grub-street garreteers descend;
 From schools and desks the writing insects crawl,
 Unload their Dulness, and for Appius bawl.

" Lo! to thy darling Osborne turn thine eyes,
 See him o'er politics superior rise,
 While Caleb feels the venom of his quill,
 And wond'ring ministers reward his skill.
 Unlearn'd in logic, yet he writes by rule,
 And proves himself in syllogism—f—l.
 Now flies, obedient, war with sense to wage,
 And drags the idea through the painful page.
 Unread, unanswer'd, still he writes again,
 Still spins th' endless cobweb of his brain;
 Charn'd with each line, reviewing what he writ,
 Blesses his stars, and wonders at his wit.

* Young. † The Poet Laureat. ‡ Winington and Pelham.
 § Harvey. || Portmore.

"Nor less, O Walsingham, thy worth appears,
Alike in merit, though unlike in years.
Ill-fated youth, what stars malignant shed
Their baneful influence o'er thy brainless head,
Doom'd to be ever writing, never read?
For bread, to libel liberty and sense,
And damn thy patron weekly with defence?
Drench'd in the sable flood, O, hadst thou still
O'er skins of parchment drove thy venal quill;
At Temple ale-house told an idle tale,
And pawn'd thy credit for a mug of ale,
Unknown to Appius then had been thy name,
Unlaced thy coat, unsacrific'd his fame;
Nor vast unvented reams would Peel deplore,
As victims destin'd to the common-shore.

"Dunce to Dunce in endless numbers breed,
So to Concanen see a Ralph succeed;
A tiny witling of these writing days,
Full-fam'd for tuneless rhimes and short-lived plays.
Write on, my luckless bard, still unasham'd,
Tho' burnt thy journals, and thy dramas damn'd;
'Tis bread inspires thy politics and lays,
Not thirst of Immortality or praise.

"These, Goddess, view the choicest of the train,
While yet unnumber'd Dunces still remain;
Deans, critics, lawyers, bards, a motley crew,
To Dullness faithful, as to Appius true."

"Enough," the Goddess cries, "enough I've seen,
While these support secure my son shall reign;
Still shall thou blund'ring rule Britannia's fate,
Still Grub-street hail thee *Minister of State*!"

UPON THE SCOTAKS.

AMONGST the people who inhabit Hungary the Scotaks must be included, of whom geographers have till now made but little mention. The Scotaks live in seventy-five villages, in the district of Zemplin. They are of Slavonic origin, and appear to be between the slaves, the Ruceniaks and the Polish; but differing from them in their dialect, manners and customs. The men and women have almost all white hair, it is very rare that an individual with black hair is seen. They generally live together in a patriarchal manner. The father gives the management of his house to one of his sons whom he thinks most capable of that office, and the others respect his orders, even though he be the youngest in the family. Their principal employment is keeping sheep. They buy them every year

in Transylvania and Moldavia; feed them during summer, and in the autumn sell them at the market of Hannussalva, or in Bohemia, Moravia, or Silicia. Many of them are waggoners, and carry wine and leather to Poland, Russia, Prussia, and Austria. A full-grown man very seldom gets on horseback to drive a carriage; this is confided to the boys in order not to overload the horses; white-headed children who are scarcely taller than the sill of the saddle, are capable of managing with great dexterity six or eight horses. In these teams there is always a white horse, that the driver may see him better in the dark. The Scotaks very seldom unite themselves with other people or tribes; they preserve their own language and take care not to introduce foreign idioms.

FALSE OR TRUE; OR, THE JOURNEY TO LONDON.

(An original Tale by MRS. OPPE.)

4

"WELL then, Ellen, all is settled," said Sir George Mortimer to his niece and ward; "and you are resolved to go to London by the mail from W—— next Monday."

"Yes, dear uncle, it is the quickest conveyance; and as I am only to stay a month I shall like to lose as little time as I can in travelling."

"Oh! certainly; to lose twelve hours of such delight as awaits you, Ellen, would be shocking indeed!"

"Oh! but it is not only *that*, it will be less trouble, and less expense you know; and I shall want all my money for London; and as my aunt lets her maid go with me, and Mr. Betson, the attorney, will take care of me, I do not see why I should not go by the mail."

"Nor I neither, my dear; but, Ellen, I suppose you have written to desire your cousin Charles Mandeville to meet you at the inn?"

"No, indeed, I have not," Ellen replied, deeply blushing, "for I wish to surprize him; besides, I should not like to take the poor youth out of his bed so early in a cold May."

"A great hardship, indeed, to force a healthy young man of one and twenty out of his bed in a spring morning, at five or six o'clock."

"Oh! but if I should give him cold! you know he often has a bad cough."

"Poor delicate creature! I am glad you have so much consideration for him."

"Nay, I am sure Charles is not *delicate*; he looks very manly, and has a fine healthy colour."

"Then why should he not get up to meet you?"

"Oh! but I wish to surprize him. I tell you he will be so surprized, and so delighted!"

"No doubt; well, well, silly girl! have your own way." And Ellen having sent for places in the W—— mail, ran to talk to her aunt and cousins on the only subject uppermost in her young and confiding heart; namely, the joy of a first visit to the metropolis, and of the delight which her unexpected presence there would occasion her dear,

dear Charles: for Ellen, though she had a fine understanding, had a heart even too fond and too confiding, and she was only eighteen. Charles Mandeville, who, at the age of five and twenty, was to come into possession of a handsome fortune, had finished his classical studies under the tuition of a country clergyman in the village where Sir George Mortimer resided, and thence had had an intimate and frequent intercourse with Sir George's family, which had ended in a tender attachment between him and his cousin Ellen Mortimer, whose mother was his father's sister. Not that any thing like an engagement existed between them; that Sir George had positively forbidden. He had represented to them that they were as yet too young to know their own minds; and that, as Mr. Mandeville could not marry till he was of age, it would be better to prove the strength and reality of their attachment by absence, and by mixing with the world. The young lovers would have talked of eternal constancy, and declared their hearts were unalterably fixed on each other if he would have allowed them to do so; but he forbade it, assuring them that their rhapsodies would not carry conviction to his mind, as he had known many a passion, which the retirement of a village had created, vanish away in the varied intercourse and pleasures of busy life. And very soon was absence the great test of affection to prove that of Charles Mandeville, for his guardian wrote to tell him it was time for him to enter himself at Lincoln's-inn. As Mandeville's father had been a strict dissenter he had forbidden his son to be educated at College; therefore instead of going to Cambridge he received the private tuition which I have mentioned, and was then to commence his legal studies, as intellectual pursuit of some sort was wisely deemed necessary for him during the years that were yet to come of his long minority. But a young man, who knows that

at five and twenty he shall have a large fortune, is not likely from principle and the love of employment to study very hard. The known expectations, the handsome person, prompt attentions, musical powers, and pleasing manners of Charles Mandeville, soon gave him entrance into some gay and fashionable circles in the metropolis; and at the end of six months after he left the village of R—— his letters to Ellen were neither so frequent nor so long as they had been, but they contained some tender words, such as “dearest, beloved girl,” and so on; and Ellen tried to be satisfied. Nay, she was satisfied; for how was it possible that Charles should have changed so soon, if at all; since her heart was unchanged, though she had had temptations to falsehood thrown in her way.

Sir Henry Claremont, a young Baronet, came to reside on a beautiful estate belonging to a friend of his, who was forced to live abroad on account of his health. This estate joined the Park-gate of Sir George Mortimer. Sir Henry on losing a mother, whom he almost adored, felt himself unable to remain in his own house where every thing reminded him of his loss; he therefore hired the seat in question of its owner. But he declined visiting his neighbours, and had gained the title of the recluse, when he saw Ellen at church soon after she finally left school, and from that moment he was a recluse no longer; for as soon as Sir George found that the young Baronet sought, rather than avoided him, he invited him to his house; and a great deal of visiting intercourse took place, till, on the obvious intimacy and attachment which ensued between Ellen and Charles, Sir Henry gradually ceased his visits, and his love of solitude and home returned. But when Charles went to London, and when, on enquiry, Sir Henry found that no engagement existed between him and his cousin he again became sociable, and at length after “a series of quiet attentions, not so pointed as to alarm or so vague as to be misunderstood,” he ventured to ask leave to address Miss Mortimer. But Ellen was firm in her refusal of his addresses; and Sir George could not help saying,

“Well, Ellen, I only hope that Charles may prove himself worthy of the sacrifice you are making for his sake.” “Sacrifice, my dear uncle!”—“Yes; for is not Sir Henry Claremont every thing a father would desire in a husband for his daughter, or his daughter for herself? Is he not handsome, young, good, pious, studious. Before his rich neighbours knew him did not his poor ones bless him, Ellen?”—“Oh yes, he is very good, and charming I dare say, and if I did not love Charles, I—but I *do* love Charles, so I cannot have Sir Henry.”

Sir George shook his head, sighed, and told Sir Henry he had nothing at present to hope. Sir Henry sighed also, but he contrived to remember the “at present” qualified the refusal from the lips of Sir George, and he resolved to hope on; in the mean while Ellen could not express a wish which was not immediately fulfilled: presents so delicately offered that they could not be refused, and attentions so well timed that they could not be dispensed with, proved the continuation of his love; a love which, though silent in words, spoke in every glance of his intelligent eye, and seemed resolved to burn unchanged even in the midst of despair. There were times when Ellen herself thought it was a pity she could not reward such love as that of Sir Henry; but this was only when she had for a few days vainly expected a letter from Charles. If the expected letter, when it came, contained its usual quantity of tender epithets, and one regret at being separated from her, then she forgot Sir Henry’s incessant assiduity; she heard with calm approbation only of his benevolent exertions, and had no wish so near her heart as to see Charles again; no regret but that she did not receive the long-promised invitation to London from her mother’s old friend, Mrs. Ainslie. At length this precious invitation arrived, and Ellen was requested to set off immediately, as at the end of the month her friend would be obliged to travel to the North. It was the suddenness of the summons which tempted Ellen to surprise Charles, as she hoped, agreeably; and Sir George, who suspected that Charles’s attach-

ment had not resisted the destroying power of absence as well as her's had done, was willing that he should be taken by surprize, as he thought that, if Ellen could see her favourite's heart off its guard, she might find out that he had ceased to love her, and might thence derive power to conquer her own attachment.

The parting hour with her relations was, on Ellen's side, one of tears quickly succeeded by smiles when she found herself really seated in the mail, and really on her journey to London; that journey, at the end of which she was to see, though not alas! immediately, the face which haunted her dreams, and gave interest to her waking hours; and to hear that voice whose parting accents still rung mournfully and melodiously in her ears. To Ellen the novelty of the present scene, and the expectation of the future, gave a feeling of intoxication which made her almost trouble-somely loquacious to her companion, Mr. Betson, for she could only converse concerning London, and ask incessant questions relative to the place of her destination. As they passed Sir Henry Clarendon's Parkgate, Ellen saw him leaning on it as if watching to catch a last look of her. She eagerly returned his bow of adieu, and kissed her hand kindly to him, but was soon again engrossed in questioning her companion. As it grew dark, Mr. Betson's answers were shorter and shorter; and, when night came on, his replies dwindled down to a plain "Yes," and "No." At last Ellen with dismay saw him, after a hearty yawn, put on his night-cap, and settle himself down in the corner. "Dear me, Sir!" she exclaimed, "to be sure you are not going to sleep?" "Why not, Miss Mortimer; I am not a young man, and I really advise you to sleep yourself, for you will want all your spirits for the journey, and for London when you get there." Ellen was disappointed, but she saw that sleep was so much dearer to Mr. Betson as a companion than she was, that she submitted in silence to the preference; or rather she talked, as talk she must, to her aunt's maid now, for the time being her own, and in projecting altera-

tions which she was to execute in her old things, or in thinking over what new things she was to purchase, she beguiled part of the long night, which still separated her from London and her love, but at dawn she had talked herself into weariness, and sleep was not far behind. When she awoke, the approach to London, through Piccadilly, was in sight, and Ellen was in an ecstasy of admiration! Oh, the incessant questions with which she now assailed Mr. Betson. But the question nearest her heart was, "Pray, Sir, where is Albany? Because this is Piccadilly, you say, and Albany, I know, is near it." But Mr. Betson had never heard of Albany, which Charles mentioned as a most fashionable residence, *ergo*, Mr. Betson was a vulgar man, and knew nothing of *ton* and life.

Ellen now began to regret that she had not written to request Charles to meet her, or rather to let him know she was to be seen at seven o'clock in the morning at the Golden Cross, Charing Cross. No doubt he would have been there, and then she should have seen him so much sooner. This consideration had led her into a deep *reverie*, when the mail turned into the Inn-yard at one of the entrances, and she found Mr. Ainslie's carriage waiting for her.

It is easy to imagine that Ellen's ideas of London were considerably lowered as she turned her back on the West-end of the Town; and after going down the comparatively gloomy Strand, in which the current of human life had not yet began its course, saw the carriage turn into the spacious but dark area of Serjeant's Inn; and Charles lived in Albany, and that was near *Piccadilly*! But the warm affectionate greeting of her mother's friends, the cheerful fire, the refreshing breakfast, and the evidences of kind hearts, of taste and of opulence, which surrounded her, suspended for a while even the remembrance of Charles and regret that he was so far off; and Ellen was so cheered, so alive, that she could not be prevailed upon by her kind hostess to go to bed for a few hours. "Oh, no—it is impossible! I should not sleep if I did;" then

blushing deeply, she said, that she must write a note. "You will find whatever you want for that purpose in your own chamber." "No—not unless you go with me thither," she replied, blushing still more, "for I want you to write what I shall dictate." Mrs. Ainslie accordingly accompanied Ellen to her room, and there she learnt what she wished her to write, as follows:

"If Mr. Mandeville will take the trouble to call at Mr. Ainslie's, No. —, Serjeant's Inn, some time to-day, he will learn some intelligence respecting his Cousin Ellen Mortimer."

"But why," said Mrs. Ainslie, "not tell him at once that you are here." The treasured fancy of her heart, however, was indulged, and Mrs. Ainslie did as she desired her, then sent her own servant to Albany with the note.

Mrs. Ainslie, in consequence of having been told in confidence by Sir George that he suspected Charles's heart of having played truant to Ellen, allowed the expression "sometime to-day" to remain, and did not insist on changing it for a *particular hour*, as she thought that Charles coming early or late, according to the suggestions of his own heart, would prove the state of that heart beyond a doubt to her eyes, though not, perhaps, to Ellen's; therefore with some anxious expectation, though not equal to that of her young guest, Mrs. Ainslie awaited the arrival of Charles. But hour succeeded to hour, and yet he did not come;—while Ellen's cheek was now pale, now flushed, as disappointment or hope preponderated; yet it was in reality all disappointment, for if he had been interested in hearing aught concerning her he would have come directly. "Surely," said Ellen at last, no longer able to conceal her vexation, "Surely Charles is not in town?" "You shall question my servant yourself," said Mrs. Ainslie, and she rung for him, though she already knew what he would reply, which was, that he saw Mr. Mandeville's servant, who told him he would give the note into his master's hand immediately. Yet it was three o'clock, and he was not

at Serjeant's Inn. "Well," said Mrs. Ainslie, "I conclude, Ellen, you will not stay at home any longer in hopes of this truant's arrival. My carriage is coming round, and I must take you to see something, as you are neither tired nor sleepy." No,—Ellen was neither, but she was something *much worse*—she was sick at heart. The bright prospect that love and hope had pictured was blighted, and she wished already, earnestly wished, that she had never come to London. But the next moment she excused Charles's delay thus:—"He could not suppose he was to see me, and perhaps he thought it a *hoax*. Yes—yes—I dare say he believed it a take-in. Oh! why was I so *foolish* as not to write to him myself. I am sure he would have come then."

This internal colloquy served to tranquillize her mind so completely that she ventured at length to repeat it audibly to Mrs. Ainslie, but that lady coldly replied, "this is a fresh argument, Ellen, for you to consent to go out, and I hope you will no longer refuse." However, she did refuse; it was far more delightful to her to stay within expecting, and looking for Charles Mandeville, even though he did not come, than to see all the wonders of London. Mrs. Ainslie, however, took her accustomed drive in the park, with a feeling of kind vexation at her fond obstinacy, painfully subdued by pity for the apparent strength of an attachment, which was probably ill-requited. But she would not have left her had she not wished to ascertain the truth of what she suspected; namely, that Charles Mandeville, feeling no particular eagerness or anxiety to know the intelligence concerning Ellen, had gone to Bond-street and St. James's-street, or to some of his other daily haunts, and was probably, as usual, finishing his morning in the drive; and *there* Mrs. Ainslie saw him. For a moment she resolved to send her servant to say a lady wished to speak to him, then introduce herself, tell him who she was, and invite him to dinner; but she thought it was more for Ellen's good to let events take the direction which Ellen had given them by her

note, and she left the park almost as soon as her end in going was answered, and returned home without speaking to Mandeville.

"Well," said Ellen, mournfully, as soon as she saw her, "he has not been here yet!" "No, certainly not, for I met him several times in the Park on horseback." "Then you have seen him; and if I had gone with you I should have seen him too," said Ellen, the long imprisoned tears trickling down her face, "but, Oh! how unkind it is in him not to call; but surely, surely, you told him." "I only knew him personally, my dear girl, and he does not know me when he sees me; nor could I be sure that you would not be displeased with me for depriving you of your chance for surprizing him agreeably."

Spite of herself, Mrs. Ainslie's voice drawled almost *surcussically* when she uttered "agreeably," and Ellen, bursting again into tears, hurried to her own apartment.

I will not attempt to describe the misery which Ellen's confiding, fond, and inexperienced heart underwent when she reached it, but I fear many of my readers, young and old, can imagine what it was from their own painful experience.

Whether Mrs. Ainslie's heart was experienced in the same way, I know not, but certain it is, that she allowed Ellen to indulge her feelings till the indulgence was probably become burthensome, before she knocked at her door. Oh! how tenacious, how clinging, even to a hair for life, is hope, in a young, impassioned heart! Ellen thought that, perhaps, Charles Mandeville was now really come, and she eagerly opened the door to receive the welcome tidings, "Alas! No—he is not come," said Mrs. Ainslie, answering the asking eye.—Ellen blushed, and turned away with her handkerchief to her face.

"Come, come, my dear child! this must not be," said her kind hostess; I want my Ellen Mortimer's daughter to be seen to advantage; and spite of what poets and novelists say, swelled eye-lids and a red nose, however they may prove sensibility, are no improvers of beauty, and I expect some smart young men to dinner."

Ellen did not reply; she recollected but that for her own obstinacy Charles might have been one of the smart young men. However, she felt ashamed of seeming to feel so much for one who appeared by his present conduct to feel so little for her, that she dried up her tears, washed her eyes with rose-water, called herself an idiot, conversed with Mrs. Ainslie on indifferent subjects, dressed herself as becomingly as she could, for perhaps Charles might call in the evening, and went down to dinner looking very pretty, and, to those who had not seen her before, unaffectedly animated, but Mrs. Ainslie saw that her spirits were forced; she also observed, with considerable pain, that every knock at the door made her start and change colour, and that she took little interest in aught that was going forward. Poor thing! thought she as she looked on her sweet and modest loveliness, and is thy fair morn so soon overcast? Is a blight to come so soon over thy beauties? Not if I can teach her to distinguish the *false* from the *true*. However, he might think the note a hoax.

At length the long weary day ended, and even before the company departed, Ellen, on pretence of fatigue, obtained leave to retire to bed, where, from the journey of the preceding night, she was able to sleep spite of her sorrows. Welcome, however, was the sight of the next morning, for *surely* Charles would call that day; and if he did not it would be evident that he thought the note was an imposition, and then she resolved to write to him herself.

The truth, the mortifying truth was, that Mandeville, though surprised at receiving such a note, resolved to ride to Serjeant's Inn during the course of the day, but in the busy idleness of his London life he utterly forgot to do so, as Ellen no longer reigned the mistress of every thought; and consequently the desire of hearing "intelligence" of her was not, as it once would have been, one of the dearest wishes of his heart. But when he rose the next day, and saw the note lying on his table, he was rather ashamed of his negligence, and resolved to go to Serjeant's Inn as soon as he

returned from breakfasting at the rooms of a fashionable friend of his in Albany, especially as Mr. Ainslie was, he knew, a man high at the bar, and his wife gave good parties for *that end of the town*. Still it was odd that an anonymous note should come from such a quarter; "intelligence concerning his cousin Ellen Mortimer." What could it be?—Surely Ellen was not false! Surely she was not going to be married! The idea was far from being a pleasant one; but he glanced his eye over his really handsome face now embellished by the flush of apprehension, and muttering to himself "no, no, that cannot be;" he thoughtfully descended the stairs, and went to his apartment.

Ellen meanwhile, unlike the Ellen of her uncle's house, took her seat at Mrs. Ainslie's breakfast-table, with a look of anxiety and uncomfortableness on her usually bright and happy countenance, which gives age even to the countenance of youth; and Mr. Ainslie thought her some years older than she appeared the day before, ere the cloud of disappointed hope had passed over her brow, and the anxieties of love had begun to tread on the heel of its enjoyments. Mrs. Ainslie too was hurt and mortified; she had expected to give uninterrupted pleasure to Ellen by the invitation to London, but she found that she had been the means of misery to her. However, if Mandeville had ceased to love, the sooner and the more completely she was convinced of his falsehood the better it would be for her future peace; and the remedy, though very painful, would, she trusted, make the cure complete.

Ellen ate scarcely any thing, but Mr. and Mrs. Ainslie were too delicate to notice her want of appetite as they knew its cause; and when the usual hour of breakfast for fashionable young men was according to Mrs. Ainslie, passed, she began to recover a degree of hope that Charles would soon appear, and with it some of her vivacity and all her beauty; for the flush of anxious expectation deepened into even feverish brilliancy the colour of her cheek, and gave lustre and added expression to her ever-bright and tender blue eye.

The boy has no heart! thought Mr. Ainslie, as he gazed on her, or he would have come post to receive intelligence of a creature like that. Oh, she would be better without him. So thought his amiable wife; and the next thing to be done was to convince Ellen, if possible, of the same obvious truth. But on what was Ellen's love of him founded? If, thought Mrs. Ainslie, her love be not founded on the supposed superior qualities of mind or heart of the man she loves, I believe any woman's love may be conquered, and I trust Ellen is like other women; then, if *gratified* self-love be the foundation of her attachment, *wounded* self-love may prove the means of bringing it to the ground again; and I will see what can be done.

This day Ellen was not doomed to expect in vain; but after a tremendous knock from his groom, which made Ellen start from her seat, Mr. Mandeville was announced; he had asked for Mrs. Ainslie, and was instantly admitted to that lady; she had asked Ellen whether she wished to receive Charles alone, but as she replied no, though very faintly, Mrs. Ainslie was glad of the slightest excuse to stay and witness the manner and conduct of Charles on the *surprise* which awaited him.

When he entered, Ellen stood in the next room by the open folding door, where he could not see her; after the usual salutations, Mandeville said, "I take the liberty of calling on you, Madam, in consequence of receiving this note."—"You did right, Sir, for I wrote it; but the intelligence to which it alludes you must receive from a lady in the next room." He turned, and beheld Ellen *pale* and *agitated*; for at sight of her no glow of delight sparkled in his eyes, mantled on his cheek, or gave tenderness to his tone; he blushed, indeed, but it was evidently from embarrassed, not agreeable surprise; and his salutation of "Why Ellen! is it possible? you here!" was spoken in the same drawling, affected tone with which he had addressed Mrs. Ainslie.—"Yes," faltered out the poor girl as she withdrew her hand from his unimpassioned grasp, "yes, I thought you would be surprised to see me."

"Surprized indeed!" but still the word glad did not escape him.—He is honest, however, thought Mrs. Ainslie; but as she saw her young friend's excessive emotion, and also saw if she had an opportunity she would give way to the mortification and apprehension which she could not but feel, and treat her unworthy admirer with a scene which might gratify his vanity without touching his heart, she resolved not to quit the room; therefore she seated herself at her table, and began to work. Mandeville's countenance she thought cleared up when she did so; but not Ellen's, who unwilling to think that she and Mandeville were not still lovers, wondered excessively that Mrs. Ainslie did not leave them alone.

"And when did you come?"

"Yesterday."

"And how did you come?"

"By the mail."

"The mail! how could Sir George suffer it?"

"Oh! but I wished it."

"What a vulgar taste! The mail! How could you wish it, Ellen?"

"Oh! because, because"—here poor Ellen recollected that she wished it because she was anxious to *lose no time*, as her stay was to be short; therefore the contrast of her expectations then and *now* overcame her, and she turned aside to weep. Charles was more nettled than affected by this sensibility, and was about to say a kind word in a peevish tone; when Mrs. Ainslie interfered, and coldly said, almost mimicking in spite of herself the manner in which he pronounced "the mail,"—"I see no vulgarity, but much good sense, in my young friend's choosing to come up by the mail, Mr. Mandeville."

"Indeed, Madam?"

"Yes, posting is very expensive."

"But could not Sir George have afforded to treat his niece with a post-chaise?"

"No; he has a large family, and cannot afford to spend ten or twelve pounds unnecessarily."

"Why could she not pay for herself then?"

"Because Ellen is not of age, and her allowance is small; therefore she wisely resolved to come by the odious

vulgar mail, attended by her aunt's maid and a gentleman of her acquaintance."

"A gentleman! what gentleman," said he, changing colour.

"Oh! you need not be jealous," replied Mrs. Ainslie, maliciously, and Mandeville blushed still deeper; "it was not a *certain* gentleman, but a Mr., Mr. ~~_____~~."

"Betson," said Ellen, who had now recovered herself, and was cheered by Charles's blush and manner, when he heard that a *gentleman* accompanied her.

"~~What~~, old Betson the attorney! what a beau! really Sir George is a strange guardian for a young lady of your fortune, Miss Mortimer, and a Baronet's niece."

"On the contrary," said Mrs. Ainslie, he is the wisest guardian possible; the income of 10,000*l.* will not go far if its possessor must always travel post or not at all; and habits of economy are necessary even for persons of 10,000*l.* per ann. Sir George has known the misery of a narrow income; and, though a Baronet, was, you know, a penniless subaltern, and then a Captain in the army for many years, dragging a wife and eight children about with him from one station to another, as he could, *on coaches or in coaches*; and, when comparative wealth came, it was too late for him to assume the fantastical airs, and fine gentlemen disdains and shrinkings of those who have not, like him, been made superior to the unnecessary indulgences of life by a painful acquaintance with its realities. His girls were Baronet's daughters then, yet, if it was *necessary*, they went with their nurse on a baggage-waggon; and now, if necessary, Sir George and Lady Mortimer would let them go in a *mail*, aye, and with Mr. Betson too."

Mandeville was surprised to hear such sentiments from a woman who was, he knew, reckoned rather proud, not easy of access, and was herself allied to nobility; and as he associated the idea of vulgarity with that of attention to economy, he would have thought Mrs. Ainslie *vulgar* if he could, so have thought of a woman of her station in society; however, he judged it best to say no

more concerning mail travelling, but bowing, as if convinced, he next asked Ellen how long she meant to stay?

"Only a month."

"Dear me; how unfortunate! for I have so many engagements for this month!"

"But when a lady's in the case, All other things you know give place,"

cried Mrs. Ainslie, fixing her penetrating eyes on his countenance.

"Yes," said he, avoiding her glance as much as possible, "*all* other things, but not all other ladies; and my engagements are with ladies. I have to sing at Lady D——'s one night; at Lady C——'s another; then quadrille balls without end."

"I did not know, my dear," said Mrs. Ainslie, coldly, "that Mr. Mandeville was a singing and dancing gentleman."

"Oh yes; he does both exquisitely."

"But does he never think proper to sing and dance with you?—Pray, Mr. Mandeville, would not Miss Mortimer, that is, your cousin Ellen's being in London for a short time be a sufficient excuse for your singing one duet and dancing one quadrille less in an evening where she is not, in order to enable you to dance and sing where she is?"

"Certainly, certainly," he replied in a hurried manner; "certainly, at some places, but I really did wish to have gone about with Ellen and shewn her London."

"And can you not?"

"Never mind whether he can or not," said Ellen, rather indignantly; "since, since"—here she paused, covered with blushes, for she was conscious of this feeling; "as he is not, I see, anxious to stay at home with me, I do not much care whether he goes abroad with me or not."

Mandeville now saw that Ellen resented his manner and conduct, and not being willing to break with her entirely, he soothingly replied; "*nay*, my dear Ellen, do not make my misfortune, in being forced to relinquish your society, greater than it already is, by seeming to consider it

time present? Ellen, let us now go somewhere. Ellen do not frown on me! Dearest Ellen forgive me?"

Mrs. Ainslie now thought, as Charles's manner was become humble, and his looks and tones tender, that she ought to quit the room. But she had scarcely reached the landing place when another knock at the door announced the arrival of visitors, and she re-seated herself much, as she again fancied, to the relief of Mandeville and disappointment of the still believing Ellen; she now saw Mandeville speaking in a low voice to her, and what he said was received with a blush and an enquiring eye directed to her.—"What does that look say, Miss Mortimer?" cried she smiling.

"That Ellen wishes to take a walk with me, and see some sights if you have no objection."

"Certainly not, my footman shall attend you; I only require that you should return time enough for your cousin to go out with me in my carriage." Mandeville promised to be obedient to her wishes, and Ellen went to equip herself for her walk.

It was with mixed feelings in which pain predominated, that Ellen took out her bonnet which was made on purpose to wear in London; for it was exactly like one which Charles used to admire, and say that she looked remarkably pretty in; therefore when the original hat was worn out, the fond and flattered girl bought another to re-place it, and had a tender pleasure in anticipating the satisfaction her lover would feel in seeing this proof of her attention to his taste. But now she felt a degree of delicate reluctance to wear this tell-tale hat before him; but she had no other, and with embarrassing consciousness she entered the drawing-room, in which she found Mrs. Ainslie and Charles alone. "Dear me, Ellen," cried he as soon as he saw her, "have you no other bonnet than that to put on. That old-fashioned, odd looking thing."

"I thought you used to admire it," said Ellen, almost in tears.

"Yes, so I did, when it was new and in the country; but here it would be so quizzed."

It is new, she was going to say

but she stopt, unable to make the now mortifying avowal; and, turning to Mrs. Ainslie, she timidly said, "what can I do? I see Charles will be ashamed of me in this bonnet."

"I own," said Mrs. Ainslie, "the bonnet is not fashionable, though becoming; and as I wish you to look like other people in your dress, Ellen, I will lend you my last new one till we can buy another."

"Will you, indeed; oh, that will be so kind!" said Ellen, following Mrs. Ainslie to her chamber. When she re-appeared Charles eagerly exclaimed, "what a beautiful bonnet, and how becoming! really, Ellen, I think you will not disgrace me now." Heartless, vain creature, thought Mrs. Ainslie; but surely, surely Ellen cannot long bear this.

As soon as they were in the street, Charles said, "a very fine woman that, Mrs. Ainslie, still, but terribly severe; I would as soon encounter a wild cat as a woman of that sort."

"She is very kind to me, Charles."

"Yes, and will be till you displease her; but then beware of a *coup de patte*—did you not see how she scratched me?"

"Scratched you, Charles!"

"Metaphorically, I mean; but whither shall we go Ellen? we are now at the Temple-gate, let us go and look at the gardens."

"And at the Temple too, if you please, Charles; for my dear father lived there many years you know, and when there he fell in love with mamma. I should so like to see his chambers! Shall we ask which were Mr. Mortimer's chambers, where he fell in love with mamma? Nay, do not laugh at me, Charles, I am not quite so silly as you imagine; but I know papa lived in Paper-buildings."

"And so do many others."

"Indeed! but I should like to look even at the walls."

"Sentimental girl! Well, you shall be indulged. And till Ellen had seen the buildings on both sides, the gardens had no power to attract her attention. But even then, pretty as they are, Ellen could not admit that they were equal in beauty to her uncle's; and one thought of the view she had of the lake in Sir Henry

Claremont's ground annihilated all the beauty of the Temple river to her. "That river is the Thames, Ellen," he replied peevishly, not pleased at the mention of Sir Henry, for the jealousies of self-love are as powerful and strong as those of love; and after having taken a turn or two round the garden,—the footman was not allowed to follow,—the gate was unlocked again, and they went forward on their way to the *upper regions*, as Charles called the other end of the town. As they walked through some of the courts they met young barristers returning home, and Charles found by the evident admiration which Ellen excited that he had reason to be proud of his fair companion, and saying to himself, "she will do, I may venture to shew her in Bond-street," he took her thither, after having first pointed out to her all the principal streets on that side of Oxford-road, and the best squares. However, I must own, my heroine was as yet more alive to the pleasure of being with Mandeville again, hanging on his arm, than to the charms of what she saw; even his conversation, egotistical and frivolous as it was, pleased her, because it was his; though she listened with ever renewed, and ever disappointed expectation, in hopes of hearing him speak the language of the heart, and of still faithful affection.

When they returned to Sergeant's Inn, Mrs. Ainslie asked Ellen how she liked her walk. "Oh, very much," she replied, but her observant friend saw that, though her eyes might have been satisfied, her heart was not. "You, I trust, Mr. Mandeville, have been pleased and proud too; for I dare say, as every new face is stared at in town, a new, young, and pretty one also, must have created a great sensation."

"It did, I assure you; and Ellen carried away gazer's hearts like burrs sticking to her."

"Oh! yes, Charles, how can you say so," replied Ellen, blushing and pleased.

"Well then," said Mrs. Ainslie, "suppose you go with us into the drive, and help Ellen to give back these hearts, as you there may produce and know their respective

owners." Mandeville said he was very sorry, but he could not go to the Park with them, as he had an appointment at White's at half past four, but he would thank her to set him down in St. James's-street.

"You will dine with us I hope?"

"Yes, with pleasure, if you dine late."

"At seven o'clock precisely."

"Then I will have the honour to wait on you."

Ellen now grew very thoughtful; and her internal world, poor girl, hid the external one from her view. Charles became his own rival, and by dint of thinking of him and his conversation she almost forgot that he was present. She had been with him alone in a crowd, the next thing to being alone in a room; but no language resembling that of love, or even affectionate interest, had escaped him. He had talked incessantly, but entirely of himself, and his fine acquaintance, and his singing, and the admiration it excited. Then he knew this lady, the most beautiful creature in the world; and that lady, the most fascinating and accomplished; and another, whom to see was to adore; but when Ellen, pale, spiritless, and jealous beyond expression, could scarcely ask the name of these charmers, she heard, with an odd mixture of pleasure and pain, that these irresistible creatures were married women or widows of a certain age, and though her jealousy suffered less, her morals suffered a great deal. Oh! thought she, even one short walk in our village, alone with Charles, was worth all our noisy, bustling, long walk to-day; and this is my eagerly expected pleasure in London. Sir Henry Claremont would hardly believe what I could tell him!

"Ellen is in a *reverie*," said Charles to Mrs. Ainslie.

"Yes, thinking of the absent, I suspect," she replied. That piqued him, and he tried to make her talk, but even the tone of his voice was altered; and while Ellen heard him she was so engaged in comparing his past with his present voice, his past with his present manner, that she scarcely heard what he said; and while she almost unconsciously

fixed her meaning, and nearly tearful eyes on his face, he dared not encounter, because he could not respond to their appealing expression; therefore he was very glad when they reached St. James's-street. His adieus were soon spoken, and he disappeared without one of those lingering looks that speak the reluctance with which a beloved object is quitted, and a wish to see that object still, while it is at all visible. Alas! Ellen's eyes pursued him thus, and saw him till he could be seen no more.

"Your cousin is a very handsome young man," said Mrs. Ainslie.

"Yes, very."

"How long was he at R—?"

"Two years."

"Indeed!" replied Mrs. Ainslie gravely, alarmed by the length of the intimacy. However, thought she, as Mandeville's head has been turned, and his heart hardened by admiration here, why should not Ellen's be operated upon by the same process. I will watch her now that men are staring at her, and glasses raised at her as we pass. But Ellen saw them not,—she saw only the Charles Mandeville with whom she used to associate at R—, till Mrs. Ainslie at length gained her attention by pointing at a succession of distinguished and well-known characters who were lounging in Piccadilly, or going on horseback into the Park. The eager look of curiosity with which Ellen received what her friend said, accompanied sometimes with an almost audible "which is he?" attracted even more eager observation than it evinced, and Ellen, no longer insensible of the admiring attention which answered her curious glance, became quite alive to the passing scene, and her own pre-eminence in it; till, after several turns in the drive, she fancied she saw Charles on horseback by the side of a very fine woman. After that her eyes were incessantly wandering in search of him; and when he indeed passed, apparently without seeing her, her only hope, her only interest was to try and be more successful when he passed again.

"But how strange it was," said Mrs. Ainslie, "that Mr. Mandeville

should not be on the look out for you, Ellen?"

"Oh! no, you forget that he is with a lady —."

"But that lady is old, and faded, and *faîdée*. The man ought to have better taste than to prefer her to you."

True, but she was a woman of fashion, and Mandeville was flattered by being seen with her. Again Ellen tried to catch his attention, but in vain; and as Mrs. Ainslie saw that all her pleasure in the scene was over she desired the coachman to get out of the Park as fast as he could, and drive to a French milliner's in Conduit-street. Had they gone down the drive again Mandeville meant to have *seen* them.

After the mortified and even mournful Ellen had tried on two or three bonnets, with a degree of indifference painful to behold in so young a person, as it was unnatural at her age, and only too indicative of an oppressed heart, she bought one, which Mrs. Ainslie admired; and having engaged a very fashionable hair-dresser, to cut and dress Ellen's hair, Mrs. Ainslie, as there was yet time, drove to the gallery of a fashionable painter. There her attention was rivetted by an unfinished whole-length portrait of a gentleman, and she eagerly called Ellen to admire it. "What a countenance! what eyes! what a meek benignant expression about the mouth! — I never saw such a face! I have seen handsomer, perhaps, but one so captivating never! Is it not charming, Ellen?" As she said this, she looked at her, and saw her covered with blushes.

"I know the original," said Ellen, smiling. "It is Sir Henry Claremont."

"Indeed! Oh! Ellen! Ellen! that your Sir Henry Claremont?"

"He is not mine."

"Yes, yes, he is; the fine flower in one's garden is our's, Ellen, though we may not choose to pluck it and wear it. Silly girl, ungrateful, mistaken girl! — Is Sir Henry to sit again soon?" said Mrs. Ainslie to the attendant."

"No, Madam, he will never sit again. The picture is paid for, but it was begun for Lady Claremont,

his mother; and Sir Henry, as she is dead, cannot bear to have it finished."

"I would give something," said Mrs. Ainslie, passing her arm through Ellen's, "to see that picture finished one day. What an attached, affectionate husband would such a son make! Aye, and I dare say he is a faithful lover!" Ellen did not reply, but she involuntarily turned her eyes on the picture. The pensive penetrating eye seemed to fix even reproachfully upon her, and what and whom had she preferred to him! Ellen sighed, and turned suddenly away. "Good bye, most captivating being!" said Mrs. Ainslie to the picture, "I will come and see you again very soon, and would that I knew the original!"

"He is handsomer than his picture, said the attendant, "and as good as he is handsome, Madam. My brother is one of his servants, and my sister is married to one of his tenants, and they say he is an angel upon earth!"

"Come away, Ellen,—come away! if your heart can stand this, mine can't, I assure you!" Ellen smiled, spite of herself, with pride and pleasure too, for this admirable creature loved her, even though she loved another. Again she was absent and taciturn, while Mrs. Ainslie, wishing her to be left to her own reflections, made no effort to engage her in conversation.

Never had Ellen been so absorbed in the business of the toilet as she was to day. Mrs. Ainslie kindly superintended and patiently answered all Ellen's enquiries, as to what was fashionable, rather than as to what was becoming; for she had discovered that fashion was every thing with Mandeville. At length not satisfied with her appearance, for her aim was to recall a strayed heart, and love makes every one humble, Ellen, attired entirely to the satisfaction of Mrs. Ainslie and to the loud admiration of Mr. Ainslie, seated herself on a sofa that held *only two*, and with a beating heart awaited the arrival of Charles, for she could not help hoping, spite of all that had passed, that he would come early; but he came last, and was evidently not solicitous to sit next Ellen at table. Mrs. Ainslie, however, conscious that Ellen

would be evidently disconcerted if he did not sit by her, desired Ellen to go next him, as he, of course, sat by the lady whom he had handed down stairs, and she tried to be happy. But Charles did not, as he used to do at R—, turn his back

for her sake on the lady, whoever she was, that sat on the other side of him, and she felt glad when the ladies retired, that she might go to her own room, and relieve her full heart by weeping.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE FEATURES THAT CAPTIVATE IN POETRY.

OFTEN as the subject of Poetry has undergone disquisition, we do not know that any writing ever met our eyes, in which its composition is as it were chymically analyzed, and its different component parts exposed and laid bare to the view. It shall be our study, therefore, to point out those regular parts which naturally go to the structure of Poetry, and which present in themselves the means, by possessing which, a man may aspire to the dignified character of a poet. As the requisites which are in our contemplation are such as are decidedly of the first order, and have the greatest share in the interest excited in the mind, we think the title is not inappropriate which we have chosen for them—of the Features which captivate in Poetry.

We have ever considered the great ingredients of Poetry to resolve themselves into these three distinct heads:—Sublimity, Simplicity, and Elegance. Beauty is the effect of the whole; Genius is the parent of all. Each of the three comprises, respectively, two parts, conception and expression; and these must never be divided. It is our intention to consider each head in its order. And first we turn to sublimity, because this is certainly the highest qualification of verse, and the greatest test of a poet's genius; for though it is not necessary in every species of verse, yet the species which does not require it is one of inferior order to that which calls for it.

As to sublimity, the writers on rhetoric, and on the dispositions of the human mind, are at variance about the definition to be given of it. Dr. Blair utterly rejects the idea

that sublimity in the visible world depends on greatness or immensity alone: and yet we argue that none can be shewn among the objects of nature, possessing the property or attribute of greatness, which does not raise great and lofty ideas in the mind. The theories of other rhetoricians throw no greater light upon the subject. Longinus, in general a man of great observation, sadly confounds its component parts; as, amongst the five *springs** he assigns to it, he includes two which stand entirely independent of it, and which are plainly definitions of rhetoric in general. These are a splendid elocution and a magnificent composition, which he appends to the other sources, thus described, a happy boldness in the powers of perception, an impetuosity conceived and half-inspired feeling, and a peculiar use of figures.

To form our own opinion we should say, that sublimity in the visible world depends, not on the immensity of the object alone, but on the assistance which it meets in the ignorance of the human mind, or, to speak more soothingly, in the incapacity of the mind to comprehend, embrace or unravel it. When, therefore, we averred that there was no vast object in nature which did not awaken sublime thoughts in the soul, it was equivalent to our saying that there was none of those objects really great, which the intellect of man could wholly comprehend. Thus, in a clear night, we cast our eyes up to the vault of Heaven, and behold it studded with numberless sun-balanced and well-arranged stars of different magnitudes, and "differing in glory," and our minds are

* *Tract. De Sublim. § 8.*

filled with amazement. But could we, but for a moment, imagine that the whole was the effect of art, that the sky was but a mere constructed machine, and that the stars were merely studs of silver placed in it, our astonishment would cease. But no—the span of the arch is too broad to be inspected by the eye at one view; and considering, as we do, that the things which we call stars are so many worlds, suspended by infinite wisdom, in an inconceivable manner, with continual revolutions, and that it is only owing to their prodigious distance that they appear so small to us, our wonder rises into admiration, and our minds are conscious of sublimity. It is the same with the contemplation of a stupendous mountain, or of the ocean: it is the consciousness of our own littleness, compared with the wonders of nature, and weighed in the balance with the other great works which flow from the Creator's hand, which adds to the effect produced. It is the littleness of man which strikes us, and makes us feel surprised that, we so little and they so great, he should bestow his attention upon us also.

A reflecting person walking upon the beach of the sea is thoroughly awake to this feeling. Ocean is an object calculated to call up the most tremendous ideas. He is fabled to be a sovereign, turbulent, restless, and loud; his bounds are no where visible, his waves are innumerable, and the force of his billows is, but in part, obvious to the view. We will add another instance from our own experience. We well remember, while we were yet very young, beholding a regiment of horse, a detachment of the hussars, enter our native town; the couriers, at some distance, preceded; the trumpeters and buglemen, four a-breast, brought up the van, blowing loud notes of war; the band also, mounted on chargers, followed, making concert with the trumpeters: then came the commanding officers a-breast, men of noble port and manly appearance: last came the body of men, riding erect, with swords drawn, magnificently equipped, on steeds nobly caparisoned. As the horses paced and the martial strain resounded, our soul within us

was distended; we admired and wondered, and were distressed, and ultimately wept. Others in company with us were similarly affected. It occurred to us as very strange that such a spectacle should excite our tears, and we pondered over it, young as we were, for several hours. At last we concluded in referring it to sublimity, and explained it thus: that the mind, amazed at the sight of such grandeur, such power, and such awful preparations, and reflecting what great things they may perform, is lost in wonder as to the extent to which they may be effective; it traces their progress to a certain height, but its prospect is then bounded; and it is the feeling of restraint imposed upon the excursions of our souls which excites the agitation of the breast, and the effusion of tears. If this be a new theory, let it at least have the benefit of deliberate consideration.

It remains but to trace this effect, produced by objects amenable to the senses, onward, to the operation of such as consist in sentiment; that is, the sentiment conveyed in particular allusions, or forms of words: eternity, infinity, omnipotence, ubiquity, immensity of size, immensity of space, are all objects which involve sublimity; and these, if tried by the standard which I have proposed, will all be found to confirm its legitimacy. Hence also may be perceived the judicious choice which Milton made, when he attached himself to objects and things, which cannot be divested of the sublimity, which, in their nature, they carry with them.

Of this sublimity, when worked up into composition, be it prose or poetry, we will adduce a few specimens, and the first shall be from Thomson, in the exclamation with which he opens his ode to the memory of Sir Isaac Newton; an effort of genius alone sufficient, though he had written no more, to insure him immortality.

“ Shall the great soul of Newton quit
this earth
To join his kindred stars, and every
 muse,
Astonish'd into silence, shun the weight
Of honours due to his illustrious name?
But what can man.”

We shall select the next quotation from Cowper, the philanthropic bard, who has interwoven into his instructive lines all the beauties that adorn the poet. 'Tis where it would perhaps little be expected, in a didactic treatise on conversation.

"Well—what are ages and the lapse of time,
Mark'd against truths, as lasting as sublime?

Can length of years on God himself exact,
Or make that fiction, which was once a fact?

* Nor marble and recording brass decay,
And like the graver's mem'ry, pass away;

The works of man inherit, as is just,
Their author's frailty, and return to dust.

But truth divine for ever stands secure,
Its head is guarded, as its base is sure.
Fix'd in the rolling flood of endless years,

The pillar of th' eternal plan appears,
The raving storm and dashing wave defies,
Built by that architect, who built the skies."

We have here sublimity of conception and sublimity of expression together, embodied towards the conclusion in a most noble and masterly figure.

But if we speak of sublimity in conception, none has yet appeared in the circle of poetry superior to that which Lord Byron has disclosed to the world in a late production; the thought of the carnivorous and rapacious vultures, receding from the glance of the human eye in Mazeppa, though his body lay exhausted and powerless an easy prey.

Were we asked to concentrate the poets of our own country most remarkable for sublimity of thought and expression, they would be pretty nearly the following. Milton, beyond question, occupies the first place among the poets, ancient or modern, who have adorned English poesy. Lord Byron makes his claim the next, and half-disputes the palm. We should award the succeeding places to Thomson, Burns, and Cowper.

We come now to speak of simplicity as a characteristic in poetry; one which must be entirely inborn,

and depends not on art or study, for any attempts here at adventitious excellence sit unbecoming and unnatural on the individuals in whom they originate. A learned and venerable writer expresses the following sentiments respecting simplicity. "In all the sciences, in every valuable profession, in the common intercourse of life, and let me add, even in the sublimest subjects, simplicity is that which, above every thing else, touches and delights; without it, indeed, all else is feeble and unappealing. Where simplicity is wanting men may be dazzled for a moment. More splendour will strike them at first, but on reflection they will soon discover that splendour itself, like every other idol, is nothing. On the other hand where simplicity, the sister of truth, appears, the attraction is eternal.

The species of pleasure excited in the breast by simplicity is not such as overpowers, or astonishes, or subdues, but is in its nature gentle and mild; lively, indeed, but ever moderate; and is best expressed by the epithet of cheerful. Indeed, simplicity in external objects, and cheerfulness in the emotions of the soul, hold the same places; they are analogous, and answer correctly to each other.

We are inclined to think simplicity the most important constituent in poetry, for its presence is necessary where that of the others may be dispensed with. It is admissible into sublime and into elegant writings, and is indeed essential to the purity and effect of both. An ode may be deserving of admiration without sublimity, or without fine finishing; but it cannot be good if it want simplicity. Simplicity is the garment in which all writings should be arrayed; sublimity is a sumptuous robe only occasionally required.

We have sometimes seen a child engaged in the expression of endearments to its nurse, and have also read numerous admired dialogues of love, a comparison between which has only served to show the inferiority of the latter to the impassioned strains of infancy. The words in which a child gives utterance to its affection, as it re-

peats the frequent kiss, are—"I do so love you;" and to dilate on these were to destroy their effect. Dr. Johnson informs us, and our own judgment confirms his decision, that the much admired and brilliant lament of Milton, entitled *Lycidas*, is, in this view, inferior to the strains of sorrow which Cowley devotes to the memory of his companion Hervey; for we know not what meaning to attach to the account of Milton, a book-learned writer, and his friend, an illustrious member of the church, driving a-field together, tending their flocks on the plains, and penning them up at the approach of evening.

The most frequent and exquisite specimens of simplicity are to be found in the compositions of Burns; unhappy Burns, whom we could cite as a specimen of all the three ornaments. No better idea can be conveyed to one to whom it is necessary to describe simplicity, than by pointing out to him the song of "Auld lang syne." How beautiful and natural is the circumstance of calling to recollection, that he and his companion had gone about the banks, and pulled the daisies; and that (so like children, with no other care to distract their minds) they had paddled in the brook from breakfast to dinner time. The "Banks o'Doon" may well be placed side by side with this song. The hapless and deserted lover, in an exquisite strain of nature, appeals to the flowery banks, how they can so unfeelingly bloom, and the little birds how they can find in their hearts to chant, when she is so weary full of care. Then the succeeding burst "thou'lt break my heart, thou little bird," followed by the reason, that it reminds her of joys gone never to return, is a stroke that cannot be equalled.

In a strain somewhat similar, the

person speaking in a sort of pastoral, by Mr. Henry Mackenzie, introduced in the "Man of Feeling," and entitled "*Lavinia*," asks with simplicity, how it comes to pass that the face of all nature is changed since his misfortunes commenced.

When I walk'd in the pride of the
dawn,
Methought all the region look'd
bright;
Has sweetness forsaken the lawn,
For methinks I grow sad at the
sight?

When I stood by the stream I have
thought
There was mirth in the gurgling soft
sound;
But now 'tis a sorrowful note,
And the banks are all gloomy around.

This is a very natural representation of the feelings of a person under such a state of depression. Well may Scotland make her boast of having given birth to bards who excelled in the first and distinguishing features of a poet.

But when we speak of simplicity, it were injustice to the manes of the unknown bard not to introduce to notice a piece of former times, the author of which has slid into the current of oblivion, but which it will be a merit in any publication to be the medium of restoring. It was on an occasion when we had ascended into the uppermost story of our habitation, and with the avidity of a Vampyre were devouring the musty records and various collected manuscripts which had been left there by the former inhabitants, the *virtuosi* of their age, when a corner of this paper met our eye; and we exulted in the opportunity of exercising our critical judgment, and determining the merit and beauty concealed under this humble garb. The song ran thus;—

THE ORPHAN BOY.

Alas! I am an Orphan Boy,
With naught on earth to cheer my heart;
No father's love, no mother's joy,
Nor kin nor kind to take my part.
My lodging is the cold, cold ground,
I eat the bread of charity;
And when the kiss of love goes round,
There is no kiss, alas, for me.

Yet once I had a father dear,
 A mother too, I wont to prize;
 With ready hand to wipe the tear,
 If chanc'd the transient tear to rise.
 But cause of tears was rarely found,
 For all my heart was youthful glee,
 And when the kiss of love went round,
 How sweet a kiss there was for me.

But, ah! there came a war they say;
 What is a war?—I cannot tell;
 But drums and fifes did sweetly play,
 And loudly rang our village bell.
 In truth it was a pretty sound
 I thought,—nor could I thence foresee,
 That when the kiss of love went round,
 There soon should be no kiss for me.

A scarlet coat my father took,
 And sword as bright as bright could be,
 And feathers that so gaily look,
 All in a shining cap had he.
 Then how my little heart did bound,
 Alas, I thought it fine to see—
 Nor dreamt, that when the kiss went round,
 There soon should be no kiss for me.

At length the bell again did ring,—
 There was a victory they said;
 'Twas what my father said he'd bring,
 But, ah! it brought my father dead.
 My mother shriek'd, her heart was woe,
 She clasp'd me to her trembling knee;—
 O God! that you may never know,
 How wild a kiss she gave to me!

But once again,—but once again,
 These lips a mother's kisses felt;
 That once again,—that once again,
 The tale a heart of stone would melt.
 'Twas when upon her death-bed laid,
 (O God! O God! that sight to see),
 "My child, my child," she feebly said,
 And gave a parting kiss to me.

So now I am an Orphan Boy,
 With naught below my heart to cheer;
 No mother's love, no father's joy,
 Nor kin nor kind to wipe the tear.
 My lodging is the cold, cold ground,
 I eat the bread of charity;
 And when the kiss of love goes round,
 There is no kiss, alas, for me.

It is on the last four lines of the fifth verse, ending

"O God! that you may never know,
 How wild a kiss she gave to me,"

that we will repose our judgment, willing here to take our stand, and to rest on this our reputation for critical

discernment. We maintain this to be as simple, natural, pathetic and touching a sentiment, and clothed in as unaffected diction, as any to be found in the elegies of the most admired poets. The speaker expatiates not on the particular feeling existing in his mother or himself,

when the kiss was imprinted, but breaks out into an exclamation which, while it deprecates our knowledge of the reality, implies the impossibility of description.—As for the mother's feelings, 'tis merely "her heart was woe;" not the seat of woe, nor distracted by a thousand woes. It is these bursts of nature, these unlaboured starts of genuine sentiment, that constitute the attractions of the simple elegy.

Elegance, neatness, delicacy, are all terms appropriated to express what we mean by the last feature which we have marked out. In order to view the subject of elegance in the light it deserves it will be necessary to refer to those points which constitute its principles. It is that which, perhaps, most of the three ingredients of poetry, admits of deliberate attempts at its acquisition, and may either present itself in some persons as natural and inborn, or in others as the effect of attention and study. On this account its principles are less obvious or discernible than in the other cases, though not placed beyond the reach of a discriminating mind. They seem chiefly to centre in the following maxims; that there should not be too much nor too little, that propriety and decorum should be sacredly observed, and that harmony should be called in to assist the disposition of words, in themselves pleasing and fluent. The first in consequence among its elements is, that the poet should have a habit of thinking concisely, and of painting his thoughts in words not too numerous nor too scanty for the occasion. This wears a better aspect as a natural gift than in the forms which result from study directed to the subject. The sentence should also be terse and compact, its members should be well joined, and the whole easily pervaded by the line of sense, which is to run from the commencement to the end. No disjointed apothegm, after the sense is complete, should be allowed to be tacked to the sentence like a rider to a bill in parliament, and drag along its unnecessary length to the violation of all proportion. Redundancies are to be removed by the pen as vigorously as a tumour by the penknife, and even

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where the sense and matter are too strong and full, it were good to withdraw some of the effective words, and relieve the weight of the verse by substituting a few harmonious epithets. Wherever many parts enter into the composition of a verse the rules of just symmetry are to be observed; and if different members are required to succeed one another in three or more clauses, they should rise on each other to the end with increasing length, and produce a well sounding climax at the close of the period.

Of the poets in the English language, Mr. Thomas Moore, the most illustrates this head; one whom writers were never more happy than in comparing to the "learned Catullus." But our concern is not with the ancients, or we might draw unnumbered illustrations from them: it is to our own poets only that we must be understood throughout this writing to confine ourselves. Waller, and Otway and Rowe, poets of a receding age, put in their pretensions, but they have not always the lovely *naïveté* which Mr. Moore's lines display, and we will not countenance the existence of the one of these without the other. Wordsworth is sometimes elegant, and his elegance is the more commendable as it is the elegance of truth, and feeling. The following extract from his works is a testimony of the elegant, both in sentiment and expression:

"Dear native regions, I foretel
From what I feel at this farewell,
That wheresoe'er my steps shall tend,
And whensoe'er my course may end,
My soul shall cast the backward view,
The longing look alone on you.

Thus, when the sun, prepar'd for rest,
Has gain'd the precincts of the West;
Though his departing radiance fail
To illuminate the hollow vale,
A lingering light he fondly throws
On the dear hills where first he rose."

Mr. Montgomery deserves the tribute of admiration: "Notes of sorrow," indeed, he sings, and notes of melancholy; but notes conceived in delicacy, and with delicacy expressed.

These then are the three great springs (to use Longinus's words)

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of that which so much captivates mankind. We think that they comprehend all features which enter into the frame of verse, and that there are none which may not, on consideration, be found referable to them. There is a species of poetical writing, which is not directly regarded in this essay, which is best designated the ingenious; but of this we shall observe, that it exists more in wit than genius; light and distinguished by no mark, like an exhalation escaping from the upper story of the brain, and not from the nobler apartments. This has no other recommendation than the mere chicanery of art, and holds the same rank among the orders of writing that a petifogging attorney does among the characters of the world.

Much of this nature is the parody which we only spare in consideration to the feelings of those higher characters who have occasionally fallen into its use, but have doubtless since regretted it. We, in our humble judgment, consider it unworthy a wise man's pursuit, and we confess that it is occasion of sorrow to us when we see the beacons of human intellect engaged in the prosecution of it. It implies no superiority of genius, but only an exuberant imagination; and the time spent on these light conceits would be well given to some connected work of a higher order, which may wear a character of respectability as well as originality, and lay claim to the serious examination of posterity.

U. U.

AN ELEGY.

HERE calm as the wave of the untroubled ocean,
When tempests that roar have subsided to rest;
Reposes a heart that was torn by commotion,
The fiercest that rises and sinks in the breast.

How mild was that bosom, how lovely that beauty!
Ah, why did she perish so early in life?
Her parent, with sternness, demanded her duty,
Affection was stronger—she sunk in the strife.*

O Love! round thy bowers dark cypress is wreathing,
Thy surest interpreter is a deep sigh:
Oh! why is the odour, thy roses are breathing,
So fatal that they who inhale it must die!

No more will the billows of life's stormy ocean
Roll on in their fury to heighten her woes;
She has mingled with seraphs who bend in devotion
Before the bright throne in the land of repose.

E. P.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS IN LONDON AND PARIS.

LETTER XIX.

From SIR CHARLES DARNLEY, Bart. to the MARQUIS DE VERMONT.

Paris.

MY DEAR DE VERMONT,

It grieves me to observe, that, in spite of all which this country has suffered from the tyranny of a military government, the taste of the people is unaltered, and that dreams of warlike glory still haunt their imaginations. Apathy and indifference prevail universally on all other topics; but whenever, either in public or in private, the smallest allusion is made to the heroic days of victorious France, the right chord is touched, joy sparkles in every countenance, party distinctions are forgotten and the enthusiasm becomes general. Scarcely a day has passed away since my arrival at Paris, without affording me some fresh proof of this characteristic trait. The old *noblesse*, though indignant if a foreigner speaks with the smallest respect of the genius of Buonaparte, or the talents of his Marshals, will yet condescend, when boasting of the valour of their country, to mention the achievements of both, as demonstrating that under every change of government the French soldier is invincible. If one venture to hint that the battle of Waterloo, to which the present King owes his restoration, contradicts the assertion, they contend that the misfortunes of the hard-fought day were all occasioned by the rashness of the Commander, and the overwhelming force opposed to him.

The most inveterate enemy of the Bourbon dynasty is equally careful not to omit the names of the Chevalier Bayard, Henry IV., or Marshal Turenne, in counting up the heroes of his beloved country; and their glories are no less considered as national, than those of Pichegru, Dumourier, Ney, or Napoleon.

Among various other instances of the unabated passion for military fame which I have remarked, I shall mention what occurred a few evenings since, at the opening of M. Le Compte's new Theatre, in the *Rue Mont Thabor*, when I happened to

be present. The entertainment consisted of dramatic scenes represented by machinery, affording what you call *des Tableaux Parlants*. While the inventor confined himself to exhibitions of his skill, however ingenious, which had no allusion to France or military fame, his efforts to amuse the spectators were received with chilling indifference, but when at last he brought before them *Les François au Champ de Mars*, every eye was fixed in mute attention, and every hand was raised to greet with loud applause a scene so flattering to the vanity of the nation. They availed themselves of the first opportunity which occurred of testifying their approbation, and it was one which showed how much all considerations, including even a respect for religion, are undervalued when put in opposition to "desert in arms."

A French soldier, fully accoutred, approaches the cave of a magician, and begs to borrow a candle, which is brought by the devil *himself* in *propria persona*, and *le brave militaire*, unawed by the sudden appearance of his *Satanic Majesty*, lights his pipe, with becoming *sang-froid*, at the offered taper, while thunders of enthusiastic applause burst from the well-pleased crowds assembled on the occasion.

Figures of various heroes, beginning with *Henri IV.*, were then brought forward. They were next individually put in motion, and made to march by the delighted audience in military array. All of these received in turn some loud testimony of approbation; but when at length the soldier, who so fearlessly had lighted his pipe at the candle of the devil, exclaimed, *le souvenir de la gloire passée, est la promesse de la gloire à venir*, no language can describe the ardour with which a sentiment, so calculated to raise the drooping spirits of the French, was received.

From this scene, and from many similar ones which I have witnessed during my stay in this capital, I am

disposed to conclude that nothing is still so dear to the heart of a Frenchman as military fame. Nor does this ruling passion seem at all subdued, either by the iron despotism of Buonaparte, the domestic miseries which the Law of Conscription so generally diffused, the tremendous and wide-spread havoc of the fatal retreat from Moscow, or by the mortifications and sufferings which ended with the last occupation of Paris by the forces of the allied Sovereigns. Indeed, I am assured that one great cause of the uniform success, which so long crowned the arms of France, was the prevalence of this feeling in the breast of all those who joined the warlike bands, and which neither party prejudices, nor private sufferings, were strong enough to eradicate or even to diminish. A lady of the ultra-royalist school tells me, that when a favourite servant of her's was compelled to change her service for that of his country, he was at first very violent, and swore that, though he might be forced to carry a musket, no human power could compel him to level it against those who were engaged in what he and his employers called *la bonne cause*. It happened, however, that he no sooner put on his uniform than he forgot all these angry professions, and behaved himself with peculiar valour in the field.

When he returned in triumph to his native village, his former mistress asked how he could reconcile his behaviour with his principles: "*Ah! Madame,*" exclaimed he, "*il faut me pardonner, le François est toujours François, et quand il se trouve devant l'ennemi il n'a qu'un parti à prendre—vaincre ou mourir.*"

Such was the usual mode of reasoning among all classes of this warlike people, not only in the lowest but also in the highest ranks of society; and the names of many young men have been mentioned to me of your most illustrious houses, who are now *officiers à demi-solde*, and still firmly attached to the cause of Buonaparte; they were at first,

like the poor *valet de chambre* whom I just mentioned, torn from their homes by the tyrannical law, which obliged every man to become a soldier in his turn at a particular age. Drawn perhaps in chains to the army, and forced to join the ranks of their countrymen, they by degrees contracted military habits and military sentiments. From privates, becoming subalterns; and from subalterns, officers of distinguished rank; by and bye they lost all their early predilections, and ended in being completely identified with the fame and fortunes of the once mighty Emperor.

To conquer this military spirit seems to be not the least of the difficult tasks which Louis XVIII. has to perform. Though nothing would make his Majesty so popular among his subjects in general as a declaration of war, he knows very well, that if he attempted to gratify this wish of mortified national vanity, it would probably end, not only in his own ruin, but in the dismemberment of his still extensive empire.*

Were he to change his course, one of two things seems inevitable:—either the allied Sovereigns, marching for the third time to Paris, would lay waste this beautiful capital, and divide amongst them this unhappy country, or the general whom he employed, crowned with victory and supplanting him in the affections of his people, would soon become another Napoleon; France would be again exposed to military despotism, and the rest of the earth run the risk of sharing a similar fate. From either of these evils, both as an Englishman and a citizen of the world, I must say, "the Lord defend us."

Though I reluctantly introduce the subject of politics in our correspondence, I could not help mentioning a circumstance which constitutes so striking a feature in the character of your countrymen. I will not, however, allow even *la gloire Française* to tempt me to lengthen this letter, so adieu,

And believe me ever yours,

CHARLES DARNLEY.

* Written during the administration of M. de Cazes—Little did the author then anticipate that that favourite minister was soon to be changed for one of directly opposite opinions, and that the latter would advise his Sovereign to commence the most unjust of all wars, and perhaps the only war which would have been unpopular in France.

LETTER XX.

From the MARQUIS DE VERMONT to SIR CHARLES DARNLEY, Bart.

London....

MY DEAR DARNLEY,

YES, you are quite right—military glory is the prevailing passion of every Frenchman's breast; but though this passion may occasionally lead us into unpardonable excesses, and may have been the principal cause of all our late public calamities, recollect that we owe to it also many of the best *traits* in our national character. Not to speak of the achievements of our illustrious countrymen, which fill so proud a page in the annals of Europe, the urbanity of manner which pervades all classes of our people; the high spirit which they have displayed on every occasion, and a certain generosity of sentiment which is seldom separated from real valour, may all be traced to this predominating impulse. The jealousy of a standing army, which the particular principles of your constitution and the general love of freedom alike inspire, has prevented the English from being actuated by a similar feeling. But if the desire of military fame animates but a small portion of the inhabitants of Britain, the love of country supplies its place in the breast of all: whenever the honour of the united empire is really, (or imagined to be) concerned, every purse is opened, and every hand is raised in its defence. Indeed, so very warmly and so unanimously do you think on these subjects, that it is extremely easy for any minister, by a pretended tale of asserted insult, to rouse you into foreign hostility, however unwise, unnecessary, or contrary to your real interests such a step may be.

Though, towards their conclusion, both the first American, and the two last French wars, became unpopular, it is quite certain, that in the commencement of each, the people fully concurred in the course taken by the government; and, in spite of all the declamation against the corruption of Parliament, had your representatives been the freest in the world, I suspect the minister would have equally received their support; for

the feelings of the nation had been excited, and once excited you become no less enthusiastic than ourselves; and in this enthusiasm the commonest English peasant bears his share no less than the proudest peer. Indeed, nothing delights me more than to witness the anxiety with which the daily newspaper (the welcome visitor of *John Bull's* breakfast-table,) is expected by all the inhabitants of this overgrown city; from the Duke in Grosvenor-square, to the Cobler in St. Giles's.

By the interest with which I find every particle of news is discussed, even at a time of profound peace, I easily conjecture with what trembling anxiety political intelligence must have been looked for when you and we were struggling for the empire of the world. Are we not then disputing about words? The Frenchman is always ready to draw his sword, when he sees, or fancies that he sees, an opportunity of increasing the military renown of his beloved country; and the Briton is no less zealous to revenge the supposed wrongs, or supposed insults, of that England, whose interests and credit seem as dear to its inhabitants as their own private ones. So strongly indeed do all classes identify themselves with the public, that I am persuaded no veteran of Buonaparte's body-guard ever boasted more vainly of the victories of Jena, Marengo, Fleurus, or Austerlitz, to which he personally contributed, than does the London tradesman at this moment, who never carried a firelock in his life, of the battle of Waterloo. In every district of London I find Waterloo-street, Waterloo-hotels, Waterloo academies, Waterloo pot-houses, Waterloo eating-houses; and Waterloo shops of all orders and descriptions; while your ladies still wear Waterloo bonnets, and your gentlemen Wellington boots, and I am assured that in the most distant parts of England these favourite names are repeated again and again in every city, town, and village; nay, even your stage coaches borrow a military name from this

event, and more than one public vehicle is called the *Waterloo*. This seems an odd application of the term; for if, instead of standing their ground so firmly, your soldiers had flown away with half the rapidity with which these carriages perform their daily journies, you would have had little reason to be fond of the name of Waterloo. Now with respect to another sin, of which I know that your countrymen take delight in accusing mine, I mean *national vanity*; unless I am much mistaken, the fault is common to both nations. A Frenchman, indeed, makes no secret in avowing his sentiments; and, whenever the subject is started, he tells you that France is superior to all the world in natural and acquired advantages, and that Paris is the centre of every excellence.

Your orators, on public occasions, are no less explicit in claiming for England a similar pre-eminence; and if we are to believe their assertions, in arms, science, laws, literature, constitution, morals, and religion, England is without a rival. In private society your countrymen, I confess, are more discreet or more polite; and a well-bred Englishman is rarely heard, in the presence of a foreigner, to use such offensive language.

But though a stranger is not told that England is the first country in the world he must be stupid, indeed, not to discover that such is the opinion of two-thirds of its natives; while no opportunity is lost of drawing from the traveller a confession, that something or everything which he meets with here is superior to that to which he has been accustomed at home.

Of this mode of *challenging* applause I find daily examples, and I remark it amongst all orders of Englishmen. If I commend the rapid pace of your horses, or the neat appointment of your carriages, some member of the *Four-in-hand Club* immediately says, "Ah! Sir, this is the country for *cattle*. Did you see my *team* last Sunday in the Park? I'll bet you ten to one you do not find a match in all France for my *greys*."

If the beauty of a lovely female draws from me a tribute of merited praise, I am asked whether I do

not think the English ladies the prettiest of their sex? and, perhaps, the question is put in the presence of some of them, when to hesitate in giving a reply would be the acme of rudeness.

If I admire the picturesque beauty of the surrounding country when paying a visit at the seat of a friend, an eulogium is immediately pronounced on the rural charms of England; and either the master of the house, or one of his guests, fails not to contrast your elegant villas with our dilapidated Chateaux. If, in going into a shop, I commend the manner in which any article is finished, the owner is sure to observe that manufactures are carried to the greatest perfection in Great Britain, and will probably conclude his remarks by asking, in an incredulous tone of voice, whether it would be possible, at any price, to purchase similar goods in France.

If, while reading a number of the *Edinburgh* or *Quarterly Review*, I speak favourably of an article which fixes my attention, a partisan of the commended journal (for I find even literary criticism here cannot be separated from party predilections) enquires if I do not think the work in question a periodical publication of *unrivalled* merit; and if I hint that the *Mercure de France* is a competitor which it is difficult to surpass I am accused of being blinded by national prejudice.

If the Elgin Marbles, the Young Memnon, and the other treasures of the British Museum are spoken of with merited respect, I am called upon to declare whether we have any thing left at Paris at all comparable to this justly celebrated collection; and if I hint, that the two Galleries of the Louvre, as lately restored by Louis XVIII. and the *jardin des plantes* contain, amongst their various specimens of art and nature, much which, perhaps, the connoisseur would find no less interesting, I find scarcely any Englishman disposed to believe that I am only saying what I think.

If I praise the eloquence of your Parliamentary Speakers I am reminded that it is only in England that extemporary harangues are heard; and that such efforts alone deserve the name of oratory; while some

surprise is expressed at our having suffered the members of our *Corps Legislatif* in France to read their discourses.

If, in paying the amount of a long bill at an inn or tavern, I complain of the charges, while in every other respect I allow that I have reason to be satisfied with the treatment received from mine host, he consoles me by saying, as he pockets my money, that the accommodations at similar establishments in England are so superior to those in France that I cannot form an idea of the capital risked, or the value of the conveniences which I have enjoyed; and, indeed, that his profits are, considering all things, extremely moderate. Such is the language of all classes in this country; English farmers, English artists, and English mechanics, are equally confident of their respective merits. They are fond, on all occasions, of drawing a comparison between *their* mode of exercising professions to which they belong, and that in which it is supposed to be carried on by their continental competitors; and I need scarcely add where the preference is given.

Now accuse me not of illiberality or ill-humour in making these remarks; my object in drawing such

circumstances to your recollection is to show that your countrymen are not less vain than their neighbours, though I am far from thinking that either nation would be better or happier if the epithet were not applicable.

As it often happens in the case of individuals, that the fancied possession of some virtue or talent leads those who indulge this agreeable dream to acquire the merit they effect, so those countries whose inhabitants are proudest of their imaginary pre-eminence, and zealously labour to procure for their parent soil the praises of mankind, become by degrees the theatre of real excellence. I shall conclude by expressing a wish in which I am sure you will cordially join, that as England and France, during a long succession of many centuries, wasted their treasures and their blood in a silly and wicked contest for military superiority, so may the only struggle from henceforth between them be to rival each other in the acquisition of useful knowledge, and of those purer morals which are the fore-runners of peace and freedom, and consequently of the improved happiness of mankind.

Adieu, ever yours,
DE VERMONT.

SKETCHES OF POPULAR PREACHERS.

(Continued from page 425.)

THE REV. HENRY G. WHITE, A. M.

THE REV. H. WHITE is the Curate of Allhallows, Barking, afternoon-lecturer of St. Mary's Rotherhithe, and evening preacher at the Asylum for Female Orphans. This gentleman is extensively and deservedly popular; the causes which have produced this result, and the defects which mingle with his excellencies, I shall now proceed to examine. His voice may satisfy the most fastidious; deep, full, and powerful, without being monotonous; its tones are admirably calculated for the solemnities of devotional service, and for expressing the various emo-

tions which ought to characterize the preacher. His manner is earnest, animated, and energetic; it never for a moment degenerates into that listless insipidity which wearies the attention of a congregation, and, in a great degree, neutralizes the effect of those truths which the preacher is endeavouring to enforce.

It is impossible for any clergyman to appear more completely absorbed in the sacred duties he is performing than Mr. White; this quality has in no considerable degree the effect of rivetting the attention of those who hear him. His action,

though not peculiarly graceful, has the advantage of appearing the consequence of the instantaneous and irresistible impulse of his mind, and is necessarily a powerful ally to his eloquence; for so indispensable is this characteristic to the rendering of action effective, that no previous study, no acquired elegance, can compensate for the want of it. Mr. White has, however, a habit which must be considered ungraceful, he almost constantly holds his sermon with his hands, and consequently stoops very much; the position of a clergyman in the pulpit should be perfectly erect, he ought never to touch his sermon except to turn over the leaves, and he cannot commit too much of it to memory; however unimportant these points may be considered they add to the general effect, and, therefore, should not be neglected. The style of this gentleman is eloquent and pleasing, but his periods are very often too long, which occasions obscurity, and proves a great obstacle to their retention by the memories of his hearers. I do not think Mr. White distinguished as an argumentative preacher; he frequently assumes, rather than proves; he reasons more discursively than closely, and occasionally raises conclusions upon premises too weak to support them. If he sometimes fails in this character, he amply atones for it by his excellence as a teacher of practical Christianity, of that religion which rectifies the will, controls the passions, and meliorates the heart; he is never satisfied with appealing to the judgment only, but labours to engage every power of the mind in the cause of virtue, in the service of God. He exhorts the sinner to forsake that path which has evanescent flowers to allure to its entrance, satiety and disgust for companions to those who proceed in it, and sorrow and despair for its termination. He urges the necessity of resigning attachments, which, having their origin on earth, are destructible in their nature, and unsatisfying in their tendency; and displays the advantages of fixing the affections on those objects which, being immutable and perfect, constitute the chief happiness of those who submit

to their control. In seeking for motives to influence the decisions of his hearers Mr. White resorts entirely to Christianity; he does not trust the most inconsiderable part of his cause to secondary arguments, in this respect I think he is wrong; though this extreme is infinitely preferable to that of making religion a collateral, and not a principal motive of action; still it is an extreme, and has this injurious tendency, that it is productive of monotony; and, so wayward is the human will, that the exhibition of every ramification of a subject opposed to its inclinations is essential to impress it with practical conviction, and, though religion must always form the great unfailing fountain, still innumerable subsidiary streams may be discovered by investigation, which, united with the superior channel, may level the asperities which impede its progress, and cause it finally to triumph over every obstacle that would oppose its arrival at its destination. Mr. White, in his sermons on the doctrines of our religion, assumes for them the high importance they demand, and never compromises them, either by explaining away their distinguishing characteristics, or by distorting them to support some particular theory. Many people are disposed to question the utility of doctrinal discourses, but when it can be demonstrated that action precedes thought, or that a man is more likely to act rightly for thinking wrongly, then, and not till then, will it be unnecessary to instruct the mind in those principles which should regulate its minutest perceptions, and give the tone to all its active operations.

The subjects, perhaps, upon which Mr. White most excels, are those of charity and benevolence; he is for the suffering, and the afflicted a powerful and efficient advocate; he appears to dedicate every faculty of his mind to their service, and to be sincerely anxious for the success of his exertions; he urges with force and earnestness those arguments which have a tendency to excite compassionate feeling; he enlarges on the benefits which accrue both to the dispenser, and the recipient of

the bounties of benevolence, on the pure pleasure consequent on the indulgence of a charitable disposition, on the obligation imposed on the disciples of Christianity to alleviate, by every possible means, the sufferings incident to mortality; he exhorts those who hear him to dry the tear which affliction sheds over the tomb of departed happiness, and to reconcile the despairing spirit to the dispensations of Providence, by appearing as the delegates of Heaven in relieving the distresses of the unfortunate. Mr. White enforces these topics with zeal, earnestness, and pathos; he displays talent in the

selection and adaptation of his arguments, which consequently produce on those who hear him a powerful and permanent effect. To conclude, Mr. White, though he does not concentrate in himself all the qualifications necessary to form a perfect preacher, yet combines so many of them, that he will frequently create even a powerful interest: the defects I have alluded to are not irremediable, and none of them of a nature to interpose insuperable obstacles to the reception of the truths he inculcates.

CRITICUS.

SKETCHES OF FRANCE, &c.

MODE OF TRAVELLING AND INN-KEEPERS, &c.

IN my last I said something of the mode of travelling in this country, and of the exactions of the innkeepers; I must be permitted to return to the subject. There is no regular standard of charge for travelling by the diligence, it varies with the supposed means of the persons who perform the journey; I mean that it is different on the different roads, according to the character of the persons who pass along them. From Calais to Paris, the charge is forty francs by the regular road which the English take, but by another road nearly seventy miles farther, over which one Englishman in ten thousand does not think of travelling, the charge is less than thirty-five. From Paris to Bayonne by the diligence only eighty-two francs are paid, and yet the distance is three times greater than from Calais to Paris. It may be said that the same disproportion is found in England, but then it proceeds from different causes. Here the cause, as I have already stated, is to be found only in the greater or lesser means of pillaging the public. In England, if a coach proprietor demands more than an honest fare, proportioned to the expense of his undertaking, he soon meets with opposition, but in France there is so little enterprize and so little encouragement of laudable opposition to

fraud, that the rich rogue continues his practices with impunity; if he is opposed at all, his antagonist ends by ruining himself or falling into the wrongs of the other parties. The government do nothing to encourage public spirited men, on the contrary, every thing is done to crush them, and that only because it is the interest of the advocates of tyranny and superstition to check every thing, which tends to a distribution of wealth, and the consequent extension of intellect. As a proof of this, I need only mention that the French ministers have it in serious contemplation, to give an exclusive privilege to the proprietors of the *Messageries Royales*, and to suppress all coaches now running to different parts of France from other offices; so much for coaches: of the exactions of innkeepers, a volume, ay twenty volumes might be written, I must content myself however with a page. When I was travelling to Italy two years ago, I stopped with two friends at a small inn on the road upwards of two hundred miles from Paris to dinner; from my knowledge of the prices of provisions in that part of the country, I can declare that the whole of our dinner did not cost the landlady 2s. She had the modesty, however, to charge 28 francs, 11. 3s. 4d.; we were not of course fools enough to submit to such a shameful exaction, and after much altercation she agreed to take

ten francs. From that day we invariably bargained for every thing before hand, and our saving was upwards of 150 per cent.; but the reader may conceive how unpleasant it is on entering an inn, to make a contract for breakfast, dinner, and supper. I will do the French innkeepers the justice to state, that they exact now and then from their *compatriots* as well as from the English. The Duchess d'Angouleme went last summer to drink the waters of a famous mineral spring, in the department of the *Côte d'Or*; she stopped on the road at an inn which was kept by the post-master of the village. As all the members of the Royal Family when they travel take their own provisions with them, for fear of being poisoned, I suppose, at the inns, her Royal Highness ordered only some fresh eggs and hot water for herself and suite. The landlord who had perhaps heard of the story of the innkeeper, who charged George I. 10*l.* for two eggs, observing, when the Monarch complained and asked if eggs were scarce that he charged so high a price, that eggs were more plentiful than monarchs, thought he would not offend a guest of such consequence, by charging a low price for his eggs and hot water, and consequently sent in a bill for 300 francs. Her Royal Highness paid the amount without complaining, but on her return to Paris the circumstance was mentioned to the Director-General of *Postes*, and the conscientious innkeeper received notice that his patent of post-master had been transferred to another inhabitant of the village. The French landlord has very rarely any fixed price. In the country a French traveller, who is known to understand things well, will sit down to a good breakfast for 15 sous; a parisian, however, is expected to pay 20; a German, Swiss, or Italian 25, not because they are richer than the parisian, but because as they travel on business and gain something by the French, it is only just that they should reimburse a little to the innkeepers; an Englishman's round hat and a Russian's pigeon-breasted coat are strong indications of gullibility to the landlord; the wearers are mocked fools, he supposes, travel-

ling for pleasure, and down goes 40 sous for a very indifferent breakfast. This system of arbitrary taxation is really intolerable, and I heartily wish it was limited to this country; I am sorry to say, however, that it is not uncommon in England. It is all very well to make the rich pay more than the poor, but how many persons of confined means and respectable appearance are robbed by innkeepers in different parts of England; a desire to economize in an inn, or a shabby appearance which will not justify a high charge in the opinion of the host, too frequently produces insult. Before I left England I stopped at an inn at Dover for the night with my wife; on the following morning I paid a tremendous bill and gave three shillings to the waiter and chambermaid; the *gentleman* immediately observed, that I had made a mistake, as it was customary to give a shilling to the waiter, and another to the chambermaid for each person. I complained to the landlord of his servant's insolence, but that *gentleman* observed, that "he was very sorry, but as the thing was quite customary he could not blame the waiter." As I have travelled all the way from Paris, aye, 200 miles beyond Paris, to Dover to tell the story of a waiter's insolence, I will take the liberty of taking a trip to Portsmouth before I close this part of my subject, for the purpose of relating an anecdote of an innkeeper there; I can vouch for its authenticity, for a friend of mine from whom I have it was of the party. When Kean, the actor, was at Portsmouth two or three years ago, he was requested by the manager and two or three more, after one morning's rehearsal to accompany them to take a bottle of Madeira and a biscuit. Kean objected at first, but at length consented, and away they went to one of the first-rate inns in Portsmouth. The landlord, when apprised that Mr. Kean was of the party, ushered them into an elegant room; thanked the actor for the honour that he did him, and for ten minutes overwhelmed him with obsequious civilities. Kean bore it well for some time, but at length knitting his brow and fixing his eye upon the landlord with tremendous

expression, which we have allowed, said, "Mr. H——, I came into your house at the request of these gentlemen to partake of some refreshment, and not to be pestered with your civilities which to me are so many insults; look at me Sir, well, you do not recollect me I see; but you know that I am Mr. Kean, Edmund Kean, Sir; the same Edmund Kean that I was fifteen years ago, when you kept a very small inn in Portsmouth. At that time, Sir, I was a member of a strolling company of players, and came with the troop to your fair, where I acted. I remember well that I went one day into the bar of your house, and called for half a pint of porter, which, after I had waited your pleasure patiently, was given to me by you, with one hand, as the other was extended to receive the money; never, Sir, shall I forget your insolent demeanor, and the acuteness of my feelings. Now, Mr. H——, things are altered, you are in a fine hotel, and I am—but never mind; you are still plain H——, and I am Edmund Kean, the same Edmund Kean that I was fifteen years ago, when you insulted me; look at me again, Sir, what alteration beyond that of dress do you discover in me? am I a better man than I was then? What is there in me now that you should overwhelm me with your compliments? Go to, Mr. H——, I am ashamed of you, keep your wine in your cellar, I will have none of it." Having said this, the indignant actor turned his back upon the mortified landlord and left the house with his companions.

An anecdote of the late Emperor of France, but for the authenticity of which I cannot vouch, is something similar. Buonaparte, before his elevation, was lodging at an Hotel in the *Rue St. Honoré*. He was at that time a Sub-Lieutenant with little pay and poor prospects. As Napoleon did not wear a very brilliant uniform, the owner of the Hotel, who could discover nothing great in his physiognomy, and was of course very far from imagining that the poor Lieutenant with about a franc a day would one day command the wealth of Empires, treated him with great contempt and insolence, and at times with downright

insult. Napoleon, notwithstanding the natural impetuosity of his character, shewed no resentment, and remained at the Hotel until he was called into activity; many years afterwards, when he was First Consul, a Russian General arrived in Paris with important dispatches from his government, and took up his residence in the first floor of the Hotel in which Buonaparte had long before occupied a garret. The General and his suite had been in Paris about a week, spending a great deal of money in the Hotel, when one morning the First Consul asked him where he lodged. The Russian informed him; Buonaparte did not appear to notice his answer, and the Russian took his leave; on the following morning before eight o'clock, a gentleman wrapped in a military cloak called at the Hotel and inquired for the landlord, who immediately made his appearance. "You have a Russian General lodging here," said the stranger. The answer was in the affirmative, "shew me to him."—"He is not yet up," said the landlord, "never mind, accompany me to his bed-room." The landlord who took the stranger for an agent of the Police complied, and they entered the General's bedroom together. The Russian who instantly recognised the Consul, notwithstanding the way in which he was muffled up, jumped out of bed and asked his commands. "I merely came to tell you," said the First Consul, "that your host is a man of bad mind, *un homme sans sentiment*, and then proceeded to give an account of the Hotel-keeper's former conduct."—"It is sufficient," said the General, "I will have my trunks packed up and quit the scoundrel's house immediately." The General related the circumstance to some persons about the Court, and it soon got wind. Every body praised the Consul and condemned the Hotel-keeper, the consequence of which was, that he lost all his customers and was ruined. When Buonaparte became Emperor, this man was almost in a state of starvation, and in a fit of rage and despair sent an insolent letter to the Emperor, in which he was charged with being the cause of his misfortunes. Buonaparte on this occasion behaved with a mag-

nanimity which would have honoured legitimacy. He sent for the man and addressed him nearly as follows:—"You deserve all that has happened to you because your heart was bad, and you sought for gain at the expense of honourable feeling; I should be sorry, however, to bring distress upon your innocent family. From this day you will receive an annual pension of 2,000 francs, and I engage to provide for your sons: be careful of the rest of your family and treat them with kindness. If I find that you use them ill, I will take them under my own protection, and stop the payment of your pension." I understand that this pension was regularly paid up to the period of Napoleon's overthrow.

GAMING-HOUSES.

Whilst the English magistrates, under the immediate sanction of the government, are laudably endeavouring to put an end to these destructive establishments, the French authorities threaten with prosecution all who dare to bring them into disrepute; only three days ago, the publisher of a lithograph and print representing the interior of a gaming-house, in which the deluded votaries of chance are depicted with the various expressions of ferocious joy, or rage and disappointment, and a ruined youth in a corner of the room blowing his brain out; was desired by the Police to discontinue the sale of the print, if he wished to avoid prosecution. In what a state must the morals of that people be, where the government derive a considerable revenue from the existence of houses of ill-fame and gaming-houses. I have not heard nor is it, I believe, generally known how much those who form the gaming-tables pay for their privilege, which lasts for three years; but some idea of the enormous profits of those individuals, and consequently of the numerous chances against the foolish creatures who play, may be gathered from the following fact, which was related to me by an English physician resident in Paris. This gentleman, who is well known in the literary world,

by two or three excellent treatises on Education, was supposed to possess some influence with M. de Cazes, when that personage was minister of the Interior. The Doctor was one day waited upon by a Frenchman of large fortune, who told him that he felt desirous with some other capitalists to bid for the privilege of the gaming-houses in Paris, which in the course of a month would be to let for the next three years; and that as the company were aware of the influence which the Doctor had with the minister, they proposed to give him 100,000 francs in cash and 12,000 francs annually for three years, if he could induce the minister to let the privilege to them at the same rate as those who then held it paid to government. They also authorized the Doctor to tell M. de Cazes, that if he would agree to their proposition, they would make him a present of 500,000 francs. The Doctor, who is a man of character, refused the offer; and I then that M. de Cazes, when the 500,000 francs were offered to him through another channel, said he would have nothing to do with it, and to avoid any imputation of corruption, transferred his right of negotiating the transaction to another branch of the government. We see therefore that all Frenchmen in office are not destitute of honour. The sum paid to government must be very considerable, because none but men of large fortune are able to farm the privilege. In addition to the public tables in the Palais Royal and at Frescati's, the company have private tables in various parts of Paris; women of high rank, but decayed fortune, are induced to admit these tables at their houses, and to give dinners, to which they invite all the rich foreigners in Paris. The expense of these dinners is paid by the company, and a handsome income is also given to the *lady* of the house; the strangers who are induced to accept the invitation to dinner, and who are of course ignorant that the table is kept by a regular agent of this company play freely, and generally pay more for one dinner in this way, than they could dine all the

* The man is now in Paris and relates the anecdote.

year for at the most expensive *restaurateur's* in Paris.

I am sorry to say, that the English in Paris, of all ranks, are fond of gambling. A watch-maker on the *Boulevard Montmartre* tells me, that he does not purchase less than 100 watches a year from Englishmen, who have lost their last shilling at play, and who sell their watches to raise another pound for the table, or to carry them back to England. The police, in consequence of the accident which happened at one of the houses in the *Palais Royal*, not long ago, viz. :— a young man throwing himself in despair out of a window, have ordered all the windows to be barred; a simple countrywoman, on reading this order, very naturally asked, whether barring up the doors would not be a much more effectual way of preventing a similar accident.

ANECDOTE OF LOUIS XVIII.

The newspapers in England, some time ago, briefly noticed the act of pardon, granted by the King of France to a person condemned to the galleys for ten years, for having violated the *cordon sanitaire* on the frontiers, but there are some interesting particulars connected with the arcount which have been overlooked. The mother of the condemned sold every thing, that she possessed, to procure the means of travelling from Bordeaux to Paris, and, on her arrival here, applied to the Duchess of Angoulême and the Duchess de Berri, by whom she was very graciously received. They recommended her to the minister of justice, and even contrived to place her in a situation where she might see and speak to the Monarch. When the King appeared, she fell on her knees before him, and exclaimed, "Sire, you see before you a wretched Bordelaise mother, who solicits pardon for her son, condemned for ten years to the galleys, for violating the *cordon sanitaire*. May the almighty God, who protects

you, inspire you with the sentiment of mercy towards the only child of an afflicted mother." The King instantly took the petition which she presented, and proceeded to mass, where he again saw her. His Majesty regarded her with an eye of pity, and, by nodding his head good humouredly, gave her reason to hope that her prayer was granted.

When the mass was ended, the King came towards the mother, and, having read the petition, said, "I am rejoiced that I can in this instance follow the dictates of my heart, without attacking the just severity of laws made for the maintenance of morality. Your son has been guilty of an indiscretion, but not of a crime produced by a corruption of principle. I should be much grieved if a young man, the support of his mother, were to pine in wretchedness for ten years for such an error, and still more so, if during that period he should contract habits destructive to his morals and to your happiness. Punishments are intended to prevent the example of crime, and not to expose the pure mind to corruption. Your son is pardoned." The poor woman fell at the King's feet, bathed in her tears. The Duchess of Angoulême generously supplied her with the means of returning to Bordeaux.

THE THEATRES.

Lately at the *Theatre Français*, Talma played Hamlet for the last time, for the benefit of M. Dumas, who has been attached to the company thirty-one years. It would be impossible to describe to you the sensation produced on this occasion. Although the prices of admission were raised to nearly three times the usual amount, the first places being put at 20 francs, and the lowest at 3 francs, the eagerness to obtain tickets was beyond precedent. At a very early hour in the afternoon the avenues to the theatre were thronged by persons keeping places for those who held tickets. Talma played Hamlet in his usual

* At the French theatres, tickets are issued only for as many persons as the house will hold; but in order to get a good place, it is necessary to send a person early to the barrier on the outside, who has to wait there for two, three, or

style of excellence, and was loudly cheered. The French Hamlet, however, is a very mawkish production, and the leading character, even in the wonderful representation of Talma, is rather calculated to excite risibility than sympathy in a discriminating audience. Instead of the fine manly character which Shakspeare drew, he is a whining fool without decision, energy, or talent. One of the scenes is really laughable. Hamlet appears with an urn, which is supposed to contain the ashes of his father, walks about the stage woefully with it under his arm, and then, placing it upon a table, falls to blubbering over it like a school-boy, exclaiming in doleful accents, *Oh ! mon père, mon pauvre père*. Hamlet, however, is reckoned Talma's best character, and certainly, as far as acting goes, it may be so. In any other hands Hamlet would serve, as a comic pantomime does, to relax our muscles after a day's hard application to business. I have seen the play acted in French provincial theatres, without producing any other effect than hearty laughter. The country critics were not unsparing of their censures upon *Ce Monsieur Shakspeare et ses bêtises*, never considering that it was their translator and not the author who was the fool. Voltaire, with his usual candour, when speaking of English productions, wrote a long article to prove the superiority of the translation over the original. It is very rarely that the French improve a piece in the translation, but there are some few instances. I think they have done so with the tragedy

of Romeo and Juliet, which they have converted into an opera; at least I can say, that I witnessed a representation of their Romeo and Juliet with feelings of satisfaction. They conduct the plot nearly as Shakspeare did, up to the scene of the tomb. Here Romeo is seen weeping over the supposed corpse of his wife, and about to swallow the poison, when he is disturbed by the father of Juliet, who has followed him to the tomb, armed and thirsting for his blood. He is rushing upon Romeo, who is unarmed, when Romeo's rival, who enters the tomb, stands between them, and shields Romeo from the fury of the father. At this moment Juliet awakes to the astonishment of all, and is claimed by each. Paris, however, after a short struggle with his feelings, addresses her thus: "I love you, Juliet, with a tenderness which I cannot describe. How shall I prove my love, but by shewing you that I value your happiness more than my own? You are mine by the will of your father, but you shall not be rendered miserable by my love. Take your Romeo, be happy with him, and sometimes deign to pity the wretch who thus renounces all his hopes of happiness." The father, however, opposes the generous sacrifice of Paris, and claims his daughter. Romeo is now in despair, but the priest enters very auspiciously, and claims Juliet as the property of the church, she having been interred within its holy precincts. The father now yields, and the piece closes with the marriage of Romeo and Juliet.

four hours. The holder of the ticket arrives before the doors open, and takes the situation of the person whom he has placed at the barrier. The company enter the house, one by one, through a line of gens d'armes, in the order in which they or their *locum tenentes* arrive at the barrier. There are many persons who earn money by placing themselves very early at the barrier, and disposing of their places to late comers who are willing to pay a high price for a good situation.

THE FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY AT SOMERSET-HOUSE.

(Concluded from page 444.)

SCULPTURE.

No. 1099. *Cupid: a Statue in marble.* R. WESTMACOTT, R.A.—We were very happy to find that Mr. Westmacott had been occupied with due diligence and feeling, in providing a youthful and suitable bridegroom for the exquisite "Psyche," upon the beauties of which we dwelt so rapturously in our remarks on the last Exhibition. Although the natural loveliness of the female form will never admit of any rivalry, yet Mr. Westmacott has imparted great sweetness and delicacy to "Cupid," who, his bow unbent, himself assumes an air of graceful relaxation, as if reposing for a while from the amusing, but malicious sport of transfixing human hearts. Every part of this fine statue is most highly finished.*

No. 1082. *Horace's Dream: an alto relievo, in marble.* R. WESTMACOTT, R.A.—A rich and various composition. The different circumstances and incidents of the poet's vision are happily introduced; and the whole forms a most pleasing groupe, and would be a very magnificent and appropriate ornament for some noble public or private library.

No. 1101. *Danzatrice.* CANOVA.—There is great lightness and vivacity in this gay figure, but it has, in our opinion, a foreign and peculiar, rather than a classical and general air.

No. 1102. *Affection.* E. H. BAILY, R.A.—If there is any one warm human feeling more simple and pure than any other, it is surely the affection of a mother towards her child; and any work of art, in which that affection is powerfully exhibited, is valuable, were it only on that account. This is, however, a very

beautiful model in all respects; and is as well executed as it has been conceived.

No. 1064. *Samson killing the Lion.* W. PITTS.—Mr. Pitts has shown great anatomical skill in the figure of the youthful Samson, engaged in this the earliest recorded exploit of his strength.

No. 1088. *Bust, in marble, of the late John Forbes, Esq.* J. FLAXMAN, R.A.—A powerful resemblance of the venerable and deceased original.

No. 1089. *Bust, in marble, of P. Norton, Esq.* E. H. BAILY, R.A.—We have seldom seen a head in which the features have been marked with greater force and spirit.

No. 1081. *An unfinished Statue, in marble, of the Son of J. G. Lambton, Esq. M.P.* W. BERNES.—The promise of a beautiful little statue.

We regret, not to see any thing from Mr. Chantrey's chissel in the present Exhibition. The absence of his masterly works is severely felt, and the more so, because there is too much reason to attribute it to the severe indisposition with which he has been afflicted.

DRAWINGS.

No. 519. *Study in chalk: Portrait of a Gentleman, in the dress of a Dutch Farmer.* D. WILKIE, R.A.—One of the most characteristic drawings that ever was made. It reminded us, by contrast, of Garrick's criticism on the assumed drunkenness of a foreign comic actor. "Sir, his legs are not drunk." Here there is not the slightest inconsistency; the legs, the feet, the arms, the hands, the position of the head, the lounge of the body, all and every part unequivocally pro-

* We intend to embellish a future number with an excellent engraving of this exquisite statue, as a companion to the "Psyche," published in our last volume.

claim the boor. The apparent facility of the handling is also very fascinating to an artist's eye.

No. 497. *The Gloves nearly won.* No. 508. *Blindman's Buff.* R. WESTALL, R.A.—We are always pleased to see great talents devoted to the illustration of scenes of domestic life. Mr. Westall has here presented the public with two beautiful little drawings, from subjects of a well-known and cheerful description. They would make an attractive pair of prints.

No. 517. *Portrait of Madame Ronzi de Begnis, in the character of Fatima, in the Opera of Pietro l'Eremita.* A. E. CHALON, R.A.—There is no artist equal to Mr. Chalon in subjects of this description. He draws with great correctness and spirit, and decorates his figures with unrivalled magnificence and taste; especially when it becomes necessary to introduce any splendid foreign costume. He is then perfectly at home. We cannot, however, say that this portrait does justice to the original; a more beautiful countenance, and more simple attire, would have been, in our opinion, far more expressive of the personal and intellectual accomplishments of the present *Prima Donna* of the Italian Opera.

ARCHITECTURAL DRAWINGS.

No. 964. *Part of the County Hall, Lancaster Castle, for trying civil causes, and electing Members of Parliament for Lancashire.* No. 969. *An Architectural Composition, from an idea of the Hollow Way between Argos and Mycenæ, on reading Pausanias, book II., Chap. 23 and 24.* J. GANDY, A.—Two drawings of a very opposite nature; the one being of fact, the other of imagination; but both exhibiting Mr. Gandy's extraordinary and acknowledged talents; talents, which the country has reason deeply to regret, are not more frequently called upon in the execution of the various great architectural works of the present day.

No. 987. *View of one of the Consul Offices, in the Bank of England, in its progressive state of construction.* J. SOANE, R.A.—What a strictly architectural drawing seldom is, extremely picturesque and beautiful.

No. 955. *View from the water of one of the Abutments, and one of the Arches of a Design for a Bridge.* L. VULLIAMY—Simple and noble.

No. 1049. *St. Peter's, Rome, from the back of the Colonnade.* S. PATTERSON.—A very bold, rich, and broadly-executed drawing.

We cannot quit the Library, without loudly remonstrating against the introduction of pictures in oil among the architectural drawings. This is a practice which has been gaining ground for several years; but we never saw it carried to so pernicious an extent as in the Exhibition of this year. The intermixture of pictures in oil with drawings in water-colours is always injurious to both, especially to the latter; but to architectural drawings it is destructive in consequence of the flatness of their tints, and of their seldom being made with any reference to general effect. We do hope the Academy will see the impropriety of this innovation, and will entirely reform it next year.

MINIATURES.

It is surprising to observe how little discrimination is shown in this very interesting part of the Exhibition. Mingled with and overpowering, by the gaudiness and rawness of their hues, some of the most charming productions of taste and genius, are a mass of wretched daubs, which would disgrace any shop-window in the Metropolis; and which are, of course, wholly unworthy of a place in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Great Britain. Never surely was "humanity imitated so abominably!" From amidst this sulk crop of tares and thistles we shall glean a few ears of corn, although they are almost choked by the vile weeds about them.

No. 674. *Portraits of the Hon. Misses Drummond Burrell.* MRS. J. ROBERTSON.—A Vandyke in miniature. Nothing can exceed the beauty and grade of the drawing, the sweetness of the expression, the harmony of the colour, and the disposition of the general effect. No. 729. *Portrait of a Gentleman*, by the same fair hand, is full of intellectual character.

No. 846. *Portrait of a Young Lady.* No. 834. *Portrait of a Lady.*

S. P. DENNING.—Mr. Denning's admirable miniatures show the great advantage which he now derives from his early and elaborate studies after Lawrence. They are finely drawn, and replete with grace and beauty. He must, however, guard against becoming a mannerist.—“Squareness,” as it is technically called, is a good quality; but it ought not to be too manifest.

No. 688. *Portrait of the Countess of Blesington*. A. F. CHALON, R.A. —An elegant portrait of a bewitching subject.

No. 703. *Portrait of the Countess of Denbigh*. No. 819. *Portrait of Miss Kirkpatrick*. A. ROBERTSON. —Mr. Robertson's pencil is free from the slightest vulgarity. His male portraits have invariably the air of gentlemen, and his female portraits of gentlewomen. These are fine specimens of high finishing.

No. 722. *Portrait of Miss Paton, of the Theatre-Royal, Covent Garden*. W. J. NEWTON. —Mr. Newton has been very successful in transferring to his ivory the feminine softness, mingled with intelligence, by which this lovely and accomplished young actress is distinguished.

No. 827. *Portraits of two Children of R. Pollen, Esq.* W. C. ROSS. —Children are delightful creatures; and any picture in which they are introduced, if only tolerably executed, becomes interesting. How much more so when the infantile character is represented with so much truth and vivacity as it is in this animated little composition.

No. 704. *Portrait of a Lady*. S. J. ROCHARD. —A spirited and richly coloured whole-length. Mr. Rochard seems to have studied Sir Joshua Reynolds with great benefit to himself. In the depth and vigour of his effects, and in the breadth of his execution, he appears to us to be unexcelled in his branch of the profession.

No. 818. *Portrait of Mrs. Salmon*. No. 836. *Portrait of Edward Foxall, Esq.* MRS. GREEN. —These beautiful miniatures recall to our minds the richness and mellowness of handling of poor Shelly.

No. 681. *A Portrait*. MISS SHARPE. —Firmly and vigorously painted. Miss Sharpe is one of a

trio of sisters, who all evince great talents.

No. 803. *A Head*. J. BURGESS. —Nature herself.

No. 860. *Portrait of a Lady*. G. H. PATTEN. —We were much pleased with the sunny purity and clearness of the half-tints in this clever little head.

ENAMELS.

No. 520. *Portrait of Canova* enamel after the original, painted at Rome, by J. Jackson, Esq. R.A. in the collection of F. Chantrey, Esq. R.A. No. 621. *Duncan Gray: enamel after the original, by D. Wilkie, Esq. R.A.* in the collection of Lord C. Townshend. C. MUSS. —In force and richness, and above all, in that most important quality resemblance to their originals, Mr. Muss's enamels unquestionably transcend any thing that has ever been produced. They are perfect fac-similes of the works of which they are copies, and which they render immortal.

No. 506. *The Duke of Wellington: enamel, after the original, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.* No. 509. *St. John: enamel, after the original, by Sir Joshua Reynolds.* H. BONS, R.A. —Two very beautiful and highly finished enamel paintings. The first is a faithful imitation of one of the most characteristic portraits that ever was painted.

No. 533. *Magdalen: enamel, from the original picture, by Guido, in the possession of Walter Fawkes, Esq. Furnley Hall, Yorkshire.* J. LEE. —This is also a very fine enamel. The tones of the flesh are remarkably soft and mellow.

MEDALLIC PORTRAITS, AND INTAGLIOS.

There are in the Library several beautiful medallio portraits, by P. ROUW, and D. MONSON; and some delicate and tasteful intaglios, from ancient and modern subjects, by S. HENNING.

Death of Abel, by Mr. WOOD. —We were much pleased with this picture, and, not having seen the name of the artist in former exhibitions, were induced to make some enquiries respecting him. We have ascertained that Mr. W. is a

very young artist, and this picture is his *first attempt* at historical painting, and as such we must confess, it gives extraordinary proofs of his powers. Adam and Eve are supporting the dead body of their son. The figures are correctly drawn; the position of Cain is well managed, the lights and shadows are contrived

with much skill, and the whole effect is very striking and attractive. The colouring is chaste, and with a little more practice he will become a distinguished member of the profession. We are happy in this opportunity of recommending a very clever artist to public notice.*

THE NINETEENTH EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN
WATER-COLOURS.

(Concluded from page 446.)

No. 104. *Corn-field—a Study from Nature*. G. F. ROBSON.—A charming little study. We particularize it, because it has a certain sharpness in its execution, which shews that Mr. Robson can at his pleasure abstain from that excessive softness and harmony, which severe critics say have occasionally a tendency to degenerate into tameness.

No. 115. *Scene at a Fountain, Inverary, North Britain*. J. CRISTALL.—Mr. Cristall possesses the rare power of imparting a classical air to all his rustic figures, without depriving them of their natural character. Frequently have we contemplated with admiration such a scene as he has here depicted; and as frequently have we wished to see it faithfully represented on paper or canvas. To those who are familiar only with the acquired graces of the town, and who can admire only that factitious elegance which is the joint produce of the dancing-master and the corset-maker, this delightful drawing may perhaps seem insipid. But the man who can say with Goldsmith,—

“To me more dear, congenial to my
heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of
art;”

will be long before he will be able to withdraw his eyes from gazing on

so fine, and various, and well-composed a groupe of simple and artless beauty.

No. 123. *Passengers going off to a Packet*. COPLEY FIELDING.—We must really repeat, with reference to this drawing, the expression of astonishment which No. 40, called forth from us, at the extraordinary facility and inexhaustible resources of Mr. Fielding's pencil. It is, as old Christie used to say, “a perfect gem.”

No. 157. *Hotel de Ville, Louvain*. S. PROUT.—A magnificent town-view.

No. 170. *Scene on Bagshot Heath, with Sheep*. R. HILLS.—Another of Mr. Hills's highly characteristic drawings. The effect of the shower in the distance is so true, that, as we scowled at it, we reproached ourselves for our indiscretion in having left home without an umbrella.

No. 181. *Study of Trees, near Oakingham, Berks*. G. F. ROBSON.—Nothing can be more tender and beautiful.

No. 213. *Windsor*. COPLEY FIELDING.—We think Mr. Fielding eminently successful in painting up to whatever subject he proposes to himself. It is impossible to conceive a more picturesque and complete embodying of the following antithetical passage in Pope's “Windsor Forest,” than this fine drawing furnishes:

* In our last number we omitted to notice this painting by a young artist of considerable merit, and as our object is particularly to encourage youthful talent, we have here supplied the omission with pleasure.

"Here waving groves a chequer'd scene
display,
And part admit, and part exclude the
day ;

* * * * *
There, interspers'd in lawns and open-
ing glades,
Twin-trees arise that shun each other's
shades.
Here in full light the russet plains ex-
tend ;
There, wrapt in clouds, the bluish hills
ascend."

The introduction of the venerable figure of his late Majesty, in this his favourite haunt, has a very appropriate and pleasing effect.

No. 221. *Solitude*. G. BARRET. — Mr. Robson's "Solitude" is amidst rocks ; Mr. Barret's is among trees. Each is admirable in its way.

Nos. 232. 236. *Studies from Nature*. W. NESSFIELD. — There are several larger drawings by Mr. Nessfield in this Exhibition ; but we were especially struck with these charming little studies. They evince an accurate eye, and a practised hand. When Mr. Nessfield can communicate to his distances and middle-distances, and to the *tout-ensemble* of his composition, as much truth and gracefulness as he has given to these fragments of fore-ground, he will rank with our most accomplished landscape draughtsmen.

No. 239. *Drinkallia*. J. STEPHANOFF. "As soon as a traveller arrives at Drinkallia, he must drink, or be carried before a magistrate to render account of his obstinacy."

Very humorous ; and most delicately touched. The figure of the sober culprit is remarkably happy.

No. 261. *Boats on the Thames ; Gravesend in the distance*. No. 265. *Boats on the Thames, Evening ; Greenwich in the distance*. D. COX. — Two brilliant little drawings.

No. 263. *A Picture of Youth ; or, the School in an Uproar*. H. RICHTER. — The original drawing, of which this is a copy, or nearly so, was the ornament of one of the earliest Exhibitions of the Society ; and its not having been immediately engraved has been a matter of surprise to us ever since ; convinced as we have always been, that, if justice were done to it, it would prove a most popular print. We are glad to find by the Catalogue, that this

copy has been made for the express purpose of its being engraved. It is, indeed, a lively and powerful delineation of that period of gay thoughtlessness, and innocent mischief to which the cares and anxieties of the world induce most of us to look back with a sigh of regret. Never was hubbub more completely personified. Availing themselves of the temporary absence of their master, about a dozen fine, noble lads, of the right age for frolic, are repaying themselves by every description of license, for the previous restraint to which they had been subjected. One of them, having assumed the Dominie's seat, dress, and office, is affecting, with great pomposity, to hear the lesson of an impudent young braggadocio ; who, with his arms a-kimbo, appears to defy the terrors of ferrule or birch. Another little vagabond, who has crawled up behind the mock-master's chair, is emptying the contents of an ink-horn on his scarlet cap, a feat that seems to be highly relished by the leering and winking bystanders. In the fore-ground of the drawing, the sly and sudden twist of one end of a form has sent several fellows, who were amusing themselves on the other end of it, sprawling on the floor. The distress of one of them is of a very ludicrous nature. A fine rosy-cheeked apple has been whirled out of his hand by the jerk, and is making the best of its way in a direct line to an aperture in the boards, which yawns to receive it. In vain does its disappointed owner stretch his arm and fingers to their utmost length to intercept its progress ; it is evident that in a second it must disappear for ever ; and he contemplates the approaching and inevitable catastrophe with a look of unutterable despair. In one corner of the room there is a "battle of the books," grammars, vocabularies, and dictionaries are furiously flying about in all directions ; and some of them are letting in a little necessary air by demolishing two or three panes of the window. In another corner, a fancied jockey, with a garter for a bridle, is riding a cock-horse, at the rate of at least twenty miles an hour. Behind the door, a young artist, whose own head is eminently beautiful, and seems to

have been suggested by one of Raphael's in "The School of Athens," is making a drawing in chalk, although not Italian, of the Pedagogue, to which he has of course imparted an abundant portion of ugliness. Cautiously stealing in at the door, and unperceived by any of the masters except by one terrified urchin, who endeavours, but to no purpose, to apprise his com-rogues of the appalling fact, is the Pedagogue himself; whose irascibility is evidently excited to the utmost by the horrible din which salutes his ears, and who grasps his slender rattan with an eager ferocity which threatens speedily to convert the shouts of mirth and exultation, into the wailings of pain and woe. The accessories of

this admirable drawing are equally deserving of praise. Some of them manifest truly Hogarthian humour. Among these is an open copy-book, on the leaf of which is repeatedly inscribed, what no doubt was the master's favourite sentence: "*Zeno loved silence! Zeno loved silence! Zeno loved silence.*" On a slate, shattered by coming in contact with the knee of one of the overthrown heroes to whom we have already alluded, is written "*Vulgar Frictions.*"

We must now take leave of this very interesting Exhibition; repeating our best wishes for the prosperity of the Society, to whose genius and talents it bears such ample testimony.

EXHIBITION OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

IN the course of the last month, the Gallery of the British Institution has been opened with an assemblage of pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and a selection from the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and Dutch Schools. In our next number we purpose mentioning some of the most beautiful of these works of art; and in the mean time we think our readers may be gratified by the perusal of the following preface, which we extract from the Catalogue of the Exhibition, and the tone of which, in our opinion, does great credit to the Governors of the Institution.

"Ten years have elapsed since we offered to public inspection the paintings of Sir Joshua Reynolds; and if at intervals of the same period, we were to present an Exhibition of his works, we are convinced it would prove most useful to the painter, and gratifying to the public.

"Taste and fashion seldom perhaps go hand-in-hand, but they never were more at variance than when Sir Joshua was in the full exercise of his powers; female dress was never more unfavourable to the painter's art, than at that period; and yet female beauty was never represented with more fascinating charms, than by his pencil. The truth is, that he was one of the greatest masters of grace and elegance that ever lived; he touched

nothing which he did not adorn; and his works prove to us, how much more depends upon the artist's skill in treating his subject, than upon the subject itself.

"His practice we have before us; his theory will be found in those excellent discourses which he delivered at the Royal Academy, which can never be read by the lover of the arts without interest, the scholar without delight, or the painter without instruction.

"Some of us remember the kindness of his heart, and the complacency of his character:—these dispositions led him in the practice of his art, generally to select subjects which belong to the gentler feelings, and the kindlier affections of our nature; but the examples here presented to us fully shew, that the most forcible expression of the strongest passions was not above his reach.

"We are proud of our countryman; we rank him among the most eminent painters the art has produced; we honour his name; and we hope others may be led into the same path, and may be excited by his success to similar exertions.

"The liberality of the possessors of ancient pictures has enabled us also to exhibit to the public some distinguished works of the Italian, Spanish, Dutch and Flemish Schools.

The disposition which has been thus evinced, by the proprietors of these works, to enrich our Gallery is highly gratifying to us; but it is to his Majesty's most gracious kindness and condescension, that we are particularly indebted upon this, and

upon all former occasions, for permitting us to select, both from the Royal Palaces and from his own beautiful private collection, some of the works which have most added to the brilliancy of our Exhibition."

INTELLIGENCE RELATIVE TO THE FINE ARTS.

MR. HORNOR'S VIEW OF LONDON FROM ABOVE ST. PAUL'S.

IN our last number, which contains a copper engraving of Mr. Hornor's Observatory erected over the Cross of St. Paul's Cathedral, we had not room to make a few observations which were, perhaps, necessary to elucidate the subject to those who have not seen the lithographic print and the detailed description of this extraordinary and meritorious undertaking contained in our number for February last. This engraving consists of two compartments, the higher of which represents the summit of the Dome of St. Paul's, with the scaffolding surmounted by Mr. Hornor's Observatory; while the other shews, on an enlarged scale, the Observatory itself, with its platform and various supports, its rope network and auxiliary means of protection from stress of weather, which perilous experience proved to be highly necessary. In contemplating the latter object with its apparatus of poles, beams, cords, and chains, our imagination is possessed with a sense of insecurity, which is not diminished when we direct our eyes to the same little domicile placed in its actual position above the site of the Cross, and appearing "like a watch tower in the skies."

At the risk of trespassing on the limits of a mere notice, we must take leave to offer a few remarks, which suggested themselves on tracing the delineated ascent to this aerial tenement. Those who have once or twice undergone the patient toil of marching up the spiral staircases, and angular series of steps that lead under the ample concave of the dome, must remember that they emerged into the glad air upon what is called the golden gallery, from whence strangers usually take their view of the vast expanse of the

metropolis. In pausing to take breath after this ascent, how would they have felt on being told that an individual would perform the same toilsome march morning after morning during a whole summer, for the purpose of commencing at their landing-place a still more arduous progress, not merely to the hall or to the cross, but to a position still higher, which was to be gained by climbing a series of ladders lashed to a creaking and tremulous scaffolding; and that he would pass not only days, but weeks and months, in a chamber suspended from the highest of these supports, occupied in the complicated and difficult details of a mathematical survey of the wide-spread and multitudinously peopled capital of the British monarchy. To an individual standing on the gallery, the idea of ascending into the ball would be sufficiently appalling, that of surmounting the cross still more so; but to climb not merely this but a higher distance by an apparatus, of no greater security than that which is used for common architectural purposes, is an attempt which, if only once made, would have been wonderful, but which baffles all the language of wonder when repeated hundreds of times.

By the scale of measurement appended to the engraving, we perceive that the height of the gallery is 325 feet, while the Observatory is at the enormous altitude of 410 feet. We know not in what terms to congratulate Mr. Hornor on his successful accomplishment of his great task; from this elevated and henceforward for some centuries unattainable point, a view, which for truth of general resemblance, and minute accuracy of outline, has excited the astonishment and admiration of all who have been favoured

with an inspection of the voluminous sketches, from which the artist is now occupied in engraving his great work. We cannot close the present hasty and imperfect notice, without repeating our cordial wishes for his success; and we have the satisfaction to perceive from the announcement of a third edition of his illustrated prospectus, after the rapid sale of his two former, that the Royal Sanction, with which he has been honoured, has stimulated the feeling of the public already disposed to patronize his undertaking, and to ensure that effective encouragement to the work, which from its magnitude and national importance it so justly claims.

The *English Opera House*, at the Lyceum, is undergoing a most expensive and elegant embellishment under the superintendence of Mr. Beazely. Some important improvements are to be made at the Box entrance in the Strand, by which the general convenience and comfort of the public will be very much improved.

A numerous and respectable body of artists met at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen-street, on the 21st instant, to consider the most eligible means of erecting an extensive suite of rooms for the exhibition and sale of the works of British artists in every department of art—painting, sculpture, architecture, and engraving—when a society was instituted, and resolutions passed declaratory of their determination to proceed on broad and liberal principles, their object being to give to the rising, as well as the more advanced artists, the means of displaying their works for sale, during the season when the opulent patrons of art are usually resident in the metropolis.

Marshal Soult's splendid collection of pictures, now in Paris, are for sale by private contract. They are said to embrace all the *chef-d'œuvres* of the great masters of every country.

Musick.—The greatest pleasure we can experience, and the greatest obligation we can bestow on society, as a portion of the public press, consist in fostering the talents of ex-

traordinary genius; and our work would ill deserve the name of *Euro-pean*, if we confined our feeble patronage within the limits of our own country. Actuated by these sentiments, we feel an honourable pride in being able to give the testimony of our warmest applause to a *young foreigner*, whose musical talents are of the first order. M^{lle}. DELPHINE DE SCHAUROTH, a native of Bavaria, is lately arrived from Paris, where she has been playing upon the Piano-forte among the first circles with the greatest applause, after having performed before the Emperor of Austria at Vienna; and before the King of Wurtemberg at Stuttgart. She has come to this country highly recommended to the Countess St. Antonio by M. Paer, the well-known composer at Paris, who describes her as a performer equal to *Moschelles*, although she is only *nine years of age*! She has already played before a party at the Prince of Coburg's with distinguished success. As soon as we heard of the talents of this phenomenon, as she may be justly termed, we were anxious to witness a display of her abilities before we gave the sanction of our work to the applauses of her admirers. We have been gratified; and can justly say, that for delicacy of touch, and clear and rapid execution, she has, in our opinion, no rival of her age; and in sentiment and expression, the soul of musick, she is unrivalled by any female performer we ever heard. This last quality proves her to be richly endowed with intuitive genius, for no art can instil into so young a mind factitious expression, which is, at best, but a poor substitute for that soul-subduing power that exists in the sounds produced by this unaffected child of nature. These praises, as well as her performance, may be criticised on the 4th of July; when she will have a concert at the Argyll Rooms. When we heard her play a Sonata by Paer, we understood she was to perform in the evening at the Duchess of Kent's; and after her performance of this Sonata, we could not help exclaiming—*Materiem superabat opus!*

LONDON REVIEW

OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS,

Foreign and Domestic.

QUID SIT PULCHRUM, QUID TURPE, QUID UTILE, QUID NON

FOREIGN BOOKS.

Nouveaux Tableaux de Famille.

The Life of a Poor Minister and his Children, translated from the German of Auguste la Fontaine. By Mad. de Montolieu. New Edition, 3 vols. 8vo. with prints. Paris.

"WHERE is the reader of '*Les Tableaux de Famille*,' who has perused it without emotion? How interesting are the good minister Bemrode, his excellent wife, and their daughters, the tender Elizabeth and Mina so sensible and amiable, and the whole family happy in love and virtue!"

We are obliged to reinforce ourselves by the testimony of authors of acknowledged authority, to recommend to those readers who are accustomed to extravagant and false productions, those simple and faithful works in which are painted, not fantastical characters and overstrained manners, but characters and manners drawn from the bosom of society. The authority we have just quoted is *Chenier*, from his "*Tableau historique de l'état et des progrès de la littérature Française depuis 1789*." This ingenious and profound critic in pronouncing a severe judgment upon one of the most remarkable productions of the age, (*Atala*, by Chateaubriand) in which is the stamp of genius and great beauties accompanied with frequent infractions of good taste and common sense, undoubtedly foresaw all the evil, which unskilful imitation of this original work would do to literature. He wished to warn young authors against a false manner, which had then among the French the charm of novelty, and armed himself with ridicule, that all-powerful weapon in France.

But it must have lost some of its power when we see, in spite of the judicious criticism of *Chenier*, a crowd of young authors blindly

committing the very faults of which he warned them. Perhaps it may be objected, that, if the faults we now speak of had only the charm of novelty, time would have done justice, and they would have passed away. But these literary faults have another advantage, that of facility, and only require imagination, and dispense with all the studies necessary to regulate and direct the dangerous faculty of writing, which is only a *means* and not an *end*. It is then not to be expected that authors will be wanting in this species of productions, in which they seduce the mind without appealing to the heart or the reason. A proof of the good disposition of the French public, in this respect, is the re-impression of the works of the best moralists. M. Arthur Bertrand will have contributed his part to the restoration of good taste by his new edition of Mad. Montolieu's works; he is too good a speculator to reprint so considerable a collection, if he were not sure of the reception it would meet with.

Ein Blick auf die Geschichte des Königreichs, Hanover.

Sketch of the History of the kingdom, of Hanover. By C. de Leutsch, 8vo. Leipsick.

Under this modest title is concealed remarkable merit: the author shews great talent. He connects the history of a single people, and history in general, with profound judgment. The following is a concise summary of the various details treated of by M. Leutsch.

The country between the Rhine, the Elbe, and the North Sea, was bounded on the South by the ancient kingdom of Thuringia, an asylum in remote antiquity of the Ingavonians or Itæronians against the Swedes and Gauls, and afterwards the cradle of those very Franks, who,

after having overthrown the last ramparts of the Roman empire, subjugated the Allemanni, the Thuringians, the Bavarians, and the Frisians. They prepared the same fate for the Saxons, but they, proud of their success against the Romans, after a struggle of thirty-one years were still unconquered, and the Franks could obtain no other advantage over them than that of obliging them to march as equals under the same banner.

The Franks preserved for a century the first rank in Germany; their preponderance then passed to the Saxons, who successively made themselves masters of Suabia, Lorraine, Bavaria, Italy, and Poland.

After an age of prosperity, the Saxons experienced a reverse, and languished in obscurity till the period when Lothario of Supplimberg revived their power, which he tried to consolidate by an alliance with the Guelphs, but in vain. The humiliation of Henry-the-Lion destroyed the work of Lothario; the fidelity of the vassals of Brunswick, Nordheim, and Lunebourg, were the only supporters of the Guelph throne, shaken by the misfortunes of the enterprising Otho IV.

From that time the Saxon and the Guelph powers were weak and feeble. At length the Saxons seemed to be reanimated, the electorate was the reward for what they had done against the perpetual enemy of Germany: and England, who a thousand years before had sought their aid, placed their crown in the protecting hands of an Elector. Thus, under George III. the Hanoverians attained that rank which, before Charlemagne, their predecessors, the Saxons, had possessed.

*Om den indbyrdes, &c.
On the Nature and Importance of
Mutual Instruction.* By P. H.
Moenster, a Clergyman, and G.

Abrahamson, Aid-de-camp to the King of Denmark. Copenhagen.

The title of this work ought to have been *History of Mutual Instruction*. Indeed the first volume is a complete history as far as we can judge of this method of education, not only in Europe, but in all parts of the world, except in Denmark, to which the authors have devoted their second volume. It may be seen that, thanks to the enlightened protection of the king, this method of instruction is making a progress in Denmark surpassing every expectation.

Amongst the subscribers to this work, the number of which amounts to 1,500, an unheard of number in the annals of Danish literature, are a great many ecclesiastics, who have declared in favour of instruction and knowledge. Nevertheless, they, whose honourable efforts introduced this method into their country, have still to struggle against the prejudices of men who oppose every useful innovation either through apathy, which prevents them from examining into the nature of things, or from fanaticism which blinds them.

Such persons as these are to be found in every country; happily their number is not great in Denmark. We shall give a more detailed account of this work when the third volume appears. Amongst some slight imperfections, we must mention the bad orthography of the proper names. Thus Cardinal Gonsalvi, Duke of Ujar, and Casimir-Perrier, are metamorphosed into Gonsalvi, Hijor and Saint-Perrier.

The details relative to the introduction of mutual instruction into Denmark ought to have been confined to smaller limits, for it cannot have the same degree of interest to every class of readers.

ENGLISH BOOKS.

Quentin Durward. By the Author of *Waverley*, *Perceval*, &c. In three volumes, 12mo. pp. 964. London, 1823.

UNLESS a critic stoop to plagiarism, and condescend to repeat the

observations that have become perhaps even familiar with the public, he will find it almost impossible to expatiate at any length upon the writings of an author whose works are always in the same style, and have flowed from the press for al-

most fifteen years, in a copious and uninterrupted course, almost unequalled in the history of literature. The volumes now before us have similar merits and demerits, and bear, in every respect, similar features to their numerous precursors from the same pen.

“ — facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen; qualem decet
esse sororum.”

There is the same subordination of plot and general consistency to isolated descriptions; the same proofs of a want of previous digestion of the story, and of often joining dislocated scenes by forced chapters, evidently written merely for the purpose of connecting the narration; there is the same character of imagination, and the same prevalence of imagination over the reasoning faculties, the same extreme verbosity and carelessness of style, the vapid dialogue, and the endless eking out of pages, and there is also the same brilliancy of description, and the same felicitous sketches of situations and of characters that have so eminently distinguished every thing that has previously fallen from the pen of this fortunate author.

The novel of Quentin Durward, *à l'ordinaire*, is ushered into the world by a long introduction, acquainting the reader how the author became possessed of the materials of the work. This introduction is well written, and contains many humorous and sensible observations upon France and England, with a good sketch of a French nobleman of the old school, restored to his dilapidated patrimony by the political metamorphosis of 1814. The author, falling into the good graces of this member of the old noblesse, obtains from him the M.S. of Quentin Durward. We are disposed to admire this introduction for its vivacity of description and humorous remarks, but this introductory accounting for the origin of the novel is unnecessary, and throws, indeed, an unnatural or ridiculous air over the beginning of the volume.

Quentin Durward is the last of the Durwards, a Scotch family, that
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had been, with his exception, exterminated in a feud with the neighbouring clan of the Ogelvies. The scene is laid in France, and in the reign of Louis XI. the contemporary of our Edward IV. Quentin, driven from his native country, has resorted to France in order to seek for military employment under Louis XI., or otherwise under his less politic but more chivalrous rival, Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. The novel opens with a portraiture of Louis, and of the Duke of Burgundy, the former being represented as cautious, vigilant, cunning, superstitious, cruel, and skilful; the whole of his vices and virtues being concentrated upon the one great object of amalgamating the disorderly and refractory barons of France into one united monarchy; the character of his opponent, the Duke of Burgundy, is that of violent and headstrong passions of gallantry and of incautious valour.

The second chapter, in the vivacious and brilliant manner peculiar to this author, represents Louis and his Provost Marshal in disguise, seated for amusement on the banks of the Cher, when they are approached by Quentin Durward, and after a humorous dialogue, in which the King learns the object of Quentin's journey, and penetrates into his character, the Monarch offers to introduce him into the Royal Palace of Plessis, Quentin being in immediate search of his maternal uncle, an officer of the Scotch Archers, in the service of France. We have then a description of Quentin's uncle, Balafre, and of the corps of Scotch Archers, as well as of their commander, Lord Crawford. All this is given with the author's usual spirit and felicity, in describing ancient military costumes, habits, and manners. We are induced to omit the chapter, called the Bohemians, as it appears to us tedious and spun out, and, indeed, to be nothing more than an awkward and inartificial contrivance to introduce Quentin into the corps of Scotch Archers, and to bring him in contact with his uncle, the object of his search. We are hardly yet upon the threshold of our story, and yet we have already given the out-line or

summary of an introduction of sixty pages, and of 180 pages of the work, a proof of the exceedingly discursive style of our author's composition.

At this period of the narration, the political connection between Louis and his haughty and detested Cousin of Burgundy stands upon the most precarious foundation. The object of Louis is to abridge the power of his vassal, but dreading his martial character, the number of his forces, and, above all, dreading his alliance with his Brother-in-law, Edward IV. of England, Louis's schemes are to prevent an open rupture by every possible finesse of policy, whilst he inflicts the utmost injury upon the Duke, by exciting rebellion amongst his subjects in Flanders, the population of which country having become rich by trade, were impatient of the control and tyranny exercised over them by their feudal sovereign. But all the forbearance and mastery of his passions, by the wily Louis, had been nearly rendered of little avail to him, and war was on the point of being kindled between him and his adversary by the circumstance of the Countess Hameline de Croye and her neice, Isabelle de Croye, having fled from the Court of the Duke of Burgundy, and taken refuge in that of Louis. Isabelle de Croye is the heroine of the piece, but the author scarcely condescends to pay much attention to the development of her character, and although she is often on the scene of action, and the whole interest of the novel arises from the difficulty of disposing of her hand, and of her large domains, yet she is almost as passive as the heroine of the novel of *Ivanhoe*; there is no individuality of character given to her, and the whole of the events and every portion of the novel in which she is connected, arise solely out of the casual circumstances in which she is placed, and not from any peculiar features of her character. The novel, indeed, may be said to be without any heroine, or female character of interest; the ladies in this production have been treated discourteously by the Novellist, and, excepting the humorous sketches of the Lady Hameline de Croye, a silly, vain, and talk-

five middle aged lady, whose beauty is on the wane, the novel would lose none of its interest by the total omission of all the female characters. However, Isabelle de Croye has fled the Court of the Duke of Burgundy, in order to defeat the Duke's intentions of forcing her to marry one of his friends and courtiers, and the fugitive Isabelle with her garrulous aunt, and a female attendant, are induced by the intrigues and promises of Louis to throw themselves under the "protection" of that monarch. They arrived at Plessis, in Tourraine, where Louis then held his court, just at the juncture when the King had fallen in with Quentin Durward. But Louis, dreading the resentment of the Duke of Burgundy, had given these ladies a reception little suited to their rank, or to his professed hospitality, by which they had been induced to make his Court their asylum. He had, in the first instance, received and accommodated them in a paltry inn, in the village adjoining to Plessis, and, in the character of a merchant, entertaining Quentin with a breakfast, our hero is made to witness the lovely Countess Isabelle de Croye, attending upon the disguised monarch, herself in the simple garb and character of a servant. The Countess, however, is at length admitted into the palace of Plessis, but, although her reception has been contrived with apparently the utmost caution, the place of her retreat has been divulged to the Duke of Burgundy, who has sent the renowned Marshal of his Palace, the Count de Creve-cœur, peremptorily to declare war against Louis for numerous offences, the climax of which is his encouraging the flight of these ladies, and his offering them a place of refuge. In this dilemma, the unprincipled and intriguing King contrives a scheme to avert at once the impending war, and to gratify his malice against the Duke. He positively and openly denies his having instigated the Countess to flight, and at the same time he resolves to get rid of this source of contention, by apparently sending her to the Court of her cousin, the venerable Bishop of Liege; but forming, at the same time, a most unprincipled deep-laid

scheme, to have the lady intercepted in her journey by a powerful military marauder, surnamed the Boar of Ardennes, and who, by forcibly marrying the Lady Isabelle, will rid the King of France of all apprehension of her being united to any vassal of the Duke of Burgundy, who, by the acquisition of her demesnes, may augment the power of his master. The Countess with her aunt is sent on this journey to Liege, under the protection of Quentin Durward, accompanied by three military assistants and a guide. But one of the numerous and endless schemes of the King of France, is to unite his nephew, the Duke of Orleans, to his second daughter. But the young Duke entertains a thorough antipathy against the Princess, and, moreover, falls in love with the Countess Isabelle during her short sojourn at the Court of Louis.

At length the Countess and her aunt and female attendant, with Quentin Durward and his companions at arms, leave the Court and Castle of Plessis for Liege. After a short journey they are pursued by two knights richly caparisoned, in this case of necessity our hero Quentin finds that of his three well-equipped companions, two are craven at heart, and he can only induce the third, a brave old Gascon, to assist him in defending the trust confided to his courage and prudence. Quentin and the Gascon encounter these antagonists; Quentin unhorses his adversary, but the Gascon had in the very first onset been laid dead at the feet of his opponent, who now turns to defend his fallen companion from the assault of Quentin. A combat ensues between these parties, when they are interrupted by a body of the king's horse, and the *denouement* exposes to the reader that the assailing knights are no other than the young Duke of Orleans, and his friend Dunois being led back prisoners by the guard of horse, whilst Quentin Durward and his charge are directed to continue on their road to Liege. We cannot say, that the journey of our hero and the fair Countess is calculated to afford

much of amusement to our readers. After Quentin's sagacity having avoided the snare laid for his interception they arrive at Liege, and, immediately after their arrival, the Castle of the Bishop of Liege, their host, is assailed and captured by the rebellious citizens of Liege, assisted by the redoubtable erratic knight and ruffian surnamed the Boar of Ardennes. The scene of this contest, and of the conduct of Quentin Durward, the revel after the capture of the Castle, and the murder of the good and venerable Bishop of Liege, are all painted in the author's best style. The mixture of drunken debauch, and the ferocious cruelty displayed at the banquet, at which the Bishop falls a sacrifice, are given with considerable force; but the fact is, that the whole scene is nothing more than a mere modification of the scenes of barbarous revelry which are found in all this author's preceding novels.

In the mean time Louis, instigated by a crafty astrologer, in whom this superstitious monarch was wont to put his trust, resolved to throw himself upon the honor and hospitality of the Duke of Burgundy, and to repair with confidence to his Court, in the hopes of over-reaching the Duke, and obtaining his objects of policy by dint of his superiority of intellect and his tact at intrigue. This extraordinary confidence in an enemy, at an age when the laws of honour and the rights of hospitality were but feeble barriers against the passions and interests of princes, might however have succeeded according to the wishes of Louis, but in the very midst of his entertainment by the Duke, the news arrive of the insurrection of the citizens of Liege, and of the murder of the Bishop, with the capture and sacking of his castle. These events are immediately attributed to the craft, and intrigues, and manœuvres of Louis, who, in consequence, nearly falls a sacrifice to the resentment of his choleric host the Duke of Burgundy. The interruption of the banquet by the arrival of the news, and the fiery altercation and scarcely pervented contest between the Duke and his guest, are painted with great force; but we doubt whether the Duke's being ultimately pacified, and his allow-

ing his guest to depart although a prisoner, are at all in keeping with the extravagant violence of his temper. Louis is confined a prisoner by Burgundy, and in the course of the next day the Countess de Croye, having been rescued from the tumult and dangers at Liege by the prudence and bravery of Quentin Durward, and in her escape from which, she had been captured with Quentin by the Count de Crevecoeur, now arrives at the Court of the Duke of Burgundy. Her examination with that of Quentin Durward tends to exculpate Louis from being the immediate cause of the revolt of the Liegeois. The Duke, however, still imposes hard conditions upon the captive monarch; their enmity is likely to be unabated, until they by chance happen to unite in sympathetic enjoyment at the sufferings of a miserable envoy from the Boar of Ardenne, whom the Duke had ordered to be chased and torn by the hounds. This sympathy of pleasure at the same object brings about a reconciliation between Louis and the Duke, which otherwise appears to have been hopeless. At length terms of accommodation are settled between the King and the Duke of Burgundy, upon the basis of their uniting their forces, to subdue the inhabitants of Liege; and the Duke of Burgundy eventually consents to bestow the hand of the fair Isabelle upon the knight who may succeed in slaying the renowned freebooter, the Boar of Ardenne, then at the head of the revolted Liegeois. The armies march against Liege, and Quentin Durward having learnt some intended stratagems of the Boar of Ardenne, by communicating them in time, enables the King of France to frustrate their object, and himself and uncle, the archer of the Scotch guard, succeed in personally vanquishing the freebooter of the Ardenne, and the hand of Isabelle is bestowed upon Quentin Durward.

It is obvious that this plan admits of no diversity of characters. We have an astrologer and gypsies as we have in all this author's works; of the utter inanity of the female characters we have already spoken, the remaining characters are nothing more than a crafty, pliant and unprincipled statesman, a monarch of

the same description, and a feudal Duke of violent temper, with several of the diversities of the military character, with which the reader of this class of novels has long been so thoroughly well acquainted. Added to this, we have reiterations of the old descriptions of chivalrous as well as of less knightly rencontres, of military equipment, of mounting and relieving guard, of *donjon* keeps, of pallsadoes, and of all the means of defence and security peculiar to the middle ages.

Novels of this description will always acquire popularity for an author from the pleasurable excitement they are calculated to produce by their specific nature, independent of any excellence of execution; and although there are some of the novels of this author, such for instance as *Waverley* and the *Heart of Mid Lothian*, that will acquire him lasting fame, we doubt whether many of them will not fade from the public esteem, after having enjoyed a violent but short-lived reputation similar to that which attended the once popular, but now almost forgotten, romances of Horace Walpole, of Mrs. Radcliffe, and others of that class, and to which we may add the poems of this very author, the praises of which were as violent as they were ephemeral. Certain it is, that every publication by this author tends rather to diminish than to increase his reputation with sound judges; for each work is scarcely more than a new arrangement of the materials of his former productions; and even the scenes which do not amount to plagiarism are so closely in association with similar scenes in his preceding novels, that no reader of discernment can go through a new work without experiencing considerable impatience or even irritation. To support these two opinions, we may ask what reader can peruse the military character of Balafre, without immediately recognizing Captain Daiguetty and Michael Lambourne? Or who can read the arrival of the envoy Crevecoeur at Plessis, without identifying him with the envoy Campbell, sent by the Duke of Argyle to Montrose, in the novel founded upon the history of the rising of the Jacobite Clans under the latter nobleman?

Upon the second part of our observation we may ask, will not the playful yet masterly superiority and confidence of the disguised Louis over the sagacious but youthful Quentin Durward, on their first meeting, recall to the reader the meeting of Julian, Peveril and Ganselasse, on the road from Liverpool to Derbyshire? and is not the shooting of the leader of the enemy's patrol by Quentin, at the assault upon Ilege, a direct and exact copy of the scene of the highland centinel in the novel of Waverley? But it is almost trifling with the reader to point out such instances of plagiarism and association of characters, and of incidents; they are so numerous and palpable.

It may be observed of Fielding, as it has often been observed of Shakspeare, that there is an exclusive individuality in all his characters, and that, when he had done with one character, we hear no more of him, and no other character resembles him in the least, or in any degree to recall him to our recollection. His parson Adams, Thwackum, and Harrison, are as distinct beings as the mad Lear and the pretended madman Edgar. His Partridge is a character resembling nothing else in his novels, and his heroes Jones, Joseph Andrews, and Booth; his Colonels, James, and Bath; his Squires, Weston and Allworthy, are all as distinctly marked as the most opposite characters in real life; nor is there any one scene in his novels that reminds the reader of any incident in his preceding volumes. In this consists the test of real genius for the creation of diversified characters, and the supporting of them with distinctness through numerous events is the most difficult of all literary labours; and the surprising talent of this description forms the most solid pedestal of the fame of Shakspeare.

Very different is it with the author of these novels; for, as we have already observed, every new work presents us with old faces and old acquaintances in new garbs, and often in garbs that can hardly be called new. The gigantic, furious, and ferocious freehoofer; the athletic, sensual, and unmechanical captain

of a more disciplined army, and the lordly chief of his panoplied host, are for ever thrown out upon the canvass—*et ex uno disc omnes*.

But in this novel before us, there are many scenes of distinguished brilliancy, and some passages of considerable humour, but there is not the slightest attempt at pathos or at moving the feelings; every thing is addressed to the imagination of the reader. But there are to be found, interspersed in various parts of the novel, isolated passages containing important moral truths, acute observations on life and manners, or caustic satire, expressed with great smartness and dazzling brilliancy.

Perhaps it is hardly fair to judge by too high a standard an author, who supplies the book-market with such a bulk of matter, and with such prodigious rapidity. Taking Quentin Durward as an aspirant to the supremacy of the novel season of the year, we do not think its pretensions can be disputed, at least if we allow that amusement and not knowledge is the legitimate object of this species of composition; but, viewing it as a candidate for permanent celebrity, its pretensions we think are by no means as high as many of the author's previous works, and certainly not higher than many of those novels that are now known to the world, rather by the fame of their former days than by any present circulation amongst novel readers, or by any recurrence to them by the learned or by people of intellect. We must repeat an observation that we have before made upon this author, that it is rather lamentable that a person so highly endowed with imagination and sagacity, should not condescend to subject himself to more patient thoughts and his works to more careful revision. "To bridle in the struggling muse," as Addison terms it, is a very difficult, but a very necessary task, and this author's works, with all their merit, often compel us to reflect upon the well-known couplet—

"Ev'n copious Dryden wanted or forgot
The last, the noblest art—the art to blot."

The Innkeeper's Album, arranged for Publication. By W. F. Deacon, 8vo. pp. 429.

The unprecedented success of the "Sketch-Book" has produced, within a few years, a herd of imitators, some few of whom have attained the humour, others the pathos, but none the refinement of their master spirit. Indeed the mantle of the prophet is not to be caught by every star-gazer. The public attention has in consequence been directed to those pleasant ephemerides, better known by the name of essays, which, as they require little thought to compose, and still less to read, are admirably calculated to suit the meridian of a "reading public." Master Geoffrey Crayon has much to answer for at the tribunal of literature. Not only among a certain class of readers has he introduced a style of writing popular, both from its facility to author and reader, but, "like Cæsar's spirit raging for revenge," he has called "havoc and let slip the dogs of war" in the shape of innumerable wittlings, who have drugged the town even to satiety with volumes of miscellaneous matter.

But while we thus contumeliously designate the countless imitators of the American artist, we would not be supposed to include all in so sweeping a censure. Some few there are who, captivated by the surpassing delicacy of their original, have merely condescended to borrow his most striking felicities of thought and expression, which they have remodelled in the graceful impress of their own style and intellect. Now such a species of imitation is not only liberal but laudable. The sole object of reading is to gain ideas, and hence the master spirits of every age have (with few exceptions,) been those who have been the most devoted to study. Had the divine writers of Greece and Rome never existed, Ben Johnson would never have composed

his Alchemist, that glorious reflection of the light of other times—and if the early Italian poets on the restoration of literature in the south had descended in obscurity to the tomb, the Paradise Lost would have been shorn of its most splendid beams. Nay, even in our own days we see from experience, how much of an Ovid, Catullus, and Anacreon is necessary to constitute a Moore, and how the dramas of Beaumont and Fletcher serve to excite the emulation of Barry Cornwall. Of this species of imitation then we profess ourselves not merely tolerators but admirers, and it is this enlarged species of imitation that has led us to the consideration of the "Innkeeper's Album."

This miscellaneous volume professes to be the composition, of an author, who from certain pecuniary exigencies (no unusual phenomenon) has been compelled to deposit it with the grasping Innkeeper of a Welsh village: by him it is destined to see the light, and the schoolmaster of the hamlet is, with some difficulty, induced to undertake the editorship. Mr. Deacon accordingly hastens to London for the combined purposes of profit and publication, and, in a preface remarkable for its characteristic quaintness, details the explanatory intelligence which we have thus simply abridged. From the desultory nature of the volume, it will be impossible for us to give it a methodical review.

The "Coachman" is a very lively characteristic sketch, and evidently drawn from the remembrance of one particular individual. The tale of Twm. John Catty is a very interesting and spirited sketch.—It is principally descriptive of the freaks of this Welsh Rob Roy; who was at last overpowered in his strong holds at Cardigan. The death of his newly betrothed wife Elinor, the Lady of Llandiscent, is strikingly affecting.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE,

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

NORTH AMERICA.

In Tennessee, the white men have been prohibited from marrying the women of colour.

CHINA.

The Gazette of Pekin officially announces, that the Emperor has determined to reduce his army, which is stated to amount to 600,000 men, for China alone: of these the single province of Set-chuen has furnished 33970.

HOLLAND.

A native Improvisatore has attracted great attention at Amsterdam. Mons. de Clercq, a distinguished merchant of Amsterdam, had been exclusively engaged from his youth in the business of his counting-house. At the age of twenty seven he was enabled to devote his attention to literature, and to become eminent for his knowledge of history, and of Greek, Latin, Spanish, Italian, French, English, and German literature as well as of the literature of his own country. He gave a brilliant proof of his acquirements by his answer to the question proposed by the Second Class of the Institute. "What influence the literature of Spain, Italy, France, and Germany had had on that of Holland." The golden medal was voted to him for this answer in the sitting of 1822. He recited with enthusiasm passages from Calderon, Tasso, Voltaire, Byron, and Schiller. On any subject proposed by his friends, M. de Clercq will pour forth a torrent of imagery and fine ideas, clothed in good extempory verse. Professor Kinker of Liege, one of the most eminent poets in Holland, was very incredulous of Mons. de Clercq's merits, but having heard him give an Improvatore discourse upon the dramatic art, he paid ample homage to his surprising talents. Other eminent men have given an equal testimony to Mons. de Clercq's genius, and who, it must be observed, joins to these eminent abilities, the most engaging manners and noble principles. We insert this article as it has been transmitted to us by a very eminent literary character in Holland, and who assures us of the truth of it.

Haerlem, 14th April.— Singular commemoration of the invention of Printing. The Regency of this city having taking into consideration the report of the Commissioners, appointed to ascertain the date of the discovery

of the art of Printing, attributed to Laurence Coster, of Haerlem, and to propose the most eligible manner of celebrating the fourth centenary of the discovery, have determined to keep the festival on the 10th of July. M. Vander Palm has voluntarily undertaken to pronounce the oration upon that day, and a monument of stone will be erected in the park of the city. Haerlem, Maastricht, and Strasbourg, dispute the honour of this invention, which was made in 1442 or 1443. There are preserved at Haerlem the first typographical blocks of wood, and the books which were taken from them, called *Der spiegel van onze zalighey* (the Mirror of Health). This book is enclosed in a silver case, confided to the care of several magistrates, each of whom has a key different from the others.

RUSSIA.

The St. Petersburg Bible Society held its annual public meeting, on the 8th July, 1822, in the Great Hall of the Palace of Tauride. The Prince Alexander Galitzin, minister of public instruction and of worship, presided at the meeting, and opened the business by stating the great success of the society throughout the empire. The Council of this Society consists of sixty-three members, viz.:—of a president, twenty-two vice-presidents, three vice-presidents of Auxiliary Societies, resident at St. Petersburg, thirty-one directors and six presidents. The Russian translation of the New Testament and of the Psalms was prosecuted with zeal in 1821; and the great success of the society is attributed to the journeys undertaken in the same year by three members of the society, for the purpose of inspecting the Auxiliary Societies in the provinces.

Moscow.—In a sitting, on the 28th September last, of the Russian Bible Society, the report of the proceedings was given for the last four months of May, June, July, and August. It appears that 2262 bibles, testaments, and psalteries in the Russian language had been sold for 7744 roubles, 50 kopecks. That there had been transmitted to the Auxiliary Societies 2104 copies for 10,570 roubles, 10 kopecks. In all 4,866 copies for 18,314 roubles, 60 kopecks; 28 copies had been distributed gratis to the poor. Among these

copies, 1268 were newly printed in the Polish language. The translation of the psalms into Russian was done at the expense of the Society of Moscow, which had just prepared a second edition of the Russian New Testament, with a Sclavonian Text. Three members of the committee have undertaken the office of visiting the prisons, the hospitals, and the houses of the poor, and of supplying them with the Scriptures. The Bible Society of Petersburg has communicated to that of Moscow several facts relative to the success of the Bible Societies of other countries.

Last September, the Russian exports to China amounted to 57,822 roubles; their exports of foreign articles to Persia in the same month amounted to 656,597 roubles, whilst the imports into Jewpatorge from Trapezonti and Constantinople, during the month of October, did not exceed 3,105 roubles.

On the 10th October last, the government emancipated one-fourth of the peasants of Livonia, and the remainder will be emancipated by thirds in the succeeding years, so that by 1825 vassalage and slavery will cease to exist in that country.

Of the commercial cities on the borders of the Black Sea, Taganrog, by its flourishing trade, has been rendered the next in rank to Odessa. This city was founded, by Catherine the Second in 1770, and it already possesses 170 stone warehouses and a public bank. The imports into Taganrog during the last ten years have amounted to 47,649,785 roubles, and its exports to 67,433,818 roubles. There are twenty mercantile firms in the city, of which M. Warwazzi's is one of the most considerable.

GERMANY.

A person in Austria has recently invented a species of rocket, which ascends to such a prodigious height, that it is said they have been seen at a distance of more than forty leagues. If this be the fact, these rockets may be of great use as signals, and especially in geographical admeasurements of the earth.

SWEDEN.

Mons. J. Guill Zetterstedt, professor of botany at the University of Lund, and author of several esteemed works upon natural history, undertook in 1821, a voyage of science in ascending the river Tornea and traversing the Norwegian and Finland borders of the Frozen Ocean. He repaired to Tromsø and the environs of the North Cape,

and travelled on foot by unfrequented routs to Karesuando in Swedish Lapland, and thence to Kengis and Hastaranda. The professor intends to publish his observations on these countries as well as a *Prodromus fanarum insectorum Lapponicarum*. He has discovered many species of insects, and the University has already received from him a considerable collection of objects of natural history.

The pupils and friends of M. Ling, professor at Stockholm, who has rendered himself so celebrated by his depth of knowledge and by his poetical talents, have had a medallion struck to his honour. One side contains an effigy of the professor, with his name in Anglo-Saxon letters. On the other side is a harp and a gothic sword, with an inscription in Runic Icelandic characters. The medal has been struck by M. Malm, an artist of great merit.

The works for joining the Baltic to lake Malaern, by the canal of Soeder telje, were completed at the latter end of 1819. The trade of the provinces of Upland, Westmaunia, Sudermania, and of Nericia, must increase in consequence of this new communication. The junction of the lakes Wenern and Wetteren, so ardently desired by the interior provinces, was effected in 1822. The navigation of the coasts of Smaland and of Ostrogothia is open as far as the North Sea, and the public works have been continued from lake Wetteren to the Baltic. This great monument, dating from the period when Sweden was even threatened with the loss of her name, will evince to posterity the bold designs of men who could even direct their thoughts to the junction of the two seas. The consequences, which ought to result from the completion of these works, will accord with the dignity of the nation, and with the perseverance which characterises it.

According to the proclamation or programme, the University of Upsal on the 1st. October last, was regulated as follows:—Theology, five professors, three assistants, and two fellows; Laws, two professors, two assistants, and three fellows; Medicine, five professors, three assistants; Belles Lettres, thirteen professors, five assistants, twelve fellows.

The king has patronised the work entitled "Swedish Botany," and the continuation of it is confided by the University to Dr. Wahlberg. This learned gentleman, last summer, visited Scania, in order to compose an Herbarium

or Flora of that province. M. Hifinger, at the same time, made a geological visit to Norway, the N. W. coasts of which kingdom have also been explored by M. Marklin, a learned entomologist. The astronomer Cronstaedt had repaired to the centre provinces to carry on the trigonometrical survey, which by the order of the government is to be made of all Sweden.

POLAND.

One of the Journals of Warsaw announces, that Count Dzialinski has brought to that city a small folio of from thirty to forty pages, entirely in the hand-writing of Napoleon. The identity of the writing is certified by Montholon, Mounier, and by the Duke of Bassano. The contents of the volume are, several curious documents relating to the history of France and of Europe, a paper upon the improvement of Turkish artillery, several fragments on the campaign of Italy, and, what is still more important, a plan of the first campaign in Spain, dictated by Napoleon to the Duke of Abrantes, and in the margins of which are several notes. The volume further contains several hitherto unknown documents relative to the settling of lines of demarcation between France and Austria.

Nathau Rosenfeld, a Jew merchant of Warsaw, has written a history of Poland, in Hebrew.

ITALY.

The Gazette of Naples announces that several of the unedited MSS. of the celebrated Cotugno have been stolen since his decease. Among others are mentioned, his notes upon Celsus; his travels in Italy and Germany; his treatises upon anatomy, pathology, and nosology, and upon the diseases of women. His history of an acephalous animal, which lived twelve days, and his observations on the egg of a pigeon that was found to contain another egg, with many valuable observations arranged in a manner similar to those of Morgani in his *De causis et sedibus morborum per anatomen indagatis*, and an interesting dissertation, *De plectiformi auris humanae*, in which he demonstrates how many phenomena can be explained by the accessory nerve now discovered by Willis, and the causes of our experiencing different sensations from the sounds of certain instruments. If these MSS. be not recovered, they will be a great loss to the learned world, and medical science in particular.

A verse translation of Sir Walter Scott's *Lady of the Lake* has just been published at Palermo.

SWITZERLAND.

The Society of Evangelical Missionaries at Basle have just published the annual report which was laid before them on the 1st. of August last; by M. Blumhardt. It contains intelligence of the ten pupils who left Basle in 1818, to act as missionaries in distant countries prescribed to them by the Society. Two of these, Messrs. Mullar and Bormeister, have established themselves at the Island of Seram, in the Moluccas; a third, Mr. J. Kiuderlingen, is at Paliocotte, a Dutch establishment on the coast of Coromandel; his school consists of thirty-seven children, of which six are Pagans. Two others of the pupils, named Jetter and Durr, are near Burdwan, in Bengal, employed by the English Missionary Society, they are entrusted with the care of fourteen schools, consisting of about 1000 young people of the country.

FRANCE.

Metz (Moselle) Society of Literature, Sciences, and Arts.—This society purposes to open, in May next an exhibition of the produce of the industry of the department. The society has, therefore, addressed a circular to all the artists and manufacturers of the department of the Moselle, requiring their aid to effect the proposed exhibition. The cheapest and most ordinary articles will be exhibited as well as the most costly, and the work of single artisans, as well as the produce of manufactories. The same principle will be observed in the distribution of the medals. A report of the different objects exhibited will be made to the general meeting of the society, and on which occasion the medals will be distributed.

Mons. J. Feret, a bookseller at Bordeaux, has been condemned to one years' imprisonment, and to a fine of 500 francs, with a prohibition of carrying on his business for one year, for selling two copies of a work in four volumes, entitled "Eight years of Napoleon."

A royal ordinance of the 26th February, 1823, authorizes the laying down of an iron road or rail-way, from the Loire to the Pont de l'Ane, upon the river of Furens, through the coal tracks (territoire houiller) of St. Stephens. The work is to be completed in five years.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Just published, Whittingham's French Classics, vol. 1, containing Paul et Virginie, par St. Pierre. Price 2s. 6d. sewed.

The Napoleon Anecdotes, complete in 3 vols. 15s. boards.

The Book of Fate, fourth edition. 5s. boards.

Whittingham's Cabinet Edition of Elegant Extracts in Poetry, selected by R. A. Davenport, Esq. Part I and 2, price 2s. 6d. each, to be continued monthly.

In the press, Imaginary Conversations of Literary Men and Statesmen. By Walter Savage Landor, Esq. in 1 vol. 8vo.

A Classical Assistant to the Study of Homer, Virgil, &c. in the translations of Pope and Dryden. By Mrs. Orm, in 1 vol. 8vo.

Journal of a Tour in France, in the years 1817 and 1818. By Francis Jane Carey, 8vo.

Flora Domestica; or, the Portable Flower Garden, with Directions for the Treatment of Plants in Pots, and Illustrations from the works of the Poets. In 1 volume, 8vo.

Early in July will be published, vol. 2, of Whittingham's French Classics, containing Elizabeth, or les Exilés en Sibérie. Par Madame Cottin.

Whittingham's Pocket Novelists, vol. 13, containing Joseph Andrews. By Fielding.

Whittingham's Cabinet Edition of Elegant Extracts in Poetry, selected by R. A. Davenport, Esq. Part III. Price 2s. 6d., to be completed in 12 monthly parts.

Preparing for publication, Six Etchings, from Pen Drawings, of Interesting Scenes in Italy, drawn and etched by Mr. W. Cowen, and dedicated, by permission, to Lord Viscount Milton. Size of the prints 16 inches by 10.

Mr. Herbert Mayo has in the press, a Second Number of his Anatomical and Physiological Commentaries.

The following works will be published during the present month.

Observations made during a Residence in the Tarentaise and various Parts of the Grecian and Pennine Alps, in Savoy, and in Switzerland and Auvergne, in the Years 1820, 1821, and 1822, with Remarks on the present State of Society, Manners, Religion, Agriculture, Climate, &c. By Robert Bakewell, Esq. In 2 vols. 8vo. Illustrated with Plates, &c. &c.

The English Flora. By Sir J. E. Smith, President of the Linnæan Society, &c. &c. In 8vo. So much has

been done in Botany since the publication of this Author's *Flora Britannica* and *English Botany*, especially with regard to natural affinities; and he has for thirty years past found so much to correct, in the characters and synonyms of British Plants, that this will be entirely an original work. The language also is attempted to be reduced to a correct standard. The *genera* are reformed, and the *species* defined, from practical observation; and it is hoped the expectations of British botanists will not be disappointed.

Journal of a Ten Months' Residence in New Zealand. By Captain A. Cruise, of the 84th Regiment. In 8vo.

The Three Perils of Woman. By James Hogg, Author of the "Three Perils of Man," &c. In 3 vols. 12mo.

A Geognostical Essay on the Superposition of Rocks in both Hemispheres. By M. de Humboldt. And translated into English, under his immediate inspection. In 1 vol. 8vo.

A Picturesque Voyage round Great Britain, containing a Series of Views, illustrative of the Character and prominent Features of the Coast. By W. Daniell, A.R.A. Volume the Seventh. In imperial 4to.

Sketches of the Lives of Correggio and Parmegiano, with Notices of their principal works; beautifully printed in small 8vo. with a Portrait.

Self-Delusion, or Adelaide d'Hauteroche. By the Author of "Domestic Scenes." In 2 vols. 12mo.

Lectures on the General Structure of the Human Body, and on the Anatomy and Functions of the Skin; delivered before the Royal College of Surgeons of London, during the course of 1823. By Thomas Chevalier, F.R.S. F.S.A. and F.L.S., Surgeon Extraordinary to the King, and Professor of Anatomy and Surgery to the College. In 1 vol. 8vo.

The Royal Naval Biography, vol. I parts I. and II. In 8vo. containing Memoirs of all the Flag-Officers living at the commencement of the present year. By John Marshall, (B), Lieut. R.N.

Vols. II. and III., containing Memoirs of the Captains and Commanders, will appear shortly.

The History of the Anglo-Saxons, from their first appearance in Europe to the end of their Dynasty in England; comprising the History of England from the Norman Conquest. By Sharon Turner, F.S.A. The Fourth Edition, in 3 thick vols. 8vo. corrected and improved, with a Map.

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE, ITALIAN OPERA.

SINCE our last number, we have witnessed the representation of a new Opera, called *Ricciardo et Zoraide*; which, as a dramatic production, is like the great mass of serious Italian Operas, beneath Criticism; it is made up by ROSSINI from all his anterior works, and scarcely contains a passage that may not be found in one or other of his numerous compositions. The *dramatis persone* are as follows:—

Agorante, an African .
 Conqueror Sig. Garcia.
Ricciardo, the lover of
Zoraide, and friend
 of *Ernesto* Sig. Curioni.
Ernesto, a French Am-
 bassador Sig. Reina.
Ircano, father of *Zo-
 raide* Sig. Porto.
Zoraide, a captive, in
 love with *Ricciar-
 do* Mad. Camporese.
Zomira, wife of *Ago-
 rante* Mad. Vestris.
Fatima Mad. Graziani.

The music, like all the compositions of Rossini, is of unequal merit. Part of it is distinguished by fancy and genius; but the greater portion is meagre and unintellectual; distinguished rather by noise which offends the ear, than by that well-arranged harmony which satisfies the taste. But, though inferior to some of this master's earlier productions, we consider the present Opera to possess more spirit and originality than some of those which have been recently performed. It is not rich in melodies; but many of the concerted pieces are elaborately beautiful. The *finale* to the first act is excellent; it is equal to any previous effort of this indefatigable composer: it abounds in variety. The passions which mingle in the scene are various,

and they are described by a beautifully corresponding variety of sound. The only part of the *finale* to which we object, is that beginning "*Qual suono terribile!*" which dreadful sound is nothing more than a lively movement on the harp. The opening chorus is energetic and expressive. It is the best and most original in the Opera. It opens with a strain grand and solemn. The succeeding movement on the horn is most pleasing; and the march which follows must, for its chaste sweetness, become a favourite: Madame Camporese sustained the part of *Zoraide* in fine style. Garcia, who appeared as *Agorante*, was also very successful. Rossini's music is well adapted to the almost too florid style in which this gentleman delights. Curioni received much applause, as *Ricciardo*, chiefly on account of his cadences, several of which were full of expression. *Ircano*, the father of *Zoraide*, and *Zomira*, the slighted mistress of *Agorante*, were very well supported by Signor Porto and Madame Vestris.

A new Ballet has also been introduced, entitled *Alphonse et Leonore ou L'Amant Peintre*. It is neither remarkable for splendid display, nor for striking incident; it is merely an enlarged *Divertissement*. The greatest attraction it possesses is a castanet dance by Coulon, and Madame Ronzi Vestris, which was received with great applause, and deservedly encored. Since the departure of Mercandotti, this lady has been without comparison the public favourite, and she dances with more vivacity and grace, and imparts more of mind into her expressive attitudes and grouping, than any other votary of Terpsichore, at present in this country.

DRURY LANE.

WE have nothing to report this month of this Theatre peculiarly interesting: there has been no new piece of any kind, except an ephemeral Ballet, called *The Festive Cottagers*. The benefits engrossed almost all the business of the Theatre, and we are happy to find that many of them were very productive; particularly those of Miss Stephens, and Braham. As both the Winter Theatres

will close before the appearance of our next number, we now take our leave of them; thanking Mr. Elliston, in the name of the public, for the liberal and spirited management he has displayed during this season; and we have no doubt but his great exertions in altering and improving the internal state of the Theatre, and in procuring a great number of our best actors, have been rewarded by an abundant harvest.

COVENT GARDEN.

ALTHOUGH the *Benefits* have engrossed nearly all the nights of the past month, this Theatre has not been without novelties, and perhaps there has not been a more amusing Farce introduced during the present season, at Covent Garden, than *Cent. per Cent.* or *The Masquerade*; which, in defiance of the improbability of the plot, and the broadness of some of the allusions, has been favourably received. Its main incidents arise chiefly from the scheme of the wife of an old usurer to give a grand masquerade in the house of her husband, without his knowledge, and which she hopes to accomplish, after she has failed in her attempts to send him into the country, by the aid of an impudent Irish empiric and a draught of his tincture. At this masquerade no less than three pair of lovers design to carry off their mistresses to *Gretna-green*; the first of whom consist of his own daughter and a gay spendthrift deep in his debt; the second of his elderly sister (Mrs. Davenport) and the Irish ruffian (Mr. Connor), who are appropriately habited as a shepherdess and a Cupid; and the third are a young lady and gentleman of no value at all but to fill up the scene. Unhappily, however, *Mr. Pennyfarthing* (Farren), the usurer, cheats the doctor; awakes to be astonished and "perplexed in the extreme," and finally mingles with the masks, looks up the supper-room, and retaliates his own amazement on the company. The *Miser* causes a report to be circulated that he is very ill; the *Doctor* thinks this no reason for postponing the supper; but the young lover insists that no dish shall be tasted till his safety is announced; on which *Mr. Pennyfarthing* gives him his daughter, though he had that morning attempted to arrest him for 600l. Notwithstanding these absurdities, there are two or three as pleasant scenes in this Farce as we have lately witnessed in any piece of the kind.

Since our last number an event has occurred, which we were among the first to predicate would prove most successful, we mean the appearance of Miss F. H. KELLY, in the character of *Belvidera* in Otway's affecting tragedy of *Venice Preserved*, which she performed for her benefit. The Public were so eager to testify their approbation of this young lady's *Juliet* by an early attendance at her Benefit,

that the pit was full in the extreme before the rising of the curtain; and more than one hundred applicants were obliged to leave the Theatre for want of places in the boxes, before the first act was over; for there was not a single place vacant, except the back seats in the slips, which were opened on this occasion; a circumstance almost unheard of at a benefit. The boxes were filled with the most numerous and highly fashionable company witnessed at this Theatre, since the last visit of His Majesty; and the cordiality with which Miss Kelly was received, and the unequivocal testimonies of unbounded applause from an elegant, enlightened, and unbiassed audience, have securely seated her on the vacant throne of Melpomene. The public are now perfectly convinced of the powers of this young actress; and the sneers and malignant aspersions of theatrical envy, which, in the absurdity of its folly, asserted that she was unable to perform any character, but that of *Juliet*, now recoil on their authors.

Although evidently labouring under considerable agitation, occasioned by the singularity of her situation, which might in some measure be considered a second first-appearance; though conscious that all her future expectations of fame and fortune depended on that evening's result; though almost oppressed with gratitude for the high estimation in which the public held her, as evinced by the unparalleled overflow of the house; and impressed with a strong sense of the injustice which she had experienced in almost every department of the theatre; and almost sinking under the timidity and gentleness of her disposition, heightened by her extreme youth and comparatively slight experience in the business of the stage; this amiable and accomplished young lady surmounted all the difficulties of her situation, and her performance that evening has fixed her in public opinion as the first actress of the day. Miss Kelly has performed *Belvidera* a second time, when she even improved on her first performance. "Wherever she resigned herself to her own feelings and gave vent, with a semblance of artless simplicity, to that fond and devoted tenderness which constitutes the very essence of this character, she was irresistibly delightful. The softened tones of her voice came to the heart with all the

charm of pathetic harmony, and found an echo there to convince us that a stronger mind than that of *Jaffier* might have been strayed from its purpose by such a *Belvidera*. Nor was she less successful in the passages of more frantic emotion. The approximations to derangement in her last scene but one, when *Jaffier* tears himself from her arms "for ever," and the desperation of anguish that drives her to the brink of insanity, were as effective as we ever witnessed." The paroxysms of that derangement, in the concluding scene, were exhibited in a style admirably chaste and effective. We consider Miss F. H. Kelly to be an actress of more native genius than her

far-famed predecessor, Miss O'Neil, who certainly had the advantage in age and experience. It is said, and perhaps with truth, that Miss O'Neil excelled Miss Kelly in the declamatory parts. This is but a meagre and very equivocal superiority, for, at the same time, it is admitted that Miss Kelly excels Miss O'Neil in delicacy, tenderness, and unaffected bursts of native feeling. We admit the justness of this criticism, well knowing that declamation, which is the cold fruit of study, may be easily acquired by experience: delicacy, sensibility, warm and tender bursts of feeling, never!—*nascuntur non fiunt*.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

WE have the pleasure to announce the re-opening of this favourite theatre, so well adapted to the display of histrionic talent, being neither too large nor too small. We may trace the commencement of the decay of the regular drama to the period, when Drury-lane and Covent-garden theatres assumed the dimensions almost of Roman amphitheatres, from which time they have been principally devoted to that for which they are most fitted, gorgeous spectacles. It is true that Drury-lane has undergone almost incredible improvement in this respect previous to the opening of the present season, and we can now hear and see with tolerable precision. The unambitious size of the Haymarket theatre, and the genteel company that patronize it, will always render it one of the best schools for actors in the metropolis. The theatre has been re-touched in the painting, and the most scrupulous attention seems to have been bestowed upon its neatness and convenience, we therefore have no doubt that it will prove a very attractive place of amusement during the time the winter theatres are closed; especially as the following performers are engaged whom the public have long sanctioned with unequivocal applause. Messrs. Liston, Terry, Cooper, and Harley; Mesdames Chatterley, Orger, and Madame Vestris; Misses Paton, Chester, Booth, and Love.

The first piece represented this season was a delightful little drama in one act, taken from an old play, and entitled *Summer Flies; or, The Will for the Dead*. Among the novelties selected by the Manager for the present season, is *Mr. Vain*, from the Bath theatre, who appeared as *Young Rapid* in the droll and varied Comedy of *A Cure for the Heart Ache*. The ap-

plause which he received must have fully answered his own expectations, for there is always some mixture of fear with the most sanguine hopes, and there was no unpleasant mixture with the applause he elicited. His performance of this character is a very clever and lively piece of acting.

Another new piece in one act has been produced under the title of *Mrs. Smith; or, the Wife and the Widow*. The jest on which it turns is rather a stale one—the commonness of the name of *Smith*. Two ladies, each of whom has a legitimate title to the honours of the name, occupy apartments in the same boarding-house; one of them (*Mrs. Orger*) is the wife of *Mr. Smith*, whom Liston personates; and the other (*Mrs. Chatterley*) is the widow of *Mr. Smith* deceased, and quite willing to resign her name for the more distinguishing appellation of *Wentworth*.—The husband and the lover talk each of his *Mrs. Smith* in such a manner as to excite each other's jealousy. The ladies are accused to their utter astonishment, and the widow's uncle is on the point of becoming second to the adversary of his nephew, when the two *Mrs. Smiths* appear at once, solve the mystery, and conclude the piece. The equivocal is cleverly sustained.

In the *Marriage of Figaro* Miss Johnson, from the York theatre, made her first appearance as the *Countess*. She possesses the advantage of a fine person, and an air and manner much further removed from vulgarity than is usual with actresses, who have undergone the ordeal of country theatres. As a singer she will perhaps never rank very high, but there are gleams of archness and indications of sense and spirit in her acting, which may render her a useful acquisition.

POLITICAL DIGEST.

DURING the month the Marriage Act has been discussed in *limine* by the Upper House, and several salutary alterations have been made in its enactments, and some of its most objectionable provisions have been got rid of. The want of the consent of parents or guardians, or the non-age of the parties, was enacted to be no ground of nullity—by a division of 28 to 22. The publication of banns was continued by the Committee, as well as the prohibition of marriages within the degrees of consanguinity contained in the table published in 1563.

The Marquis of Lansdown moved the second reading of the bill for relieving dissenters from the obligation of celebrating their marriages according to the rites and tenets of the Established Church. The bill was ably supported by Lords Ellenborough and Calthorp, and opposed by several of the bishops, and was lost by a division of 27 to 21.

On the 19th the Duke of Devonshire, in a speech not often surpassed in either House, called the attention of government to the dreadful state of Ireland. His Grace very pertinently observed, that in a country where the laws were despised by all the lower orders, and considered as laws of oppression rather than of protection; in a country where the lower and the upper classes of society were invariably in a state of hostility against each other, and where the poor are divided amongst themselves and in a state bordering upon barbarity, it behoved a government to be diffident of their system, and to inquire seriously into such an extraordinary and alarming state of things. His Grace forcibly argued, that during the existence of the present laws which degraded the Catholic, or in other terms, the majority of the people, it was impossible for the government to pursue that system of equal justice which could alone tranquillize the sister kingdom. His Grace with great moderation, but with great force stigmatized the present measures of administration, as measures of trimming and of paltry indecision, which would irritate the one faction without pacifying the great body of the people. He observed, that it was absolutely necessary either to adapt the government to the general sense of the people, or to strengthen the orange faction to a degree that would enable it to rule the majority of the country by terror and by force. He concluded, by moving several resolutions, which de-

clared in substance, that the miseries and frightful anarchy prevalent in Ireland, arose from inherent defects in the system of government, and that it was the duty of the House to inquire into the means of effecting a permanent amelioration. The motion was supported by Lords Clifden, Caledon, Gosford, King, and Darnley, by the Duke of Leinster, by the Marquis of Lansdown, and by Lord Holland, in a most eloquent speech. Lords Liverpool and Maryborough, and the Earl of Limeric opposed the motion, which was eventually lost by a division of 59 to 105. This very unusual number of opponents to government in the Upper House, evinces the momentous consequences attached by the peerage to the present system pursued by his Majesty's government towards the Irish, and nothing can more completely establish the patriotism and the enlightened views of the Duke of Devonshire, than the reflection, that of all individuals he would personally suffer the most by the tythe commutation bill, and by the system of measures that he so strongly recommends.

In the House of Commons the inquiry into the conduct of the Sheriff of Dublin has been brought to a termination. The criminal, if not blasphemous oaths and proceedings of the Orange Society were revealed to the House. The oath of the Orangeman makes his allegiance to the king and government conditional, upon his approval of his Majesty's measures, and is therefore treasonable to the highest degree. If one religious faction may take such oaths, all may take them, and we need not say that no state of society could exist if every member of the community were allowed to bind himself by an oath not to "defend or support" the sovereign, but on the coincidence of his measures with the individual's religious notions. The whole of this investigation proves, that the laws are partially and iniquitously administered in the sister kingdom, and that from this mal-administration of the laws arises that spirit of faction, and of furious hostility which renders Ireland a scene of rapine and desolation. With respect, however, to the charge against the Sheriff, it is understood that further proceedings will be staid, owing to the indisposition of the member who was to have made a motion upon the subject. To recapitulate this extraordinary and perhaps unprecedented proceeding, we must remind

our readers that it originated in a serious charge of perverting the laws made by the majority of the House against the Attorney General of Ireland, who defended himself by pleading that his conduct had been rendered necessary by the extreme corruption of the Sheriff of Dublin. The House therefore instituted an inquiry into the conduct of the Sheriff; his guilt, and what is of more consequence, the general mal-administration of the laws is established by evidence, which has cost the country a large sum of money, and which has consumed a valuable portion of the session; and yet, after the termination of the evidence, the whole proceedings are dropt at a tangent. We are disposed to dwell upon this question, as it forms a remarkable feature in our domestic government. A question, somewhat analogous to the preceding, was discussed in the House on the 4th of June. We allude to the mode of empanneling juries in England. Those members who asserted the present practice of empanneling juries to be corrupt, supported their case by a quotation of several very strong instances of packing juries, and they argued with great force that the Clerk of the Crown could not possibly persist in a mode of empanneling juries which left the nomination of every jurymen at his sole and arbitrary command; but from some sinister motives, that the Clerk of the Crown having his appointment, his means of support, and his prospects dependant upon the government, could not be impartial in his selection but upon the supposition of his possessing more virtue than has ever been attributed to mankind; virtue sufficient to make individuals prefer abstract right and strict duty to their interests and inclinations: they therefore urged that juries should be chosen from the freeholders book, by ballot, or by other means that would give accused persons a chance of being judged by the average state of knowledge, and of sentiments amongst their fellow-citizens. The question was concluded, by Mr. Williams promising to bring in a bill to enact, that special jurors should in future be elected by ballot.

Lord Nugent brought before the House a proposition to place the Catholics of England and Scotland on an equal footing with those of Ireland.—Mr. Peel objected to the benefits being extended to the Catholics of Scotland, as such a measure would be inconsistent with several of the conditions of the Act of Union; but he fully agreed that the elective franchise and eligibility to the office of magistrate ought

to be extended to the English Catholics, but with respect to the propriety of admitting Roman Catholics to higher offices, he would reserve his opinion to a future stage of the question. The House was unanimous upon the two first points, and Dr. Phillimore and Mr. Brougham were appointed to frame a bill to that effect.

Lord Archibald Hamilton brought forward a motion relative to the imperfect state of the representation in Scotland. He stated, that in Scotland representation bore no relation either to property or to numbers. Rich proprietors might have a vote by granting copyhold property of one shilling value per annum to each tenant. That in all Scotland there were only 2,889 electors, his Lordship himself possessed numerous votes in five counties, without owning an acre of land in any, and he might do the same in every county of Scotland. The majority of Scotch voters were situated in a manner similar to his Lordship. Some Scotch counties had only nine voters, whilst none had more than 240. His Lordship after exposing the scandalous corruption to which such absurdities gave birth, concluded by moving resolutions, pledging the House to take the subject into consideration. The House divided upon the motion, ayes 117, noes 152.—On the succeeding day a charge of unjust and oppressive conduct was made against the Lord Advocate of Scotland in the discharge of his official duties, and the House divided, 102 against 96, leaving the Lord Advocate a majority of only six.

The able and eloquent member for Lincoln, Mr. Williams, brought before the House a motion upon the present state of the Court of Chancery. He animadverted upon the vexatious and ruinous delays in the proceedings of the Court, and upon the indecision of the Chancellor's character. In 1813, when the Vice-Chancellor's Court was about to be established, there were 141 Chancery cases in arrear, with 61 exceptions; 16 pleas and demurrers, and 41 re-hearings; and now the arrear cases were increased by 20, and the exceptions were 64 in the year 1822; in Michaelmas term 1822, the pleas and demurrers were more than doubled, whilst the forty-one re-hearings had been increased to 101, and whilst the Vice-Chancellor in eight years had decided 14,560, the Chancellor had decided only 5,155. He then went into the detail of several cases, to shew the expense, and absolute ruin inflicted upon unfortunate people, by the dilatory proceedings in the Chancery

Court, and he expatiated upon the proverbial delinquency of the Court in point of fees and procrastination. The motion was supported by Mr. M. A. Taylor, Mr. Denman, Mr. Scarlett, and by Mr. Brougham with considerable power; and it was opposed by the Attorney General, the Solicitor General, and by Mr. Wetherell. After an adjourned debate, the House divided, for the motion 89, against it 174.

Mr. Creevy called the attention of the house to the application of the fund, raised by the duty of four and a half per cent. upon five of the West India Islands, Barbadoes, St. Kitts, Montserrat, Nevis, and Antigua. He observed that this fund had been imposed upon these Islands, for the purpose of their defence and of local improvements, and that its application to other objects was a breach of faith, and a violation of honesty, but nevertheless that pensions were secured upon the fund greater than its whole amount, and the deficiency had been made good by a seizure of sums from the Droits of Admiralty. He instanced pensions of 1000*l.* a year each to two of the King's Sisters, the Duchess of Gloster and the Princess of Hamborough; pensions of 500*l.* per annum each to the five natural daughters of the Duke of Clarence; pensions of 600*l.* per annum to each of Mr. Canuing's sisters; and a pension to Mrs. Huskisson. Mr. Brougham expatiated upon the extreme distress of the West India Islands, and upon the strong injustice and cruelty of making the people in the West Indies pay for the support of ladies whose names they might otherwise have never heard of. The House negatived Mr. Creevy's motion by a division of 103 to 46.

Mr. Hume then brought forward a motion upon the expenses of the Coronation. He stated that the government had obtained the sanction of that House to the Coronation, by laying before it an estimate of 100,000*l.* and that the expenses had come to 238,000*l.* He then animadverted in strong terms upon several items in the accounts, and particularly upon a charge of 111,000*l.* for fitting up Westminster Abbey and Westminster Hall; 24,700*l.* for his Majesty's robe, 9000*l.* for the hire of the Crown, another charge of 50,000*l.* for fitting up Westminster Hall, and numerous charges of a most extraordinary nature. Mr. Hume's motion was lost by a division of 65 to 110. He then went into the Civil Contingency List, and after making many strong observations upon several of the items, he complained of the great

increase of charge, under the head of Diplomatic Services, and drew a comparison between the expenses of this service, and what was incurred in 1792, the year which government had avowedly taken as the basis of their calculation. Mr. Canning entered into a defence of this excess, and assured the House, that the total charge of 252,265*l.* was within the sum voted for this service by the House in 1816. Upon a division Mr. Hume's motion was lost.

Although it will be seen by the preceding matter, that the parliamentary business of the month has embraced a variety of measures relating to our domestic policy, it is obvious, that the division upon each question indicates a continuance of our government in precisely the same principles of policy by which they have always been guided. We regret the evil effect likely to be produced upon the public mind, by the exposure of the expenses of the coronation, and of the pensions secured upon the four and a half per cent West India fund. We trust that the government will themselves meliorate the Court of Chancery, which, instead of being a fountain of justice, is a dreadful infliction upon a great portion of the community. One material feature in the parliamentary history of the month is the disposition evinced by the House to concede several important points to the English Catholics, and to restore to them their elective franchise, with the privilege of holding commissions of Justice of the Peace. We wish the same mild spirit of concession could be evinced by government towards the Irish, especially as the administration is strong enough to carry any measures against that faction which would reduce their country to a desert, for the sake of gratifying their religious bigotry. The most important debate, in relation to the liberty of the subject, was that upon the packing of juries by the Clerk of the Crown Office. It ought to be the effort of every government to approach as near as possible to the highest standard of moral and political excellence, and we need not observe, that a practice which unnecessarily places any great public officer in a continual state of content between his interests and his oath of office, and thereby endangers the very fountain of justice, ought to be reprobated by every person having the interests of religion and of human happiness at heart. We cannot but regret the fate of Lord Archibald Hamilton's motion upon the system of representation in Scotland. The represen-

tative system of government is either bad or good, if bad, let us abandon the institutions of our forefathers, and give up the representative system in England; if good, let us extend the benefits of that system to Scotland, for to call the present mode of sending members to Parliament from Scotland a representative system, is mocking the decency of discussion; but imperfect

and heterogeneous as our government may be in theory and practice, we have confidence that his Majesty's administration will avail themselves of every safe opportunity of approximating our institutions, both legislative and executive, to the improved state of the general intelligence of every branch of society.

FOREIGN.

THE foreign politics of the month are more important in principle, and in future consequences than in their immediate effects. Since publishing our last number, the Duke d'Angoulême has entered the Spanish capital, and has placed the country under a Regency of Spanish Nobles, acting in the name of Ferdinand. This military occupation of Madrid is so consonant to the Spanish system of warfare, that it forms no promise of success on the part of the French, and it has excited no other sensation than an anxiety to learn what moral effect the possession of the capital would have on the country at large. The entry into Madrid, of the French, was viewed as a barometer, to ascertain the pulse of all orders of Spanish people, and we are happy to have to record, that this test has put beyond all question the most extraordinary unanimity of the Spaniards in the cause of freedom. The French, in spite of the *éclat* of possessing the capital, in spite of their artful use of Ferdinand's name, and in spite of their military coercion of the poor, and their extensive bribery of the higher classes, have created no public demonstration whatever in their favour. In every revolution, the blind prejudices of men of weak minds in favour of established systems, and the extensive means that a government has of corrupting and influencing a vast portion of the community against improvement of every kind, always ensures a strong opposition to the patriot cause; but in Spain, more unanimity has been evinced by every class of people in favour of liberty, than has been ever witnessed in any crisis of thorough change of political institutions in other countries. The French justified their invasion of the Peninsula, upon the principle, that the greater part of the Spaniards were averse to the new Constitution, and that they were coerced by the violence of the constitutionists, and, therefore, the advance of an army

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into Spain would be justifiable on the principle of liberating the majority, and establishing the species of government wished for by the greater number. They have now, however, found that so immense is the majority in favour of the Constitution, that even within the range of their cannon, and within the influence of their bribery, they cannot procure any demonstration of public feeling in their favour. To be consistent, therefore, in argument or just in principle, they ought immediately to retire from the country. The Duke, however, has pushed a force beyond Madrid, and which is said to have passed the Sierra Morena, and to have defeated several small bodies of Spanish forces, but our accounts are derived from the French official documents, and they are so disgracefully false, that no reliance whatever can be placed upon them, further than ascertaining the mere possession of their forces. The astonishing talents of Mina gives him a triumphant possession of Catalonia, and he has made several irruptions into France. The great talents and large forces of Moncey, scarcely enable him to keep possession of the plains, and every manœuvre which himself and General Donadieu, with the Baron d'Erroles, have practised to outtrap Mina, has been frustrated by this vigilant and able Guerilla leader. Valencia has been completely cleared of the French; and excepting their blockading forces before Pampeluna and St. Sebastian, and their occupation of Vittoria, and a few intermediate posts between the Pyrenees and Madrid, they cannot be said to be more in possession of the country they have overrun, than they were before they commenced the war. All doubts as to the people of Cadiz receiving the King and the Cortez within their walls, are at an end, the government having removed to that city from Seville, on the 12th inst. In the mean time the French have, by intrigue and bri-

bery, effected a counter-revolution in Portugal, but the issue of which is involved in obscurity by the want of authentic accounts from the scene of action.

There has been no news from the Levant, further than the account, that the Greek Representatives have met, and have constituted a legislative assembly.

The most important continental news is from the Rhine. It appears that the Allied Sovereigns have peremptorily ordered the King of Wurtemburgh to suppress one of the liberal Journals of his capital. This is the most nefarious aggression upon the rights of an independent state that Europe has witness-

ed since the partition of Poland. In the case of Wurtemburgh, the people and the king amicably settled a free and representative system of government. There has not been the slightest disagreement between the sovereign and his subjects, nor no collision of parties whatever to give a colour to the interference of foreign powers, and yet the allied despots assume the right of interfering with the internal affairs of that state. Lamentable is it that England should have associated herself with the members of a Congress, whose sole principle is to dogmatize over all other states that have not physical force to resist their injustice.

MONTHLY MEMORANDA.

In aid of the Constitutional Government of Spain, a meeting has been held in the Great Room at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate-street. At twelve the room was filled. Lord Erskine took the Chair until the arrival of Lord W. Bentinck, to whom he resigned it on his lordship's arrival. The meeting was addressed by Lord W. Bentinck, the Chairman, and the several resolutions were moved and seconded by Sir James Mackintosh, Joseph Marryatt, Esq. M.P., General Lord Lynedoch, A. Baring, Esq. M.P., Lord John Russel, Lord Ebington, Sir Ronald Ferguson, J. C. Hobhouse, Esq. M.P., Lord Erskine, and Mr. Alderman Wood. The following gentlemen were then appointed a committee to manage the subscription:—Mr. Lambton, Sir R. Fergusson, Sir James Mackintosh, Mr. Ellice, Mr. J. Smith, Mr. Hobhouse, Mr. Hume, (M.P.'s.), Col. Grant, Mr. R. Slade, Mr. Solly, Mr. J. Wilkes, and Mr. Bowring. A subscription was immediately entered into, and among other subscriptions the following were announced:—Mr. Lambton, 1000*l.*; Sir F. Burdett, 500*l.*; Mr. Hobhouse, 100*l.*; the Northern Union, 100*l.*; Mr. Ellice, 50*l.* The Corporation of London, has voted 1,000*l.*

The Duke of Cumberland arrived at his apartments in the King's Palace, St. James's, from the Continent. His Royal Highness left town immedi-

ately for Windsor, for the purpose of paying his respects to the King.

VAUXHALL.—This celebrated place of public entertainment has been opened since our last number. The great encouragement which the proprietors received last summer seems to have stimulated them to fresh exertions. The preparations are of an expensive and costly description—the whole of the boxes have been re-painted and ornamented, and a variety of structures have been formed for the exhibition of various entertainments. Among these are ballets in the Italian style, and theatrical representations of various kinds,—Cosmorama's beautifully designed—Illuminated Fountains—and a Moorish Tower from which the Fire-Works are discharged with great magnificence. In the midst of the gorgeous blaze, Mr. Blackmore makes his ascent on the rope, and displays various evolutions of a daring and novel character. A great addition has been made to the decorative scenery of the place. There is a mechanical view of an eruption of Mount Veauvius, with a Moon-light scene of the Bay of Naples. The Fire-works are truly grand, and call forth the loudest expressions of applause.—Upon the whole the improvements are tastful and grand, the management most judicious, and the arrangements all well calculated to secure a continuance of public patronage.

Member returned to serve in this present Parliament. Borough of Bos-siney.—John Stuart Wortley, of Wortley-hall, in the county of York, Esq. in the room of the Hon. John William Ward (now Viscount Dudley and Ward, and one of the Peers of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

CIRCUITS OF THE JUDGES.—*Norfolk Circuit.*—Chief Justice Abbott and Justice Richardson.

Home.—Justice Dallas and Baron Graham.

Midland.—Chief Baron and Baron Garrow.

Oxford.—Justice Park and Baron Hullock.

Northern.—Justice Bailey and Justice Holroyd.

Western.—Justice Burrough and Justice Best.

CLERICAL PREFERMENTS.—The Rev. Dr. Birch, LL.D. Dean of Battle, is collated by the Bishop of Chichester to the Arch-deaconry of Lewes, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. E. R. Raynes.

The Rev. W. Aldrich, Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, to the Rectory of Boyton, in the county of Wilts.

BIRTHS.

SONS.

The Lady of Philip James Green, esq. Consul General for the Morea
The Lady of the Rev. John Coles, Milland-house, Sussex
The Lady of Dr. Golding
The Lady of Charles Wake, esq. Rainshaw, Derbyshire
The Lady of Fletcher Wilson, esq. Bedford-place
The Lady of William Hay, Albermarle-street
The Lady of John Ravenhill, esq. Lavender Sweep, Clapham-common
The Lady of S. G. Smith, esq. Palmer's-green, Southgate
The Lady of the Rev. J. Brasse, M.A. Woodhouse, Essex
The Lady of Horatio Ripley, esq. Lawrence Pountney-lane

The Lady of Josiah Spode, jun. esq. Great Fenton, Staffordshire
The Lady of Dr. Fitton, Hastings
The Lady of John Plummer, esq. M.P. Carshalton-park
The Lady of the Rev. William Vansittart White, Waltham
The Lady of Lieut. Colonel Sir Charles Dance, Merry-lall, Bushev, Herts
The Lady of Lieut. Col. Dawkins, Green-street
The Lady of G. H. Wilkinson, esq. Harpenley park, Durham
The Lady of Michael Bruce, esq. Upper Brook-street
The Lady of Sir Richard Paul Jodrell, bart. Manchester-street
The Lady of W. V. Surtees, esq. Devonshire-place.

DAUGHTERS.

Lady William Fitzroy, Great Cumberland-street
The Marchioness de Blazio Herza, Royal Hotel, Edinburgh
The Lady of William Alcock, esq. Great Coram-street
The Lady of the Hon. William Coventry, Levant-lodge, Worcestershire
The Lady of Lieut. Colonel Cookson, Ayton, Stokely
The Lady of Arthur Norris, esq. Langley, Bucks
The Lady of T. R. Thellusson, esq. York-place

The Lady of D. Maclean, esq. Brunswick-square
Mrs. Bellchambers, Dorset-street, Salisbury-square
The Lady of Captain Blanshard, of the Hon. Company's Ship, Marquis Wellington
The Lady of William McKenzie, esq. of the 3d Dragoons, Russell-square
The Lady of J. B. Nicholls, esq. Parliament-st.
The Lady of John F. Monkhouse, esq. Turnham-green-terrace.

MARRIAGES.

Andrews, Mathias, esq. to
Salmon, Miss Mary Frances, both of Reading, Berks
Boys, James, esq. of Rochester, to
Tanner, Miss Eliza, daughter of Thomas Tanner, esq. of his Majesty's Customs
Bolingbroke, Horatio, esq. of Norwich, to
Peyton, Miss Hannah Shaw, St. Mary's-sqr. Birmingham
Bucknall, James, esq. Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, to
Pingo, Miss Mary C. daughter of Lewis Pingo, esq. of the Royal Mint
Boswell, Rev. Martin, of Southgate, Middlesex, to
Chatfield, Miss Dorethea, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Chatfield, Vicar of Chatteris
Cook, James, esq. of Brighton, to
Churchill, Miss Maria, Watlington, Oxfordshire

Cunliffe, James, esq. Blackburn, banker, to
Ostle, Miss Mary, Clifford-house, North Shields
Cory, Lieut. G. C., to
Berry, Miss, Triplove, Cambridgeshire
Duffield, John, esq. Bernard-street, Russell-square, to
Bovill, Miss Eliza, Putney
Dewell, Rev. Charles, of Malmabury, to
Hughes, Miss Sarah A., Devizes
Forster, Richard, esq. of Hunter-street, Brunswick-square, to
Rabbeth, Miss Mary Ann, Bedford-street, Bedford-row
Howden, Alexander, esq. Torrington-square, to
Gardner, Miss Christian, Mecklenberg-square
Haygath, Vicar, of Stapleford, Notts, to
Miss Elizabeth Catherine, daughter of the Samuel Leach, esq.

Hodgson, Lieut. Gen. Binsfield, to
Neate, Miss, Binsfield-lodge, Berks
Hankinson, Rev. R. E. of Walpole, St. Peter's,
Norfolk, to
Chutfield, Miss Susannah Mary Anne, daughter
of the Rev. Dr. Chutfield, vicar of Chat-
teris
Johnson, Captain D. E. of the 5th Reg. of Foot,
to
Bates, Miss Sarah Ellis, Kennington-com-
mon
Johnson, Captain of the Hon. East India Com-
pany's service, to
Walker, Miss Dorothy, daughter of the late
Henry Walker, esq. Whitby, Yorkshire
Kershaw, Mr. Samuel, of Stoke Newington, to
Parquot, Miss Harriet, daughter of A. J. Par-
quot, one of the Cashiers of the Bank
Keup, Nathaniel, esq. of Oringdeane, to
Eamer, Miss Augusta Caroline, daughter of
the late Sir John Eamer
Marshall, Edward, esq. of the War Office, to
Faulder, Miss Mary, Gower-street, Bedford-
square
Norris, William, esq. M.D. Stourbridge, to
Miss Blake, daughter of the late Capt. Geo.
Blake, Royal Navy
Owen, Charles Guetavus, esq. Queen's College,
Oxford, to
Hicks, Miss Elizabeth Sarah, Davies-street,
Berkeley-square

Osborne, Edward, esq. Loddenden-lodge, Sta-
plehurst, Kent, to
Downing, Miss Ann, Thomas-street, South-
wark
Price, Rev. Thomas, M.A. to
Teape, Miss Elizabeth Margaret, George-st.,
Trinity-square
Robinson, Rev. John, of Doncaster, to
Foljambe, Miss Arrabella, Savile Osberton,
County of Nottingham
Sheldon, S. esq. Woburn-place, to
Barry, Mrs. John-street, Bedford-row
Sidney, Rev. Edwin, A.B. to
Vaughan, Miss Eliza, Shrewsbury
Stacey, Courtney, esq. of Hill green, to
Tysen, Miss Charlotte, Fitzroy-square
Simpson, Mr. Robert, of Wallington, to
Addis, Miss, Crodon
Stallard, Samuel Frampton, esq. Burton Cres-
cent, to
Nicholls, Miss Eliza Catherine, Toft, Lincoln-
shire
Trimmer, Rev. Henry, B.A. Exeter College,
Oxford, to
Deacou, Miss Mary, Russell-pl., Fitzroy-sq.
Uniacke, John, esq. of Baughton, Cheshire, to
Pierpoint, Miss Anne, only daughter of the
late William Pierpoint, esq. Admiral of the
Blue, of Farley-hill, County of Surrey
Williams, Col. Sir Daniel, of Stamford-hill, to
Stable, Miss, of the Terrace, Kenilish Town.

DEATHS.

Arnold, Mr. Edward, late of New-st., Spring-
gardens—Abbott, Captain Peter Duprey, R. N.
Leigh street, London Crescent.

Bury, Mrs. Mary, widow of the late Richard
Bury, esq. Witley, near Coventry—Bally, John,
esq. late of Kingston-upon-Thames, 80—Birch,
Rev. James, B.D. Rector of Great Wishford and
vicar of Ashbury.

Cooper, Miss Caroline, youngest daughter of
the late Francis Cooper, esq. Clapton—Cheslyn,
Richard, esq. Kennington—Cook, Sir George,
Wheatley, near Doncaster, 80.

Elliot, John, esq. Nottingham, 66—Miss Anna
Maria, daughter of Sir Christopher and Lady
Bethell Codrington, Dodington, Gloucester-
shire—Eakins, John, esq. Frogna, Hampstead
—Ellis, Mrs. Mary, widow of the late Mr. John
Ellis, Wimbournminster, Dorsetshire.

Forster, Henry, esq. M.A. Commissioner of
Bankrupts, nephew of Lord Eldon and Lord
Stowell, Calais—Mr. Justice Fletcher, Dublin
—Foulston, Mrs. widow of the late Daniel
Foulston, esq. Norton-street, Fitzroy-square.

Hannam, William, esq. Covent-garden—Hall,
Mr. Anthony, solicitor, Coleman-street—Hodg-
son, Henry, esq. of the Bengal Civil Service—
Miss Harriet, youngest daughter of the late
Richard Harris, esq. of Fisher, Surrey—Hewlet,
Mrs. Frances, wife of Mr. Hewlet, Holloway—
Hyde, Charles, esq. Moore-place, Lambeth.

Jones, John, esq. Norwood-green, Middlesex,
74—Jones, Samuel, esq. Laytonstone, Essex, 55
—Jepson, Rev. Charles, curate of Heighington,
near Lincoln.

Keith, George Mouat, esq. son of Captain Sir
George Keith, bart. R.N., at Sierra Leone.
Leatham, John, esq. Pontefract, 84—Long-
dill, P. W. esq. Sidmouth-place—Laidlow, Mrs.
Ann, wife of Mr. Laidlow, Coventry-street, St.
James's.

Molesworth, Mr. wife of the Rev. William
Molesworth, St. Brooke Rectory, County of
Cornwall—Maltman, Lieut. Robert, R.N. at
Elie, Fifeshire—Mordaunt, Sir Charles, bart.,
of Walton, Warwickshire—Magna, Genl. Robert,
of the 30th Foot, and Member of Parliament for
Cambridge—Mitchell, Mrs. wife of Mr. Thomas

Mitchell, Lendenhall-street—Myers, Joseph
Hart, M.D. John-street, America-square, 66—
M'Intosh, George, esq. Charterhouse-square—
Magniac, Francis, esq. Kensington, 71.

Noble, William, esq. Foley-place, 78.
Ovenden, Mrs. widow of Thomas Ovenden,
Barnes-terrace, 79.

Plampin, Rev. John, M.A. rector of Whatfield
and Stanstead, Suffolk, 69—Peyton, Miss Julia,
relict of the late Mr. William Peyton, Wimb-
leton—Preston, Mrs. widow of Jacob Preston,
esq. Berston-hall, Norfolk—Piesse, Mrs. wife of
Mr. Charles Piesse, Lisson-grove, North—
Emily, Miss, third daughter of John Pearson,
esq. Albermarle-street.

Riddout, John Gibbs, M.D. Crescent, New
Bridge-street, 66.

Sharpe, Mrs. Jane Mary, wife of the Rev.
Lancelot Sharpe, rector of Allhallows, Staining-
lane—Standley, Mrs. widow of the late Henry
P. Stanley, esq. Paxton-place—Stopford, Lieut.
Col. James, at Pisa—Shotter, Mr. James, Sun-
bury, Middlesex, 67.

Tatlock, Gresley, esq. Upper Gower-street, 21
—Thomas, John, esq. Grampound, Cornwall—
Thompson, Rev. George, D.D. Principal of Ed-
mund-hall, Oxford—Maria, the infant daughter
of the late William Tufnell, esq. Cavendish-
square—Taylor, Mrs. Susannah, wife of Mr.
John Taylor, Norwich, 69.

Wightwick, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of John
Wightwick, esq. Sandgates, Chertsey, Surrey—
White, Captain Charles Samuel, R.N., Paris—
Watson, Thomas, esq. Judd-street, Brunswick-
square, 71—Western, Mrs. Mary, wife of the
Rev. Thomas W. Western, Rivenhall-place,
County of Essex—Wedderburn, George, esq.
only child of Sir David Wedderburn, bart. at
Brompton—Wequell, John, C. esq. New Bond-
street, 67—Walker, Mrs. relict of the late Joseph
Walker, esq. Eastwood, County of York—Wilks,
Miss Harriet Mary, daughter of Joseph Wilks,
esq. Westham, County of Kent—Wilson, Mr.
Thomas, Wigton, Cumberland, 85—Young, Miss
Jane Margaret, eldest daughter of Col. Young,
Holly-hill, Sussex.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Tuesday, June 24, 1823.

COTTON.—There has been a fair demand in our Cotton market this week, partly for export, but chiefly by speculators and for home consumption. The sales amount to 1400 bales, viz. in bond, 500 Bengals 5*d.* a 5½*d.* ordinary and middling, 5½*d.* good fair; 370 Surats 5½*d.* a 5¾*d.* good fair, to 6*d.* a 6½*d.* very good; 450 Pernams 11¾*d.* fair, 11¾*d.* good; 30 Smyrnas 7½*d.* good fair; and duty paid, 30 West India 8½*d.* a 8¾*d.* Cotton offers less freely, and Brazils in particular are much wanted and scarce.

SUGAR.—There was a considerable demand for Plantation Sugars last week, and at the close of the market on Friday an advance of 1*s.* a 2*s.* must be stated on the prices of the preced-

ing week. The public sales were brought forward, consisting of 203 hhds St. Lucia, and 277 hhds Barbadoes; the whole went off with great briskness; St. Lucia brown 53*s.* 6*d.* a 05*s.*; middling 56*s.* a 58*s.*; good 59*s.* a 63*s.* 6*d.*; Barbadoes 58*s.* a 67*s.* 6*d.*

CORN.—A good deal of Wheat remained over for last week, but the fresh arrivals yesterday from Essex, Kent, and Suffolk were not large, and in consequence of the unseasonable weather during the last few days, there was more disposition to purchase: good runs fully recovered the decline which was noted on Friday, and in a few instances rather better prices were obtained than the preceding Monday, and the trade closed briskly.

LIST OF PATENTS.

Thomas Hancock, of Goswell Mews, St. Luke, Old-street, Middlesex, patent cork-manufacturer; for an improvement in the preparation of pitch and tar. Dated March 22, 1823.

Thomas Whickham, of Nottingham, lace-manufacturer; for a compound paste and liquid for improving and colouring lace and net, and all other manufactured articles made of flax, cotton, wool, silk, or other animal or vegetable substance. Dated March 24, 1823.

William Jessop, of Butterley Hall, Derbyshire, iron-master; for an elastic metallic piston or packing of pistons, to be applied either externally or internally to cylinders. Dated March 27, 1823.

William Warcup, of Dartford, Kent, engineer; for an improvement in the construction of a machine called a mangle. Dated April 3, 1823.

James Frost, of Finchley, Middlesex, builder, for improvements in forming cements with calcarious substances. Dated April 3, 1823.

Christopher Pope, of Bristol, spelter-maker and metal-merchant; for a composition of metals for the sheathing of the bottom of ships, and for roofing houses. Dated April 8, 1823.

Daniel Wade Acraman, of Bristol, iron-manufacturer; and William Piper,

of the Cockley iron-works, near Kidderminster, iron-manufacturer; for improvements in the preparation of iron for chains and chain-cables. Dated April 12, 1823.

John Martin Hanchet, of Crescent-place, Blackfriars, London; for improvements in propelling boats and vessels. Dated April 12, 1823.

John Francis, of Norwich, shawl and bombazine-manufacturer; for an improvement in manufacturing a certain fabric, composed of silk and worsted. Dated April 12, 1823.

Gerard Granthie, of Castle-street, Holborn, London, gentleman; for a machine or apparatus, adapted to the conveyance of persons and goods over water or ravine, for military or other objects. Dated April 16, 1823.

Joseph Johnson, of Waterloo-bridge Wharf, Middlesex; for improvements on drags, to be used for carriages. Dated April 16, 1823.

Samuel Hall, of Basford Notts, cotton-spinner for a method improving lace, net, muslin, calico, &c. Dated April 18, 1823.

William Southworth, of Sharples, Lancashire, bleacher; for an apparatus to facilitate the operation of drying calicoes, muslins, linens, or other similar fabrics. Dated April 19, 1823.

LIST OF BANKRUPTS AND DIVIDENDS,

FROM SATURDAY, MAY 17, TO SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1823.

Extracted from the London Gazette.

N.B. All the Meetings are at the *Court of Commissioners, Basinghall-street*, unless otherwise expressed. The Attornies' Names are in Parenthesis.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

W. Henty, Pluckley, Kent, smith.
P. Brown, Warton, Lancashire.
T. Gilbert, jun. Long-acre, coach-maker.
R. Pullam, Leeds, merchant.

S. Field, late of Richmond, wine-merchant.
S. Turner, of the Stock Exchange, Capel-court, stockbroker.

BANKRUPTCIES ENLARGED.

W. R. Glasier, of Park-street, Westminster, money-scrivener, from April 8 to May 27,

E. Burgess and J. Gate, Portsmouth, brewers, from July 1 to 17.

BANKRUPTS.

Auckland, C. Beauvoir Town-wharf, Kingsland-road, builder. (Hodson, King's-road, Bedford-row.
Arkell, J. Steeple Aston, Oxfordshire, dealer in cattle. (Becke, Devonshire-street, Queen-square.
Annets, T. Liverpool, stone-merchants. (Lowtin and Nicholson, Lansdown-place, Brunswick-square.
Banks, J. Leeds, flax-spinner. (Stocker and Dawson, New Boswell-court, Carey-street.
Buckle, J. Searah-mill, Yorkshire, miller. (Spence, Threadneedle-street.
Burlon, H. Thayer-street, Manchester-square, auctioneer. (Calton, High-street, Mary-le-bone.
Ball, G. M. Shakspeare-walk, Shadwell, auctioneer. (Downs, Bury-street, St. Mary-axe.
Badder, J. Bolton-le-Moors, Lancashire, cotton-manufacturer. (Milne and Parry, Temple.
Bell, J. Guernsey, merchant. (Shelton and Clark, Sessions-house, Old Bailey.
Bell, W. and Harris, J. G. Bridge-street, Westminster, haberdashers. (Gates, Cateaton-street.
Brown, G. of New Bond-street, oilman. (Heath, King's Bench-walk, Temple.
Burgess, E. and Gate, J. late of Portsmouth, brewers. (Bogue, Great James-street, Bedford-row.
Bury, T. late of Little Hampton, Sussex, grocer. (Freeman and Co. Coleman-street.
Burnitt, T. Canwood, Somersetshire, wood-merchant. (Ponkin, Dean street, Soho.
Buck, J. Goldsmith's-row, Hackney-road, carpenter. (Hewitt, Tokenhouse-yard, Lothbury.
Cave, J. Coventry, riband-manufacturer. (Long and Austen, Gray's-inn.
Corby, J. Kingsland-road, carpenter. (Hutchinson, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street.
Clubbe, T. Chester, ale-brewer. (Philpot and Stone, Southampton-street, Bloomsbury-sq.
Corney, J. Beauchamp, Essex, shopkeeper. (Harvey and Wilson, Lincoln's-inn-fields.
Cowie, J. George-street, Mansion-house, wine-merchant. (Stephenson, New-court, St. Swithin's-lane.
Coster, W. Mount-street, Hanover-sq., brick-layer. (Hamilton and Twining, Berwick-st., Soho.
Cole, J. of Wolverhampton, carrier. (Williams and Co., Old-buildings, Lincoln's-inn.
Cornwell, W. Trinity-place, Charing-cross, leather-brace-maker. (Dennis, Austinfrars.
Dennis, J. Lamb's Conduit-street, watch-maker. (Osbaldeston and Murray, London-street, Fenchurch-street.
Dicas, J. Manchester, dealer. (Jay, Gray's-inn-place.

Davies, J. Llandovery, Carmarthenshire, grocer. (Bridges and Quilter, Red Lion-square.
Darby, D. Olive-hill, Shropshire, miller. (Mackinson, Middle Temple.
East, W. of Newbury, Berks, coal merchant. (Aldridge and C. Smith, Lincoln's-inn.
Field, late of Richmond, wine-merchant. (Brumell, Church-passage, Guildhall.
Flatman, T. Hampton-wick, soap-boiler. (Guy, Hampton wick.
Field, G. Bognor, Essex, grocer. (Osbaldeston and Murray, London-street, Fenchurch-st.
Gee, S. of Cambridge, tinnan. (J. M. Nelson, Barnard's-inn.
Grierson, A. Dudley, draper. (Canliffe, Manchester.
Goubau, L. J. of the Haymarket, hotel-keeper. (Rigby, Golden-square.
Gray, W. Birmingham, nail-factor. (Norton and Chaplin, Gray's-inn-square.
Gill, R. and Griffin, C. Skinner-street, Snow-hill, mercers. (Russen, Crown-court, Aldersgate-street.
Gerhardi, H. Savage-gardens, merchant. (Nind and Cotterill, Throgmorton-street.
Hutton, J. of Abchurch-lane, painter. (R. Whittington, Artillery-lane, Bishopsgate.
Higham, J. Freckleton, Lancashire, coal-merchant. (Wheeler, Castle-street, Holborn.
Hurry, J. Liverpool, ship-chandler. (Taylor and Roscoe, King's Bench-walk, Temple.
Halford, G. of Shilton-upon-Stower, Worcestershire, auctioneer. (Eyre and Co., Gray's-inn-square.
Hitchins, J. Littleington, Sussex, farmer. (Penfold, Temple.
Hall, T. Crown-street, Soho, carpenter. (Maugham, Great St. Helen's.
Herbert, G. Sibbthorpe, Northamptonshire, salesman. (Fuller and Saltwell, Caritouchambers, Regent-street.
Hollander, L. A. Winchester-street, diamond-merchant. (Warue and Son, Leadenhall-st.
Hawkins, R. F. Leadenhall-street, patent anchor-manufacturer. (Hutchinson, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street.
Ingis, J. B. and J. Mark-lane, merchants. (Healing, Lawrence-lane, Cheap-side.
Jones, W. Handsworth, Staffordshire, farmer. (Wills, Watson, and Bower, Tokenhouse-yard.
Kingston, V. Martin's-lane, wine-merchant. (Paterson and Pelle, Old Broad-street.
Lax, J. Liverpool, brewer. (Leicester, Liverpool.
Lowe, J. Newman-street, Painter on glass. (Glabon, Mark-lane.
Leigh, C. and W. Tootill, of Tyldesley, Lancashire, calico-printers. (Milne and Co., Temple.

- Moses, J. Bankhall, Cumberland, dealer. (Mounsey and Gray, Staple-inn.
 Milnes, B. Halifax, grocer. (Watson and Son, Bonverie-street, Fleet-street.
 Millart, W. Canaby-street, Canaby-market, victualler. (Adams and Tilleard, Old Jewry.
 Manser, T. Caroline-street, Commercial-road, cooper. (West, Red Lion-street, Wapping.
 Marsh, G. W. Hope Bowdler, Shropshire, flannel-manufacturer. (Lane and Bennett, Lawrence Pountney-place.
 Milburn, J. of Newcastle upon-Tyne, woollen-draper. (Grace and Co., Birch-lane, Lombard-street.
 Mercer, W. of Packer's-court, Coleman-street, wine merchant. (Burnley and Atkins, Fox Ordinary-court, Nicholas-lane.
 Nelson, W. late of Jewin-escient, Aldersgate-street, brewer. (T. N. Williams, Bond-court, Wallbrook.
 New, C. Paternoster-row, umbrella-manufacturer. (Hindmarsh, Crescent, Jewin-street.
 Parry, J. Everton, Lancashire, joiner. (Taylor and Roscoe, King's Bench-walk, Temple.
 Pearce, W. C. formerly of Fleet-street, and now of late of Baintree, Essex, grocer. (Amory and Coles, Throgmorton-street.
 Pitcher, W. Salisbury-square, carpenter. (Vincent, Bedford-street, Bedford-square.
 Pullan, R. of Leeds, Yorkshire, merchant. (Par-ton, Bow Church-yard, Cheapside.
 Prowse, A. Haselbury, Somersetshire, tinman. (Bennett, Symond's-inn.
 Rowley, J. and Clarke, J. B. B. Stomport, Worcestershire, timber-merchants. (Blackstock and Bunce, King's Bench-walk.
 Read, J. Love-lane, Aldermanbury, cloth-worker. (Walker, Rankin, and Richards, Basinghall-street.
 Randall, J. A. Walworth, corn-dealer. (Hodgson and Burton, Salisbury-street, Strand.
 Rowley, J. late of Stourport, Worcestershire, timber-merchaot (Becke, Devonshire-street, Queen-square.
 Sutcliffe, B. Cheapside, warehouseman. (Bolton, Austin-friars.
 Score, G. Tokemhouse-yard, scrivener. (Burfoot, King's Bench-walk, Temple.
 Salisbury, A. Windsor, and D. Salisbury, Nottingham, drapers. (Clarke, Richards, and Medcalf, Chancery-lane.
 Sedgley, W. Jun. Dudley, grocer. (Hindmarsh, Crescent, Jewin-street, Cripplegate.
 Sparks, W. and Sparks, J. of Frome Selwood, Somersetshire. (Williams, Red Lion-square.
 Scott, J. Preston, draper. (Ellis, Sons, Walmsey, and Gulton, Chancery-lane.
 Simpson, J. Birmingham, plater. (Long and Austen, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn.
 Tate, J. Adam-street, Adelphi, coal-merchant. (Hodgson & Burton, Salisbury-street, Strand.
 Taylor, J. Lydeard St. Lawrence, Somersetshire, dealer. (Shaw and Stephens, Bedford-row.
 Thatcher, S. J. Worth, Sussex, innkeeper. (Leigh, Charlotte-row, Mansion house.
 Trail, A. Hanover-street, Hanover-square, boot-maker. (Pugh, Langbourn-chambers, Fenchurch-street.
 Thomas, W. L. Brighton, grocer. (Osbaldeston and Murray, London-street, Fenchurch-st.
 Turner, J. Fleet-street, silk-mercier. (Hutchinson, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street.
 Taylor, H. Leominster, Herefordshire, grocer. (Richardson, Lincoln's-inn-fields.
 White, R. Maiden-Bradley, Wiltshire, farmer. (Dine, Lincoln's-inn-fields.
 Witcomb, J. Warrminster, money-scrivener. (Popkin, Dean-street, Soho.
 Whitehead, R. Norwich, bombazine-manufacturer. (Taylor and Roscoe, King's Bench-walk, Temple.
 West, A. Ramsey, Huntingdonshire, grocer. (Long and Austen, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn.
 Wilkie, T. Paternoster-row, bookseller. (Clarke, Dickinson, and Delamare, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry.

DIVIDENDS.

- Atmore, W. C. Wood-street, London, Manchester, warehouseman, July 12.
 Annall, Leamington, Warwickshire, wine-merchant, July 7.
 Adams, W. W. Bow-lane, merchant, July 5.
 Adams, J. Stamford, liquor-merchant, July 5.
 Abbotts, T. and R. Skinner-street, wine-merchants, July 12.
 Bewley, Manchester tailor, June 10.
 Bragginkate, G. A. T. Little East Cheap, merchants, June 24.
 Bosisto, W. Reading, woollen-draper, June 17.
 Banck, W. and J. P. Perry, Birmingham, merchants, June 17.
 Benham, H. High-street, Southwork, ironmonger, June 28.
 Brown, J. Fleet-market, grocer, June 24.
 Bevil, C. P. Ipswich, jeweller, July 5.
 Brugginkate, G. A. T. Little East Cheap, merchant, June 24.
 Bradock, J. Manchester, merchant, June 9.
 Barnard, W. Frampton-upon-Gloucestershire, June 23.
 Brown, G. Broad-street, Westminster, upholsterer, June 24.
 Barry, C. Jermyn-street, surgeon, June 21.
 Byah, J. Paternoster-row, bookseller, June 21.
 Bennet, B. Little Dea, Gloucestershire, nailer, June 28.
 Bromley, J. Jun. Stafford, shoe manufacturer, June 27.
 Bradock, J. Manchester, merchant, June 9.
 Barry, E. Jermyn-street, St. James's, surgeon, June 21.
 Berthend, H. Soho-square, bookseller, June 28.
 Bojock, E. Earl Shafton, Leicester, bleacher.
 Bell, G. Berwick-upon-Tweed, cooper, June 24.
 Barnard, W. Frampton-upon-Severn, Gloucestershire, grocer, June 23.
 Cracklen, J. Jun. Edield-wash, farmer, June 28.
 Clements, J. Newport, Monmouthshire, shop-keeper, June 23.
 Cottrell, W. Bishop's-Cleeve, Gloucestershire, farmer, June 24.
 Carberry, R. and D. Howell, St. James's-street, Westminster, hatters, July 5.
 Colson, W. Plymouth, grocer, June 24.
 Daers, E. Chancery-lane, victualler, July 5.
 De Rowre, J. P. and J. Hambrook, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street, merchants, June 10.
 Dunkin, E. Shad-Thames, Horsleydown, lighterman, June 28.
 Dorset, G., J. Johnson, J. Wilkinson, W. Berrers, and J. Tilson, New Bond-street, bankers, July 22.
 Day, J. and R. Camberwell-green, stone-masons, July 28.
 Day, R. H. Tovill, Kent, seed-crusher, June 17.
 Deschamps, W. W., B. S. Morgan, and P. McTaggart, Suffolk-lane, merchants, June 28.
 Dicks, J. London-street, Tottenham-court-road, carpenter, July 8.
 Elam, T. W. Bradford, Wiltshire, clothier, June 28.
 Elliott, G. Rochester, grocer, June 21.
 Emmet, H. Liverpool, colour-maker, June 17.
 Enoch, J. Birmingham, brush-maker, July 5.
 Fairhead, J. Cressing, Essex, jobber, July 2.
 Felse, G. Lawrence Pountney-hill, merchant, July 5.
 Friend, D. late of Rainsgate, shipwright, June 16.
 Foster, T. and E. S. Yalding, Kent, maltsters, June 13.

- Rothergill, W. Cannon-street-road, ship-owner, June 14.
- Gower, J. Mark-lane, wine-broker.
- Giblett, P. New Bond-street, and W. Giblett. Micklefield-hall, Hertfordshire, butchers, June 17.
- Garrod, S. Paddington-street, Mary-le-bone, bookseller, June 14.
- Gray, C. Upper Montague-street, Mary-le-bone, horse-dealer, July 15.
- Garnett, A. Liverpool, merchant, July 7.
- Green, W. jun. Exmouth-street, Clerkenwell, ironmonger, June 28.
- Gregson, W. Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant, June 28.
- Green, W. Gracechurch-street, stationer, June 28.
- George, T. Leeds, merchant, June 30.
- Hart, J. Edwardstone, Suffolk, malster, July 4.
- Handsome, J. H. Newport Pagnell, Buckinghamshire, lace-merchant, July 5.
- Harvey, M. B. Witham, and J. W. Harvey, Hadleigh-hall, Essex, bankers, June 24.
- Hall, T. Old Compton-street, Soho, woollen-draper, July 5.
- Howard, J. Norwich, butcher, June 26.
- Hamilton, R. Old Broad-street, underwriter, June 21.
- Haynes, W. Stourbridge, Worcestershire, carrier, June 19.
- Henshaw, J. Gloucester-place, Portman-square, bookseller, July 5.
- Hall, R. jun. Bury, Lancashire, cotton-manufacturer, July 7.
- Hall, C. G. Grosvenor-street, West Pimlico, carpenter.
- Hart, S. G. Harwich, merchant, June 24.
- Heap, W. and J. Hepworth, York, clothier, June 26.
- Hollie, J. Goswell-street-road, stone-mason, June 24.
- Hays, C. and W. H. Blunden, Oxford-street, linen-drappers, July 12.
- Jeaffreson, W. Framlingham, Suffolk, apothecary, June 24.
- Jones, D. Mathrafall, Montgomeryshire, tanner, July 8.
- Jones, T. Abergavenny, tanner, June 28.
- Ivens, M. Cateby, Northamptonshire, grazier, July 7.
- James, E. and R. Weston, late of Manchester, hop-dealers, June 11.
- Kent, T. Kirtton-Holme, Lincoln, butcher, July 7.
- Keene, W. C. Mary-le-bone, farrier, June 10.
- Keene, W. C. Mary-le-bone-lane, June 24.
- King, W. Cavendish, Suffolk, grocer, July 5.
- Lettsom, Cannon-street, London, tin-plate manufacturer, July 12.
- Lowndes, W., J. Robinson, and H. Nield, Manchester, cotton-merchants, June 10.
- Leyburn, G. late of Bishopsgate street, provision-merchant, June 17.
- Leigh, S. Strand, bookseller, July 12.
- Longrigg, J. Liverpool, linen-draper, June 17.
- Lawton, J. Delf, York, innkeeper, July 12.
- Miles, E. Ludgate-street, watch-maker, July 5.
- Monk, E. and J. Hodgskin, Maldstone, grocers, June 28.
- Messenger, S. Loughborough, Leicestershire, victualler, July 21.
- Miles, S. Ludgate-street, watch-maker, July 6.
- M'Intire, J. Tenby, Pembrokeshire, cattle-dealer, July 2.
- Moss, T. Vauxhall, potter, June 14.
- Mingins, G. and J. Boothman, Carlisle, bat-manufacturers, June 27.
- Moorvorn, W. Scarborough, banker, June 18; 19.
- Nunn, H. and J. Barber, York-street, Covent-garden, haberdashers, July 15.
- Netter, H. Bristol, dealer, July 2.
- Petrie, J. Kempton, Middlesex, dealer, June 21.
- Porter, J. Sheffield, ironmonger, July 2.
- Parry, H. and W. Parry, Carleton, Monmouthshire, tin-plate manufacturer, June 23.
- Paley, R. Leeds, soap-boller, June 30.
- Pearson, E. and L. Claude, Liverpool, merchants, July 9.
- Peet, W. Ironmonger-lane, merchant, June 28.
- Parsons, J. Long-acre, coach-lace-manufacturer, July 5.
- Prole, W. Georgeham, Devonshire, yeoman, July 3.
- Petrie, J. Kempton, Middlesex, and J. Ward, Hanworth, June 21.
- Payn, T. and J. D. Cateaton-street, warehouse-men.
- Parker, J. and T. Robert, Birch-in-lane, merchants, July 5.
- Phillips, J. B. Bartlett's-buildings, jeweller, July 5.
- Pix, W. Northiam, Sussex, merchant, July 5.
- Peytan, W. G. Upper Thames-street, June 17.
- Quiller, H. now, or late of Leicester, victualler, July 17.
- Roberts, J. Stoney Stratford, tanner, June 28.
- Rawe, W. Padstow, Cornwall, mercer, July 4.
- Richardson, G. Mecklenberg-square, Middlesex, and T. Vokes, late of Gloucester-street, Queen-square, merchants, June 24.
- Robinson, S. Huddersfield, Yorkshire, hosier, July 1.
- Robinson, T. and J. Stead Dalton, Kirkeaton, Yorkshire, clothiers, June 25.
- Ronksley, J. Sheffield, grocer, June 23.
- Richards, J. Derelend, Warwickshire, brewer, June 18.
- Stanley, J. Rochester, coal-merchant, June 23.
- Seaman, C. and G. Etheridge, Norwich, goldsmiths, June 19.
- Sleddon, W. Stockport, machine-maker, June 25.
- Sherbrook, T. Leeds, merchant, June 23.
- Stanton, T. Drury-lane, cheesemonger, July 12.
- Satterthwaite, T. Kendall, Westmorland, tanner, July 16.
- Stirling, J. and W. Copthall-court, merchants, June 24.
- Smith, A. J. and J. Shepherd, Brierley, Staffordshire, iron-masters, June 24.
- Statham, P. and G. Shakespeare, Pall-Mall, blacking-manufacturers, July 5.
- Sowerby, P. and P. Liverpool, provision-merchants, June 26.
- Sergeant, D. Whitlesey, Isle of Ely, money scrivener, July 9.
- Smeeton, G. St. Martin's-lane, printer, June 24.
- Shorley, J. Croydon, Surrey, coal-merchant, June 24.
- Sate, W. Cateaton-street, bookseller, June 7.
- Townsend, W. B. Little Chelsea, brewer, June 7.
- Taylor, W. jun. Liverpool, merchant, June 17.
- Tucker, E. Deptford, tallow chandler, June 28.
- Thomas, B. Liverpool, merchant, July 2.
- Vernon, T. Bath, picture dealer, July 1.
- Vieira, A. J. L. and A. M. Bragd, Token House-yard, merchants, June 28—July 12.
- Vertne, S. Mark-lane, corn-merchant, June 28.
- Windeatt, T. and W. Windeatt, Tavistock, Devon, fellmongers, July 9.
- White, C. H. Upper Montague-street, Montague-square, milliner, July 5.
- Watson, W. and W. Warren-house, Northumberland, corn-factors, July 21.
- Warwick, J. Rotherhithe, ship-builder, July 5.

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EAST INDIA SHIPPING LIST.—SEASON, 1822, 1823.

Ships' Names.	Consignments.	Managing Owners.	Commanders.	First Officers.	Second Officers.	Third Officers.	Fourth Officers.	Surgeons.	Purser.	To be absent.	To be in the Downs.	When sailed.
2 Royal George ..	Beng. & China	1333 John Fam Timins	Chris. Biden	J. H. Buttivant	R. H. Trelterne	A. C. Wading	William Carr	Thomas Hog	John Ward	1822 14 Oct.	1822 4 Dec.	1822 10 Dec.
5 General Kd ..	Beng. & China	1200 James Walker	Alex. Nairn	Rd. Alpin	John Pearson	J. M. Ralph	H. Thompson	P. P. Alley	Jas. Cannan	1822 14 Oct.	1822 4 Dec.	1822 10 Dec.
2 Kent	Beng. & China	1332 S. Marjoribanks	Henry Cobb	James Sexton	Ivan. Duttell	W. Mac Nair	B. W. Mure	James Don	John Allan	1822 14 Oct.	1822 4 Dec.	1822 10 Dec.
5 Herefordshire ..	Bomb. & China	1200 John Locke	William Hope	Robert Card	Richard Card	Wm. Robson	F. G. Adams	Richard Boys	E. Crowfoot	1823 3 Jan.	1823 3 Jan.	1823 3 Jan.
6 Inglis	Bomb. & China	1200 R. Borradaile	S. Serle (Shank)	Jos. Duden	F. ed. Orlebar	C. Pennington	H. Harris	John Lawson	Wash. Smith	1823 3 Jan.	1823 3 Jan.	1823 3 Jan.
2 Farguharson ..	Bomb. & China	1328 J. Chris. Lochner	Willm. Cruick	H. Cowan	W. H. White	H. Colombine	George Lloyd	John Scott	George Adam	1823 3 Jan.	1823 3 Jan.	1823 3 Jan.
2 Repulse	St. Hele. Ren. & Cooten & China	1204 John Fam Timins	J. Paterson	Edw. Foord	Edward Jacob	W. H. Walker	Chas. Clarkson	Samuel Symes	G. R. Griffiths	1823 3 Jan.	1823 3 Jan.	1823 3 Jan.
2 H. the	Beng. & China	1333 S. Marjoribanks	J. P. Wilson	A. W. Law	Robt. Lindsay	A. C. Proctor	Robt. Jobling	R. Alexander	John Ranney	1823 3 Jan.	1823 3 Jan.	1823 3 Jan.
3 W. Windsor	Beng. & China	1332 George Clay	T. Haviside	A. F. Proctor	Mark Clayton	H. C. Foxley	Wm. Edmonds	Edw. Edwards	Jas. Thomson	1823 3 Jan.	1823 3 Jan.	1823 3 Jan.
6 Bridgewater	St. Hel. Bomb. & China	1200 James Sims	W. Mitchell	H. Dristow	T. Buttenshaw	Fred. E. Wance	James Walker	James Arnott	Joseph Cragg	1823 3 Jan.	1823 3 Jan.	1823 3 Jan.
4 W. atreloo	Bomb. & China	1335 (Company's ship)	R. Alsager	Chas. Shea	John Brown	G. T. Calver	Fred. Hedges	Jas. Halliday	George Homer	1823 3 Jan.	1823 3 Jan.	1823 3 Jan.
6 Scaleby Castle ..	Bomb. & China	1242 (Company's ship)	D. R. Newall	W. R. Blakeley	John Hillman	Robt. Robson	Chas. Allen	A. Johnstone	William Bruce	1823 3 Jan.	1823 3 Jan.	1823 3 Jan.
3 Kellie Castle	Mad. & China	1332 Stewart Erskine	E. L. Adams	W. H. Ladd	John Hay	R. Pattullo	T. Sleeman	Robt. Elliot	William Cragg	1823 3 Jan.	1823 3 Jan.	1823 3 Jan.
6 Atlas	Mad. & China	1200 Jasper Vanx	C. O. Mayne	Jos. Stanton	G. M. Bratton	P. C. Blackwell	B. J. Thompson	John Dill	J. W. Cragg	1823 3 Jan.	1823 3 Jan.	1823 3 Jan.
7 Charles Grant ..	Maur. Penang & China	1246 William Moffat	William Hay	Cro. Denny	Jos. Coates	C. A. Eastmore	Thos. Thoms	Robt. Strange	Fred. Palmer	1823 3 Jan.	1823 3 Jan.	1823 3 Jan.
5 Vanassart	Bomb. & China	1300 Joseph Hare	W. H. C. Dalrymple	J. R. Mander	Wm. Allen	J. Sercombe	E. Bayley	J. W. Wilson	A. Beveridge	1823 3 Jan.	1823 3 Jan.	1823 3 Jan.
7 Bombay	Bomb. & China	1242 Henry Tompler	John Hine	H. Clement	W. H. Edmonds	George Wise	T. Ingram	Robt. Murray	Robt. Miles	1823 3 Jan.	1823 3 Jan.	1823 3 Jan.
4 Warren Hastings ..	Bomb. & China	1276 William Sims	Rd. Rawes	Jac. Evans	H. Edmonds	W. B. Coles	John Rickards	James Bruce	Nat. Liddell	1823 3 Jan.	1823 3 Jan.	1823 3 Jan.
7 Lowther Castle ..	Bomb. & China	1427 John Crosthwaite	Thos. Baker	J. W. Kenyon	R. K. Lloyd	C. W. Francken	C. S. Barrow	J. H. Blenner	Nat. Glass	1823 3 Jan.	1823 3 Jan.	1823 3 Jan.
6 P. C. of Wales ..	Mad. & Beng.	978 C. B. Grubbe	C. B. Grubbe	Joshua Thomas	John Burt	C. Ingram	Nat. Knox	Wm. Lovell	W. B. Brown	1823 3 Jan.	1823 3 Jan.	1823 3 Jan.
7 Mar. Wellington ..	Mad. & Beng.	991 Henry Bosham	J. Blanchard	Stephen Potts	G. R. Parkers	J. H. Hanco	J. J. Sparks	Wm. Wilson	W. J. Shepley	1823 3 Jan.	1823 3 Jan.	1823 3 Jan.
8 Thos. Grenville ..	Bengal.	986 (Company's ship)	W. Manning	J. B. B. B. B.	P. P. P. P.	John Roberts	Wm. Taylor	Adam Elliot	J. Bonifazi	1823 3 Jan.	1823 3 Jan.	1823 3 Jan.
5 Minerva	Bengal.	976 George Palmer	Geo. Probyn	Edw. Ireland	Hector Rose	J. D. D. D.	R. N. Hughes	H. Mitchell	W. M. Allen	1823 3 Jan.	1823 3 Jan.	1823 3 Jan.
4 Buckingham	China.	1239 (Company's ship)	Rd. Caspale	W. Longcross	Alex. Bell	Thos. Adair	James Cretzen		H. C. Lancaster	1823 3 Jan.	1823 3 Jan.	1823 3 Jan.

VARIATIONS OF BAROMETER, THERMOMETER, &c. AT NINE O'CLOCK, A. M.

From MAY 28, to JUNE 25, 1823.

By T. BLUNT, Mathematical Instrument Maker to his Majesty, No. 22, CORNHILL.

Bar.	Ther.	Wind.	Obscr.	Bar.	Ther.	Wind.	Obscr.	Bar.	Ther.	Wind.	Obscr.
28 29 94	62	N.E.	Fair	8 29 68	52	S.W.	Fair	19 30 09	58	N.E.	Fair
29 30 06	51	N.E.	Ditto	9 29 87	52	S.W.	Ditto	20 29 96	58	N.E.	Ditto
30 30 11	63	N.E.	Ditto	10 29 89	52	N.	Ditto	21 30 01	53	N.E.	Ditto
31 30 15	62	N.E.	Ditto	11 29 99	54	N.E.	Ditto	22 30 01	53	N.E.	Ditto
1 20 97	60	N.E.	Ditto	12 29 98	57	N.E.	Ditto	23 30 01	53	N.E.	Ditto
2 29 84	58	S.W.	Ditto	13 29 85	61	N.E.	Ditto	24 29 86	56	W.	Ditto
3 29 56	56	W.	Rain	14 29 83	62	N.	Ditto	25 29 70	61	S.W.	Ditto
4 29 45	55	S.W.	Ditto	15 29 99	58	N.	Ditto				
5 29 46	56	S.W.	Ditto	16 30 21	56	N.	Ditto				
6 29 73	51	N.E.	Fair	17 30 24	57	N.E.	Ditto				
7 29 99	52	S.W.	Ditto	18 30 14	53	N.E.	Ditto				

PRICE OF SHARES IN CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, MINES, &c.

JUNE 17, 1823.

		Per Share.	Div. per Ann.			Per Share.	Div. per Ann.
		£ s.	£ s. d.			£ s.	£ s. d.
Canals.				Bridges.			
Ashton and Oldham	125	4	10	Southwark	19	—	—
Barnesley	195	12	—	Ditto, New	62	7½ pr. ct.	—
Birmingham (divided)	300	12	—	Ditto, Loan	—	5	—
Bolton and Bury	95	5	—	Vauxhall	24	—	—
Brecknock and Abergav.	80	4	—	Waterloo	5	—	—
Carlisle	—	—	—	Water-works.			
Chesterfield	120	8	—	Chelsea	—	—	—
Covestry	1040	44	—	East London	116	4	—
Cromford	270	14	—	Grand Junction	60	10	2 10
Croydon	3	3	—	Kent	35	1	10
Derby	140	6	—	London Bridge	56	2	10
Dudley	59	3	—	South London	33	—	—
Ellesmere and Chester	65	3	—	West Middlesex	62	2	10
Erewash	1000	58	—	York Buildings	29	—	—
Forth and Clyde	480	20	—	Insurances.			
Grand Junction	250	10	—	Albion	50	10	2 10
Grand Surrey	44	—	—	Atlas	5	10	6
Grand Union	18	10	—	Bath	575	40	—
Grand Western	4	—	—	Birmingham Fire	340	25	—
Graatham	145	8	—	British	50	3	0
Hereford and Gloucester	—	—	—	County	43	2	10
Lancaster	26	10	1	Eagle	3	3	5
Leeds and Liverpool	375	12	—	European	20	1	—
Leicester	300	13	—	Globe	155	7	—
Leicester & Northampton	73	4	—	Guardian	12	15	—
Loughborough	3500	170	—	Hope	5	—	6
Melton Mowbray	215	10	—	Imperial Fire	105	4	10
Monmouthshire	170	8	10	Ditto, Life	11	5	9 6
Montgomeryshire	70	2	10	Kent Fire	58	—	—
Neath	390	22	10	London Fire	—	1	5
Nottingham	200	12	—	London Ship	20	10	1
Oxford	740	32	—	Provident	20	1	—
Portsmouth and Arundel	30	—	—	Rock	2	18	2
Regent's	41	—	—	Royal Exchange	255	10	—
Rochdale	73	3	—	Sun Fire	212	8	10
Shrewsbury	170	9	10	Sun Life	23	10	10
Shropshire	125	7	—	Union	40	1	8
Somerset Coal	125	7	—	Gas Lights.			
Ditto, Lock Fund	105	5	15	Gas Light and Coke (Chart			
Stafford & Worcestershire	700	40	—	Company	73	10	4
Stombridge	200	10	10	City Gas Light Company	128	10	8 10
Stratford-on-Avon	21	—	—	Ditto, New	71	4	10
Stroudwater	600	26	—	South London	135	7	10
Swansea	190	10	—	Imperial	22	10	—
Tavistock	—	—	—	Literary Institutions.			
Thames and Medway	21	—	—	London	29	—	—
Thames and Severn, New	26	—	—	Russel	10	—	—
Trent & Mersey	2000	75	—	Surrey	—	—	—
Warwick and Birmingham	220	10	—	Miscellaneous.			
Warwick and Naptun	205	8	—	Auction Mart	23	1	5
Worcester & Birmingham	33	1	—	British Copper Company	50	—	—
Docks.				Golden Lane Brewery	8	—	—
London	118	4	10	Ditto	5	—	—
West India	180	10	—	London Com. Sale Rooms	16	1	—
East India	140	6	—	Canatic Stock 1st class	82	4	—
Commercial	82	3	10	Ditto, 2d ditto	78½	3	—
East Country	28	—	—				

Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill.

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